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ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOT.

BY JOHN B. HARWOOD, AUTHOR OF 'LADY FLAVIA,' 'LORD PENRITH,' 'THE TENTH EARL,' &c.

CHAPTER I.—COMING HOME.

'SHE is pleasing, certainly, but—strange. Perhaps mysterious would be the better word. In Egypt they called her the Sphinx, you know; and indeed there is something singular, and almost startling, in that quiet, ghostly way she has of gliding into the midst of people who believe her to be a hundred miles off. She talks well; but I always feel afterwards a vague sense of perplexity, as though I had been conversing with one whose habits and experiences, and ideas of right and wrong, were enigmas to me.'

'Yes; there is something strange about Countess Louise, to our English taste, perhaps; but I am sure she is well-bred, and clever and agreeable, and means to be kind; and then—she has been everywhere, and knows every one. I find her a pleasant travelling acquaintance, Clare, love, and that is all. Once in England, we shall part company, of course. You are not very likely to see much of her at Castel Vawr, or at Leominster House either, when you are in London.'

The speakers were two slender, fair-haired girls, dressed in black, who stood side by side on the poop-deck of a great steamer, speeding swiftly on through the pale gloom of the warm night, a starry sky above, and the dusky purple wavelets of the Mediterranean rippling with soft plash, as if caressingly, against the vessel's side. There had been a broad white awning spread, as usual, over the after-deck, sacred to chief-cabin passengers; but, as usual also, it had been deftly removed, when night fell, by the supple brown hands of those lithe, tiger-footed, tiger-eyed Lascars who form the majority of the crew on

board of our fast-steaming Peninsular and Oriental packets, such as was the *Cyprus*, homeward-bound.

There was something majestic, something almost oppressive too, in the solemn stillness that prevailed, not a sound being heard save the wash of the dark-blue water, as the powerful engines forced the ship along; and the low hum of conversation that arose from a group collected near the cabin hatchway, some few paces distant from where stood the two girls, in their mourning garb, apart from the rest. These two were silent now; one of the sisters—for such they evidently were—looking down over the vessel's side, towards where the softly murmuring sea was dappled here and there by faint phosphorescent gleams; while the other turned her beautiful face towards the East, unconsciously as it seemed, and gazed with sad eyes along the streak of glistening foam that marked the steamer's wake.

A light yet hesitating footfall on the deck, the rustle of female dress, and then, in a low voice, the commonplace words: 'Your Ladyship! Tea is ready.' It needed not the muslin apron, the trim waist, and punctilious neatness of attire, to indicate the caste of her who uttered this little crisply spoken speech. Only a lady's-maid drilled and schooled from her teens into the traditions of the still-room, could have contrived to be at once so meekly suggestive and so softly audible.

'Very well, Pinnett; you can take the shawls,' answered one of the sisters.

'Yes, my Lady,' was the quiet reply; and the maid retired as gently as she had approached.

After a brief pause, the two girlish figures

moved towards the cabin-stairs, near which stood the steamer's captain, bluff and genial, the light from the binnacle shining on his gold-laced cap and weather-beaten face. 'It's a fine evening, my Lady, and a pity to lose it,' said the tough old seaman, in his kind fatherly voice. 'We can't, you know, expect much more of the clear weather, past Malta as we are, and at this uncertain time of year.'

'We shall come on deck again, Captain Burton, thank you,' was the rejoinder; and then both the sisters moved on, cabinwards. As they passed the group of loungers congregated near the hatchway, more than one glance of mingled curiosity and interest was turned towards them, and then the hum of voices grew somewhat louder than before. With the exception of an oily and deferential Parsee in glossy broadcloth, diamond shirt-studs, and varnished boots, all the passengers chatting together were of British speech and nationality. There was yellow, grumbling old Major Grudge, an Anglo-Indian, long since seasoned to the climate, as he tells you, somewhat boastfully, after a five minutes' acquaintanceship; with sallow Mrs Grudge and her schoolgirl daughters returning for cheap education at Bruges or Bonn. There were languid subalterns on sick-leave; a magistrate or so; a field-officer or two; a stray indigo-planter; the editor of a Mofussil newspaper; and the inevitable travelling M.P., who has been out to 'do' India, and thus win for himself parliamentary prestige by asking awkward questions and tormenting optimistic Secretaries of State. There were ladies and children in large majority, of course, and with them the usual Nile-country invalids, and the usual tourists, fresh from Cairo or the Cataracts.

'Very pretty, both!' drawled out a pallid young cavalry officer, whose remaining energies, sorely impaired by brandy-and-soda imbibed amid the hot winds of parching Dustoma, seemed to be devoted to an attempt to swallow the massive gold head of his short whipstick. 'Hard to say which looks the best; but, for choice, I'd bet upon the one who went down first—Miss Carew.'

'Then you'd lose your wager, Sefton, I can tell you,' responded bilious-eyed Major Grudge, with a grin of contempt for the griffin's discernment. 'That was the Marchioness, as it happens, and not Miss Carew.'

'Mr Sefton's was a very natural mistake,' said good-natured Mrs Colonel Green of the Ahmednuggar Artillery. 'They were twin sisters, you see, and so much alike—poor, pretty young things. A sad story, was it not, of the Marchioness being left a widow after only a year of married life out there in Egypt. Her young husband, the late Marquis, had not had the title very long, and the doctors ordered him, as a forlorn hope, to Cairo. He died there.'

'Not there, dear Mrs Green! It was at Luxor,' exclaimed another of the Anglo-Indian ladies eagerly.

'At the Second Cataract; I saw it in *Galvani's*,' chimed in a third member of the group.

'Excuse me,' remarked a tourist; 'I was at Khartoum at the time, and know all about it. I had met the party, too, at Elephantia. Terribly

sudden at the last, it was! Poor fellow—that young Lord Leominster, I mean—it was sad to see him, with his hectic colour and wistful eyes, leaning on his young bride's arm, among the granite columns and painted chambers of the temples. Everybody knew how it must end; but somehow, when the worst came, everybody was shocked and sorry. Lucky that her sister was travelling with them, was it not?'

'I wonder whether she will marry again; she doesn't look twenty, and a beautiful young creature too, sad as she seems now,' said Mrs Green of Ahmednuggar, with that tendency to prophetic matchmaking which is innate in the best of women.

'It should be Miss Cora's turn next,' observed the indigo-planter.

'Ah, we shall see about that,' put in, more authoritatively, another passenger, little Ned Tattle, returning from Egypt to his beloved Jermyn Street lodgings and his club-window, and who, on the strength of his familiarity with Pall-Mall gossip, affected the air of a fashionable oracle. 'Can't expect two of a family to land a big fish, you see, like a Marquis of Leominster, especially when a girl has not a sixpence. A wonderful match that, for the daughter of a poor Devonshire baronet like old Sir Fulford Carew. I remember old Sir Fulford quite well. And then there's the present man, Sir Pagan, the brother of these young ladies, still more out at elbows, if possible, than his father before him. It sounds grand, don't it, Carew of Carew; but what's the use of pedigree and that sort of thing, without the coin to back it?' added Tattle, whose grandfather had been a fashionable fishmonger in the Poultry, E.C., but whose own name often figured at the tag-end of printed lists of guests at Macbeth House, Mandeville House, and elsewhere.

'But *she* will be well off—the Marchioness of Leominster, I mean?' asked one of the company, half timidly deferring to Tattle's superior information as to the ways and means of the aristocracy. A man who spoke so disrespectfully of baronets, and whose tone in talking of a Marquis was one of good-humoured patronage, was pretty certain of commanding deference for his opinions among colonial self-exiles, homeward-bound.

'Why, yes, rather,' answered the Pall-Mall philosopher, with a secret delight in being listened to. 'You see, young Leominster—poor fellow—the late Marquis, was very much in love, and happened to have unusual power over the property. His widow gets Castel Vavr, the show-place of the family, on the Welsh border, and a heap of money besides. Thirty thousand a year at the least of it, or more likely thirty-five, the Castel Vavr rent-roll must be; and I'm not sure that Leominster House, Piccadilly, and the London house-property, do not belong to her too—for life, anyhow. Only the Lincolnshire estates, which are strictly entailed, go to the heir. I am speaking of the present Marquis of Leominster, Adolphus Montgomery—we called him Dolly, and thought him a muff—second-cousin to poor Wilfred that died.'

On this subject, one or two further observations were made. It was told how the late Marquis's yacht *Fairy Queen* was on her way back to England, having on board, too, the remains of

her noble owner; and it was plausibly conjectured that the sisters had chosen the lengthier Southampton route, as enabling them to avoid the stir and bustle of the land-journey from Brindisi to Marseilles. And then the conversation flowed into other channels, and the group presently broke up.

HINTS TO YOUNG WRITERS.

THE following hints—they pretend to be nothing more—are offered to those who desire to cultivate the art of composition. Not that the best instruction in the world will of itself make an author, any more than it can make a painter or a sculptor. Something more than mere teaching is needed. When Opie the painter was asked by a young student what he was in the habit of mixing his colours with, he replied grimly: 'With brains, sir.' And he was right. Here we have the first requisite for success in the higher arts, Composition among the rest. Those who have no 'brains,' no intellectual power, had better let pen and paper alone. But even those who have a fair share of power must know how to use it. They want practice, and they want training; and the training which they cannot get from others, they must be willing to give to themselves. Those, however, who are in earnest about making the most of their powers, are usually glad to avail themselves of the experience of others; and it is for this reason that the following pages are written. For although it is not possible, in one sense, to teach composition, it is possible to point out certain errors that should be avoided, and certain objects that should be kept in view, with the best method of attaining those objects. And since all the suggestions that we have to offer upon these points are founded upon experience, it is hoped that they will afford help to those who may be trying to help themselves.

To begin then: What is it that you wish to do? You wish to express your thoughts in writing, for the benefit of others. But 'out of nothing, nothing comes'; therefore you must first have thoughts to express. First the thought, and then its utterance; first the matter, and then the manner. The subject falls naturally into these two divisions.

First, the thought. It is strange that we should require to learn even to think, but like many another strange thing, it is true; and anything that helps us to think wisely and truly is not to be neglected. We shall find that there is no greater stimulus to thought than contact with other minds; and this comes to us mainly through conversation and through books. It is true that real conversation, the keenest of intellectual pleasures, the most stimulating of intellectual exercises, is but seldom to be had. And yet now and then, in the course of our lives, we are so happy as to meet with a companion who has this power of conversation, as

apart from idle fragmentary gossiping. And the result is startling. We are no longer the same persons that we were. Some change has passed upon us. Not only have we found a friend, but we have found ourselves. It has been truly said that one of our great wants in life is '*somebody who shall make us do what we can.*' And until this want is satisfied, we know not what we can do. But when we meet with this 'somebody,' we find ourselves in a new world. It is as if our mind took fire at his mind. We are 'taught the whole of life in a new rhythm'; we are 'lifted into that mood out of which thoughts come that remain as stars in our firmament' for ever. Whence come they? We cannot tell. Up to this moment we have had no such thoughts. But for this companionship, we had not had them now. Yet they did not originate with our friend, but with ourselves.

Probably Socrates was the first to recognise this result of sympathetic intercourse. It is to this that he refers when he calls himself the midwife of men's thoughts. De Quincey and Emerson both insist strongly on this benefit of conversation; and it was probably something of the same kind that Charles Lamb had in his mind when, after speaking of the death of several friends, he said: 'And now, for so many parts of myself I have lost the market.'

But such intercourse is rare. It is probable that it comes but seldom to any of us, while to many it never comes at all. Consequently, we are obliged, for the most part, to go for our mental stimulus to books, which are more or less accessible to us all.

And what will books do for us? Why are we to read them? Not for enjoyment merely; not only in order to store the memory with facts, nor even to enrich the mind with the thoughts of great men. We read them and we value them for all these reasons; but they have a higher use still; namely, the education of the powers, the cultivation of the mind, the formation of the character. 'Books,' says Emerson, 'are for nothing but to inspire.' The mere transference of the contents of a book to our own mind will do us little good unless the mind, besides receiving, acts upon what it receives. The food of the mind, like that of the body, is intended to be digested and assimilated, to nourish, and to result in growth and increase of power. If I am to be in no way better when I lay down my Plato or my Shakespeare than I was when I took it up, I will not read at all. Why should I? But if I have held intercourse with 'a soul that made my soul wiser,' then indeed my time has not been wasted.

The amount of reading that is profitable will vary with each individual, since it depends upon the mind's receptivity and power of assimilation. It is of less importance to read much than to read wisely and well. Wisely—that is, to read exclusively good authors; and well—with the reasoning power, the imagination, and the affections awake and on the alert.

We are, then, to read for our own mental and moral culture; we are not, as a rule, to read in order to write. It is true that in some cases,

such as in preparation for literary work done 'to order,' this is inevitable. But all will agree that the best work is not done in this way. It is the subject which we have studied for its own sake, whose interest and value have drawn us irresistibly onward, on which we shall be best able to write; and this not merely on account of our better acquaintance with it, but from the interest which we take in it. It is extremely difficult to interest others in anything in which we are not interested ourselves.

Obvious as this consideration appears, it is frequently overlooked, if we may judge by the unreadableness of much that is printed both in periodicals and books. The writers of such unreadable matter may have said to themselves: 'This subject will make a magazine article, or even a book;' they did not say: 'This is a subject of interest, of import to mankind; we must needs try to make its value as clear to others as it is to ourselves.' This is the spirit in which we ought to write. If we cannot show to our fellows something that we see, and that they would be the wiser and the happier and the better for seeing, we need scarcely write at all.

If the choice of a subject is still a difficulty, it may be well to inquire wherein the difficulty lies. It is possible that the questions which interest you have no attraction for your acquaintances; and being accustomed to loneliness in your pursuit of them, you despair of meeting with sympathy from your readers. But it is certain that, however lonely you may be in your own circle, you are not alone in the world. That which you care for, others care for. What is of value to you is of value to them. Therefore—as Mr Hunt, the American artist, says to his pupils—'Find out what you can do, and do it. Follow your own individual taste, and somebody will appreciate it.'

Or perhaps your favourite subjects are old and time-worn. This is natural enough; for everything that is of purely human interest, and therefore of special interest, is as old as the human race itself. And yet it is just these subjects that are never exhausted. They possess the secret of perpetual youth. And for this reason: the things themselves present new aspects to each generation, and consequently are capable of a fresh representation in literature. The literature of each generation possesses some characteristics peculiar to itself; but these depend less upon new subjects than upon new views of old subjects.

You have now, we will suppose, decided upon your subject, and are sitting, pen in hand, prepared to begin to write. At this point you will find yourself face to face with an important question. That question is not, 'What can be said upon this subject?'—for doubtless much may be said which is not worth saying; nor is it, 'What do I think about it?'—for possibly you may never have thought about it at all, or your thoughts may be mistaken. But ask in all honesty, 'What is the truth about this matter?' And the answer to this question, if you are so happy as to find it, will be something worth having.

We come now to our second point—the utterance of the thought. You know now what it is that you want to say; you have next to

consider how you will say it. The all-important thing here—that which you must keep inexorably in view—that to which everything else must give way, and which must itself give way to nothing—is accuracy. Do not be tempted to imagine that one word is as good as another. On the contrary, it is either better or it is worse. Change the word, and you may perhaps change the idea. If one word expresses your meaning, then any other word may express something that is not your meaning. Many young writers are harassed by a morbid fear of tautology, and accordingly they collect a number of words that they believe to be synonyms, and use them alternately. Such a system is fatal to accuracy. Why should a word shirk its duties merely because the word has been used before? It may often be necessary to use the same word several times in one paragraph, or even in one sentence. Under such circumstances, console yourself with the reflection, that tautology proper consists less in the recurrence of words, than in the repetition of ideas.

You are resolved, then, to be accurate. And the next point to consider is clearness. The simplest words will serve you best; for you are writing in order to be understood by others, and unless you can attain this primary object, your labour will be thrown away. Your readers, especially if they be hasty ones, will misunderstand you if it is possible; it is your part to see that that shall be impossible. Brevity and conciseness you will find valuable means to this end. If you wrap up your meaning in many words, you will conceal it; your object, remember, is to lay it bare to the public eye. You will find it a good plan to read over your composition when you have finished it, and to strike out every unnecessary word. Above all, avoid redundant adjectives. They are merely the disguise under which weakness seeks to conceal itself.

Others, again, are caught by some trick of words. A resounding sentence carries them away, an alliteration strikes them as impressive. Some are afflicted with this fatal facility; they pour forth a torrent of words with no discoverable object. For all these, the remedy is one and the same. Bear in mind that your sole object is to tell the truth about your subject, or that portion of the truth which has revealed itself to you, in such a way as to be understood by others. Other considerations are secondary.

But it may be said, are accuracy and clearness to be our only objects? What becomes, then, of beauty of style? Here we confess that we can give no rules. Beauty of style is the result of the special powers of the individual. In this, nothing will so much avail you as the study of great authors. Read them from pure love of them. 'Bathe your spirit'—as Charles Kingsley beautifully expresses it—'in their noble thoughts, as in May-dew; and feel yourself thereby, if but for an hour, more fair.' Give yourself up to their influence—drink in the spirit of their writings, and feel yourself thereby lifted into a purer atmosphere, better able to see and feel truth yourself; better able to make others see and feel it too.

And next, you may pass on to analyse their special beauties. Acquaint yourself with Shakspeare; study his marvellous creations, his

sublime thoughts, his great and varied powers of expression. Take down your De Quincy, and learn the resources of your mother-tongue. Compare Hazlitt's clear, cool, and somewhat hard English with the delicate grace and humour of Charles Lamb, or with the earnestness and enthusiasm, the manly vigour, and the tenderness no less manly, of Charles Kingsley and Dr John Brown. Study Macaulay. The style of these men is not the expression of the mind merely, but of the whole character. So is it always. It rests, therefore, in a great measure with ourselves whether our style shall be good or bad. To this point we shall return presently, only adding here, that the permanence of our work is almost entirely dependent upon the quality of the style. What we say, may be very valuable; but unless we say it as well as it can be said, a day will come when some one else will say it better; and our work will be superseded.

You will probably find that your powers of expression vary from day to day, or even from hour to hour. At one time your thoughts will come to you clothed in language so appropriate, that you hasten to commit them to writing, lest they should escape you. At another, every sentence is a labour. But that labour you must make up your mind to bestow. If a particular sentence is especially obstinate, it is sometimes a help to withdraw the mind from this or that form of expression—for difficulty of expression is sometimes the result of vagueness of conception—and to ask yourself some such questions as these: What is it that I am trying to say? What do I mean? If this fails, it may be well to pass on and proceed with the essay; but the offending sentence should be carried in the mind, and by no means allowed to have its own way. Generally, you will find that in a day or two the idea takes shape of itself.

The opening and the concluding sentence of your composition will generally cost you the most labour. Upon this point it is not easy to give advice. One hint we may offer. The particular topic with which you are occupied is certain to be a branch of some other and wider subject. A slight sketch of the general subject makes a good introduction to that division of it which you have chosen for your composition. But above all, spare no pains. No excellence can be attained without work. Do not be tempted to say of anything, 'That will do.' It will not do, if you can make it better. And this is a lesson specially needed by those who have talent. These, if they are willing to work, may doubtless do better than others less gifted; but the chances are that they will do worse, because they will imagine that for them work is unnecessary.

If you cannot begin your essay gracefully—if, that is, you can think of nothing that is at once true and suitable, plunge boldly into your subject. Anything is better than spinning fine sentences about nothing. And the same remark applies to the conclusion. When you have finished—stop. Nothing is more pitiable than to see an author who has exhausted his ideas—not to speak of his readers' patience—wandering through mazes of meaningless verbiage, in the hope of stumbling upon a concluding sentence.

A graceful conclusion is undoubtedly desirable for the completeness of composition; but it may be dispensed with, if it is beyond your powers. If you cannot complete your composition, wait and work until you can.

After all that has been said about beauty of style, it is perhaps unnecessary to caution you against any approach to slang. Have you any love at all for the English language? We will hope that you have, for certainly no one ought to write who has not. Then remember that the preservation of that language in its purity depends largely upon those who take in hand to write it.

When you have finished your composition, you will naturally be anxious to judge of its merits. It is commonly assumed that we can form no reliable judgment of our own work; as much at least is implied in the usual advice to young writers—namely, 'Read over your composition, and strike out all the sentences that you consider particularly good.' And although this is an extreme suggestion, it is not to be denied that a young author is hardly the best judge of his own work—that 'Fancy's fondness for the child she bears' is apt to mislead the judgment. It is well, if possible, to have a second opinion. If, therefore, you have a friend on whose judgment you can rely, you will find it an advantage to consult that friend. But unless you know your friend's opinion to be valuable, and unbiassed, do not ask it. The suggestions of incompetent persons will only perplex you.

Perhaps the best method of testing your own work is the following: When your composition is finished, when you have done all that you can to make it perfect, put it away for two or three months, and forget it as far as possible. Meantime, pursue your reading of history, science, philosophy, poetry, and what not, still confining yourself to the best authors in your particular line of study or taste; and you may be inclined during the interval to write one or two papers on fresh subjects. Now return to the one you have laid by. Its defects will strike you as forcibly as if it had been written by somebody else! And the practice which you have had in the interval will enable you to revise the defects with greater ease. Even experienced authors are often glad to keep a finished manuscript for a time, before sending it to the printer, especially if it is on an important subject, and has been struck off in a hurry.

As we took occasion to point out in this *Journal* for Jan. 29, 1881, you must not be too much discouraged if, at the outset of your career, you find that no editor will take your productions. You honestly think that they are as good as many that you see in print; and you may be right. You are tempted to wish that you had friends at court; that, for example, you had the good fortune to number an editor among your relations or intimate friends. Well, a day may come when you will derive lively satisfaction from the reflection that you had no such interest, and that your success is the result of your own unaided exertions. In any case, do not be in too great a hurry to print your productions; you will very likely see cause to alter your opinions, in which case you would regret having published them.

If neither editor nor publisher will have anything to say to you, redouble your efforts. Resolve that you will persevere until your offerings prove either that you are not adapted for literary work, or till they are so much above the average that they will command attention. Really first-rate work is not apt to be rejected. But even if your compositions are never to see the light, make it a rule to finish them as carefully, and in all respects to work as well, as if you were writing for mankind and for all time.

Our treatise on composition would be incomplete if we were to leave untouched the subject of originality. We all wish to be original, and so far this is well; but originality is not to be had for the asking, nor even for the trying. Our object—as has been already said—is to put before others' something that we see and feel, and to do this in our own way, in the way, that is, which is natural to us. And just so far as we succeed in doing this, shall we be original. If a number of persons group themselves round any object, each one of them will see it at a different angle, the difference being the result of his point of view. So each one of us can see truth from his own point of view, and therefore see something that others are not in a position to see. This much of originality is open to us all. A great genius sees from his own point of view and from that of others as well. In his power he differs from other men; but his object is the same as our own; namely, first, to see and then to make others see.

Again: if we allow ourselves to acquire a habit of exaggeration, it will tell at once upon our composition. Even more fatal is the habit of catching up fashionable phrases, 'expressions' as they are called. Surely we can be at the pains to clothe our thoughts in words that will fit them, instead of concealing their proportions in a ready-made garment that rarely covers anything worth the name of a thought.

Socrates used to tell the Athenians that the foundation of all real knowledge was 'to understand the true meaning of the words that were in their mouths all day long.' The meaning of the words we use is often very different from our meaning. If we would only make up our minds every day and always, to say what we really mean, and to say it in words that will convey that meaning accurately, clearly, and forcibly, we should find the practice an invaluable aid to composition. Be chary also of the use of italics: if due emphasis cannot be given to your words without frequently underlining them, be sure you have missed the true art of literary expression. At the same time, there are occasions upon which italics are invaluable. But let caution mark their use.

We would add another caution to young writers. Many of them are disposed, by way of appearing clever and deep-sighted, to assume a satirical or cynical style in the treatment of their subject. Our experience of such attempts is that they are, almost without exception, ignominious failures. A writer of satire is one who requires much knowledge of life, and of human character and habits, and has besides a special eye for recognising the seamy side of things. Young writers who seek to emulate or even to imitate the style of such men as Swift or Fielding, Thackeray or

Dickens, generally, before many sentences are written, manage to betray their own inexperience of life, or their incapacity to judge adequately of what they would hold up to odium; while their defective literary expression tends to expose themselves to the ridicule which they seek to bring down upon others. We would repeat to young writers, Shun satire and cynicism if you would shun almost certain defeat.

In concluding these rambling hints, we would again press upon literary aspirants the necessity of industry and patience. The power of good writing is not acquired—except in cases so rare as to be quite out of account—without the expenditure of much thought and labour; and even after articles are accepted by an editor—which is not unfrequently done on grounds apart from their merely literary character—they may require to be subjected to much alteration and revision. As this revision is generally done by men of experience, the young writer would do well to note the changes in every case, by comparing the draft of his finished manuscript (which he should preserve) with the article as it appears in print. This would afford him a better means of self-judgment and self-correction than the reading of a dozen treatises on the art of composition. In this way, also, he would be able to ascertain somewhat of his own weakness and strength, and the particular directions in which these lie; and if he be not too self-opinionated, he is sure in the end, to profit by the comparison.

FOR HIMSELF ALONE.

A TALE OF REVERSED IDENTITIES.

BY T. W. SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER I.

THE room was the second-floor-back of a certain house in a certain shabby-genteel street in the purlieus of Soho, London. It was a good-sized room, and had two windows, the outlook from which was not a very lively one, being limited to the back premises of sundry other houses, which, as a rule, formed the playground of innumerable children during the day, and the trysting-place of innumerable cats during the small-hours of the night. On fine days, vistas of drying linen might be discerned fluttering far into the murky distance.

The furniture of the room was worn and shabby with age and much hard wear. The faded carpet was darned in many places, and patched in others with pieces different from itself; the hearthrug was worn threadbare with the usage of many years; the glass over the chimney-piece was cracked, and its once gilt frame was blackened with age. There was a horse-hair sofa between the windows, to sit on which was like sitting on a plank; and there were several cane-bottomed chairs, most of which were more or less rickety and insecure. The two comfortable easy-chairs, one on each side of the fireplace, belonged to the present tenants of the room, as did also the writing-desk that stood opposite one of the windows, and the easel that was fixed near the other. There were several hanging shelves laden

with books, and magazines and newspapers were strewn carelessly about. On the walls were several sketches in water-colours, and some half-dozen caricatures in chalks. Finally, the room had three doors, two of them opening into bedrooms, and the third giving access to the common staircase of the house.

The time was seven P.M. on a pleasant evening in May. On the horse-hair sofa was stretched at full length a young man of some five or six and twenty years, on whose features the traces of recent illness were plainly visible. A magazine had dropped idly from his fingers, and he now lay perfectly still, watching a glint of dying sunlight as it slowly mounted higher and higher on the opposite wall. His face, without being markedly handsome, was a pleasant one to look upon. Its expression was one that seemed to mingle refinement of thought with decision of character. His eyes were particularly good—dark, grave, reflective, yet with a playful gleam in them at times which seemed to show that he had not left his youth so far behind him as not to be able to enjoy a little fun or nonsense in due season. His complexion was olive, and his hair black; and from top to toe he measured six feet and a little over. By profession he was a writer for sundry newspapers and magazines, a sort of guerrilla trooper attached to no staff or corps in particular. His name was Frank Frobisher.

Before the gleam of sunlight had quite faded from the wall, the noise of footsteps ascending the stairs was heard, accompanied by the sound of a mellow voice carolling forth the refrain of the last popular song. Then the door of the room was opened, and the new-comer halted for a moment on the threshold.

‘What a bear I must be!’ he exclaimed. ‘For the moment, I had forgotten that you might be snoozing. Have I disturbed you?’

‘A good thing if you had. I seem to have been snoozing my brains away of late.’

‘How do you feel by this time?’ asked the other as he came forward and shut the door.

‘Oh, better—better,’ was the answer, given a little querulously. ‘The doctor says I am better, so I suppose I must be.’

The new-comer, Dick Drummond, was a tall, lanky, freckled young man, about the same age as his friend, or it may be a year or two older. He had dark-blue eyes, that seemed made to express fun and mischief rather than any deeper shades of feeling, but which yet could be tender enough on occasion. His long straggling red hair looked as if the tonsorial scissors would improve its appearance. He wore a slouched hat, and a brown velvet jacket that had evidently seen better days. He was an unrecognised genius in the great world of Art, a painter who painted more pictures than he could sell. He and Frobisher were bosom-friends, and shared the second-floor-back between them.

‘What have you there?’ asked Frobisher, noticing that his friend was laden with sundry parcels and packages.

‘Item—one half-quartern loaf; and isn’t it a beauty?’ answered Drummond solemnly as he proceeded to place his packages one by one on the table. ‘Look at that crust; there’s perfection of form and colour. Item—half-pound of prime Dorset, as sweet as a daisy. Item—four ounces

of the best mixed tea. “I like a wholesome dish of tea”—Dr Johnson. Item—two bloters, genuine Yarmouth, and no mistake. Item—one ounce of Kanaster for your especial behoof. Your pipe has been idle too long, old fellow. Item—one bottle of prime old crustal port, to be taken medicinally as often as need be.’

‘But how on earth did you raise the money to buy all these luxuries?’ asked Frank, a little anxiously.

‘Old Smoker stood me a fiver for my “Andromeda.” Tra-la-lala!’ He had turned to the cupboard by this time, and was emptying the packet of tea into the little caddy.

‘Dick, the truth is not in thee,’ answered Frobisher after a pause. ‘There’s a postcard from Smoker on the chimney-piece. He declines to give “Andromeda” hansom at any price.’

‘More idiot he,’ answered the unabashed Dick. ‘He doesn’t know a work of genius when he sees it. Those wretched dealers never do. Mark my words, that picture will sell for a thousand guineas before I’ve been a dozen years under the daisies.’

Dick went on with his preparations for tea, bringing out the tray and arranging the cups and saucers; stirring up the fire—for the May evening was chilly to the invalid—and putting the little kettle on to boil. For economy’s sake, the two young men waited upon themselves as much as possible.

‘Richard, *mon ami*, you have been visiting your relative the pawnbroker,’ said Frobisher after a minute’s silence.

‘Not for the first time in my life, nor for the last, I hope. But what does it matter to you where I’ve been? One must live.’

‘But one can live without prime old crustal port, especially in the present state of our finances.’

‘And I say we can’t, at least you can’t. The medico has ordered you wine, and wine you shall have.’

‘Dick, you have been pawning your mother’s ring.’

‘What if I have? There was nothing else left that I could get a decent advance on. I had no more pot-boilers ready; and I’m afraid they wouldn’t have advanced much on the manuscript of your comedy.’

‘Ah, Dick, I shall never know how to repay you. But you ought not to have pawned the ring.’

‘But I say that I ought. If my mother were alive, she would be the first to applaud me for doing so—under the circumstances.’

Frank could only shake his head. He had no strength to argue the point.

‘Besides,’ went on Dick, ‘there’s poor Tom Ellis only just out of the hospital, and that pretty little wife of his without a shilling to bless herself with. The poor thing quite broke down when I began to talk to her, and then she confessed that neither she nor Tom had tasted food since yesterday.’

‘Dick, perhaps you did right after all to pawn the ring. But what a useless log am I!’

‘Tra-la-la-lala!’ sang Dick. ‘Another week or two will set you on your pins as right as a rivet, old boy. Confound this kettle! It doesn’t even sing yet. Won’t you try one of these Yarmouth fellows?’

'No, thank you. Nothing but a cup of tea.'
'With a thin slice of toast nicely buttered. Many's the slice of toast I used to make for the water in the old days at home.'

Frank lay back languidly on his cushions while Dick went on with his preparations for tea, whistling under his breath as he did so.

'Supposing it's a bright warm day to-morrow,' said Dick presently, 'how jolly it would be to take a holiday!'

'I should like it above all things,' answered Frank. 'I feel as if I had lived among bricks and mortar for years.'

'We might take the train as far as Richmond, hire a boat at the bridge, and paddle up-stream for five or six miles, then land, and dine at some old-fashioned river-side inn.'

'That would be capital.'

'After dinner, we would lounge in the shade of some big old chestnut—they are all in bloom just now. And then, while I did a bit of sketching, you should think out the plot of your next story; and in the cool of evening, we would take boat again and drop quietly down the stream, and finish up the day with a few natives and some bottled stout.'

'Quite an idyllic sketch, Dick, especially the oysters and stout. But—'

'But me no buts. I've got the ready here, my boy—here,' answered Richard the impulsive as he tapped his waistcoat pocket with a joyous air.

'But think of our debts. Four weeks' rent owing.'

'Together with one or two other trifles not worth mentioning. Frank, the more deeply I am in debt, the more I enjoy a holiday. Seems as if my creditors were standing treat, you know. So kind on their part!'

'Suppose we defer our holiday, and pay a fortnight's rent with the money?'

'Not a bit of it. Old Dabchick is in no want of money. He's rich, my boy, rich, and can afford to wait. I only wish dear old Leyland were here to go with us.'

'And so do I, with all my heart,' responded the invalid.

'But he's in Tregathlin Bay by this time,' went on Dick, 'trying to paint those wonderful cliffs, that seem to have put on a different shade every time you look at them.'

Bence Leyland was a brother of the brush who tenanted rooms on the floor above those occupied by our friends. Although twenty years older than either of them, he was as young at heart as they, and when he was at home they were all chums together. At present he was away on a painting tour in the neighbourhood of the Land's End.

At this moment, a slatternly maid-of-all-work, after a preliminary tap at the door, intruded her head into the room and announced: 'A gentleman to see Mr Frobbisher.'

'Show him up, whoever he may be,' answered Frank languidly.

'And just as this bloater was done to a turn!' sighed Dick.

'The banquet must be postponed.'

The slatternly servant opened the door, and ushered in a little dapper elderly gentleman with a keen but good-natured face, whose sharp gray

eyes seemed to take in the room and its occupants at a glance.

'Beg pardon. Trust I'm not intruding,' he said. 'But are these the chambers of Mr Frank Frobbisher?'

'This is my room, sir; and I am Frank Frobbisher.'

'Not ill, I hope.—Good gracious! that will never do,' exclaimed the stranger. 'But I must explain that I have called to see you on a private matter of great importance.'

'I have no secrets from my friend, sir. Whatever you have to say, may be said openly before him.'

'In that case, sir, allow me to introduce myself. My name is Gimp—John Gimp, attorney-at-law, and an old acquaintance of your lamented father—that is, if you really are Mr Frobbisher the younger.'

'I really and truly am Frank Frobbisher the younger; and I still retain a very clear recollection of you, Mr Gimp, although I have not seen you since I was eight years old.'

'Flattered, I'm sure. Good memory, great acquisition,' said the lawyer.

'Before you go any further, Mr Gimp, I must introduce you to my friend—the only friend I have in the world—Mr Richard Drummond. Dick, Mr Gimp, an old friend of the family.'

'Channed, I'm sure, to make Mr Drummond's acquaintance,' said the little man. 'And now, Mr Frobbisher,' resumed the lawyer, putting on his business air, and looking at the young man keenly, 'if your memory carries you back so far, may I ask when and where you recollect having seen me before?'

'At Chenies, my father's old house.'

'True—very true. I was often there. Do you recollect any peculiarity in connection with the drawing-room at Chenies?'

'Let me think. Do you refer to the hiding-place in the chimney that was one day discovered accidentally by my father?'

'I do. One more question. Can you tell me the name of the lady who was governess to your sister?'

'You mean Miss Jukes?'

'I do.'

'Miss Jukes, whom I one day caught you kissing in the shrubbery.'

'Fie! Mr Gimp, fie!' called out Dick from the fireplace. The kettle had boiled at last, and he was making the tea.

'Eh, eh. Confound it! I had quite forgotten that little incident,' answered the lawyer as he blew his nose in some confusion.

'You gave me half-a-crown not to tell,' went on Frank. 'And next day you advised my father to send me away to school.'

'I did, I did. Dear me! what half-forgotten memories your words bring back. You must be your father's son, Mr Frobbisher. May I ask whether you have any family documents in your possession?'

'I have a heap of old letters and papers in a box in the next room. But why do you ask all these questions?'

'With your leave, I will examine the papers in question to-morrow, and not keep the news of your good fortune from you any longer.'

'The news of my good fortune!' exclaimed Frank, while a sudden flush mounted to his forehead. Dick, with the gridiron in his hand, turned his head to listen.

'Do you remember your uncle, Mr Timothy Askew?' asked Mr Gimp with most provoking coolness.

'Mr Askew was my father's half-brother. I have often heard my mother speak of him, but I never saw him.'

'Mr Askew went to India when quite a young man. He remained there thirty years, and was on his voyage home when he died. He had made his will five years previously, and deposited it with his bankers. By that will, you are declared Mr Askew's sole heir and legatee. Your income will be something like eight thousand a year; and I congratulate you very sincerely on your good fortune.'

For a moment or two Frank could not speak. 'I my uncle's heir—the heir of a man who never even saw me!' he exclaimed at last. 'Eight thousand a year!'

'Enter the fairy godmother disguised as an elderly lawyer,' murmured Dick to himself. 'Frank will hardly care about a bleater to his tea now. Pork sausages at elevenpence a pound would hardly be good enough.'

Mr Gimp took snuff vigorously.

'It seems like a dream. I can hardly believe it true,' said Frank after a pause.

'But for all that, it is perfectly true,' responded the lawyer with a smile. 'Waylands—a very pretty little place in Surrey, which Mr Askew never lived to inhabit—will now own you for its master. But we can go into all needful details to-morrow.'

'It seems incredible—like a tale out of the *Arabian Nights*.—How long has my uncle been dead?'

'Six months. He died a fortnight after leaving Calcutta.—A pretty job I've had to hunt you up, Mr Frobisher. Who would expect to find the heir to eight thousand a year in a garret in Soho?'

Dick took up his hat and crossed the room. 'I never believed in rich uncles from India till to-day,' he said. 'I've seen more than one of them on the stage; but I never heard of one in real life till this afternoon. Frank, old fellow, I congratulate you with all my heart.'

The hands of the two friends met in a long hearty grip.

'Where on earth are you off to now, Dick?' asked Frobisher.

'I'm just going out for a little while, old man. You and this gentleman have a lot of things to talk over, so I thought I would step round the corner for half an hour and nibble a little of something, and pull myself together a bit, for you're going to be a regular swell now, Frank.' There was a ring of pathos in the honest fellow's voice as he spoke thus, with his soft felt hat clutched between his strong fingers.

'If you dare to stir a step beyond that door, I'll never speak to you again,' cried Frobisher as he started to his feet. 'Put down your hat this moment, and pour me out a cup of tea.'

'And I will take a cup also, if you please, Mr Drummond,' said the lawyer.

Dick flung his hat across the room, and pro-

ceeded to do as he was told, whistling softly to himself as he did so. He set one cup of tea before Frank, and another before Mr Gimp, and then poured out some for himself into a small basin, the tea service in the Soho lodgings being strictly limited to two cups and saucers.

Meanwhile, the lawyer had resumed his conversation with Frank. 'Yes, sir, a pretty chase I've had before I found you,' he said. 'It's only two hours since I obtained a clue to your whereabouts, and I lost not a moment in coming to see you. I just dropped in upon your uncle, Mr Pebworth, as I came along, and told him the news. He was overjoyed.'

'My uncle overjoyed at your finding me!' exclaimed the young man in an unmistakable tone of sarcasm.

'He really was. He himself has been most indefatigable in his efforts to find you.'

'I can quite believe it, now that I am rich. He was equally indefatigable in his efforts to shun me so long as I was poor.'

'Beg pardon, but you do Mr Pebworth an injustice, I'm sure you do.'

'Then I beg Mr Pebworth's pardon. But you must remember, Mr Gimp, that I speak from bitter experience.'

'You have doubtless been poor, Mr Frobisher, and poverty is like a cheap looking-glass, it distorts everything that is reflected in it. I expect Mr Pebworth here, to congratulate you in person, in the course of a few minutes.'

Frank started to his feet, an angry light sparkling in his eyes. 'Mr Pebworth coming here! The last man in the world whom I should care to see.'

'And yet Mr Pebworth is your nearest living relative,' said the lawyer dryly.

'Because I have the misfortune to be his nephew, is that any reason why I should like him or care to see him?'

Mr Gimp's reply to this question was a pinch of snuff.

Frank took a turn across the room, and then resumed his seat. 'Look you, Mr Gimp,' he began; 'twice when Mr Pebworth was a young man and ruin stared him in the face, he was saved by my father's helping hand. Time went on. Thanks to the fresh start thus given him, Mr Pebworth grew prosperous and well-to-do. Misfortune overtook my father, then came illness, then death. His last words to my mother were: "Pebworth will take care of Frank;" his last act, to write a few lines recommending me to my uncle's care. After my father's death, the lines thus written were sent by my mother to Pebworth. No answer. Then my mother wrote twice. Still no answer. We struggled on, sir, my mother and I, as well as we could for several years. Then my mother fell ill, and after many months of suffering, she died. Night and day through all that dreary winter I had nursed her. All other occupations had to give way to that. The morning my mother died, a loaf of bread and a few shillings were my sole earthly possessions. Everything available had been sold or pawned weeks before. Then I bethought me of my uncle Pebworth—as you said just now, my nearest living relative. I wrote, told him everything, and asked him to send me the means to bury my mother. An answer came by return

of post, inclosing—what think you?—two sovereigns! Yes, sir, forty shillings was all that Algernon Pebworth, Esquire, could afford to throw away on his dead sister; and had it not been for the generous help of my friend Drummond, my mother's remains at this moment would be lying in a pauper's grave. That very week, my uncle's name appeared in the *Times* as the donor of five guineas to a fund for the relief of the sufferers from an earthquake in South America. The Pharisee—the vile Pharisee!

'Hush, sir, hush! What you have said both pains and surprises me,' said Mr Gimp. 'I have always had the very highest opinion of Mr Pebworth.'

'Keep your opinion, sir, and cherish it—only let me keep mine. I tell you that now I am rich, this man will fawn on me and flatter me and be as servile to me as any spaniel, and that because gold is the only deity he has ever learned to worship.'

'You are very bitter, Mr Frobisher, for so young a man.'

'Poverty is a stern schoolmistress. She has taught me lessons which I can never forget.'

Mr Gimp sipped his tea in silence. For a little while no one spoke.

Suddenly Frobisher turned to his friend. His face had brightened a little, and there was a grimly-humorous smile on his lips when he next spoke. 'How would it be, *amigo mio*, if you and I were to exchange identities for a couple of months?'

'Eh?' answered Dick with a start, not comprehending what Frank had said. He had been thinking somewhat sadly that their old friendship could never be again quite what it had been. Frank would be a great swell now, and everything would necessarily be changed.

Frobisher's next words were spoken with a slow clear emphasis that could not be misunderstood: 'Suppose that for the next two or three months you become Frank Frobisher, and I become Dick Drummond?'

Dick only stared and shook his head. Had his friend taken leave of his senses, he asked himself.

'Surely, Mr Frobisher, you cannot mean your strange proposition to be taken seriously,' said the lawyer with a look of utter consternation. He too began to wonder whether this strange young man could really be in his right mind.

'I was never more serious in my life,' replied Frobisher. 'What I propose is, that my friend and I shall for the time being change identities. He shall take my name and position, I his; and I rely upon your assistance and connivance, Mr Gimp, in carrying out this scheme.'

Mr Gimp took a pinch of snuff, and shook his head in emphatic disapproval of any such madcap idea.

'I am going among a set of people,' resumed Frank, 'into a circle of relatives, of whom I know little or nothing. As a rich man, I shall make their acquaintance at a terrible disadvantage; I shall never really know them, never see them without the mask each of them will wear before me. Let me study them for a few weeks from behind the scenes, as it were. As Dick Drummond the amanuensis, the secretary, the humble friend of the rich Mr Frobisher, I shall see many a slip

of the mask, have many an opportunity of judging as to the real feelings and sentiments of my new-found relatives.'

'A strange scheme this of yours, Mr Frobisher, a very strange scheme; and I must really decline to have anything to do with it,' said Mr Gimp solemnly.

'It's like the rich uncle from India,' remarked Dick, 'one of those things you hear about in plays or novels, but never meet with in real life.'

'My dear Dick, there are stranger things happening every day in real life than any novelist or playwright dare make use of. As for this scheme of mine, mad as it may seem at first sight, I am determined to carry it out. Dick, I can rely upon you, I know!'

'Of course you can, old fellow. I'm yours to command in any way and every way.'

MONDAY AT HER MAJESTY'S TOWER.

ON Mondays, as well as on Saturdays, the Tower of London is visited, free of charge, by all-the-world and his wife. All-the-world's baby goes too, in arms—the inevitable baby that attends all excursions of home-loving Britons, and must be brought out when the trouble-tired wife is anxious for a holiday. The number of babies sent to the Tower is the most remarkable feature of a fine holiday-making Monday there. We meet them on the long paved approaches that lead from towered gateway to gateway; we meet them in the Horse Armoury, in presence of two rows of knights in panoply of war, impudently staring from the arms of some quiet awe-stricken mother, at the fiercest of the warriors, or stretching and crowing for a steel-clad soldier as for the moon—a better picture any day than the bird's nest in the cannon's mouth! We meet them up-stairs in the Armoury, overcome by monotony and the smell of oil, and tyrannically screaming the order to their carriers to move on. We meet them in the dungeons, calm and speculative, and complacently ogling the rubble walls, even where once imprisoned life died out in long-protracted, unspeakable misery, or where there has many a time been heard by lantern light the voice of human agony and the creaking mechanism of torture.

In the Jewel Room, too, we meet the babies, cocking round eyes contemptuously towards the crown of the realm and the little mountain of gold and jewels. And at the foot of the staircase thither, where a chair is placed—perhaps for the restoration of the suffocated who have braved the foul air of the upper room where those glittering temptations are kept in prison—we again see the inevitable baby rocked happily on the knee of a poorly-dressed young mother. Is it a fairer sight to her than all the splendour of the Jewel Room up-stairs? Is it more precious than the whole hill of crowns and bangles, and the wealth of beaten gold that must have been a minute ago unearthly glory to her eyes? Is the blazing crown of England worth her baby to the heart of her who hugs it under the poor plaid shawl? We hope the heart will have the right answer ready; but we are afraid to speculate in this sad London; and needless to say, we do not ask, lest we might be subjected to

an exact account of the number of his teeth and a description of his 'taking notice wonderful for his age'—which, no doubt, he did in the Jewel Room, with that contented cocking of the eye, or he must have been a *blase* baby, ready for anything, and past being astonished.

For interest to the crowd, nothing can vie with the jewels—except the dungeons. Within an immense round glass screen to keep out the dust, and a barricade of iron bars to keep out the hands, is spread tier above tier such a vision of gold as exists nowhere else out of the *Arabian Nights*; and at the top of all lies, bright with superb jewels, the crown of the noblest Lady in the land. All round this huge cage, the eyes and noses are loyally and admiringly poked between the bars; and the glittering glory within is not to be spoken of in common language or inspected save with reverent eyes. 'Ay! look at the font, all gold!' whispers Materfamilias in front of the article of her choice. 'My eye! what a jug!' whispers a young urchin with his head almost stuck between the railings; to which his mother replies reprovingly: 'Don't say *jug*; that's a *flagon*!' 'Oh! come along!' roar half-a-dozen Cockney youths, boisterous with the gregarious boisterousness of the Cockney in his teens, with swaggering gait, brilliant neck-ties, and low felt hats. 'Come out o' this to where the men on horseback is!'—'And the cannon and the cannon-balls!' cries another, while they sweep down-stairs like a hurricane of boots. The unmounted cannon in the open ground are the delight of this description of go-ahead young men, and the Horse Armoury is his compendium of mediæval war and chivalry, and the illustration of all his tales of knightly adventure.

Has our young Cockney read *Ivanhoe*? Has he heard of the Crusades? Has he done battle with the Saracens in imagination? Has he any glimmering vision of tournaments and courtly pageants—of the bloodstained Red and White Roses, and valiant Margaret of Anjou? We are afraid he has not. But he has read of Sir Conesgeorge in the penny paper, and of Jack the apprentice who runs away to the wars, saves the life of Sir Bangaway de Beaumont, in full armour, in the very mouth of the enemy's artillery; and after a terrible career of anachronisms, rescues the Lady Armadilla, with the raven hair and violet eyes; runs away with her by stagecoach from the wicked Baronet's feudal castle, and marries her by torchlight in 'cloisters,' just in time before the terrible Sir Conesgeorge, swearing vengeance, arrives upon the scene armed cap-a-pie in steel, and *revolver* in hand! Some such historic association as this the young Cockney carries with him into the Horse Armoury. Did not one of them—for our indirect instruction—point out a gauntlet to his companions as 'a what d'ye call it? a gage, yes—that there's a gage?' And we knew instantly that he was thinking of that touching passage in *The Knight of the Dragon Chapeau*—or some such title, but these romances are too grand for memory—where Jack the hero casts his 'mailed glove' down before the miscreant who aspired to the hand of his lady-love, and cried: 'Be this my gage, &c.:' and the miscreant, doffing his plume, took up the gage, and said: 'Come on, thou duffer!' Hence, with the power of generalisation natural

to genius, for the readers thereof, a glove of steel becomes a gage.

In the Horse Armoury, the ladies are partial to the mahogany-faced little Prince Charles in full armour. They stand before that staring boy, who looks, buried in awkward accoutrements, as uncomfortable as a wooden boy could look; and they chorus in whispers about his looking nice, till we don't wonder that his wooden visage has assumed for ever a pale mahogany or terra-cotta blush. Other ladies ejaculate 'Noble creatures!' but whether in reference to the varnished and polished horses or the wooden-faced warriors astride thereon, they leave undecided. One of the countless crowd of respectable, comfortably-dressed working-men and sailors, has a different opinion at least about one of the mounted heroes; for he criticises the cumbersome armour of bluff King Hal as he would a suit of clothes, and looking at the metal-laden horseman, votes it 'a doosid ugly set-out!' But remarks made aloud are rare. In the long Armoury, under the amber and purple light of the small windows, and advancing up a metallic vista, with ungainly helmeted horsemen in endless array, among a confusion of the *débris* of mediæval battle, a sense of awe hushes the sightseers; they look with serious faces and talk with bated breath, as they do in no other public exhibition—not even in cathedral aisles. Those that reverently admired the Crown Jewels are still more abashed before this charge of labelled steel cavalry. They hinted over yonder that it was a swindle to show them a model of the Koh-i-noor, and that it 'beant much to look at.' But there are no irreverent remarks in the dim Armoury; no shadow of incredulity is provoked even by the startling placards that bid us believe that those weapons of Charles II.'s time are the 'spears of pikemen eighteen feet long!' How has our army degenerated since the days of those giants! But though the announcement is made again and again, we hear no light remark upon so startling a subject.

Ascending to the Armoury where modern weapons are stored, the crowd wanders through the dismal passages made between pillars and walls of upright gun-barrels. One is struck by the truth of Longfellow's simile in his verses on the Springfield Arsenal, where too,

From floor to ceiling,
Like a huge organ rise the burnished arms.

Or rather a hundred huge organs marshalled in close avenues, waiting for our soldiers' hands to draw from their keys the terrible war-musie, the 'loud lament and dismal misere.' Other weapons are fashioned into such incongruous but ingenious devices as the Prince of Wales's wedding-cake, or 'the risen sun made of bayonets and springs of ramrod.' It is here, among the dark avenues, in the atmosphere of oil, that the dismal character of Her Majesty's Tower begins to oppress the thoughtful visitor. He goes down, deep down to the dungeons, with a proper sense that the sky far away is murky, that the river outside is mud, that life is miserable for the majority of mankind, and that he himself is an undetected monster. This dismal sensation settles down upon him as a product of the atmosphere of Her Majesty's Tower; after several experiments,

we traced it to the Armoury where the huge organ arrangement of firearms is kept; and we put it down scientifically to the want of the knowledge of the principles of window-making and ventilation in ancient days, and to the action upon the nervous system of an overpowering collection of gun-barrels, silent sightseers, and polishing oils.

Down in the dungeons, the Cockney becomes hilarious. He laughs aloud, and at last assumes his ordinary sightseeing demeanour. Girls dart under the temporary wooden staircase, playing Hide-and-seek; and though cannon-balls are heaped where the rack was worked, as if that spot of bygone agony were too terrible to tread, elsewhere all-the-world and his wife jog round the racking dungeon, and make merry, utterly unable to realise the meaning of its name of horror; and in the awful dungeon beyond, into which prisoners were lowered from light of day, young men look up the disused sloping shaft, and turn away with a grin of self-congratulation. Nor is there much thinking done in the more lightsome prison rooms, though there is much talking and pointing to inscriptions on the walls. 'You see,' says a woman, 'they didn't well know what to do with themselves.' Truly they did not. But few understand that these scratchings on the walls are the written witness to prolonged and intense human suffering; that one at least died here—wasted away in this very room, the sight of his wife and child denied to him; him whom dead they carried down that steep stone stair outside, where the crush of sightseers comes twisting up now, and where the girls are laughing and clutching the rope that hangs down the centre pillar to help giddy climbers.

Outside, between this prison and the great White Tower, red-coated soldiers are manœuvring to a bugle call; and on the cannon, lying close-packed and unmounted, the Monday visitors are gossiping, and sitting down to luncheon, or peeling oranges. They have seen the place without any of its horrors, or any of those historic visions that quicken the pulse and give more than a vague interest to old walls. Thank heaven for the nineteenth century! That beef-eater with his red-embroidered coat, and broad round hat gay with loops of colour, might have stepped out of less gentle times; but see! there is with the beef-eater a dark and dingy helmeted policeman; the Sixteenth Century talking with the Nineteenth! And outside the muddy grass-grown moat, beyond the outer walls, we shall find the busy narrow streets of London, the warehouses and *cafés* creeping close up to this tremendous pile of ramparts and towers. And out there beyond the southern wall, where those tips of masts are travelling, there are the ships, the steam-power, the crowded wharves of the nineteenth century; and the gray river has sunk away from Her Majesty's Tower, leaving it high and dry, just as civilisation has shrunk in course of time from such cruelties as those walls witnessed when the Tower was palace and prison. Thank heaven again for the quiet days of Her who owns, by right not only of blood but of justice and kindness, that bright crown in the Jewel Room; the days when all the world can wander through the fortress, and see in it nothing but the grandest curiosity, or, more

intelligently, the finest historic monument of England; the days when only fire-buckets are lowered into the dungeons and kept there; and when the awful Traitors' Gate is mostly used by sparrows, those knowing birds finding it useful as a roost for chirping the river news, and convenient for popping into an undisturbed muddly nook after their raids upon the wharves.

SOME MATRIMONIAL ECCENTRICITIES.

THERE is no end to the matrimonial extravagances that are continually being perpetrated. What strangely assorted couples you meet every day in the street—in private life—everywhere! There would almost appear to be no kind of incongruity of which examples could not be found—no kind of disparity, physical, intellectual, or moral, which, if an obstacle to union at all, has not been overcome.

Extremes of many kinds are so common that we need not particularise them here. Unless on the theory of the saying that 'extremes meet,' it is by no means easy to account for some of them. Here is a somewhat curious, though far from unpleasing, illustration, which was communicated to us some time ago by a lady who had just returned from a voyage to India with her husband in the vessel of which he was skipper. The cook, a negro, was a general favourite with all on board; and in the course of the return voyage, not only our lady friend, but all the passengers, and the crew as well, became deeply interested in Sambo's matrimonial affairs, for nothing afforded the honest fellow greater delight than to talk of the pretty little English wife who, he said, was waiting to welcome him on his return to England. Some, especially the ladies, were disposed to be sceptical, suspecting that Sambo was either romancing, or indulging in one of those elaborate equivokes in which the negro mind delights. The precedent of Desdemona and Othello notwithstanding, the idea of a nice-looking English girl actually falling in love with and marrying Sambo was not to be accepted without considerable reserve. In the restricted community on board a vessel, small matters are often invested with an altogether exceptional importance, and so the question of Sambo's wife was magnified into one of the great problems of the day. It was at length resolved, in order to gratify the general curiosity and put the story to the test, to have a party of some sort on board ship as soon as London was reached, and invite Sambo to bring his wife, who, he declared, resided there. The party was arranged accordingly. The long-talked-of guest of the evening duly appeared.—'And, would you believe it?' the captain's wife afterwards remarked with great animation—'she was actually pretty!' Sambo was the hero of the hour; and everybody declared that a prouder husband, or a more happy, contented, and devoted little wife, had never been seen.

The very act of marrying at all is in some instances a most eccentric proceeding. What, for example, could be more absurd than the recent marriage, in a small agricultural village in England, of a couple whose united ages came to a hundred and fifty-eight, the bridegroom being seventy-seven, and the bride eighty-one? Nor

was this the only peculiar feature of this extraordinary union. The bridegroom's Christian name was Thomas, and the bride's Mary; and this was the third Mary that Thomas had selected as his partner, while it was also the third Thomas to whom Mary had been united by the conjugal bond. To crown all, both were in receipt of parochial relief to the extent of two shillings and a loaf each per week.

A hardly less extraordinary wedding is reported from Charlotte, North Carolina, being that of a blind girl to a man who was deaf and dumb. It was not to be expected that such an event would escape the observation of factious Western journalism; nor did it. A local paper took occasion to point out that by this marriage each of the parties would acquire an opportunity to practise little pantomimic scenes from which ordinary married folks were entirely debarred. When they quarrelled, for instance—the wife being unable to see, while the husband could not hear or speak—she could hurl at him broadside after broadside of steel-pointed invective; and the poor man could but stand there, study the motion of her lips, and fondly imagine she was telling him how sorry she was that anything should come between them. He, on the other hand, could sit down, shake his fists, and make hideous grimaces, she all the while thinking he was sitting with his face buried in his hands, and hot remorseful tears streaming from his eyes.

One of the most remarkable matrimonial complications on record occurred a few months ago in Long Island, New York. A married woman who felt her husband approaching, and who was solicitous as to the fate of her six children, implored her husband to marry her younger sister, she being the only person fitted in her eyes to take charge of her family. The husband promised to act in accordance with her wishes immediately after the funeral, and the sister also undertook to fulfil her behests. The sick woman, however, was not satisfied. She feared they might not prove so good as their word, and entreated them to give her the consolation of knowing that her children would certainly be cherished after her departure. Worn out with her importunity, and there being evidently no hope of the poor woman's recovery, they finally consented to be married at once. The ceremony accordingly took place; and so much comfort and satisfaction did the invalid derive from contemplating the future of her little ones, that she speedily recovered from her illness, and gave cheering proof of her convalescence by turning her sister, bag and baggage, out of the house!

Some very eccentric matrimonial arrangements are occasionally brought to light in our courts of law. A singular illustration occurred in London the other day of the extraordinary views that often prevail among people of a certain class as to the way in which private agreements affect marriage. The parties in the case in question were a porter and a cook, who had married on the express understanding, embodied in a formal agreement, that unless and until the latter should 'arrive at the following accomplishments—namely, piano, singing, reading, writing, speaking, and deportment,' the 'said marrying' was to be no more thought of, and considered null and void. The pair were regularly married; and as the lady

did not master the required accomplishments, continued to live apart for fourteen years, the husband fully believing that 'the female of us,' as the woman was denominated in the agreement, was not his wife. When, however, the case came up for decision, the judge was of a different opinion.

Marriages which are not in themselves in any way peculiar are sometimes rendered very much so by the eccentric manner in which they are gone about. We recollect a wedding at which the happy pair had no sooner been united than, to the amazement of every one except the officiating clergyman, who had been let into the secret a few minutes before, the eldest brother of the bride advanced with one of the blushing bridesmaids, and requested that the ceremony should be repeated for their behoof. It appearing that all the necessary legal and other preliminaries had been duly arranged, the demand was complied with, and the company had to celebrate two weddings instead of one.

This recalls the case of an enterprising Scotch widow, who, failing the appearance at the eventful moment of her intended second husband, utilised the occasion, the clergyman, and the company in a way which must call forth the admiration of the most skilled diplomatist. She was a bouncing young widow of twenty-five, and had agreed to marry 'No. 2,' as she playfully termed him, in a year and a day from the demise of 'No. 1.' The happy day fell on a Wednesday, and the ceremony was to take place at the bride's house. A magnificent wedding-feast was provided, and about sixty guests invited. The hour fixed for the marriage was six p.m. In the forenoon, the bridegroom arrayed himself in his best, and went off to invite a few friends in the country who had been overlooked. Whether he happened to take with him a copy of the *Pickwick Papers*, and came across Mr Weller's famous advice to his son Sam on the subject of 'ridders,' will probably never be known; but by this or some other means, he appears to have been reduced to a peculiarly vacillating state of mind with regard to the important step he was about to take; for by the afternoon post his bride-elect received from him an intimation to the effect that he had conscientious scruples as to marrying a woman so recently widowed. He would make it a matter of careful consideration, and abide by the result of his subsequent feelings. She was not to take this as a positive declinature; but if he had not arrived by six o'clock, she might consider the marriage off. The widow did not either faint or go into hysterics, but decked herself in her bridal robes, and smilingly received the guests who had been bidden to the feast. When all the company had arrived, the lady read to them the communication she had received from the recreant bridegroom. Loud and long were the denunciations it elicited, and the heroic bearing of the widow under such trying circumstances was marked and commended by all. 'This need not prevent the feast,' she said; and the banquetting began. The fasting over, the room was cleared for dancing, and everything went as merrily as if the wedding had passed off under the most favoured auspices. The result of it all was that an elderly bachelor, who had opened the ball with the irrepressible widow, became so enamoured of her, that before the

evening was far advanced he had proposed, and, what was more, had been accepted. The minister was recalled; and at eleven P.M. the wedding, though not the one for which the guests had been assembled, was solemnised. The ceremony had scarcely been performed, when the door-bell was violently rung, and in stalked the superseded bridegroom. 'Careful consideration' had at length overcome his 'conscientious scruples,' and he had come back to claim his bride—only, however, to be introduced to her as the wife of another. Served him right.

Marriage by electricity is one of the latest novelties which have been introduced on the other side of the Atlantic. The first wedding of this kind took place last year at the cantonment in the Red Lands, Dakota, the clergyman officiating from a place called Bismarck, many miles away, by telegraph. The bride and bridegroom responded to the electric marriage ceremony at one end of the wire, in the presence of witnesses; while the correspondent of the *Pioneer Press* and several other witnesses saw the clergyman perform his duty at the other. The questions and answers were written, telegraphed, and responded to, and the blessing was pronounced in the usual form, and 'wired' with perfect accuracy. All present at both ends of the wire, it was reported, were much affected towards the close of the ceremony; and the whole affair excited general interest.

Shortly after this, the telegraph was again brought into requisition for purposes matrimonial; but on this occasion its use was a merely accidental contingency in the execution of a still more eccentric matrimonial freak. The notion in this instance was to be married on the summit of a high mountain known as Pike's Peak. At sunrise on the eventful morning the bridal party set out, mounted upon saddle-horses, on their romantic errand. Before they had proceeded far, a somewhat untoward accident befell the Reverend Doctor who had been engaged to perform the ceremony. He had been mounted upon a particularly lively animal, which, after waltzing along the road for some distance on two legs, wound up his performance by pitching the unfortunate clergyman over a fence and into a stream. He was soon fished out; but, though not seriously injured, the mishap altogether deranged the plans of the wedding party, for the reverend gentleman not unnaturally declined to risk his health by continuing the trip in his dripping condition, in spite of all persuasions and the offer of a safe and quiet animal. After some consultation, a brilliant idea suggested itself to the bridegroom, which was, that the clergyman should proceed to the nearest city—Colorado Springs—and from the United States Telegraph Office, which was connected with the signal-station on the Peak, perform the ceremony by telegraph. The Doctor ultimately consented to this arrangement, and thus another element of romance was added to the undertaking. The summit of the Peak was reached about noon. The sergeant in charge of the station was greatly delighted with the notion of a wedding in his elevated retreat, and entered into the spirit of the thing with enthusiastic good-will. The instrument-room of the signal-station was decorated with flowers and flags, and the sergeant sent a call down to the Springs office, some thousands

of feet below. The officer in attendance replied, informing the sergeant that the Rev. Dr Smith had arrived and was ready to proceed with the ceremony. The young people joined hands and stood before the sergeant, the father and mother of the bride standing on each side; and the sergeant at the instrument read off the questions of the clergyman as they were delivered by the subtle wires. There was a rapid clicking for a few moments, and then the sergeant in a solemn voice repeated the message: 'Charles A. Dutton, do you take Nellie J. Thoremorton to be your lawful and wedded wife?' 'I do,' responded the bridegroom with evident emotion. The sergeant tapped the instrument, and in another moment the message came: 'Nellie J. Thoremorton, do you take Charles A. Dutton to be your lawful and wedded husband?' 'I do,' said the bride, in a low voice. The sergeant heard it, however, and transmitted the reply. There was a moment's pause; and then, up the mountain came that message making two hearts one: 'Then I pronounce you man and wife.'

The news of this romantic wedding was circulated far and wide, and graphic accounts of it duly appeared in nearly every newspaper in the United States, under such headings as 'Wedded on Pike's Peak,' or 'Two hearts made one by telegraph ten thousand feet above other people's heads.' This of course set many young people who were about to be married a-thinking whether they could not contrive something equally romantic or out of the way; and before many days were over, a very fair attempt was made to rival the Pike's Peak affair. A Kentucky couple hit upon the expedient, not of ascending a mountain to be married, but of descending into the bowels of the earth for that purpose. The company, which included a Louisville clergyman, drove over the hills to the Mammoth Cave, and boldly entered the great black yawning cavern. An extremely narrow part of the tunnel, known as 'Fat Man's Misery,' was successfully passed, the bride, as well as the rest of the party, being obliged to crawl along on hands and knees. 'Green River,' with its blind fish, was safely ferried over; and, after a long and adventurous underground tramp, the spot selected for the wedding was reached. 'There,' says a glowing account, 'under nature's glittering gems, with darkness filling the depth beyond, and torches weirdly lighting the immediate space, the clergyman did his duty.'

AN INDIAN SNAKE-DANCE.

THE Moquis are one of the many Indian tribes which dot the vast plains of Western America. Lieutenant T. V. Keam, who for many years has acted officially under the United States' government among the Indians, gives the following account of a curious ceremonial which he and others witnessed some time ago at a Moqui village in the north-east of Arizona. The history of this strange festival was related to Lieutenant Keam in the most picturesque language, by an ancient chieftain of that tribe.

In an age of the distant past, the Moqui Indians lived on the San Juan River. Their Chief, greatest in wisdom and daring, resolved to learn what became of the vast body of water that

ceaselessly flowed through the country. Constructing a raft, he stored it with provisions to last him for many moons, launched it on the San Juan, to be carried by its swift currents whithersoever they went. After encountering many perils, he entered a large water, on the shores of which great rocks elevated their fronts to the stars. Driven ashore, he ascended to the top by perilous passes, and found them inhabited by a family of Indians, who received him with great rejoicings as the ruling spirit of their race, whose coming had been prophesied for ages by the wise men and priests. He took their wisest and most beautiful maiden for his bride, whose charms long rendered him forgetful of his own people; but the spirits of his fathers called him, and obedient to the call, he, with his wife, started for home. Imminent dangers beset their path; but the guardian spirit of his bride led them through every peril safely to his people, by whom he was received as the pride and wonder of his race.

But unfortunately for the Moquis, jealousy ranked in the bosom of their women. A foreign woman possessed the heart of the stateliest and bravest of their tribe. Subjected by them to every indignity that wicked ingenuity could devise, and too proud to make known her grievances, the bride, determined on revenge, gave birth to a brood of serpents, against the charmed lives of which neither the arrows nor battle-axes of the Moquis could avail. The Moqui children were slain by their deadly fangs. The people, pursued by this terrible foe, fled from the land of their fathers, till, on reaching the country in which they now dwell, a mighty serpent lashed their pursuers to stones, and commanded the Moquis to possess his hills and valleys, and to live at peace with all his kind. In gratitude to their deliverer, the wise men of the tribe established the Snake-dance as a religious rite; and for ages, no serpent has been killed by that tribe, nor Moqui bitten who follows the teaching of the snake-priests.

Such was the chieftain's history of the festival. The following is Kean's narrative of the snake-dance.

Preparations for the dance, which we witnessed, had been in progress for eight days. The snake-priests, forty-two in number, devoted the first four days to secret rites. The four succeeding days were employed in capturing the snakes which haunt the sandy plains around the *pueblo* (village). With a wand, painted, and bearing at one end two black eagles' feathers, the priests caress the heads of the snakes as they coil in the sand. The snake-priests are supposed to have borrowed this idea from the habit of the eagle, which, when capturing snakes, is said to charm them to comparative harmlessness by hovering over and fanning them with a rapid and peculiar motion of its wings. Having secured a sufficient number of the reptiles, they are carried in sacks to the *estufa*—the council-house of the Moquis. This chamber is an excavation in the solid rock from nine to ten feet deep, by eighteen feet wide and twenty feet long, covered with poles, mud, and stones. Hung on the walls in fantastic groups are highly ornamented moccasins, breech-cloths, waistbands, rattles, and tortoise-shells. On the morning of the dance, we were

granted admission to the *estufa*, and on descending by a ladder from the centre of the roof, we found the snakes, from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty in number, contained in large oval earthenware urns. Soon after we had entered, a ceremony was gone through by those of the priesthood who were present. Pouring the living mass out of the urns, they, with their wands, drove them around the floor of the *estufa* from east to west, and then around an altar laid in the rock floor two feet from the west wall of the building. This altar was covered variously in squares, and on each of its four sides a snake was painted in natural colours. Around it lay stone implements, knives, axes, arrows, hammers, a large mortar and figures of small animals in stone, as well as a number of the eagle-feather wands, one of which is placed beside the altar when a snake-priest dies, remaining there until the chief-priest declares that the departed one is happy in the Spirit-land.

The priests all wore waistband, breech-cloth, and moccasins fringed with red; besides which, their faces were painted, from forehead to mouth, black; from mouth over the chin, white; their bodies, pink; their arms and legs dyed a dark brown. Around the right leg, below the knee, was attached an ornament made of tortoise-shell, together with the horny part of a deer's hoof, which in the dancing which followed produced a sort of humming rattle resembling the noise of a rattlesnake in anger. During their exercises in the *estufa*, the priests drank freely from a large urn containing medicine-water.

The Snake-dance itself took place about four o'clock in the afternoon. A cotton-wood grotto had been erected on the rock near the *estufa*, with a single buffalo robe tied firmly round it, leaving a small entrance on one side. Around this was traced a mystic circle thirty feet in diameter. Within the grotto the snakes were now deposited *en masse*. The dancers were twenty-four in number, the remaining eighteen priests being reserved to receive the snakes from their hands and to chant during the progress of the dance. The dancers first advanced towards the grotto wands in hand. Then wheeling round, they separated twelve a side, and formed in line, representing the two sides of a triangle, of which the grotto was the apex. The eighteen followed, dividing equally, and facing the dancers, while all joined in a wild chant, accompanied by a continuous sounding of the above-mentioned rattles. The chief-priest then advanced to the entrance of the grotto, bearing an urn of medicine-water from the *estufa*, two large sea-shells, and two stone figures of mountain lions. Chanting in a monotone, he stood for about ten minutes waving the urn in the air. Another dance and chant followed; upon the conclusion of which, the nearest priest on the right entered the grotto on hands and knees among the writhing and hideous mass, soon reappearing with a large snake in his mouth, its head and tail twisting about his face. Being taken by the left arm by a fellow-priest next him, he was led around the mystic circle. The snake was then dropped on some sacred cornmeal which the squaws had scattered within its bounds. Immediately on falling, the creature coiled in anger, whereupon one of the eighteen cursed its head with his wand and took it in

his hands. The ceremony was then repeated by the other dancers, who, entering the grotto on hands and knees, brought out the snakes in their mouths, sometimes two at a time, and danced round the circle on the rocks with them, until the whole had been taken from the grotto and placed in the hands of the attendant priests. The snakes were then thrown, a writhing mass, into a pile of corn-meal, upon which the whole priesthood rushed pell-mell to the pile, and seizing them in their hands, divided into four bands, tore wildly down the rocky slopes of the *mesa*, and liberated their captives in the sands on the north, south, east, and west sides of the village.

WOLF-CHILDREN.

As supplementary to our article on Wolf-children (No. 977), we are favoured by an Anglo-Indian surgeon with the following touching incident:

'Futtee-pore is a small civil station seventy-three miles north-west of Allahabad, and was the scene of the Nana's first check by Havelock. The American Presbyterians had and have a Mission there, with Orphanage attached, and this was in my charge as civil surgeon in pre-natal days. The Mission and Orphanage were presided over by the Rev. Gopinath Nandy, an old man, who fell subsequently into the rebel Moulvi's hands at Allahabad, and was only saved from death by Brigadier-general Neil's force.

'To this Orphanage was brought by the police, early in 1857, a child, which they declared had been found in a wolf's den among the ravines of the Jamna; and I was summoned to see it. I obeyed with alacrity, for here was a proof in point of what at school we had been taught to regard as fabulous, the suckling of Romulus and Remus by a wolf. This human cub was a native child about six or seven, filthy in aspect, disgusting in odour and habit, with matted hair, and timid suspicious face. Mr Nandy told me that the child had no speech, though not dumb, would wear no clothes, and would eat nothing placed before it. Its efforts to escape were incessant.

'Confronted with this wretched object, I placed a hand on his head, and said a word or two of kindness in Hindustani; but got no response beyond a kind of cackle. The poor child was evidently a burden to the Padre, who knew not how to manage it. I recommended non-coercive confinement, with lots of straw and blanket, and a gradual introduction to civilised food, cooked bones being the present substitute. At my next visit I found dismay on the worthy Padre's face; nothing would succeed with the wolf-cub, and the whole establishment was upset in looking after him and preventing escape. I found him wandering about the garden. On seeing me he ran up and seized my knees, and then the one vocable of his language escaped him as he looked upwards at me, and that was "säg."* The memory of home and home-food had dawned upon

* Säg, which with us is the specific native word for spinach, is among natives the generic term for various plants and plant-tops. Tender gram and turnip shoots, and a host of plants unknown to us as food, are classed under that term.

him as he laid at my feet a handful of the weed. Poor outcast! I again patted him, and spoke kindly to him, but in vain; the burden of his replies, or rather cackles, was säg. Taking the hint, I recommended säg and rice as his diet; and strange to say, it succeeded, and opened further the floodgates of memory; for the words báp (father) and māmā (mother) now recurred to him. But the diet, simple and nutritious as it was, proved fatal to him; intractable diarrhoea set in, and under its wasting influence, affectionate docility returned. I could not get away from him except with difficulty; and repulsive though he still was in sight and odour, my heart yearned for the poor outcast, now fast dying. At the last moment, he tried to grasp my knees; and was evidently pleased when I placed my hand on his head, for he lay quite still, breathing out his life. Suddenly with a shudder the word "säg" escaped him, and with that password on his lips, he set out into the great unknown.'

SNOW-FLAKES.

Through the chilly winter morning,
Through the gloomy veil of mist,
Came the snow-flakes, thickly falling,
Hiding everything they kissed—
Every window-sill and doorstep,
And the stones beneath the feet,
Till a pall of perfect whiteness
Covered all the silent street.

Soon the feet of busy people,
Passing to their daily toil,
Trod the whiteness out, and marred it
With the grimy stain of soil;
Till the trampled mass presented
But a sad and painful sight—
Painful in its wretched contrast
With the snow of yesternight.

In the chilly winter morning
Came a little soul one day,
Sweet as any mountain daisy
Growing in its bed of clay.
Fair the face that shone above it,
Lithe the limbs that made its prison;
It was fairer than the snow-flakes
Bore the morning sun had risen.

Soon the hasting feet of Passion
Trod the soul and beat it down;
And a sinful hand defiled it
In the markets of the town;
Till the face had lost its beauty,
And the limbs grown worn and thin,
With the wretchedness that follows
In the deadly truck of sin.

Sullied snow is never whitened,
Never can be fair again;
But there is a purifying
For the sinful souls of men;
And the print of evil footsteps
In the downward path we tread,
May be blotted out for ever
By the mercy of our God.

J. T. BURTON WOLLASTON.

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CURIOSITIES OF THE TELEPHONE.

GREAT inventions are often conceived a long time before they are realised in practice. Sometimes the original idea occurs to the man who subsequently works it out; and sometimes it comes as a happy thought to one who is either in advance of his age, or who is prevented by adverse circumstances from following it up, and who yet lives to see the day when some more fortunate individual gives it a material shape, and so achieves the fame which was denied to him. Such is the case of M. Charles Bourselle, who in 1864 proposed a form of speaking-telephone, which although not practicable in its first crude condition, might have led its originator to a more successful instrument if he had pursued the subject further. Bourselle is now a superintendent of telegraph lines at Auch, in France; and, in recognition of his primitive idea, has lately been enrolled as a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour.

It was believed by most people, and even by eminent electricians, that the speaking-telephone had never been dreamed of by any one before Professor Graham Bell introduced his marvellous little apparatus to the scientific world. But that was a mistake. More than one person had thought of such a thing, Bourselle among the number. Philip Reis, a German electrician, had even constructed an electric telephone in 1864, which transmitted words with some degree of perfection; and the assistant of Reis asserts that it was designed to carry music as well as words. Professor Bell, in devising his telephone, copied the human ear with its vibrating drum. The first iron plate he used as a vibrator was a little piece of clock-spring glued to a parchment diaphragm, and on saying to the spring on the telephone at one end of the line: 'Do you understand what I say?' the answer from his assistant at the other end came back immediately: 'Yes; I understand you perfectly.' The sounds were feeble, and he had to hold his ear close to the little piece of iron on the parchment, but they

were distinct; and though Reis had transmitted certain single words some ten years before, Bell was the first to make a piece of matter utter sentences. Reis gave the electric wire a tongue so that it could mumble like an infant; but Bell taught it to speak.

Bell's telephone was first exhibited in America at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia in 1876; and in England, at the Glasgow meeting of the British Association in September of that year. On that occasion, Sir William Thomson pronounced it, with enthusiasm, to be the 'greatest of all the marvels of the electric telegraph.' The surprise created by its first appearance was, however, nothing to the astonishment and delight which it aroused in this country when Professor Bell, the following year, himself exhibited it in London to the Society of Telegraph Engineers. Since then, its introduction as a valuable aid to social life has been very rapid, and the telephone is now to be found in use from China to Peru.

But while the telephone conveys the vibrations of the voice with singular fidelity, it does not do so with the same perfection as the human ear, so that a given voice is slightly changed when heard through the telephone from what it is when heard from mouth to ear. The drum of the telephone is a flat plate, which has a fundamental note of its own, and it is more ready to vibrate in response to this note than to any other. Thus, the basic tones in the voice, which harmonise with this fundamental note, come out stronger in the telephone than the overtones, which do not; and hence a certain twang is given to the speaker's voice, which depends on the dimensions of the plate. Thus, for men's low voices the plate of a telephone should be larger than for the shriller voices of women and children. This peculiarity of the instrument was amusingly illustrated at the Paris International Electric Exhibition of 1881, by Professor D. E. Hughes, the discoverer of the microphone. As a member of the scientific jury who were reporting on the various exhibits in telephony, he was examining—along with his

colleagues, comprising several eminent foreign electricians—a telephonic apparatus devised by Dr Werner Siemens; but they could not make it answer to their voices. Various names of foreign savants were shouted into the mouthpiece of the telephone; but it would not respond. At length, Professor Hughes, who is an accomplished musician, stepped forward, and secretly ascertained the fundamental note of the telephone by tapping its plate. He then turned to his fellow-jurors with a smile, and remarked that there was a peculiarity about this telephone: it was an Anglophile, and would only respond to the honoured name of Faraday. The jurors naturally treated his words with amiable derision; but this, however, was soon changed to wonder when, after crying over the names of Siemens, Ohm, Volta, Ampère, Franklin, the telephone remained obstinately uncertain until he pronounced the magic syllables Faraday, to which it joyously responded. The word Faraday had simply been spoken by him in the same tone of voice as the fundamental note of the telephone plate.

The comparative feebleness of the voice as reproduced by the telephone has often struck observing persons. With the Bell telephone, it is necessary to hold the ear close to the diaphragm to hear any sound at all. Nevertheless, Mr Edison has constructed a little voice-mill, termed the Rotophone, in which a metal plate not only vibrates out and in under the impact of the voice, but at the same time sets in motion a small toothed wheel by an escapement, and can thus be made to perform work. This is in truth an ingenious method of bridging over the distinction between words and deeds. Moreover, it suggests possibilities of an 'Open Sesame' lock that will only yield to a particular watchword; and of a sympathetic cradle which would commence to rock when the baby murmured, and rock the faster as the baby cried the louder; thus affording a beautiful example of the fitness of things.

The sensitiveness of the telephone is as remarkable as its fidelity to the sound-waves. A red-hot copper wire drawn across the rasp of a file was found, by Professor G. Forbes, to yield a series of thermo-electric currents which caused the telephone to give out a musical note. Since the time of Galvani, the nervous fibre of an animal has been regarded as the most exquisitely sensitive galvanoscope which we have for detecting electric currents; but the experiments of M. D'Arsonval prove that even an ill-made telephone is at least a hundred times more sensitive than the nerve, to feeble variations of the electric current.

The power of the telephone to transmit the voice to long distances is intimately associated with its delicacy. Mr Willoughby Smith has found by experiment that a telephone will work through a 'resistance' of wire corresponding to a hundred and fifty thousand miles of telegraph line; and hence it would seem mere child's-play

to fulfil the words of the poet, and 'waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.' But this was only a laboratory experiment; for on actual telegraph lines the leakage of electricity from the wire to the ground, damp and other drawbacks, render the transmission of speech by wire far less easy in practice than was at first supposed. Nevertheless, it is on record that Mr Edison transmitted speech over a line seven hundred and fifty miles long in America; and conversation has been carried on over five hundred miles in India; three hundred and ninety miles, from Tabriz in Persia to Tiflis; and three hundred miles in Spain, Australia, and other places where the atmosphere is dry and pure. In England, we have not been able to work through such long circuits, owing to the wetness of the atmosphere; but Mr Van Rysselberghe, the ingenious chief of the Meteorological Observatory at Brussels, has telephoned from that city to Paris, a distance of two hundred and fifteen miles; and this while the same wire was carrying simultaneously an ordinary Morse telegraphic message. By a peculiar disposition of his apparatus, Mr Van Rysselberghe spoke to Paris by telephone without any interference from the Morse signals that were traversing the identical wire at the same time.

The day after the bombardment of Alexandria, it was announced in the London papers that the noise of the guns had been heard at Malta by telephone through a thousand miles of submarine cable. Experienced electricians took the statement with a grain of salt, because they knew that a submarine cable differs from a land-telegraph wire in the greater retarding effect which it has on electric currents travelling along it. A cable has the effect of running together—jumbling up—the delicate and rapidly succeeding vocal currents of the telephone, and either muffling the articulation or creating absolute silence. Five hundred miles of land-line would make little or no difference on the distinctness of a telephonic message, supposing the wire to be well insulated from the earth; but a hundred miles of ordinary submarine cable would probably be quite dumb. Indeed, some experiments made by the writer, with Dr Muirhead's artificial cable, show that while the voice could be faintly heard through a length equivalent to fifty, or even sixty miles, when it came to eighty miles no sound at all was audible. The inductive retardation had frittered away and blotted out the delicate undulations of the vocal currents. Telephonic messages have, however, been successfully sent by cable across the Channel, and from Holyhead to Dublin; but in no case has the length of cable reached one hundred miles. The dream of whispering across the Atlantic under the 'roaring forties' is likely to remain a dream for a long while to come.

Although aerial wires are common in this country for telephonic work, in France, Germany, and other continental countries, underground

cables are chiefly employed. These are less subject to external injury, but are more liable to inductive retardation than the latter, though not so much as on a submarine cable. The peculiar crackling noises heard on aerial telephone lines which run close beside the ordinary telegraph wires, are easily cured on underground lines by employing a double wire in the cable, to form the going and returning pathways of the circuit. Then the currents travelling in neighbouring wires affect each of the two wires alike, but in opposite directions, and so the 'crackle' due to 'induction' is neutralised.

Besides the clamour set up in a telephone line by the electricity on neighbouring wires inducing audible currents in the telephone wire, there are disturbing noises caused by currents passing through the earth and entering the telephone circuit. These are sometimes due to electric-lighting conductors, or to ordinary telegraph wires running to the ground near by. In Manchester recently, all the telephone circuits were stopped because of the humming sound caused in the telephones by the escaping electric-light currents. Lightning-storms too, and magnetic disturbances, are apt to cause floods of electricity in the body of the earth, which overflow into the telephone lines and interfere with their working. The best remedy is to employ the double-wire system mentioned above, and not to use the earth at all as a return pathway, as is ordinarily done in telegraphy. The lightning-effect is readily heard by connecting a telephone to the water-pipes of a house on the one hand, and to the gas-pipes on the other. On listening into the instrument, every flash of lightning will be accompanied by a crackling sound. The 'earth'-currents which often flow through the ground although there is no thunder, can be heard in the telephone by connecting it in circuit with a wire and two large metal plates buried in the ground. The result has been likened to a boiling sound. The discharges of the magnificent aurora borealis which was seen in New England on August 4th of last year, were also heard in the telephone by a gentleman at Mont Clair, New Jersey, who likened them to the crackle which lightning gives, interspersed with feeble ringing taps repeated every half-second. Those fishes, the torpedo, the gymnotus or electric eel, and the electric ray, have also been caused to send their electric discharges through a telephone, and the sound heard has proved the emanation in each case to be an intermittent current. That of the torpedo is very powerful and prolonged, giving a moaning sound; that of the gymnotus is a sudden shock; and that of the ray resembles the discharge of the torpedo, but is very much feebler, owing to the smallness of its electric organ. In fact, a young torpedo the size of the hand will give a far more powerful shock than a full-grown ray.

The violence of lightning-currents has been

accompanied by accidents to the life and limb of persons using telephones during a storm; but such cases are rare. At Hartford, Connecticut, several years ago, a doctor was speaking to his assistant by telephone, when the instrument blazed up in his hands at the moment of a terrific thunder-clap. He suffered no injury, but the instrument was ruined; and his assistant was struck deaf for several hours in the ear with which he listened at the receiving telephone. Again, during last summer a flash of lightning struck a telephone line at Strasburg Cathedral and burnt up the instrument, which a member of the city Fire Brigade was speaking through, but did no other damage. In America, such accidents are now guarded against by the use of lightning-protectors; but they have not been thought necessary yet in England, though, for all they cost, it would perhaps be prudent to adopt them on our circuits.

Before leaving the subject of telephone lines, we ought to mention their introduction into the Manvers and Oak Collieries, to communicate between the galleries below and the pit-mouth. In times of accident, they may prove the only means of communication between the miners below and the help above. Experiments have been also repeatedly made with the telephone attached to the diver's helmet; and at last year's North-east Coast Exhibition, every word spoken or whispered in a diving-bell below water was heard above. Besides being taken into the depths of the sea and the bowels of the earth, the telephone has been lifted up into the skies, and balloons have communicated with each other and with the ground by their means. Marksmen can now communicate with the scorer and learn the effect of their shot; or slips can speak to the shore, as in the case of the Helicon line which enabled Sir Beauchamp Seymour to talk with the British Embassy at Alexandria. Even in Arctic exploration it has been proposed to lay a telephone wire along the ice, to enable the sledging-party bound for the Pole to communicate with the ship which forms its base of operations. Certainly the ice would be a good insulator, and the line would be a guide for any party of assistance. The scheme appears feasible enough, always supposing that the wire failed to excite the curiosity of some Polar bear.

The minor applications of the telephone have been very numerous; but none has been so interesting in its results as the Induction Balance of Professor Hedges. By tuning in to the coils of the balance, that inventor has made the telephone very sensitive to the presence of metals; and it is possible to tell a good coin from a base one, or a worn coin from a new one, by the sounds given out by the telephone. Professor Roberts, indeed, has to a certain extent succeeded in assaying gold and silver coins by its aid; but the degree of hardness of the coin actually affects the result, although the weight and purity may be exact. Two years ago, an arrangement of the balance was proposed by Mr J. Munro, C.E., for prospecting metal veins; and this arrangement is substantially the same as that subsequently applied by Professor Graham Bell to locate the bullet in the body of the late lamented President Garfield, perhaps the noblest duty which the telephone was ever called upon to fulfil. The extreme delicacy

of the apparatus was demonstrated at the Paris Electrical Exhibition in a very curious way. Mr Elisha Gray, the well-known inventor of the Harmonic Telegraph, was a little sceptical of the performances of the balance; and desiring to test it, he told Professor Hughes that for thirty years a small spark of iron had lodged in one of his fingers and could still be felt there like a pinhead. Could Professor Hughes tell him which finger it was in? One after another the fingers of the injured hand were put into the balance; and when the 'game' one was inserted, the telephone proclaimed the fact in unmistakable tones. A similar arrangement of the balance has also been applied by Captain McEvoy to the detection of submarine torpedoes, and sunken chains, anchors, or buoys. In this there is a movable part of the balance which is lowered into the water; and when it comes in contact with the submerged metal case of the torpedo, or any other metal mass, the telephone in the observer's hand immediately indicates the fact. Such are a few of the curiosities of the useful and delicate telephone.

ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR; OR, A HARD KNOT.

CHAPTER II.—COUNTESS DE LALOUVE.

'BATTEN down the hatches, quick, men! Helm hard down! quartermaster, d'ye hear? Steady, steady, there, forward! Stations, all of you, and look alive!—Mr MacGregor, get that sail in before it's blown from the bolt-ropes.—Mr Dodd, a leewheel to the helm, before the sea swamps us.—Bear a hand! Steady, so!' As the captain of the *Cyprus* shouted these orders hoarsely through his battered trumpet, his voice was all but drowned by the shrill shriek of the furious wind as it rushed through the strained rigging, and the ship reeled and quivered like a thing in pain. A gale had come on, and worse than a gale, for it was a white-squall. Old seamen, to whom the rounding of Cape Horn is a familiar task, and who are inured to cyclone and hurricane, yet speak with a semi-superstitious respect of the terrible white-squall of the Mediterranean.

There had been no warning. Like a thief in the night, the storm had burst upon the *Cyprus* without threat or signal of its approach; and the first intimation that Nature was in a passion was that the fine steamer was laid abruptly on her beam-ends in the tumbling tossing water. She righted, and fought her way ahead in the midst of fierce elemental war; but it was cruel work. Gone were the peaceful stars and the pure canopy of heaven and the drowsy ripple of the gentle waves. As if by magic, the scene had changed. The sky wore its ugliest frown. Rain and hail—no light sugar-plum hailstones of summer, but jagged bits of ice, heavy, three-sided lumps that cut and bruised—lashed the deck. The wind howled in menacing cadence through the rigging. The salt spray broke incessantly in drenching showers over the dripping bulwarks.

Now and then there was a gurgling wash of water, as a heavy sea was shipped. The panting engines toiled on, fighting, as with a living foe. It was no easy matter to distinguish between salt sea-sund and driving rain. A fierce fight went on.

The fight was on one side sustained by wolfish waves and harrying wind; and on the other, by skill and patient bravery, and the regular steady stroke of the steam-piston, like the measured beat of a giant's mighty heart, to force the *Cyprus* on. For hours, as the vessel heeled over perilously before the threatening gale, or as the billows reared their menacing heads, like watery mountains, to deluge the steamer's deck with a rush of foaming brine, it seemed doubtful whether the balance would incline to life or death. Among the passengers below there was anxiety and alarm. Even the hardy old captain half despaired of saving the ship. Any accident, such as in quiet times goes for nothing, such as the snapping of a middle-chain, the starting of a boiler-plate, must have been fatal.

Fortunate was it in such weather that the packet was a fine new steamer, well found, and urged by powerful engines, and thus could bear the brunt of the squall until its violence was somewhat spent and the danger all but over. Before the first gray, pinkish streaks broke in the eastern sky, there was an end of the torrents of rain which had deluged the deck. The shrieking wind had tuned down its storm-scream to a moan, though yet the sea ran high, and the vessel rolled heavily as she battled her way through the surges. The captain had gone below at last, leaving the care of the ship to the officer of the watch.

Slowly and, as it were, reluctantly the cold dawn came. The sea was still boisterous, the complaining wind yet shrill, and a train of ragged clouds, like fugitives from some beaten army, appeared, flying past along the pale skyline. It was not a likely moment for a passenger to quit the warmth and comfort of the cabins below; nevertheless a solitary figure presently glided up the companion-stair and traversed the heaving deck—on which it was no easy matter for any but a sailor to walk—with some difficulty, but with a feline firmness and swiftness of tread like the soft but weighty footfall of a tigress. It was not, as has been said, a morning to invite the veriest admirer of Ocean to be early on deck, and such of the crew as, muffled in their monkey-jackets of rough Flushing or Guernsey cloth, bustled to and fro, looked with wonder at the foreign lady as she made her way to where, at the vessel's starboard side, a boat, slung amidships, offered shelter alike from keen wind and prying eyes. There she stopped, and with one gloved hand on the tough cordage of the nearest shroud, stood erect, in spite of the violent pitching of the steamer, as if waiting for something or for some one.

There are persons to be met with—not often indeed, some four or five times perhaps in a lifetime—who tower, morally or intellectually, above the heads of the easily-forgotten crowd, and whose hold upon the memory is quite disproportioned to their influence over our own private fortunes. Such a one was the lady who

was known to chief-cabin passengers on board the Peninsular and Oriental packet *Cyprus* as Countess Louise and as Madame de Lalouve. See her now as she stands—with somewhat of the grand composure of an Egyptian statue, majestic in the solemn calm of untold centuries of repose—and looks out over the wilderness of waters. You might dislike her. Such as she are often the objects of aversion. Very likely you might distrust her. But it would be impossible to consign her to the category of the commonplace. The mention of a French Countess is apt to conjure up visions of a mincing little woman, elaborately attired, and as artificial in her bloom as in her manners. But Madame de Lalouve was tall and stately, handsome without, not young, certainly, but with one of those clear dark complexions that owe nothing to cosmetics. There were a very few threads of shining silver to mar the ebony blackness of her massive hair. She dressed richly, but simply too.

What were the antecedents of Countess Louise? Nobody knew. The two or three continental passengers on board the Peninsular and Oriental packet were as much in the dark on that head as were their insular fellow-travellers. Tatle had seen her—he was certain of that—at an Imperial entertainment at the Tuilleries. But this proved nothing. The official festivities of the French capital used to be splendid, but not exactly select. It was said also that the Sphinx had something to do with the Egyptian government and with Ismail the Munificent. She had influence—so the tourists somewhat enviously declared—with the 'Palace lot,' with Kourbass Pasha, and Fellak Elendi, and Backsheesh Bey, and could get a state steamer, or procure an official firman before which Madris grovelled, and even governors grew submissive, when ordinary wayfarers were helpless.

Was Madame de Lalouve even French? Her name sounded Gallic enough, and her accent was faultless; but she might well have been a Pole or a Magyar, even a Russian, so varied were her reminiscences of former scenes and friends, of Archduchesses and archplotters, of Spanish Infantas, Red Revolutionists, Imperial Highnesses, celebrities of the studio and the stage, and the oracles of the money-market, when she deigned to talk. Sometimes she was provokingly taciturn, and not seldom spoke in riddles, as if to justify her Egyptian nickname of the Sphinx. To the Marchioness of Leominster and her sister Corn, this cosmopolitan Countess did apparently find it worth her while to talk, winning their attention, as it seemed, less by what she said than by the strange winning charm of her impressive manner.

For whom, or for what, was it possible that Countess Louise, at such a time and in such weather, should be waiting, half-hidden behind the boat swaying in the slings, and grasping the rugged shroud nearest to her for support upon that heaving deck? It was not very long before the question was answered by the appearance of another figure, singularly out of place, as it seemed, in such a spot—that of a slender, golden-haired girl, dressed in black, who crossed the deck with slow and uncertain steps. She, too, glanced apprehensively around her, as if in

dread of detection, as she approached the boat that half-concealed the tall form of the foreign Countess. The new-comer was by much the younger, and should have been the more active of the two; but she could scarcely keep her feet, so violent was the motion of the vessel.

'Why have you summoned me at such an hour?' asked the girl breathlessly, as she caught at the ship's side for support.

'Because, Mademoiselle, it was precisely at such a time that our meeting would pass unnoticed,' was the cool reply. 'I like the impossible, *quoi!* Yes, I knew, when I slipped the note into your hand, that you would come. The time I chose was just when the poor cowards below were giving themselves up for dead and drowned, too busy with tears and prayers, too hysterical and confused, to spy upon others.'

'It was an awful night,' said the girl, shuddering.

'Yes; but I have seen worse!' returned Madame de Lalouve, with an impatient shrug of her shapely shoulder.—'Is your sister—is our dear Marchioness—at last asleep?'

'Yes, Clara is asleep,' answered Miss Carew, in a low tone. 'Poor Clara—she was frightened! one among so many who were half-dead with alarm—and I was glad to see her at rest when I—stole away, just now.'

'And you, Miss Cora, were you afraid?' asked Madame de Lalouve abruptly.

'No; for a wonder, I was not,' replied the girl. 'Among all those terrified people, the crying children, the scared women, I was surprised to find myself remain so calm and cool—as calm, almost, Madame, as yourself.'

'*Bon!* I have not misjudged you,' muttered the foreign Countess; 'you can dare, and you can do. Have you remembered my advice?'

'Perfectly,' replied Miss Carew, in a very low tone, and growing, even by that dim and uncertain light, perceptibly paler. 'How should I forget!'

'Good, again,' rejoined approvingly Madame de Lalouve, as her gloomy eyes rested for a moment on the fair young face beside her. 'There is one thing, though, of which you have not thought, and here it is.' And, as she uttered the words, she drew forth from beneath the folds of her dark shawl a folded paper, thin and square, such as druggists use. 'Take it; and be careful to let no eye but your own behold it, until the moment comes. Your woman's wit will teach you what to do with it.'

'No, no—I cannot do it!' murmured the girl, with white lips and half-averted head; 'never—never!' And she recoiled a little from the side of her foreign friend.

'Never—never!' repeated Madame de Lalouve, in a voice which, low as it was, rang with an eloquent scorn that was but half-empresed. 'I was mistaken, then, after all! You fail me. You are like the rest, merely the blonde Miss—the English insipidity, all bread and butter, as your own Lord Byron sang, never to shake off nursery prejudice—the preach, the sermon, *quoi!* You are afraid—a *poule-mouillée*, like your shivering ladies of last night. You flinch! You dare not do it!'

These last bitter words were hissed rather than

spoken, and with an emphasis that had in it something terrible. Still, Miss Carew hesitated, palpably hesitated, looking down at the deck, until, by a sudden impulse, she lifted her blue eyes and met the darkling gaze of the foreign Countess with a resolution equal to her own.

'I am not afraid,' she said, almost in a whisper. 'Give it me—the packet, quick!'

The gloved hand of the Frenchwoman and the white soft fingers of the English girl met and touched for an instant, as the thin square of folded paper was rapidly transferred from the keeping of Countess Louise to that of Miss Carew.

'Hide it—some one comes!' exclaimed Madame de Lalouve hastily; and then she turned aside and seemed to be intent in her observation of sea and sky. Another passenger had come on deck, and this time the firm heavy tread was that of a man, tall, young, and sufficiently handsome.

'Madame de Lalouve!' said a deep rich voice in evident surprise. 'I scarcely expected to be fortunate enough to meet a lady on deck so early and after such a night.'

'You are astonished, Monsieur Talbot? Perhaps we were too terrified to rest. Or we longed for fresh air. Or we wished to see with our own eyes—women are inquisitive, you know, like poor Fatima in Blue Beard's castle—we wished to see that the danger was really past,' answered Countess Louise in the half-mocking tone that often perplexed those with whom she conversed.

'Lady Leominster!' said the young Englishman, with a gesture of raising his hat, while his whole manner changed as he caught sight of the younger lady's form. 'I had no idea that you, too, had ventured on deck so early, and with such a heavy sea still running.—May I offer you my arm, if you are going below again?' It was evident that Mr Talbot, if such were his name, believed himself to be addressing the widowed Marchioness.

'*Courage!* It is of good omen, *chère belle!*' muttered Madame de Lalouve; and with some half-audible word of thanks, the girl laid her white hand on the young man's strong arm, and allowed herself to be led away without an attempt to correct the mistake into which he had fallen.

Arthur Talbot felt the soft hand tremble, and he had enough to do to sustain the steps of his fair charge across the rolling deck; but as he drew nearer to the cabin-stairs, he turned his head. 'I beg your pardon, Countess,' he said, with the instinctive courtesy of a gentleman; 'I will come back, if I can be useful to you, as soon as Lady Leominster is safe in her cabin.'

'It is not the trouble to derange yourself for me, *mon* Monsieur; I can take care of myself,' replied the Frenchwoman, with perfect unconcern; and then she averted her face and stood in an easy attitude, scanning murky sky and tossing sea. When she turned her head, the deck was clear, save where the helmsman stood, attentive, at the wheel. And then Madame de Lalouve traversed the difficult deck, treading the wet and tremulous planks with even a more assured step than Arthur Talbot's own. As she descended the brass-bound stairs that led to the

cabins below, she struck her gloved palm lightly upon the painted hatch, and with a brightening eye and a low laugh of triumph, murmured: 'The game is won!'

REMINISCENCES OF THE MINOR STAGE.

BY AN OLD STAGER.

PART III.*

To leave on record my recollections of the 'unpatented' houses, without mention of the 'stage' sailor and certain of his representatives, would be to omit one of the most interesting features. The 'British tar,' as seen through the spectacles of the British playwright of fifty years ago, was quite unique. Built up on the familiar lines furnished by the songs of Dibdin, he became an institution. The patriotic fire fed by our victories at sea during the then recent war with Napoleon, had indeed somewhat abated; but the memory thereof had served to endow the defenders of our wooden walls with all the attributes of a race of heroes. This popular sentiment was ministered to, and kept alive by, the astute theatrical manager. With the assistance of such practised hands as Jerrold, Buckstone, Haines, and Fitzball, success was a foregone conclusion. A run of one or two hundred nights was by no means unusual with pieces of this class. Another remarkable peculiarity attaching itself to the nautical drama was the fact that its chief characters were almost invariably taken from before the mast.

'Jack' was without doubt the central subject of the picture; the rest, in sporting phrase, were nowhere. Admirals and post-captains, when introduced, were for the most part mere lay-figures. The best of the acted sea-narratives were produced on the transpontine stage, notably at the old Surrey Theatre, where such pieces as *Black-eyed Susan* and *My Poll and my Partner Joe* ruled supreme.

Admitting the popular regard for this particular phase of public amusement, it might be natural to assume that most of our leading actors on the minor stage would endeavour to excel in this favourite rôle; but it was not so, and the reason was not far to seek. When Elliston produced Douglas Jerrold's *Black-eyed Susan* on Whit-Monday 1829, Mr Thomas Potter Cooke had been selected to play the part of William. The choice was a happy one. Author, actor, and manager were alike delighted. From that time forward until his death in 1864, his superlative talent in this speciality was eagerly recognised, and securely maintained. 'Tippy' Cooke not only extorted admiration, but inspired affection. Native, and to the manner born, no shade of distinct personality escaped him. With a strong sense of humour, he united a natural plainness in voice, bearing, and manner; loose and easy in his movements, he carried about him a show of freedom begotten by his commerce with Father Neptune; liberally exuberant, without being boisterous—excepting under stress of weather—he would spin you a marvellous yarn in good faith; pathetic without being lachrymose, his tears were closely neighboured

* Continued from Nos. 953 and 978 of this Journal.

by gaiety. His scrupulous attention to costume passed into a proverb. Outside this particular line of business, he had no equal in the delineation of such parts as Frankenstein and Vanderedecken; his pantomimic action was superb. A nimble dancer, his hornpipes were the delight of the town.

Without doubt, the approved superiority of T. P. Cooke deterred many would-be competitors; but there are one or two who deserve mention. I call to mind Campbell of Sadler's Wells, a competent actor of a melodramatic cast; but he was hard and heavy, and lacked vivacity. Farrell and George Rignold, both of the Pavilion, were only passable as impersonators of the Longshore sailor, whose merit consisted in swilling three-quarter grog and expectorating tobacco-juice.

The rage for the nautical drama had reached its zenith when Miss Macarthy made her first appearance at the east end of London with signal success. Davidge, an actor of eccentric parts, then manager of the Surrey, determined to secure her services for his own house. The transfer was soon effected; and the lady quickly established herself as a favourite. As Mrs R. Honner, she enjoyed the privilege of inspiring her patrons not only with all the usual marks of admiration for her talents as leading actress, but also with respect, esteem, and love for her virtues. Her scenic displays were simply a reflex of her personal character. Gifted with much emotional power when occasion needed, she never made any unnecessary use of this power. Robert Honner, the husband of this lady, was a useful member of the company; but his special talent was discovered in the difficult art of management. When he became lessee of Sadler's Wells, he found a field worthy of his abilities. No pains were spared to raise the character of the entertainments; and he became very popular. Eventually the City of London Theatre passed under his sway.

During these enforced absences, his wife's services were withdrawn from the old theatre in the Blackfriars Road, and we were fain to fall back upon the attractions of another local star in the person of Mrs Henry Vining. To this meritorious actress we offered our suffrages freely, and she justified the gift by her faithfulness. Rather under the middle size, and with the complexion of a brumette, she had one of the sweetest voices that ever charmed an audience. Thoroughly at home as the heroine of domestic drama, she enlisted our sympathies by the potency of her appeals. Without undue vehemence, she had vigorous declamation at command, as witness her scene of the *Idiot*, and her *Mrs Sheppard*.

In the person of E. F. Savile we had a prodigious favourite. Coming of a theatrical family, the traditions of the stage were familiar to him, and, be it said, he made good use of them. Although but a young man, he had mannerisms of the most pronounced character; but withal there was an enticing charm about his acting which served in some sort to condone them. In clear ringing tones his enunciation was always distinct. With force enough in reserve, he never tore passion to tatters, but used his power discreetly. He wooed admirably. Without the qualifications necessary for a leading man, he made a good juvenile tragedian. I call to mind

an excellent performance of Iolins to the Virginus of Mr Osbaldistoun. If fame should wait upon merit, the last-named gentleman's career at the Victoria, both as actor and manager, deserves a record. Previous to his advent, dirt and incompetence prevailed on both sides of the curtain. He cleansed and renovated the entire establishment; introduced an excellent working company, and wisely employed their various talents in illustrating the best literature he could command. *Woman's Love*, and *Susan Hopley*—a dramatised version of Mrs Crowe's novel—were huge successes. As an artist, Osbaldistoun revealed his best points in serious comedy. Don Felix, Mr Oakley, and Mercutio, were admirable specimens of sterling merit. His Rob Roy, too, was exceptionally good. Boasting such efficient co-adjutors as Savile—transferred from the Surrey—John Dale, Seaman, and Henry Howard—a conscientious actor, with a fine presence and a noble voice—Osbaldistoun could mount a five-act play with rare effect. Paul, and John Gardner, supplied the comic element. Gardner was a genuine comedian, with brain-power enough to grasp the idiosyncrasies of Shakspeare's clowns, and adequately represent them. Touchstone, Launcelot Gobbo, and Grumio, were impregnated with subtle humour.

Miss Vincent was without doubt our great attraction. Beautiful, impulsive, natural, she portrayed to perfection the ideal domesticities of humble life as pictured in the dramas of the day. 'The heroine of domestic drama' was not permitted to carry the remnants of a broken heart under a mantle of reserve; neither were her joys to be hidden by a fictitious appearance of repose. The impulses of our common humanity were laid bare as with a scalpel. This mode of treatment not unfrequently imparted a degree of coarseness to the conception of character, which would not be tolerated now, even under the plea of realism; but fifty years ago we were not so squeamish; rudeness was often condoned by fidelity.

With the reader's kind permission, I will now add a few particulars not generally known in connection with a transition period. Half a century since, the environs of London were plentifully studded with pleasant places of public resort called tea-gardens. Some of these were of considerable size, sufficiently large indeed to admit of a bowling-green or a railed space for tennis. Time, however, assisted by the speculative builders, made short work of most of these. Still a few spots remained, albeit terribly shorn of their original proportions. In some sort to make up for lost attractiveness, a few of the wealthier proprietors erected stages in some part of the ground still remaining to them; singing and dancing, with the performance of operetta and drama, were speedily introduced with success. Consequent on the introduction of these new elements, the primitive recreation-ground, with its rustic arbours and trim flower-beds, gradually assumed another phase. The simple characteristics of the old tea-garden having been superseded, a change of name was suggested by the various lessees, as indicative of a more comprehensive entertainment; henceforth, they were styled 'saloons,' as witness, amongst others, the Grecian, the Albert, and the Bower.

In connection with the last-named establish-

ment, I am in a position to offer some interesting particulars. Forty years ago, the proprietor of the tavern, saloon, and gardens was a Mr G. A. Hodson. In person, this talented gentleman bore a most remarkable resemblance to Charles Kemble. His claims as a composer were recognised in the popular songs of *Tell me, Mary, how to woo thee*, and *My Bonny Black Bess*. Though an indifferent actor, he was a good baritone singer and a thorough musician. With his numerous family—each of whom possessed some ability—and a small selected company, he contrived to furnish a creditable diversion. G. A. Hodson, Junior, found his way to the boards of Covent Garden Theatre, when under the management of Madame Vestris, where he made a successful debut as Sir Lucius O'Trigger. One of the best comic singers of the day, W. H. Sharpe, was a great favourite here. Our leading man for a considerable period was Henry Dudley, a praiseworthy actor, who afterwards became noted at the east end of London and the Victoria. But perhaps my most precious association with the Bower remains in the fact that I assisted at the first public appearance of 'Little' Robson. I was an amateur then, and a near neighbour, and we fell into easy companionship. He had already donned the sock and buskin at the private theatre in Catherine Street, to the great delight of his friends. But he wished to elicit the unbiassed opinion of an audience to whom he was a stranger. With this end in view, he made an application to Mr Hodson for permission to play the Artful Dodger in the dramatised version of *Oliver Twist*. The manager cheerfully assented, and put the piece into immediate rehearsal. During the initial performances, Robson evinced so much talent that the lessee prognosticated a complete success. The result verified the prediction. Slightly nervous on stepping to the front, he soon warmed to his work, and gave such a taste of his quality as led to the offer of a regular engagement. This was flattering indeed. But he wisely refused to entertain it. Keenly alive to his deficiencies in all that pertained to the 'business' of the stage, he determined to go into the country forthwith, in order that he might gain by experience the necessary technicalities of his adopted profession. This task accomplished, he returned to London, and eventually became the famous actor we are proud to remember.

FOR HIMSELF ALONE.

A TALE OF REVERSED IDENTITIES.

CHAPTER II.

For a little while no one spoke. The minds of the three men were occupied with the same subject, but each of them was looking at it from his own point of view.

'You were my father's friend, and you must be mine in this matter, Mr Gimp,' said Frank at last. 'It shall be nothing out of your pocket to humour me in this whim.'

'But it will be so unprofessional—so utterly unprofessional,' urged the little lawyer, with a look of comical distress.

'I do not ask you for any active assistance in the matter; all I want is your passive connivance,' urged Frank.

'I hate impostures of any kind, Mr Frobisher.'

'Not more than I do, as a rule. But this one cannot harm anybody.'

'One never can see how things will end. Besides, Mr Drummond's looks and general appearance are so different from yours.'

'That does not matter in the least. Neither my uncle nor aunt has seen me since I was twelve months old. My cousin Clunie, and my other cousin Elma Deene, have never seen me at all. I am not a bit like my mother, I have been told: features, eyes, hair, are all my father's.'

'I do wish most sincerely, Mr Frobisher, that if you must carry out this scheme, you could do so without in any way implicating me in it.'

'I must really claim your passive assistance, my dear sir. Without that, my little plot would at once break down.'

Mr Gimp lay back in his chair with a sigh of resignation and began to polish his double eyeglass. Mr Frobisher was evidently a most determined young man; and some concession was due to the whims of a client with eight thousand a year.

'And now for my instructions,' cried Dick.

'They are of the simplest possible kind. The moment my uncle is announced, you become Frank Frobisher, and I become Dick Drummond.'

'In other words, I become you, and you become me—for the time?'

'Yes, till I give you leave to resume your own identity.'

'To hear, my lord, is to obey.'

Frank turned to the lawyer. 'Have you a confidential clerk, Mr Gimp, whom you can place at my disposal for a week or two?'

'Certainly, Mr Frobisher. Our Mr Whiffles, although young, is discretion itself, and by no means devoid of intelligence. I shall be happy to place him at your disposal.'

'Be good enough to send Mr Whiffles to me at ten o'clock to-morrow, and advance him fifty pounds before he comes.'

'Beg pardon; but any instructions that I can give Whiffles from you—'

'Thanks; but I prefer to instruct him myself. The business on which I am about to employ him is strictly confidential—at present.'

'Just so. No doubt. Whiffles is your man, sir.'

For the second time a knock; and next moment the maid-of-all-work's somewhat clouded face was visible. 'Another gentleman to see Mr Frobisher,' was all she said.

'My uncle!' exclaimed Frank.

'Oh, my prophetic soul!' cried Dick.

Mr Gimp fumbled nervously with his eyeglass, but did not speak. The three men glanced at each other with a sort of guilty consciousness.

'Show the gentleman up,' said Frank to the servant.—'Now, Dick, attention.—Now, Mr Gimp, if you please.' His face had darkened again as it had darkened when his uncle's name was first mentioned. In his eyes there was an expression such as Dick had rarely seen in them before. He went back to the sofa between the two windows and resumed his seat.

Footsteps were heard on the stairs. Mr Gimp

crossed to the door and opened it. 'Mr Pebworth and Miss Deene,' he announced in his blandest tones, but despite himself there was a tremor in his voice.

Mr Pebworth was the first to enter. He was a stout-built, big-boned man of fifty, with iron-gray hair and closely-cropped whiskers; he had a broad expanse of face, with cheeks that were already becoming pendulous from over-feeding. The normal expression of his small, keen, steel-gray eyes was one of suspicious inquiry—they were eyes that seemed to be for ever interrogating you—but he could, when it so pleased him, charge them with a sort of cold twinkle, which the world in general accepted as an outward and visible sign of an inborn geniality of disposition, such as those who knew him best—say his wife or daughter—would have been the last to give him credit for. He had a mellow and unctuous voice, and a slow rotund way of rolling out his periods that lent themselves readily to the same deception. In point of dress he was studiously plain and precise. He wore a black tail-coat and vest, pepper-and-salt trousers, and shoes that were tied with broad black ribbon. He might have worn the same carefully-tied checked neckcloth and the same high stand-up collar from January till December, seeing that they never varied in the slightest particular. His silky broad-brimmed hat was worn well back on his head, as if he courted the world to look in the face of an honest man. Finally, he was seldom seen without a bundle of papers tied with red tape, either under his arm or bulging from one of his pockets.

This personage came forward slowly and with a degree of hesitation very unusual with him. His small gray eyes quickly took in the room and its occupants, resting finally and for the second time on Frank, who from his seat on the sofa was regarding his uncle with no very favourable eyes.

'Where is my dearest Frank?' demanded Mr Pebworth. 'Where is my scapegrace boy, whom I have never ceased to cherish in my heart as though he were a son of my own?' Without waiting for an answer, he crossed the room with a sort of elephantine lightness, and made his way direct to Frank's sofa. 'Ah, here the rascal is.—But not ill, I hope. God bless my heart, not ill!'

Dick had started to his feet by this time. 'Why, uncle, don't you know me?' he cried. 'Don't you recognise your long-lost nephew? I'll never believe in family likenesses again!'

Mr Pebworth turned with a quickness that one would hardly have given him credit for. If disconcerted at all, it was but for a moment. 'What! Oh, ah, to be sure!' he exclaimed. 'Very stupid of me. Rather short-sighted at my time of life. That must be my excuse.' His back was turned to Frank by this time, and next moment he was shaking Dick warmly by the hand. 'My dearest Frank, I am delighted to find you! Now that I see you closer, I should recognise you anywhere! Your likeness to my late lamented sister, your poor dear mother, is truly wonderful!'

'Glad to see you, uncle. A long time since we last met,' responded Dick in a hearty off-hand way.

'A long time indeed. But I have never ceased

to think about you, nor to wish for the day to come when I should see you again. That happy day is here at last.—But here is my niece Elma waiting to greet you.—Elma, my pet, your cousin Frank, the cousin whom we have so often talked about and longed to see.'

The young lady thus addressed was a slender dark-eyed girl of some twenty summers, with clear-cut aquiline features, an olive complexion, a profusion of soft silky black hair, and a lovely dimple within an inch of her lips when she smiled. She was plainly dressed in a costume of some dark soft material, which she wore with a grace and distinction peculiarly her own. She had shaken hands with Mr Gimp on entering the room, and they were now talking in an undertone together. Being thus appealed to by Mr Pebworth, she came forward with the quiet self-possession that seemed a part of herself. 'How do you do, Cousin Frank?' she asked, proffering her hand as she spoke.

'Pretty well, thank you, Cousin Elma,' answered Dick; and he thought that he had never seen a prettier hand.

'We have had a fine day, haven't we, Cousin Frank?'

'A very fine day indeed, Cousin Elma.'

'Now that we have discussed the weather, we may be considered as knowing each other intimately. And now say something amusing to me. A laugh would do me good.' There was a sort of demure twinkle in her eyes, and she glanced at Mr Pebworth as she spoke. That gentleman and Mr Gimp were talking together.

Dick shook his head and coloured a little. 'You will find me but a dull dog, Cousin Elma. I don't believe there is one particle of amusement to be extracted from me.—But I must introduce both you and my uncle'—here Mr Pebworth turned and became all attention—'to my friend Mr Dick Drummond, at present on the sick-list, but at all times the best of good fellows and the dearest of chums.—Dick, my uncle, Mr Pebworth—my cousin, Miss Deene.'

Frank had risen, and was standing with one hand resting on an elbow of the sofa. His face was very pale, and there was a dark resentful light in his eyes as he turned to Mr Pebworth and bowed coldly to him. But the angry gleam died out, and his lips parted with a faint smile, as he bent his head to Miss Deene.

Mr Pebworth turned his back on him without ceremony. 'A friend who must be got rid of,' he muttered to himself. Then addressing himself to Dick, he said: 'I wish my darling Clunie were here to enjoy this happy meeting; but unfortunately she is away at Cheltenham for a few days. A clinging timorous pet, my dear Frank, but brimful of poetry, and blessed with a most affectionate disposition.—Eh, Gimp?'

'Oh, most affectionate!' The little lawyer was evidently on thorns, and was wishing himself anywhere rather than where he was.

'Looks upon Gimp as a second father. She has, in fact, such a superabundance of affection, that one father doesn't seem enough for her.—Your aunt, however, will be here in the course of a few minutes. She met a friend in the next street as we were coming along, and of course must stop to talk to her. A most estimable creature, my dear Frank; but homely, very homely.'

'My aunt is a gem,' exclaimed Miss Deene. 'If you don't like her, Cousin Frank, I shall never learn to like you.'

'If that be the case,' responded Dick, 'my aunt and I will soon be on the best of terms.'

Miss Deene crossed the room to where Frank was sitting. She saw how pale and ill he was looking, and she had not failed to notice how her uncle had turned his back on him. She had brought a tiny basket in with her. 'I have some strawberries here, Mr Drummond,' she said. 'They are fresh from Covent Garden. Would you not like a few?'

'Thank you, Miss Deene; I should indeed like one or two.'

Miss Deene opened her basket, and displayed a tempting array of luscious fruit and cool green leaves. The tea-tray was still on the little round table, and on it was a plate that had not been used. With dainty fingers, Miss Deene picked out some of the finest of the fruit, arranged them on the plate, and then handed the plate to Frank.

'Have you been a long time ill, Mr Drummond?' she asked in a tone that thrilled Frank from head to foot.

'Nearly a month. But I am greatly better, and hope to get out of doors for the first time to-morrow.'

'So tedious, is it not, to be shut up indoors for more than a day at a time? I recollect once, when I had been very ill and was getting better, how I longed to get out of doors, and how the more they refused to let me, the more I wanted to go. Well, I was not to be balked, so I bribed Jean the gardener's boy to put a ladder under my window after dark. Then, about ten o'clock, after I had been left for the night, I dressed myself, got through the window, down the ladder—it was bright moonlight—and ran by way of the shrubbery to the five-acre field. There I caught Dapple my pony, had a bare-backed scamper round the meadows for half an hour—got back unseen by way of the ladder, and next day was nearly well.'

Frank laughed. 'A sort of recipe, Miss Deene, that I am afraid would not answer in every case.'

Mr Pebworth was prosing away on the opposite side of the room to Dick and Mr Gimp.

'Yes, my dear Frank, yours is one of the most extraordinary instances of good fortune that ever came under my notice. I could not sleep for nearly a week after I first heard of it. I presume that you will take up your residence at Waylands? A most charming spot, I have every reason to believe.'

'Why—ah—you see it's too soon yet for me to make up my mind about anything. At present I can hardly believe that my good fortune is anything more substantial than a dream.'

'When Mr Gimp puts into your hand a blank cheque-book and tells you for what sum you can draw upon your bankers, you will begin to believe in it as a golden reality.'

'I think,' said Dick, 'I should like to run round the corner to my friend the pawnbroker's—for the last time, you know—and raise a couple of shillings on a coat or a waistcoat, or something, till to-morrow.'

Mr Pebworth held up his hands in horror. Mr Gimp looked as if he could not believe the evidence of his ears.

'My dear Frank! I entreat that you will look upon my purse as your own.'

'And mine too, Mr Frobisher.'

'You misunderstand me, both of you,' answered Dick, while a broad smile overspread his freckled face. 'My last visit to my Lombardian relative was to have been sentimental rather than necessary—a sort of regretful leave-taking of one who had not been unkind to me when my fortunes were very much down-at-heel. But it matters not. To-morrow, I will look up certain sibylline leaves which bear the impress of his establishment. They are somewhat numerous; but you, Mr Gimp, will have no objection to redeem for me the various articles specified in them?'

The little lawyer's eyeglass fell from his nose. 'I—John Gimp—in a pawnshop!'

Incorrigible Dick only lay back in his chair and laughed.

Meanwhile, our two young people at the other end of the room went on chatting to themselves.

'And now I suppose I am in Bohemia?' said Miss Deene.

'And now you are in Bohemia,' said Frank.

'How do the denizens of this strange country live?'

'They exist; they don't live, in the ordinary sense of the word. They paint pictures that seldom find buyers. They write plays that no manager will look at. There are great actors and great musicians among them, only the public is too pig-headed to recognise their genius. They are always more or less hard up—generally more. They smoke a great deal. They also drink—whisky, when they can get it—fourpenny ale, when they can't. They are never down-hearted, though they don't always know where to-morrow's dinner is to come from. They help one another, as good fellows ought to do. When Jack is lucky enough to pick up a ten pound note, Tom and Harry come in for a share of it; and when Harry's picture finds a customer, be sure his friends are not forgotten.'

'Were I a man, I should like to be a Bohemian,' said Miss Deene with a sparkle in her dark eyes.

'How much nicer to earn five hundred a year in the City, and not be a Bohemian!'

By this time, Dick was beginning to feel a trifle bored. He cast one or two longing glances at his meerschaum, but Mr Pebworth held him as the Ancient Mariner held the Wedding Guest.

'You will probably, my dear Frank,' he said, 'be desirous of investing some portion of your surplus income in one or other of those gigantic commercial enterprises which form such a prominent feature of the wonderful era in which we live.'

'That sounds exactly like a bit out of one of his own prospectuses,' murmured Mr Gimp to himself.

'Of one such enterprise,' continued Mr Pebworth, 'I have the honour to be chairman. I allude to The Patent Bottled Ozone Company; Chief Offices, 48 Threadneedle Court, City.'

'The Patent what Company, uncle?' asked Dick.

'The Patent Bottled Ozone Company. Hem! The association in question may be briefly described as one of those happy combinations of

philanthropy with hard cash which are, alas! too seldom met with in this sublimity sphere. We do good to our fellow-creatures, and fill our own pockets at the same time!

'A truly pleasant combination. But what may be the specific objects of the Company?'

'They are readily explained. By means of recent discoveries in chemical science, we are enabled to eliminate pure ozone from the other component parts of the atmosphere, and to bottle it up for transmission to any part of the world. To invalids, to children, to people of moderate means who cannot afford a visit to the seaside, our bottled ozone will prove an inestimable boon. By its means, you may enjoy all the advantages derivable from a visit to Brighton or Scarborough without crossing your own threshold. Hem!'

'The prospectus again,' whispered the lawyer to himself.

Before Dick had time to say a word, the door was opened, and the maid-of-all-work's voice was heard, saying: 'This is Mr Frob'sher's room, mum.'

'My aunt!' exclaimed Dick as he started to his feet.

'As I said before, an excellent creature, but deficient in culture,' whispered Peblworth in a stage 'aside.'

Scarcely had the words left his lips, when Mrs Peblworth entered. She was homely-looking certainly, and plainly dressed; but she had a pleasant good-tempered face, and pretension or affectation of any kind was evidently altogether foreign to her.

Mr Peblworth advanced a step. 'Leonora, my love,' he exclaimed in his most unctuous tones, 'behold your long-lost nephew!' His arm took a sweep through the air and his finger pointed directly at Dick.

Mrs Peblworth stopped short in utter surprise.

'What! that young man with the red hair my nephew Frank! Wonders will never cease.'

A SCIENTIFIC SOUP-KITCHEN.

PUBLIC attention has again been directed to the researches of Professor Pasteur in animal inoculation with the germs of various diseases. It will be remembered that this distinguished continental scientist delivered a remarkably interesting address in the August of 1881 before the International Medical Congress, giving in outline the methods and results of his extensive and laborious experiments in this particular field. The details then given are well worthy of attention, even from a popular point of view, as showing the exactness and precision which nowadays characterise scientific investigation; they are also in a wider sense highly important, on account of the light which they shed upon some of the obscure diseases affecting our domestic animals. The ultimate result of these inquiries may yet be of the highest value in relation to the nature of all transmissible diseases.

The investigations into the nature of ferments, &c., carried on in the laboratory of Professor Pasteur have extended over more than a quarter of a century; and the two more recent developments of what is technically called *microbie*, go far to confirm what is known up to the present

time in regard to the nature of disease-germs. These two developments are described with considerable fullness in the above-mentioned address. Their chief distinguishing characteristic consists in the application of the principle of vaccination, in connection with recently discovered microscopic germs, to the two diseases of chicken-cholera and splenic fever: the first being a malady incidental to domestic poultry; and the second, under various names, attacking horses, cattle, and sheep.

The experiments in regard to chicken-cholera form a very interesting series. When the description of them is divested of a few technical expressions, the principles upon which they are conducted—as is frequently the case in the deepest research—are singularly plain. In the blood of animals which have succumbed to chicken-cholera, there resides, according to Professor Pasteur, a collection of germs capable, under certain conditions, of almost infinite transmission. The power of reproduction possessed by these singularly minute bodies is so great, that it has been found in practice exceedingly difficult—under certain conditions, impossible—to procure the poison of the disease in a form sufficiently modified to be safely used for the purpose of inoculation. In other words and always keeping in mind the principle of vaccination for smallpox, the smallest procurable quantity of chicken-cholera 'matter,' however much diluted, or otherwise apparently reduced in strength, acts on a healthy animal-subject, when applied, so strongly as to develop the original malady in all its virulence. It is evident that with this effect, inoculation would be worse than useless, as bringing on the unmodified disease which the process was intended to avert.

The method by which this scientific riddle was encountered and solved is as follows: Preparatory to what Professor Pasteur terms 'virus-culture,' a fowl which has recently died of chicken-cholera is made use of. The greatest precautions are employed throughout the experiments to prevent the entrance of atmospheric germs, which might affect the results. From the body of the dead fowl a single drop of blood, as small as we please, is taken on the point of a slender glass rod, and dipped into a vessel containing a previously prepared decoction of fowl (*bouillon de poulet*) or clear chicken-soup. This decoction has also been beforehand rendered barren of all life by subjection to a temperature of two hundred and thirty-nine degrees Fahrenheit. This culture-vessel, with its contents thus impregnated with the single drop of contaminated blood, is then placed in a temperature of seventy-five to about ninety degrees, when, after a short interval, it becomes cloudy and dull in appearance. In reality it is swarming with tiny microbes, the rarest points under the ordinary microscope, but under the most powerful instruments, resolvable into a collection of eight-shaped figures. From this first culture-vessel a single drop of the contents is again abstracted on the glass-rod point, and transferred to a second vessel of fowl-decoction similar to the former one. From the second vessel, a single drop is in the same way carried to a third vessel, from a third to a fourth, and so on. This process repeated any number of

times, produces the same result in every culture-vessel employed—namely, a clouded appearance in the previously clear fluid, and the same signs under the microscope. After the vessels have been exposed for two or three days to a temperature of about eighty-five degrees, a sediment forms at the bottom of each and the liquid becomes clear. As, however, all impure atmospheric germs are excluded, the liquid and the deposit will remain unchanged even for months.

Let us now compare the relative strengths of our several tinctures, as we may call them; and, strange to say, although we would have thought that one of the more advanced stages—say the hundredth culture in direct order—would have been incomparably less fertile in germ-formation than the earlier ones, the fact is quite different. As proved by experiments in inoculation, the hundredth, even the thousandth culture is as deadly in its effects as the first one, impregnated directly from the poisoned blood. And even the blood itself used to inoculate a healthy fowl is not stronger or more certain in effect than any one of the succeeding cultures; all are equally virulent.

Would it not appear, to an ordinary experimentalist, as if the virus of this disease were thus capable of indefinite extension without being attenuated? Perhaps so; but not to Professor Pasteur. This most careful of manipulators discovered at last a means of modifying it. An interval of time was found to be efficacious for this purpose. The process we have described was continuously carried out; no interval of any appreciable extent—only that necessary for the required transferences—clapsing between the successive cultures. This proved to be the secret of the uniform strength of the preparations. But on the other hand, supposing one hundred cultures carried out successively, and the hundred-and-first delayed till the expiry of a week, a fortnight, a month, or longer, then the difference was at once observable in the results obtained. The first hundred cultures continuously carried out were uniform; the hundred-and-first was much less potent. Further than this, it became correspondingly weaker or stronger as the interval which separated it from the preceding culture was longer or shorter. It thus became pacificable, by varying the intervals, to prepare cultures of different degrees of strength, until a limit was reached when the virulence became null. In this way, by using cultures for inoculation of varying degrees of strength, a certain graduated percentage of mortality amongst fowls was produced. One culture sufficed to kill eight fowls out of ten; another, five out of ten; another, one out of ten; another, none at all. It was remarkable, also, that these varying degrees of culture-strength served as starting-points from which successive series could be produced—without allowing an interval—all of the same degree of potency as the initial one.

It was found, before the actual principle of vaccination was reached in these experiments, first, that one of the modified cultures produced, on inoculation, a purely local disorder in the fowl operated upon—a temporary morbid modification, which after a time passed away; second, that the solution the virulence of which was null produced no evil effects, its own inherent repro-

ductive power, though present, being presumed to be overcome by the natural life-resistance of the subject operated upon. But—and here we come to the principle of vaccination—when a fowl had been made sufficiently ill by a preparation of a strength which it yet had power to absorb, the most virulent culture had thereafter no evil effect upon it whatever, or only effects of a passing character. It was proof for a year or more against the strongest contagion of an infected poultry-yard. In this way inoculation for chicken-cholera could be successfully performed.

The 'reason why' of this scientific attenuation of the chicken-cholera disease-germs is finely explained by Professor Pasteur. 'May we not,' he remarks, 'be here in presence of a general law applicable to all kinds of virus? What benefits may not be the result?' The factor which intervenes to attenuate the microbe is, he concludes, the oxygen of the air. It is this which diminishes in time the virulence of the culture, and renders it fit at last for the purpose of safe inoculation.

If its culture, then, be carried on in a glass tube instead of in the ordinary vessel, and the end of this tube be closely sealed, the microbe will in the course of its development speedily absorb all the oxygen in the tube and in the fluid. After that, it will be destitute of oxygen. From that point, as tested by experiment, it does not seem as if any lapse of time has any effect in diminishing its virulence. 'The oxygen of the air, then,' Professor Pasteur remarks, 'would seem to be a possible modifying agent of the virulence of the microbe in chicken-cholera; that is to say, it may modify more or less the facility of its development in the body of animals.'

So far we believe Professor Pasteur's researches and experiments to have resulted in an unquestioned success. There can be little doubt that as regards chicken-cholera, the most valuable and important facts are now known. When we turn, however, to his researches into the corresponding 'vaccin' of splenic fever (French *charbon*),* although we find the same industrious and unwearying experiments, the results—in other hands, at all events—are, or have been lately, somewhat severely questioned. Into the details of the discovery we do not enter fully. The experiments were attended with great difficulty. Suffice it to say that the germs of splenic fever, called 'anthracoid microbes,' were found to be of a different character from those of chicken-cholera, more especially in the mode of their reproduction. Of the two, the splenic-fever microbe proved the much more enduring, having been discovered in pits where animals had been interred for twelve years. Contact with oxygen for any length of time failed, in the culture experiments, to attenuate it in the slightest degree. The requisite weakening of the anthracoid microbe was, however, effected by selecting it at an early reproductive stage, and subjecting it, in decoction of fowl, to a temperature of between one hundred and seven

* This disease is known in Russia by the name of the Siberian pest; in Germany, as the Milzbrand; perhaps in this country it is better known as 'Anthrax.' The germ is scientifically the *Bacillus anthracis*.

and one hundred and nine degrees Fahrenheit. At one hundred and thirteen degrees the microbe is no longer cultivable. Between one hundred and seven and one hundred and nine degrees it appears entirely free of germs, ultimately dying, however, in a month or six weeks. Previous to its death, it presents a series of attenuated virulences. If this opportunity be taken, the same graduated cultures can be obtained as in the case of chicken-cholera, and these gradations can be reproduced. Finally, they act as a 'vaccin' for the 'superior' or microbe of full virulence.

One of the most striking statements of Professor Pasteur is that in which he asserts, though he does not supply the details of his experiment, that he can restore to these reduced or attenuated germs their original full strength—an experiment, as he justly remarks, calculated to shed much light on the varying intensity, the rise and fall, of great epidemics, as well as upon their (supposed) spontaneous appearance.

The splenic-fever 'vaccin' was no sooner discovered than Professor Pasteur was asked to make public experiments with it. It is estimated that in France alone animals to the value of twenty million francs are annually lost from this disease. Fifty sheep placed at Professor Pasteur's disposal were experimented upon at Pouilly-le-Fort, near Melun. Half were vaccinated, the remainder undergoing no treatment. A fortnight thereafter, the whole of the sheep were inoculated with the most virulent anthracoid microbe. The twenty-five vaccinated sheep resisted its effects, while the unvaccinated died within fifty hours. This, we are assured by Professor Pasteur, was only one successful experiment out of many, as he had up to the date of his address vaccinated more than twenty thousand sheep in the departments surrounding Paris, and a large number of cattle and horses. A Commission of doctors, surgeons, and veterinary surgeons of Chartres obtained, he assures us, like results upon vaccinated and unvaccinated sheep, when the blood of an animal which had died of splenic fever was employed direct. In spite, however, of this testimony, several French medical journals insist that numbers of animals constantly die under Professor Pasteur's hands from the effects of the 'vaccin' virus.

The most direct contradiction of Professor Pasteur's theory, however, is contained in a communication recently made by Dr Klein, in this country, to the Veterinary Department of the Privy Council. Dr Klein seems to have used every care in procuring reliable 'vaccin' through Professor Pasteur's agent in Paris; and so far as his experiments go, they certainly do not tell in favour of the theory. The preparations *Premier vaccin charbonneux* and *Deuxième vaccin charbonneux* were to be exhibited successively, with a certain interval. The results demonstrated that neither of these preparations afforded immunity against fatal anthrax; and also that either of them might of themselves produce the disease in a fatal form! Dr Klein accordingly considers that as this country is as yet comparatively free from anthrax, the introduction of this 'vaccin' is calculated to do much mischief.

It seems under these circumstances much to be desired that a fuller opportunity of testing

the value of Professor Pasteur's treatment for anthrax should be afforded. Only in this way can the question be settled. It is impossible, of course, to judge when the evidence is so strangely conflicting. In the interests of science and in those of our raisers of stock, we hope the question may be authoritatively settled, as it is one in every way of the gravest importance.

STUDIES IN ANIMAL LIFE.

REVENGE.

WHILE it must be conceded that animals possess most of man's good qualities, it cannot be denied that they share many of his faults. Animals cherish ideas of revenge with almost human tenacity, and appear to believe thoroughly in the proverb that declares it to be sweet. Some instances of the chastisement inflicted by brute on fellow-brute may, however, be considered somewhat more typical of justice than of revenge. Dogs, ever to the front in all things referring to animal intellect, afford many curious instances of injuries remembered and punishment inflicted. Medwin, in that singular *melange* of his, *The Angler in Wales*, gives a remarkable anecdote illustrative of our theme. Two terriers, inseparable friends, named Vixen and Viper, were employed by their owner to hunt an otter. Owing to the nature of the ground, selected carefully by the otter, only one of the dogs, Vixen, was enabled to attack the enemy, and she got so fearfully mauled in the encounter that death speedily followed. Viper appeared inconsolable at the loss of his friend. The next morning he was missing, and after some hours' search was given up as lost. On retracing their steps to the scene of the fatal hunt, Captain Medwin and his companion were surprised to find traces of fresh blood, and on following them up, discovered rolled up together, stiff and cold, in the embrace of death, the otter and Viper. From the appearance of the ground and the gore-redened turf, it was seen that the battle had been a desperate one. Well does Captain Medwin remark: 'It was a memorable incident; a proof of sagacity; an instance of memory, thought, and reason combined,' which led this little terrier to brave that danger which had been fatal to its consort, in order to avenge her death.

The length of time a dog will treasure up the remembrance of an injury is truly marvellous. 'He forgets neither friend nor foe,' says Sir Walter Scott; 'remembers, and with accuracy, both benefit and injury.' In his delightful *Anecdotes of Dogs*, Jesse furnishes some noteworthy instances of this strength of canine memory. On one occasion, according to his story, a traveller, on passing on horseback through a small Cumberland village, out of pure thoughtlessness, struck with his whip at a large Newfoundland dog that reposed by the wayside. The enraged animal rushed at him and pursued him for a considerable distance. Twelve months later, his business took him to the same village, and as he was leading his horse, the dog, recollecting him, seized his leg, the teeth penetrating through the boot; and the animal might otherwise have done him serious injury, had not assistance been procured. In another case, recorded, some few years ago, in

the *Dublin University Magazine*, in which the persons are mentioned by name, a powerful dog, called Tiger, long cherished a grudge against a friend of his owner for having set a stout bulldog at him. Tiger had fought well, but had to succumb to the superior strength of his opponent. He determined to revenge himself upon the instigator of the fight; for a long time he could not find an opportunity, although he daily took up his post outside the offender's abode, and let him know pretty plainly what his intentions were. One morning his master heard a scuffle on the stairs, followed by a scream. He ran to the door and opened it, when in bounded Tiger, and took refuge under the sofa, whence he usually retreated when he had committed any offence. He was followed by his master's friend, pallid and bleeding, and with his clothing torn. The dog had seized him suddenly, and avenged his wrong. Tiger was dragged out of his place of refuge, and received from his owner a severe chastisement, which he bore, however, with stoical patience. But henceforth he appeared to deem his honour satisfied, and in future made every effort to conciliate the man against whom he had so long entertained spite.

There have been occasions when this long-cherished desire for revenge has been gratified in a far more serious manner. The Rev. John Selby Watson, in his highly suggestive work on the *Reasoning Power in Animals*, alludes to the following tragic occurrence, that happened at St-Cloud, in the neighbourhood of Paris. A large Newfoundland dog was kept tied up during the hot weather, and every morning a servant-maid, as she passed, thinking to do it a kindness, threw a quantity of water over the animal. The dog appeared to consider this daily deluge as an insult, but being tied up, it was unable to manifest its resentment. One day however, the brute was released; and no sooner did the unfortunate servant present herself, than it sprang at her with intense ferocity, and before she could be rescued, killed her.

It has already been seen that dogs will try to avenge themselves upon human beings as well as upon animals; whilst the instances on record where they have inflicted punishment upon other dogs are very numerous. In his *Encyclopedia of Rural Sports*, Blaine furnishes the following anecdote. 'I had in my kitchen,' says a certain Duke, 'two turnspits, one of which went regularly every other day into the wheel. One of them, however, not liking his employment, hid himself on the day on which he should have worked, so that his companion was ordered to enter the wheel in his stead. But the dog hung back, crying and wagging his tail, and making signs to those present to follow him. Being curious to see what he would do, they put themselves under his guidance, when he led them straight to a garret where the idle dog was hid, and immediately fell upon him and killed him on the spot.' If this case, it can scarcely be considered that the dog was prudent in the revenge he took—although, for the matter of that, human beings rarely are—as he probably had, for a time at least, to take the place at the wheel of his slain companion. In a somewhat similar anecdote given by Jesse, the injured brute acted with more forethought. On one occasion—so goes the

story—when the cook at the Jesuits' College at La Flèche required the spit turned, the dog that should have been on duty was nowhere to be found, and when the man would have employed another, it bit at him and ran away. In a little while, however, this latter animal reappeared, driving before him the one that would have evaded its duty, which he forced to enter the wheel and go on with the work. Anecdotes of the dignified and even magnanimous way in which large dogs avenge themselves for insults upon smaller members of their species, are exceedingly numerous, and generally too well known for citation here. Dr Hancock, in his *Essay on Instinct*, alluding to one of these instances, in which a Newfoundland dog dropped a troublesome cur into the quay at Cork, and then, when it was struggling for life, plunged in and saved it, remarks, that 'it would be difficult to conceive any punishment more aptly contrived or more completely in character;' adding, that 'if it were fully analysed, an ample commentary might be written in order to show what a variety of comparisons and motives and generous feelings entered into the composition of this act.' A very interesting instance of the sagacity with which these Newfoundland dogs act, and the way in which they retain their resentment, is afforded by Mr Watson. He tells how a gentleman on arriving at his country-house, in the neighbourhood of London, discovered that he had brought with him a key that would be needed during his absence. He had with him a Newfoundland dog that was accustomed to carry things, and to it he intrusted the key. On its way to town with the key the poor creature was attacked by a butcher's dog, but attempted no resistance, and only used its powers to get off with its charge. It delivered the key safely; and then on its way home stopped deliberately before the butcher's shop until the dog again came forth, when he attacked it furiously, and did not leave off until he had killed it.

Elephants are proverbial for the retaliatory means they adopt in repayment of injuries or insults inflicted upon them; in many instances, their deeds of vengeance have quite an air of poetic justice about them. We recently recorded one of the most singular cases on record (No. 977), in which an elephant avenged herself on two individuals who had separately abused her. And who has not heard of that characteristic story related by Monsieur Navarrette, of the Macassar elephant upon whose skull the driver had cruelly cracked a cocoa-nut; in return for which, the insulted animal availed itself of the first opportunity of revenging the offence by breaking a cocoa-nut on the man's head, and by so doing killed him! Many similar instances are related of terrible vengeance inflicted by these creatures upon those who injure them; but in some cases their revenge takes a ludicrous turn. The tale of the Delhi elephant and the tailor is too well known to call for recapitulation. Another anecdote is related of an elephant that was known as the 'fool,' but which proved the injustice of that cognomen by the revenge it practised upon a quartermaster, who, irritated at its persistent refusal to carry more than a certain weight of baggage, flung a tent-peg at its head. A few days later, as the animal was

going through the camp, it overtook the quartermaster, and seizing the man with its trunk, lifted and deposited him in a large tamarind tree, leaving him to get down as he best could.

Elephants, indeed, are very sensitive to insult, and would appear frequently to be more annoyed at anything derogatory to their dignity than at actual pain. In a well-known work on natural history styled *The Menagerie*, it is stated that as an elephant was passing through the streets of London, a man seized it by the tail; an indignity that so offended it, that it grasped him with its trunk, and placing him against some iron railings, kept him prisoner, until persuaded by the keeper to let him go. Captain Shipp has recorded in his *Memoirs* that an elephant drenched him with dirty water for having put cayenne pepper on its bread-and-butter.

The Rev. Mr. Watson gives a very curious story in illustration of this animal's wonderful long memory of a wrong suffered. One of those pests of society, 'a practical joker,' visited a caravan in a West of England fair and tried his stupid tricks upon an elephant there. He first doled out to it, one by one, some gingerbread nuts; and when the grateful animal was thrown off its guard, he suddenly proffered it a large parcel wrapped in paper. The unsuspecting creature accepted and swallowed the lump, but immediately began to exhibit signs of intense suffering, and snatching up a bucket, handed it to the keeper for water. This being given to it, it eagerly swallowed quantities of the fluid. 'Ha!' cried the delighted joker, 'I guess those nuts were a trifle hot, old fellow.' 'You had better be off,' exclaimed the keeper, 'unless you wish the bucket at your head.' The fool took the hint only just in time, for the enraged animal having finished the sixth bucketful, hurled the bucket after its tormentor with such force that had he lingered a moment longer his life might have been forfeited. The affair had not, however, yet concluded. The following year the show revisited the same town, and the foolish joker, like men of his genus, unable to profit by experience, thought to repeat his stupid trick on the elephant. He took two lots of nuts into the show with him—sweet nuts in the one pocket and hot in the other. The elephant had not forgotten the jest played upon him, and therefore accepted the cakes very cautiously. At last the joker proffered a hot one; but no sooner had the injured creature discovered its pungency than it seized hold of its persecutor by the coat-tails, hoisted him up by them, and held him until they gave way, when he fell to the ground. The elephant now inspected the severed coat-tails, which, after he had discovered and eaten all the sweet nuts, he tore to rags and flung after their discomfited owner.

We will now refer to the methods of revenge adopted by animals of another race. Apes, it will readily be comprehended, are very dangerous creatures to arouse the enmity of, as they will dare anything in order to avenge their wrongs, and are most ingenious in adopting schemes of retaliation. Many of their deeds of revenge are well known; but the following anecdote, related by Vasari, the Italian biographer,

will be new to many of our readers. Il Rosso, a disciple of Michael Angelo, resided in Florence, in a house overlooking a garden belonging to some friars. Il Rosso possessed an ape which was on very friendly terms with one of his apprentices called Battistoni, who employed the animal to steal the friars' grapes, letting it down into the adjacent garden and drawing it up again by a rope. The grapes being missed, a watch was set, and one day a friar caught the ape in the very act. He tried to inflict a thrashing; but the ape got the best of it, and escaped. Il Rosso, however, was sued, and his pet sentenced to wear a weight on its tail. But few days elapsed ere the culprit had an opportunity of avenging this insult. Whilst the friar who had detected and punished the creature was performing mass at a neighbouring church, the ape climbed to the roof of the man's cell, and, to quote Vasari's words, 'performed so lively a dance with the weight on his tail, that there was not a tile or vase left unbroken; and on the friar's return a torrent of lamentations was heard that lasted for three days.'

A REMINISCENCE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

In my youthful days in Edinburgh, a trifling incident—but to me a rare piece of good fortune—occurred in relation to 'The Author of *Waverley*,' which it gives me pleasure to record.

In those early days I was an enthusiastic reader of his novels, and was in the habit of frequently looking in at the Court of Session, in the old Parliament House of Edinburgh, where Scott, in his official capacity as one of the clerks of Court, used to sit while it was in session. I always endeavoured to get as near him as I could, to gaze upon that noticeable face and head, which, once seen, could never be forgotten; and I used to wonder by what process that magical genius of his had evoked from the past such a gallery of real men and women—in number and variety almost approaching Shakespeare—with all their loves and hates, their joys and sorrows, their strength, their weaknesses, their stainless purity, their devotion, and homely simplicity—his manly, healthy genius redeeming from all taint of exaggeration or sentimentalism the characters that live in his pages. It was a face in which were combined shrewdness, humour, kindness, keen perception, and sagacity; while to these was superadded a certain 'pawkiness' (to use a Scotch word which has no equivalent in English). He would now and then exchange words with the brother-officials who sat beside him, or opposite to him, on the other side of the table. Often some joke would pass, and then his face would lighten up, and a smile break out and steal all over it, his merry eye and suppressed chuckle revealing the sense of humour that had stirred him. Here I may say that Chantrey's world-known bust of him reproduces his usual expression with consummate fidelity. No bust of any one I have ever seen has so truthfully conveyed to me the living features as this one does.

It was in the summer of 1829, I think, now

fifty-three years ago, that a commercial traveller, a friend of mine, bound for Galashiels, proposed to drive me thither from Edinburgh in his gig, and back again. As I had never seen Abbotsford, I eagerly seized this opportunity of being taken so near the place. Having seen Scott in the Parliament House the day before, I concluded that he was for the time resident in town, and that there would be no difficulty in gaining admission to the house and grounds of Abbotsford. It was arranged that, while my friend was transacting his business in Galashiels, I should walk on to the Tweed, on whose south bank stands Abbotsford, near the river, backed by 'Bildon's triple height,' be ferried across, and return in a few hours to my companion. It was a lovely day, and the fields and woods were in all their summer beauty. As the song says,

I saw Tweed's silver stream
Glittering in the sunny beam.

I was ferried across its rippling waters, then mounted the grassy bank on the other side, and presented myself at the entrance to the house, full of delightful anticipations of the treat I should have in seeing the interior of the den itself of 'The Wizard of the North.' The old man-servant who opened the door to me regretted that I could not be admitted; 'because,' said he, 'the Shirra* is at home and in the house, and strangers are not admitted when he's here.' Thus my fine castle in the clouds all at once vanished, and I stood wistful and disappointed, telling the old man that I had come all the way from Edinburgh that day specially to see the place, and that I had never dreamed his master was at home, having myself seen him in the Court on the previous day. 'Ye see, sir,' he replied, 'he comes out here whenever he can get a day, even when the Court's sittin'. He came out last night. It canna be helped. I'm sorry ye've had the trouble o' comin' sae far for naething.' At that moment, Scott himself, coming out of a room entering from the corridor, had reached the hall-entrance where I stood, on his way to the grounds. He was clad in a homely suit of black-and-white cloth, and had a belt round his waist, in which were stuck a hatchet, a hammer, and a small saw, while two large dogs gambled about him, leaping up against him in their eager fondness, and presenting their heads to be patted. 'What's the young man's business?' said he, addressing the servant, who repeated to him what I had been saying, while I stood with my heart beating furiously the while. Before I could gather courage to say a word for myself, Scott, turning to me, said: 'As you have come so far, young man, to see the place, you must not be disappointed; so you can just gang through the house, and see whate'er you like.—Good-day, sir.' Before I could thank him, he passed out into the grounds, the dogs still leaping up upon him, he pushing them off and playfully scolding them.

This was my last glimpse of Scott. At that time he was working hard, with deadly persistence, to retrieve his misfortunes and pay his creditors. He looked paler than usual, and was careworn and anxious. This was about three years before his

final break-down and death. How grand and impressive are Carlyle's words about him in his latter days! 'And so the curtain falls; and the strong Walter Scott is with us no more; a possession from him does remain; widely scattered; yet attainable; not inconsiderable. It can be said of him, when he departed, he took a Man's life along with him. No sounder piece of British Manhood was put together in this eighteenth century of Time. Alas! his fine Scotch face, with its shaggy honesty, sagacity, and goodness, when we saw it latterly on the Edinburgh streets, was all worn with care; the joy all fled from it, ploughed deep with labour and sorrow. We shall never forget it; we shall never see it again. Adieu, Sir Walter, pride of Scotchmen, take our proud and sad farewell.'

ALEXANDER IRELAND.

BOWDON, CHESHIRE.

BESIDE THE SEA.

They lingered 'neath the spreading thorn;
The snow-white blooms fell on her hair;
Athwart his face the sunbeams lay;
And love was young, and life was fair.

'Only one little year,' they said,
Then parted at her cottage-door—
He sailing westward with the tide,
She, happy, waiting by the shore.

Two long, long years! Time slowly drags
When Hope is gone for evermore;
The days seem weeks, the months seem years—
And still she watches by the shore.

The seaweeds cluster, red and gold,
And shells amid their tangles gleam;
And bygone days are but to her
As fading memories of a dream.

'Tis evening, and the glowing sun
Stoops down to kiss the purple sea;
The foamy waves, like wind-blown clouds,
Break on the rocks unceasingly.

Slowly the gray mist creeps adown
The darkening hillsides by the bay;
Song-birds are hushed, night-stars appear,
And daylight dimly steals away.

In bitterest agony she moans—
For words will come though hearts may break:
'O dreamy wind, O sad, sad sea,
Lull me to sleep, nor let me wake!'

Ah, was it Fate that brought the storm
That night, and wrecked the 'homeward-bound'?
While in the gray dawn, met at last,
The lovers side by side were found.

Ay, met at last, but cold in death,
The salt sea dripping from his hair;
And she—That upturned face can tell
How heaven had heard her weary prayer.

A. M. MACQUACHIE.

* Scott was Sheriff of Selkirkshire.

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SHIPS AND SAILORS.

If the nineteenth century has caused an unceasing modification in the conditions of labour ashore, it has affected still more profoundly the lot of those who toil on the sea. The ancient mariners who manned our war-ships and mercantile marine a generation ago, were quite a different race from those of the present day. In dress, in discipline, in ideas, in aspiration, the modern seaman differs from his predecessors, and each year induces further changes; such changes being inevitable, from the hour that ships began to be influenced by the accelerations of the century.

Steam-navigation demands men of a different type from those who floated leisurely in the 'wooden tubs,' as wind and weather permitted. In defiance of the hurricane, in the teeth of adverse gales, in mockery of the 'doldrums' and calms of every sort, the steam-driven vessel goes on to her destination. Voyages that once occupied months have been reduced to weeks. The sailor's mind is kept in a state of continual alertness. His *personal* share in the conflict with nature is greatly reduced; and each development of modern navigation tends to merge the mariner into a part of the floating machine.

In the sailing-ship, individual bravery and smartness had immense scope for display, when storm and man fought for mastery in the giddy heights where topmasts bent under the strain like coachmen's whips. No coward was equal to the conflict that raged in that upper region; no bungler could furl the struggling sail, that wrenched and strained like a living thing. Monkey-like agility, heroic courage, dare-devil emulation, were needed in the fearful crises to which every sailing-ship was exposed. The wild tameless lads who 'would go to sea' found in the storm those terrific antagonisms that brought out the man in them; and the wild energy of nature and humanity were thus happily neutralised.

On board steamships, there is no need of such men. Thoughtful, cautious, reflective navi-

gators are wanted, who know how to elude the whims and caprices of Neptune; and who can contrive to get at the secret of the old god's humours, instead of merely battling with them. Meteorology is studied, ocean-currents are tracked, the genesis and behaviour of storms scientifically examined. The grand object is to get from port to port with the utmost celerity and certainty—to make ocean voyages as calculable as land journeys.

Seamanship has entered upon an absolutely new phase, and demands men of another kind than the gallant but slow-witted sea-dogs that had suited ruder times. For, mingled with the bravery of these ancient tars, there were superstitions and prejudices that made them hostile to the march of the age. Long after ghosts, goblins, and portents ceased to have any influence upon the conduct of landsmen, they continued to inhabit the forecastle and to keep company with the night-watch. 'Davy Jones' was honoured and revered, when his fellows ashore were scoffed into eternal oblivion. The old-fashioned sailor, when making his money fly with his boon-companions at home or abroad, was a man of rough morals. His oaths were appalling to 'long-shore men'; his conceptions of religion strangely pagan. But on board ship, amid the quietude of its monastic routine, away from rum and riot, swinging between high heaven and the unknown depths of ocean, a toy in the immensities of sky and water, the now sobered tar became deeply conscious that he lived among preternatural marvels, and that the phenomena surrounding him were stupendously mysterious. The fearful changes that passed over the firmament and the sea; awful darkness painted with lightning fire; black night-seas glowing with phosphorescent gleams; sunsets like a world in flames; unmoving ocean like an infinite pool of blue oil; raging, pitiless, invading ocean, white with deadly passion, leaping like a live thing over the bulwarks, and seizing the seaman with a mighty clutch—all these variations of nature's moods had deep significance for sailors. Baleful sprites had much

to do with the monstrous agitations that super-vened in the watery world. It was needful to be on good terms with them. Science attempting to explain the origin of tempests, the phosphorescence of the sea, the Gulf-stream, trade-winds, and other wonders, was considered as a dangerous, almost blasphemous meddling with the concerns of the malign powers presiding over these departments of the world.

But superstition faded under the dominion of steam at sea, as it did on shore. Davy Jones has become as dubious as Neptune, and is no more propitiated than Æolus. The ancient order of mariners is on the wane.

If sailors have become men of another order, ships have been more modified by the endless inventions of the past half-century. From the origin of navigation until our own times, wood was the only substance employed for floating man and freight over the water-ways of the world. We have changed all that; and now metallic ships are fast supplanting wooden ones; so that in course of time, a vessel of the old type will be as great a curiosity as the canoe of a viking.

Before iron began to supersede wood, metallic rigging had commenced to supplant hemp, to the derision of sailors and rope-makers, who prophesied that such new-fangled notions would be ruinous to our maritime supremacy. Improved steering apparatus met with the same objections; machines for furling sails were looked upon with contempt by the men who were to be benefited by them. But to go to sea in an iron ship seemed the very extremity of absurdity. Steam had been a frightful invasion of landmen's notions upon the sea; but this building ships of metal, which as every one knows sinks like a stone in the water, was little better than a crime. The wreck of the *Great Britain* upon the coast of Ireland gave an immense poignancy to the criticism of objecting sailors. There was a signal instance of what these iron monsters would come to! The *Great Britain* was the pioneer of the metallic fleet that was to drive the wooden ships out of existence. Lying upon the Dundrum shore, she was a beacon warning to keep clear of such mad innovations. Alas for old ideas and untimely croakings! the *Great Britain* was lifted from her supposed final resting-place, and became the most famous, successful, and profitable ship of her time. Thousands of passengers were transported by her to Australia, and vast quantities of the new gold were brought by her to England.

The *Great Eastern* was another example of failure that old sailors rejoiced to instance. Truly, Brunel's leviathan has been unprofitable to her owners; from the time of her launching until the present hour, she has been a maritime white-elephant. But it is a pity that individuals should have to bear the charges of the grand audacity that Brunel perpetrated; for the *Great Eastern* has perhaps done more to extend civilisation than any other ship that has sailed the sea. By her indispensable aid, the Atlantic telegraph cable was laid, an instrument which has blessed mankind, and will for all future time. If the inhabitants of Europe and America ever feel grateful for the improvements of the past twenty years, they should not forget how much the *Great Eastern* has contributed to them.

Besides her aid in telegraph development, the

big ship furnished the experience that is now causing so great a change in the tonnage of our mercantile fleets. For years after her construction, it was universally believed that she was the first and the last of the leviathans. Her voyages had been marked with disasters, which were attributed to her unmanageable proportions. Then, instead of clipping through the ocean billows as steadily as a train running over land, she rolled like a vast log in the water; and so far from eliminating sea-sickness, inflicted special agonies upon her passengers. And a yet more serious objection was urged, that in case of shipwreck, the loss of life might be appalling; for the *Great Eastern* could carry four or five thousand emigrants. The same objection applied to her as a military transport. In an emergency, ten thousand troops could be carried by her, and it was urged with much plausibility, if she went down with such a large proportion of our small army, that a national panic would result. So the *Great Eastern* has passed the greater part of her existence like a worn-out hulk.

She furnishes another instance of the great law of progress—namely, that invention must wait on experience. Brunel and his financial supporters were ahead of their time. Now, mankind have begun to catch them up. Further invention, the more urgent demands of our broader civilisation, improved navigation, the spread of population in the United States and Australasia—all these compel ship-owners to increase the dimensions of their vessels. Each year the comparisons between the first leviathan and her sisters grow less; and it is not rash to believe that even the phenomenal proportions of the *Great Eastern* may yet be surpassed. The *Serica*, the *City of Rome*, and the recent *Aurania* of seven thousand five hundred tons, prove that a great change has come over the opinions of those concerned with ocean transport.

The whole tendency of our time is towards the aggregation of effort—the massing of capital and labour. A ship of five thousand tons can be built cheaper than five ships of one thousand tons. In the working, there is a still more striking economy. One captain, instead of five, and so on through the whole crew, engineers, stewards, and the rest. In the purveyance for passengers, five thousand cost less than one thousand proportionately. Nor is that all. Large ships can be propelled quicker than small ones, if the whole conditions of construction, engines, and propellers be observed. Large ships have more space for coal-stowage, a most important matter in ocean traffic, for the economy of time and money. These considerations are further assisted by several great advances made in marine engines and in the material of the hulls. Compound engines introduced a vast economy into steam-navigation; but with improved boilers and methods of generating steam, a still greater economy will be effected; and it may soon come to pass that our ocean leviathans will be driven with a much less coal expenditure than at present, and by propellers more powerful and more easily managed than the screw.

Speed, however, has become the first desideratum afloat, as on shore. But speed must be accompanied by safety. What the traveller wants is to get quickly to the end of his journey, not to the end of his life. In this all-important

question of safety, some of the shrewdest minds have been and are still engaged. Ships are built in floatable sections; so that in case of wreck or collision, if one part be injured, the others will not sink. Indeed, it followed as a matter of necessity that iron ships should be made buoyant by novel devices, seeing that in case of disaster, wood had the advantage. Thus, the effort has all along been to join strength with elasticity. Recent improvements in making steel, now place in the ship-builder's hand a material that seems equal to any mishap that even ocean-navigation may be liable to. Mild steel appears to be a sort of metallic india-rubber that will stand any amount of strain, or impact, without fracture. For some time steel has been taking the place of iron, from its greater strength and lightness combined; now that this new kind is introduced, having still greater advantages, and as the cost of it will be doubtless reduced by its growing employment, we may see an acceleration of the maritime revolution which has been going on for half a century. The ships which are swift and sure will certainly drive out those which are slow and unsafe. Competition is feverishly active in every avenue of business, and in none more than in the mercantile marine. The *Alaska*, of the Guion Line, has shown that the Atlantic can be crossed within seven days; not by good luck, but by good engines, right course, and resolute navigation. Messrs Inman have discarded the *City of Rome* because she is not speed, and they doubtless will replace her by a ship that will at least equal the *Alaska*, perhaps surpass her. At any rate we may be sure that Messrs Inman will avail themselves of the last achievements in naval architecture and engineering.

Nor is it only among British ship-owners that competition obtains; there are signs on the other side of the Atlantic that the ocean is to be crossed in a yet shorter time than our own steam greyhounds require. The dome-ship *Meteor*, now building on the Hudson, is expected to go from New York to Quebec in little over five days; she is to run at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour. In many respects, the *Meteor* is a marine novelty, being decked over, so as to glide through the Atlantic surges, instead of over them. She has no masts. Experience alone can demonstrate if she is to accomplish what her designer expects; but whether she fails or not, it is certain that the next few years will witness many further experiments in ship-construction, in methods of propulsion, and in economies connected with both.

M. Raoul Pictet, the eminent engineer of Geneva, is said to be engaged upon a new system of ship-building; and from his remarkable achievements in other departments of physics, it may well be that he will win further successes in this new field. It is said that he expects to cross the sea at the rate of thirty-seven miles an hour. Such speed would produce an extraordinary change in the commercial relationships of mankind, and would hasten that redistribution of nations that is now going on so fast in America and Australasia.

And lately there has entered upon the scene a new agent, that may have incalculable results upon navigation and navigation. It is electricity. A year or two ago the public of Paris were shown an electric boat, designed by M. Trouvé, and

experimented by him upon the Seine. Although but a large toy, it proved that electricity was capable of being applied as a maritime motor. The experiment was quite as successful as the early attempts to propel vessels by steam; and those who knew how great the progress of electrical art has been of late years, had no doubt that it would eventually be applied on a larger scale. Such has come to pass. On the 29th September 1881, an electric launch, twenty-six feet long and five feet broad, drawing two feet of water, having on board four passengers, went from Millwall to London Bridge—a distance of nearly four miles—at a speed of eight knots an hour against the tide. The return-journey was made in twenty-four minutes. It was calculated that the electric energy expended was equal to three and one-eleventh horse-power.

This striking proof of the capability of electric propulsion will soon be followed by demonstrations on a still larger scale, and by which the commercial value of such a motor can be further tested. After all, the question of navigation is decided by economy. Steamships are superseding sailing-ships simply on their commercial merits. A steamer costs much more than a sailer, and is much more expensive to navigate. But it will make three or four voyages to the sailor's one; and calculated by cost per mile sailed, and per ton of cargo and per passenger transported, the steamer is found to be far cheaper than its rival. So it will be with electric ships—they can succeed only on their commercial merits. Electricity, however, is in the same tentative condition that steam was a century ago. Who can say to what extent the subtle power may be applied ere a hundred years elapse?

But be they great or insignificant, one thing is certain—sailors will be still further changed from the type of the ancient mariners we knew in our boyhood, than they are to-day. Sailing-ships will disappear as the isthmuses of the world are pierced and the old routes are discarded. The Suez Canal has caused a revolution in itself; and if Panama be ever cleft, the trade of the world will again be metamorphosed. Each improvement in the craft demands a corresponding improvement in the sailor; no longer is he expected to be a mere animal of toil, but an intelligent link in a chain of causes working out the welfare of the world. The steam-filler enables him to steer the huge monsters he controls as easily as a skiff; the steam-winch has relieved him of the labours of hauling; the rapidity of his transit from port to port has relieved him of the dreary monotony of long voyages; and better food and treatment have raised him in the scale of humanity.

In a word, the lot of the sailor partakes of the ameliorations going on among the lumbering toilers of the world. Although improvement has certain disadvantages attending its first steps, these disappear. No doubt the age of steam has introduced into our mercantile marine a vast number of foreigners, to the injury of our own tars in the matter of pay, and to the detriment of the nation's maritime strength in case of a great and prolonged naval war. But such was inevitable, as Great Britain has supplanted the shipping of so many foreign nations. The decline of apprentices, the employment of 'ordinary' seamen, the

poor wages of able seamen, and the profitableness of the fishing industries, have all contributed to limit the numbers of British sailors, and thereby to increase the number of foreigners sailing under our flag. Still, the royal navy is manned by splendid fellows, as the Egyptian war proved; and in case of a supreme struggle with the naval powers of other peoples, England would find no lack of heroes to keep up her traditions.

And when the maritime business of the world has further developed, when Africa and Asia are further included in the domain of international commerce, the condition of the British sailor will be higher than at any previous time. Taking him altogether, he is the best mariner that sails the sea; and he is better capable of adapting himself to changes than his competitors. Whatever be the advantages of other nations in soil, climate, or industry, the British, as the carriers and navigators of the ocean, have no superiors; and the progressive civilisation of the world means the increase of our maritime grandeur.

ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOT.

CHAPTER III.—LANDING AT SOUTHAMPTON.

SIX days after the eventful night when the white-squall had tested the endurance of ship and crew, the fine Peninsular and Oriental packet *Cyprus* was gliding through the placid tide that filled Southampton Water, dear to yachtsmen; and hearts beat high, and eyes brightened or grew dimmed with tears, as the expectant passengers prepared to disembark on British ground. Then came the bustle of the actual landing, the noise, stir, and confusion, the hurried farewells to those who had of late been constant companions, but whose mutual memory would soon fade into the casual recollection of a pleasant travelling acquaintance; and next the rush and iron clang of the swift train speeding Londonwards, bearing with it all the passengers with the exception of the two sisters, their servants, and Arthur Talbot.

Half an hour later, a train was ready to start for the West, and by this the Marchioness and Miss Carew were to take their sad journey to the splendid home which the widowed bride and her young husband had quitted but a year ago.

'This is very kind of you, Mr Talbot,' said the Marchioness, as their late fellow-traveller, having placed Lady Leominster and her sister in the railway carriage, still lingered at the door, while the servants bustled to and fro in their professional anxiety for the safety of the luggage.

'I am an idle man,' answered Talbot, smiling; 'and my home, as I think I have mentioned, is but a short nine miles from here.'

'It is called Oakdene Hall, or Park—is it not?' asked Miss Carew thoughtfully.

'Yes,' replied the young man; 'Oakdene is the name. The old house should be flattered by your remembrance of it.—Though it would seem but a poor little nutshell of a place, Lady Leominster, beside Castel Vawr.'

Then came the parting, that conventional

'good-bye,' that may mean so much or so little, now lightly or mechanically uttered, now fraught with a tender sadness or agony of regret. Arthur Talbot's voice was not quite steady as he returned the Marchioness's farewell, and released the little hand that she held out to him from the open window of the railway carriage. As the train slid away from the platform, he remained motionless, following it with his eyes until it was lost to sight; and then turning away, walked slowly and musingly, almost sadly, to the hotel where he knew that he should find his carriage. He had ordered it to be in readiness to convey him home. Home! Oakdene was the abode of his boyhood certainly, and he had a lingering attachment to the place; but the red brick Hall of Queen Anne's reign had been very little of a home to him since he had come, perhaps too early, into possession of his small estate. There was no one at Oakdene who loved him, and would await his coming with the eagerness of affection; only servants more or less faithful, who regarded the visits of their young master, rare and brief, from their own point of view.

London, Paris, Italy, had seen much more of the young Squire of Oakdene since he attained his majority, than had his own quiet acres of pasture and arable and woodland. It was in London that he had reckoned among his dearest friends the late Lord Leominster, but that was in the latter's bachelor days. When the Marquis married, Talbot was abroad; and their next and last meeting took place far up the Nile, when this world and its pomps and vanities had come very nearly to an end for the Most Honourable Wilfred of Leominster. Then their paths of travel again diverged; and it was by the merest chance that Arthur Talbot found himself a passenger on board the steamer in which the widowed Marchioness and her sister were returning to England. Somehow, on his homeward drive that day along the familiar road, and as he sat afterwards at his solitary dinner, with the old portraits of long-dead Talbots, his ancestors, like silent friends, eyeing him from the walls, the image of Lady Leominster, gentle, sad, and beautiful, was seldom absent from his thoughts.

Meantime the train, throwing behind it miles and leagues of moor and meadow and forest, seas of sprouting corn and ranges of humpbacked downs, scarred here and there by white cuttings that laid bare the chalk, reached the rougher and wilder landscape that lay far to the north-west. Those blue Welsh hills that towered almost threateningly, through the haze of the horizon, how often had they frowned defiance on the invader, from the day when the Roman legionaries under Ostorius, warily plodding on with sloped spears, in weary march espied them, until that which saw King Henry's last expedition against rebellious Glendower. These were the fastnesses to which the beaten Britons had been driven back under stress of Saxon swords, and whence the wild clans of the Cymri made raids on the rich lands for ever torn away. Those times were gone, like the Bards and the Druids, and no lord-marcher was needed now to hold his fiefs by snaffle and spear, as when the Most Noble the Marquis of Leominster was a Marquis indeed, with a mark to guard, and fierce hereditary foes to keep back from harrying

the peaceful tillers on the English side of the Border. Yet yonder rises on its eminence, with dark woods around it, Castel Vawr, flashing back the sunbeams as of old, more beautiful, if less strong, than before the mantling ivy and the drooping foxglove and tenacious bindweed had clung to its venerable towers, and before the once-new white Norman masonry had assumed the picturesque grayness of hoary age.

At a tiny station, where, nevertheless, other than parliamentary trains were wont to stop, since railway Companies are accommodating where a great landowner and a peer of the realm is concerned, within easy reach of Castel Vawr, the two sisters alighted. There were carriages from the Castle in waiting there, and a *fourgon* for the luggage, and black liveries, and a respectful little rustic crowd of frontier-folks, who hardly knew to which nationality, Celtic or Teutonic, they belonged; who talked English in the alehouse and sang Welsh hymns in chapel, but who took off their broad-brimmed West-country hats with a low murmur of inarticulate reverence, as the widowed mistress of the great Castle passed through the midst of them on her way from the platform to her carriage. That carriage, with its sable hammercloth and coroneted panels, blended emblems of pride and woe, rolled off, swiftly and smoothly, along the well-kept road. It was bright spring weather, the lark carolling aloft, the saucy chaffinch chirping from the apple-boughs that overtopped the woodbine-clustered hedge of some cottage garden.

But the occupants of the carriage, as it traversed this smiling landscape, had remained silent, until at length one of them said almost timidly, in a low sweet voice that was broken by emotion: 'I hope, my darling sister, that we at least shall never be parted. I have but you in the world now, remember, and we two should never separate.'

With some slight expression as of perplexed surprise, but with really tears welling up to her gentle eyes, she who was addressed bent forward to kiss the speaker's pale cheek. 'We never will, dearest, if the choice rests with me!' she said softly, and then the two sat for some moments hand in hand, but mute.

The carriage had by this time reached the lodge gates of the ample Park, and was rolling along amidst green lawns and bosky dells, beloved of the fallow-deer, under the arching oaks of the grand avenue.

Again was heard that sweet tremulous voice: 'I do hope, love, that we shall both feel equally at home at Castel Vawr, as we did once at poor shabby old Carew. I do hope that it will be your home, dear sister, while I live, as well as mine.'

Again the look of pain and surprise crossed the listener's fair face; but the only reply was a smothered sob, for just then the carriage dashed up to the stately front of the Castle and came to a stop before the great doors, wide open now, while a muster of liveried servants stood on the broad stone steps waiting to welcome their mistress.

In the great drawing-room of Castel Vawr, the many windows of which commanded a matchless prospect of vale and river and the bold chain

of the Welsh mountains beyond, sat Lady Barbara Montgomery, a spinster aunt of the late Marquis, tall, upright, and dignified, with aquiline features and iron-gray hair smoothly braided. Unfriendly social critics not unfrequently remarked of Lady Barbara that she was as cold as an icicle and as hard as a flint; but the remark was not quite just. She was a proud woman, nothing more; but then nobody loves the proud if pride implies undue reticence. The silent are always at a discount in society, and very few of us have eyes keen enough to penetrate the defensive armour of such as Lady Barbara. She was not proud because she was a Lady Barbara—not in the least. With her the pride was quite innate, and would have made itself obtrusively manifest had she been the daughter of the pettiest village shopkeeper. As it was, it centred in the strongly felt remembrance of her ancient lineage, and in the appreciating of a semi-feudal splendour and dignity of deportment doubly dear to her because nothing else had ever awakened her frigid fancy.

Two-thirds of Lady Barbara's life had been spent at Castel Vawr, and yet she was by no means dependent either on her brother the former, or her nephew the late, Marquis. An early bequest had made her rich. She had a good London house, had she chosen to live in it, and a handsome income, had she cared to spend it; but she clung to the Border Castle with an attachment that was absolutely caudine; and her great fear had been that she might have to leave the house that was her birthplace, as the chiefship of the family might now devolve upon a cousin. That fear, however, was happily averted. The late Marquis had possessed an unusual power of making splendid settlements for his young wife's benefit, and Clare was to have the castle and lands for her life. Lady Barbara had not much apprehension that the widowed Lady Leominster would either object to her continued residence beneath that stately roof, or interfere to any serious extent with her customary household arrangements. The Marchioness would reign, of course, as titular sovereign; but hers would be a sway like that of some Merovingian king of France, with My Lady Barbara for a petticoated Mayor of the Palace.

Lady Barbara was not on this occasion alone. With her was the family solicitor Mr Pontifex, of the well-known firm of Pounce and Pontifex, who had journeyed down from Lincoln's Inn expressly to receive the widow of his late noble client on her first arrival as absolute mistress at princely Castel Vawr. These hereditary lawyers often come to consider themselves as part and parcel of the great families whose marriage and mortgage deeds they have continued to draw, and whose feuds and weaknesses and whims have been laid bare before them for successive generations. Pounce and Pontifex, who were, so to speak, legal confessors to half the peerage, had a special regard for the House of Montgomery-Leominster. Mr Pontifex himself, a round little man, with gray whiskers, gold-rimmed glasses, and wholesome pinkish face, looked very like a country banker or land-agent, and not in the least like the ideal of a London attorney. His manner was at once bland and abrupt, perhaps jerky; and he took a good deal

of strong-scented snuff from a costly box, the valued legacy of a ducal client long deceased.

'How fortunate, as I said before, that poor Wilfred was so thoughtful,' said Lady Barbara, after a pause, during which lawyer and lady had alike been listening for the expected sound of wheels; 'and that he was able, too, to dispose of his own. For otherwise, Adolphus Montgomery would have been master here, and Castel Vavr could have been no home for me any more.'

Adolphus was the name of the new Marquis of some weeks' date, and Lady Barbara could not endure as yet to speak of him otherwise than by his plain Christian and surname, while even these she pronounced with a little pardonable irritation. It provoked her that the Leominster coronet should have passed away from the main stem—her own—to a younger branch, descended from a half-forgotten cadet of long ago. Such feelings may be foolish, but they are not unnatural. Be sure that Marguerite of Valois, discarded wife and divorced queen of the Great Henri, had her own private notions as to the mushroom pretensions of the then upstart royal House of Bourbon of Navarre! The remark was transparently selfish, but it did not surprise Mr Pontifex, who merely showed his white front teeth as he replied: 'Very fortunate! The present peer, however, will— Ah! there is the carriage.'

IS THE SUN WASTING?

DURING the last twenty years, the subject of the constitution of the sun has attracted very great attention, not only amongst scientific men, but amongst intelligent readers of books and newspapers. We think it therefore of interest to give our readers a popular account of the different theories upon the sun's heat, and especially a new one bearing the name of Dr Siemens, whose reputation is so well known from his discoveries in metallurgy and electricity, and who filled the chair of the British Association for the Advancement of Science at its meeting at Southampton.

Most of our readers doubtless know the chief figures which denote the dimensions of the sun, especially since the transit of Venus eight years ago led to a correction of the distance of the sun from the earth, according to the figure that had for many years been accepted. But perhaps not so many persons have realised the enormous figures that represent the heat of the solar orb, as contrasted with the figures that we are familiar with on the subject of terrestrial heat.

The volume of the sun is about one million three hundred thousand times that of the earth, and its distance from us, in round numbers, about ninety-three millions of miles. And since we all of us every day see the wonderful effects of the heat and light which even this little world of ours receives, we can form some faint idea of the enormous amount of heat continually given out by the sun and the prodigious waste that must be going on. And if

we would form any real estimate of this heat and waste, we must remember that all the light and heat which is received by the earth and other planets is a very small proportion of the amount that is being continually poured forth. It might be shown, with a moderate knowledge of geometry, that the amount so shed into space, where there are no planets to receive it, is two thousand two hundred and fifty million times as great as that which is received by all the planets which form our solar system.

We naturally ask: What is the condition of a body which is capable of throwing out for thousands, and perhaps millions of years, so vast an amount of light and heat? For it has been computed that the temperature of the surface of the sun would be expressed by eighteen thousand degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer, or between eighty and ninety times the temperature of boiling-water. This is about five times the highest temperature that man is able to produce by artificial means. Also the light given off from the same surface is computed as being five thousand three hundred times more intense than that of the molten metal in a Bessemer converter, though that is of an almost blinding brilliancy. Or if we compare it with the oxy-hydrogen flame, the sun sheds a light equal to a hundred and forty-six times the intensity of the lime-light.

So intense is the heat of the sun, that no known substance could remain in a solid form when subjected to such a temperature. Hence it has been concluded that the entire orb, vast as it is, is an aggregation of gases altogether void of any trace of liquid or solid substance; moreover, that the outside visible surface of the sun flows like the surface of the sea, or rather like vaporous masses of cloud and misty air. But we must not suppose that this vaporous material is of little weight throughout the whole substance of the sun; for in consequence of the sun's vast size, the pressure in the inward portions must be so great through the influence of attraction, that the internal mass is believed to be denser than water. And as the late Professor Clerk Maxwell and others have shown that the viscosity or tenacity of a gas increases fast with the rise of its temperature, it is possible that the vaporous matter of the sun's interior would resist motion like a mass of pitch or putty.

When thinking about this enormous amount of heat, philosophers have naturally inquired whether it is being dissipated gradually, or whether it is by some means sustained undiminished; and if so sustained, by what means. There have until recently been put forth two theories on the matter; but recently a third has been broached by Dr Siemens, and it has appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* under the title of 'A New Theory of the Sun'—that is, as regards the sustentation of its light and heat. We will mention the old theories in their natural order. First, all our everyday experience teaches us that when combustion is taking place, the substances which are giving out light and heat are parting with their matter, and causing it to assume different forms, as gas and a residuum of ashes. We see this in the burning of a piece of wood or coal, or even a piece of paper. We do not say the substance is lost. If we could gather up

all the products of the combustion, we should find that they had not lost a particle of their weight, but that the form of them was materially changed. This, then, we conclude is the case with the sun. As we have stated above, the enormous light and heat which is being continually thrown into space, proves that the sun is converting much of its substance into other forms; and unless the waste be supplied from some external source, the material of which the orb is composed cannot fail to be gradually diminishing; though in the case of a body of such large dimensions, it must be a long time before there is any perceptible diminution either of volume or heat. But the loss of heat is by some believed to be compensated by the diminution of volume. Professor Newcombe, of Yale College, United States, has come to the conclusion, that with the diminution of the mass, the heat augments; and that, by this compensation, a shrinking of the mass might go on for five millions of years, and that it would then be eight times as dense as it is now. And he concludes that the present conditions of radiation of heat and light cannot have gone on for more than ten millions of years, and probably cannot support life on the earth as now for another ten millions. This theory, then, does not profess to provide for an indefinite continuance of the sun's present powers. And we may add, by the way, that even if we are led to contemplate the ultimate extinction of light and heat in the sun, it is no more than appears to have happened in the moon, which appears to be a dark and inert mass, the rotation of which has been perhaps stopped by some such tidal action as we know is at work upon our planet, and very slowly, but steadily, retarding our diurnal rotation. That the moon does not rotate is manifest from the fact that it always presents the same face to the earth. The first theory, then, does not profess to show that the sun's waste is repaired from without.

The second theory is, that the waste is repaired, both in volume and heat, by the continual impact or striking of meteorites upon its surface. This theory is due to Dr Mayer of Heilbronn, and was published in 1848. It was enthusiastically received by Sir William Thomson of Glasgow, one of the greatest physicists of the day, and who is especially known for his successful researches in electricity. It is well known that if a body when moving rapidly be suddenly stopped in its course, heat is the immediate result. We may see this exemplified when a bullet is fired against a stone wall; the lead becomes heated. This theory supposes that the sun is being perpetually hammered like a ponderous anvil by falling meteors, and that its heat-energy is maintained as a lump of iron is kept hot by the vigorous blows of a blacksmith. Various calculations have also been made as to the amount of heat generated by the impact of a small planet, or other mass, the weight of which can be computed. But surely if there were falling continually on the sun such a mass of meteors as would repair the regular waste, the earth would meet with a good deal more of such matter than it does in the periodical meteoric display in November and other occasions; and the orbit of the planet Mercury, which is the nearest known of the sun's satellites, would exhibit some traces of this

powerful influence. We can therefore hardly attach much weight to this theory.

We now come to the new theory started under the powerful name of Dr Siemens. It seems very probable that the theory has been suggested by observation of the regenerative gas furnace of which he and his brother, Herr F. Siemens, are the originators, wherein the surplus heat, which has not been at first utilised for work, is returned through a central regenerative chamber to the gas and air about to be burned, before the waste products, with which it was previously associated, are sent up the chimney.

Dr Siemens starts with the following assumption, that all the space between the planets, and even between the fixed stars, is filled with something of a much more substantial character than imponderable ether. Many of our readers will know that the phenomena of light have been for many years explained by what is termed the undulatory theory of light, which presupposes the presence of a very subtle fluid termed ether, pervading all space; and that the vibrations of this ether produce all the phenomena of light, including the variety of colours in the rainbow, or as seen in a prism. But Dr Siemens's new theory of the sun demands the presence of a much more substantial medium. We cannot here go through all the considerations which have led him to his conclusions, but may briefly state that he considers that the materials thrown off from the sun by its energetic action are through the presence of this gaseous medium 'dissociated' or resolved into elementary substances; and when so resolved, burst into flame under the influence of the heat; and are turned back into the compounded state, as hydrogen is converted into water upon earth with the evolution of flame. Then he assumes that the matter so converted is acted upon by the sun's attraction, and redrawn into the mass of the sun by its enormous gravitating power. Our author is careful to guard his theory from being looked upon as one involving the idea of 'perpetual motion;' but it certainly presents an appearance of such a principle at first sight.

We can but briefly discuss the great difficulties that beset the reception of this theory. In the first place, it is needful to prove that this gas, upon the existence of which the whole theory rests, has any existence at all. And there are these two main objections to its presence. If this vapour be dense enough to arrest the heat-rays of the sun, and to convert them by 'dissociation' into materials upon which the sun's attractive power can have the ordinary influence of gravitation, then the flame, having the nature of a resisting medium, must have the effect of producing a retardation of the planetary movements; a result which, if it existed, would long since have been detected. And if it be not dense enough to produce this resistance, it is difficult to conceive that it can have sufficient coherence to enable it to arrest and deal with the heat emanations of the sun. Again, we observe in our own atmosphere that the smallest trace of watery vapour is sufficient to intercept the heat of the sun, and by formation of cloud, to shut the sun's rays from the earth. Surely, therefore, if the whole of space is pervaded by a gas containing the least amount of vapour, the sun's rays while passing through

that vapour for nearly ninety-three millions of miles would be so intercepted that none of the effect of the sun's heat which we now enjoy could be felt upon the surface of the earth.

On the whole, then, we find it more easy to accept the doctrine of the gradual dissipation of the solar heat through the immensity of space, and the progressive exhaustion of the sun as a central power of light and heat, than to adopt this new theory, even though promulgated by so eminent a scientist as Dr Siemens.

FOR HIMSELF ALONE.

A TALE OF REVERSED IDENTITIES.

CHAPTER III.

EIGHT weeks had come and gone since Frank Frobisher heard the news of his good fortune from the lips of Mr Gimp. Eight weeks had come and gone since Dick Drummond's assumption of his friend's name and position, and the secret had not yet oozed out. To the world at large, including Mr Pebworth, Dick was the lucky Mr Frobisher who had dropped in for a fortune of eight thousand a year; while Frank was Mr Frobisher's secretary and humble friend. By this time they were settled at Waylands, a charming country-house among the Surrey hills, which Mr Askew had bought ready furnished a few months before his death, but which he had not lived to inhabit. Thither too the Pebworths had been invited.

It was a lovely midsummer morning, and breakfast at Waylands was just over, when Mr Pebworth sauntered across the lawn, his arms laden with letters, newspapers, and prospectuses. The postbag had just arrived, and he was anxious to secure a first glance at the *Times*. He selected a rustic seat and table that were sheltered from the sun by the branches of a large elm, and there he sat down and proceeded to unfold his newspaper. Scarcely had he skimmed the first lines of the money article, when a young lady in white and rose colour, with a straw-hat, and a book under her arm, came stepping out through the open French-windows of the breakfast-room, and after pausing for a moment or two, put up her sunshade and walked slowly in the direction of Mr Pebworth.

The lady in question was that gentleman's only daughter, Miss Clunie Pebworth. She was a tall, thin young woman, the angularities of whose figure not all the art of her dressmaker could effectually conceal. She had fluffy light flaxen hair, large prominent blue eyes, a well-shaped nose, and an excellent set of teeth, which she took every opportunity of displaying. The normal expression of her features when she was alone, or in the company of no one for whose opinion she cared, was one of querulous discontent and incipient ill-temper. You see, she was five-and-twenty, and had not yet found a suitable partner for life. Some one had once told her that she looked 'arch' when she smiled; the consequence was that she smiled a great deal, but her smiles rarely extended as far as her cold blue eyes. Miss Pebworth was not one of those foolish virgins who believe in simplicity of attire. It may be that she knew her own deficiencies, and was aware that it would not suit her to play the part of the

Shepherdess of the Plain. In any case, even on this hot June morning her white dress, with its rose-coloured under-skirt, was befrilled and befrurbelowed beyond anything to be found in the Book of Fashions, of which she was an assiduous student. Whatever was exaggerated in that, became still more exaggerated when adopted by Miss Pebworth. For the life of her, Clunie could not come down to breakfast without four or five dress-rings on her fingers; but then, as she herself would have said, where's the use of having a lot of jewellery if you don't take every opportunity of showing it off?

Mr Pebworth, when at home, lived in the pleasant suburb of Bayswater. His house was a highly-rented one in a semi-fashionable square; but it was essential to Mr Pebworth's schemes that he should make a good appearance before the world; while it was not needful to tell every one that a rich old general and his unmarried sister occupied the best rooms in the house, and thereby helped materially to lessen the expenses of the establishment.

Mr Pebworth's offices were up an old-fashioned court in one of the busiest parts of the City, the said offices consisting of one large room divided by a glass-and-mahogany partition into two small ones. There were several other offices in the same building, a massive edifice which dated back to the period of William and Mary, and had evidently at one time been the home of some notable City magnate. Among other legends inscribed on the broad oaken door-jambs might be read this one: 'MR ALGERNON PEBWORTH, General Agent, &c.'

Now, the phrase 'General Agent, &c.' is one capable of a somewhat wide application, as Mr Pebworth when he adopted it was probably quite aware. What Mr Pebworth's particular line of business might be, and from what sources the bulk of his income was derived, were things probably known to himself alone. It is quite certain that neither his wife nor daughter had any fixed ideas on the subject. It was generally understood that he was more or less mixed up with the promotion and launching of sundry joint-stock companies and speculative associations of greater or lesser repute—not unfrequently the latter; while those who were supposed to be best informed in such matters averred that he was merely a catpaw and go-between for certain big financiers, who did not always care to let their names go forth to the world until the golden eggs with which they strove to tempt the public should be successfully hatched, there being sometimes a risk that the eggs in question might turn out to be added. Be this as it may, Mr Pebworth had hitherto contrived, by hook or by crook, to keep his head above water, and the Bayswater establishment showed as good a face to the world as most of its neighbours.

Elma Deeno had been an inmate of her uncle's house about six months when we first made her acquaintance. Previously to that time, she had been living with some of her father's relatives in Devonshire.

It was essential to the due carrying out of Frank Frobisher's scheme that he and his new-found relatives should be brought into frequent, if not daily contact. There was only one mode by which this could be effected, and that was by

having them as guests at Waylands. Fortunately, the rich old general and his sister were away in Scotland at this time, so that the pressing invitation, of which Drummond in his assumed character was the mouthpiece, had met with a ready response. Mr Pebworth found a convenient service of trains for running backwards and forwards between Waylands and the City as often as he might feel so inclined; Miss Pebworth cherished certain matrimonial designs against her rich cousin; while Mrs Pebworth, though often troubled inwardly when she called to mind that her own house was left in sole charge of a cook and parlour-maid, both of whom doubtless had followers—however stonewallingly they might deny the soft impeachment—did not fail to derive a genuine housewifely pleasure in arranging and putting in order her bachelor nephew's new establishment.

Mr Dempsey and Captain Downes Dyson, whose acquaintance we shall make later on, were business friends of Mr Pebworth; and after a dinner at Simpson's, at which Dick had been present one day when in town, had been invited down to Waylands, on a hint thrown out by that astute individual.

Having stated these necessary preliminaries, we will return to Miss Pebworth, who by this time had seated herself on a rustic chair opposite her father.

'Do you want to speak to me, papa?' she asked.

'I do want to speak to you,' answered Mr Pebworth, as he laid down his paper and removed his eyeglasses. 'I want to know what progress you are making with your cousin.'

'I am making no progress at all. I never shall make any progress with him. I told you so a fortnight ago.'

'Then all your attractions are thrown away upon him—all your pretty coaxing ways are of no avail!'

'Of no avail whatever. Mr Frank Frobisher might be made of mahogany, for any impression I can make on him. I've tried him with half-a-dozen things—with painting first of all. I got Vasari's Lives and a volume of Ruskin, and was for ever talking to him about chiaro-oscuro, backgrounds, foregrounds, middle distances, and mellow tones. At last Frank burst out laughing in my face, called me a little goose, and said I didn't know a bit what I was talking about.'

'Very rude of him, to say the least.'

'I've tried him with other things—racing, hunting, shooting, poetry, landscape-gardening; but all to no purpose. He listens to all I say, agrees with me in everything; but all the time I feel that he is laughing at me in his sleeve.'

'Any signs of a prior attachment?' asked Mr Pebworth after a pause.

'Not that I have been able to discover. He seems utterly indifferent to female society, and to have no enthusiasm about anything.'

'Has probably been jilted, and still feels the smart.'

'I have given up the case as hopeless.'

'Why not make one more effort?'

'It would be quite useless, papa.'

'One more effort, Clunie. Think how magnificent will be the prize if you succeed! Eight thousand a year! Then laying one hand earnestly on her arm, he added: 'It would be my salvation, girl, as well as yours.'

For a few moments they gazed into each other's eyes.

'To please you, papa, I will try once more,' said Clunie at last; 'but I feel how useless it will be.'

'It is a forlorn-hope, I grant; but a forlorn-hope sometimes succeeds through sheer audacity.'

'You have told me nothing yet about the fresh arrivals, Mr Dempsey and Captain Dyson.'

'I can catalogue them for you in very few words. They are both rich, both unmarried; consequently, both eligible. Dempsey is bordering on sixty years of age; Dyson is about thirty. If Dempsey were not a rich man, he would be a travelling showman. His house in Essex is quite a menagerie. Talk natural history to him. Tell him that whenever you go to town, you never fail to spend a long day in the Zoo, and that to you even the hippopotamus is a thing of beauty and a joy for ever.'

'I won't forget.'

'Dyson's mania is for telling long-winded stories about his adventures as a traveller. You must profess to be deeply interested in his narratives, and accept them all as simple statements of fact. Do this, and you can hardly fail to win the heart of Captain Downes Dyson.'

'I understand, papa.'

'Make one more effort with your cousin. If it fail, give him up for a time, and try your hand on Dyson. He is younger, simpler, and will be more easily manipulated than Dempsey. It will be time enough to try the latter when you fail with Dyson. My blessing will accompany your efforts.—Hem! We are no longer alone.'

Mr Pebworth was right. Quite a little group of people, after standing for a few moments in the cool shade of the veranda, were now adventuring across the sunlit lawn. First of all came our long-legged friend Dick Drummond, who was believed by all there to be their host Mr Frank Frobisher. Next to him came Mr Dempsey and Captain Dyson, deep in conversation. Last of all came Elma Deene with her sunny face and lithe graceful figure.

Our friend Richard no longer looked like the same man whose acquaintance we made in Soho. His lionine locks had been shorn away till no more was left of them than would have commanded the critical approval of any military barber. For several days after the operation, Dick averred that he felt quite light-headed. The mathematically straight line down the middle was a source of much trouble to him every morning. His once rugged sandy moustache had not been neglected, but had been trimmed and waxed and coaxed till it would not have done discredit to a captain of dragons. His threadbare velvet jacket, his baggy trousers, and his down-at-heel boots were as things that had never been. The dark tweed suit which he now wore had been constructed by a West End artist; while his patent shoes and snowy gaiters instinctively carried the mind back to the pavements of Piccadilly and Bond Street. In the matter of collars, cuffs, and scarfs, Dick was elaborately got up, while it was a strange experience to him to know that there was no laundress's account in arrears, and that he might indulge in clean linen every day, were he so minded. If he took

out of his pocket once a day the gold chronometer which Frank had made him a present of, he took it out forty times. Only two months ago he had rather despised a man who carried a watch. As for the splendid brilliant which he wore on the third finger of his left hand, all that can be said is, that when one has a moustache, one generally twists it, or tugs at it, or strokes it, as the case may be, with the left hand.

Mr Dempsey, who had been a great dandy once on a time, would fain have persuaded the world that he had not yet forfeited all claim to the appellation. He was thin and tall, and remarkably upright for his years. It was whispered that he wore stays, but that was probably a calumny. His complexion was of that tint which is usually associated with too free an indulgence in old port. He wore a brown curly wig, and his moustache and imperial were dyed to match. He wore his hat jauntily on one side, after the fashion of days gone by. This June morning he had on a long blue frock-coat, a white vest, fancy trousers, and patent boots with straps, not forgetting a moss rosebud and a sprig of maidenhair fern in his button-hole. When he sat down, he sat down with deliberation; and when he got up, he got up with deliberation. Either his clothes fitted him too well, or he was slightly stiff in the joints.

Captain Downes Dyson was a little innocent-looking, fair-complexioned man, with a small fluffy moustache, weak eyes, a thin piping voice, and an eyeglass which was a perpetual source of trouble to him. He was dressed quietly and like a gentleman.

Dick came to a stand in the middle of the lawn and drew forth his chronometer. 'Remember, ladies and gentlemen,' he called out with an air of authority, 'that the drag will be round in two hours from now. Vivat Regina!'

'What place are we going to visit to-day?' asked Dyson.

'The ruins of Belfont Abbey,' answered Dick.

'Ruins again—always ruins,' muttered Mr Dempsey discontentedly. 'I can't see what there is to interest anybody in a heap of old stones.'

Miss Deane overheard the remark. 'A sad state of things when one ruin has no respect for another,' she whispered mischievously to Dick.

Dempsey and Dyson had brought their newspapers and letters with them, and they now sat down at the same table with Pebworth, who was deep again in the *Times*. Clunie had moved away to a seat on the opposite side of the lawn, and there Elma joined her. Dick had found a garden-chair for himself somewhat in the background. Here he sat down, and leaning back, tilted his hat over his eyes, stuck his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat, and—cigar in mouth—went off into a brown-study.

'Time seems of no value in the country,' remarked Mr Pebworth in a casual sort of way. 'Past ten o'clock, and breakfast only just over. A clear loss of two hours per diem.'

'You can easily make up for it by sitting up two hours later at night,' responded the little Captain, who was addicted to post-prandial billiards.

'For my part, I think breakfast a mistake altogether,' said Dempsey. 'Why not follow the

example of the great carnivora, and feed once in twenty-four hours?'

'First catching your food, and then killing it,' interpolated Pebworth.

'And afterwards eating it uncooked,' piped Dyson. 'It would save something in coals and servants.'

'Another mining catastrophe—another hundred or so of widows and orphans thrown on the world,' remarked Pebworth a minute later. Dempsey was waiting with ill-concealed impatience till he should have done with the *Times*. Certainly Pebworth was keeping it an unconscionable time.

'Why don't those mining fellows insure their lives?' asked Dyson.

'As a director of one of the largest insurance companies, I echo the question: Why don't they insure their lives?' This from Dempsey.

'To subscribe to any fund for the benefit of their widows and orphans is an encouragement of wilful improvidence,' resumed Pebworth. 'They won't get a penny of my money.'

'Nor of mine,' asseverated Dempsey.

'Nor of mine,' echoed the Captain.

GUARDING THE QUEEN.

THE many political assassinations that have taken place of late years have thrown upon the police of all countries an immense amount of difficult and delicate work in guarding monarchs, princes, and ministers. In England we have become familiarised with the idea that our leading statesmen must be escorted by detectives wherever they go; and popular as the Queen is, we know that elaborate precautions are taken to protect her every time she appears in public.

Few, however, can be aware of how much anxiety, activity, trouble, and consequent expense, are involved in that word 'protecting.' Looking only at the pecuniary side of the question, the fine which a madman or fanatic inflicts upon a country when he attempts, even without success, to take the life of a ruler, is considerable. The services of detectives have to be paid for; and to do their work properly, these officials must not be stinted of money for telegrams, railway and cab fares, and casual expenses. Sometimes they have to assume disguises, and to pay heavily for secret information as to alleged criminal designs; and though this information is often worthless, the police cannot afford to disregard any item of intelligence bearing upon the safety of the great personages whom they have to guard. Thus, the contents of every letter sent, whether anonymously or not, to Scotland Yard are carefully considered. The mischievous simpletons who concoct untruthful letters for fun, and the foolish busybodies who write to disclose 'suspicious circumstances' that have come under their notice, may all rest satisfied that they cause worry and waste of valuable time, if nothing worse. As the police have sometimes received warnings of great importance through unsigned missives bearing no guarantee of good faith, they make it a rule to investigate all facts not palpably absurd which are revealed to them; and doubtless by so doing they have often been enabled to prevent crimes.

Many an intending criminal must have been balked in his schemes by the timely discovery that his movements were being watched.

To guard a royal residence—that is, to keep an eye on suspicious characters who may prow about it, or seek admittance—requires vigilance, but is easy work compared with the task of protecting the sovereign when she appears in public. Every time the Queen leaves one of her residences, even for an afternoon drive, the event is notified some hours beforehand to the police by the equerry on duty, who announces what itinerary Her Majesty will probably follow. At certain points all along the route, policemen have to be stationed, and detectives are placed at all the spots where the royal carriages are likely to stop. Round Balmoral and Osborne, the roads can be watched without difficulty; but not so round Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace. Whenever crowds can congregate, the difficulties of the police are multiplied. A special superintendent is deputed on ordinary occasions to patrol the line of the royal progress; but when there is a state pageant, this duty is performed by the Chief Commissioner in person. He has to see that not only the policemen in uniform, but the detectives—unsuspected by the crowds among whom they stand—are all at their posts. A regular code of private signals exists by which a detective can make his presence known to his chiefs, and receive short instructions from them, without exciting the attention of bystanders.

The whole detective force of Scotland Yard, however, would be insufficient to keep proper surveillance over miles of streets, as, for instance, when the Queen went to open Epping Forest; so, on such occasions as these, hundreds of policemen 'off duty' are pressed into special service, and turn out in plain clothes. Then, again, there are men who, in consideration of having good places from which to view the procession, act as amateur detectives. Every detective and policeman has a few personal friends who will gladly undertake a duty of this kind, and very often women are among the number. Their instructions are invariably to keep their eyes and ears open; and not to cheer when the procession passes. In this, English detectives differ from those of foreign countries, who are frequently enjoined to start the cheering among the crowds; but the authorities of Scotland Yard have discovered that a detective who is bawling with all his might becomes useless for purposes of espionage. It is precisely when the cheering is loudest that danger is most to be apprehended, for the noise and the swaying of a multitude excite the nerves of the lunatic or criminal who is bent on mischief; therefore the police who are watching the crowd in its moment of greatest enthusiasm should remain perfectly cool.

They have also to protect the sovereign against others besides the evilly disposed, for there are always people who want to thrust petitions or bouquets into the Queen's carriage, or else to shake hands with Her Majesty. Happily, these eccentric individuals generally betray their purpose by their restlessness. The man with a petition keeps feeling his pocket, to assure himself that the precious thing is safe; and as the royal carriage approaches, he half draws out the paper; but by this time a detective has observed

his movements, and a strong hand laid suddenly upon his arm paralyses him at the opportune moment.

It is often lucky for would-be petitioners that they should be pulled back before they can accomplish their purpose; for if that purpose were misunderstood by a loyal mob, they might expose themselves to some very rough handling. The Queen is indeed very well guarded by the affection of her subjects, and, generally speaking, she has rather to fear annoyances from silly people than criminal attempts from vicious ones. This shows what terribly difficult work the police of some foreign countries must have to perform in guarding sovereigns who are unpopular. Occasionally, the English police have a taste of this work, when some of these unpopular potentates visit this country and have to be guarded against subjects of their own living here in exile. When Napoleon III. visited England in 1855, the government of the day suffered agonies of anxiety lest harm should befall him; and these alarms were renewed in 1874, when the late Czar Alexander II. came to London. On both of these occasions, money was poured out like water to insure a proper protection of the illustrious guests; and the police did their work so well, that although there were serious reasons for believing that malevolent refugees were brewing mischief, both Emperors left the country without having heard so much as a rude word. The police, however, may be pardoned for having felt the most pleasurable relief when the visits of these much threatened monarchs came to an end. When the Chief Commissioner, Sir Richard Mayne, received the telegram announcing that Napoleon III. had safely landed in France, he remarked with quiet satisfaction: 'Now I shall be able to get a good night's rest.'

Many of the difficulties of the police in guarding royal personages come from these illustrious persons themselves. Princes who are brave do not like to have their footsteps dogged in private life; and will sometimes grow impatient and angry when they find out that they have been watched for their own good. They have to be watched, nevertheless, whether they like it or not. It would never do for a royal Prince to be kidnapped and detained as a hostage by political or other desperadoes; and so care is taken that wherever a royal Prince may go, he shall always have his invisible escort of police. The Prince of Wales is guarded nearly as vigilantly as the Queen. If he travels by rail, surveillance is kept by the police all down the line; if his Royal Highness hunts, rides, drives, or takes a stroll on foot through any part of the West End, a detective is sure to be close at hand. So it is with other members of the royal family in these agitated times; and irksome as the supervision must be, it has to be submitted to with good grace because of its absolute necessity. The police, however, are sadly worried at times by those foreign Princes who come to visit our own royal family, and who delight in slipping out of palaces for rambles through the streets without giving any notice of their intentions. Some detective or other is always held responsible by his chiefs, and severely reprimanded when such a thing happens; for the police force on guard at the palaces is supposed to be

in a condition to provide for all contingencies of the sort.

It will be seen from all this that the office of court detective is by no means a sinecure; and one may add that it is of all posts that in which faithful, zealous, efficient service obtains the least honour and reward. Not that royal persons are ungrateful to those who guard them properly; but because the men who guard best are naturally those who make the least fuss. It is the duty of a court detective not only to shield Princes from danger, but to conceal from them, so far as possible, that they have been in danger. Thus a man whose sagacity and diligence may over and over again have saved Princes from annoyance or hurt, will often be less appreciated than the more demonstrative servant who, perhaps once in his life, has had the good luck to arrest the arm of an assassin after—not before—the pistol was fired.

HOW WE FORMED OUR VILLAGE LIBRARY.

THE small Scottish fishing-village which we shall meanwhile call Dalbin, is fourteen miles from the nearest railway station. The population within a radius of two miles from the village is only seven hundred souls. To try to establish a public circulating library in such a place might seem Quixotic; but a library has been established, and more than that, is successful. For the benefit of those situated in country districts, and too far from any public library to benefit by it, we propose to tell how the Dalbin public library was established and is conducted.

In the autumn of 1878, a few young men of the place met and talked of what they were to do during the coming winter. Both the Temperance Society and the Debating Club had become defunct, and there was no hope of reviving them. Even if they were revived, they would form an attraction for but a few people, and for only one night in the week. These young men had heard much of the good derived from libraries in other places, and they accordingly agreed that the best thing they could do was to establish one in Dalbin. But where were the necessary funds to come from? It was hopeless to think that the Free Libraries' Act would be adopted in the parish. In the first place, therefore, they posted bills, intimating that a public meeting of all interested would be held in the schoolroom, to consider how a public library could best be established. On the night appointed, twelve young men met, agreed that a library was necessary, appointed a Library Committee and Secretary, and gave their own subscriptions, amounting to three pounds. Four of the Committee were appointed to collect subscriptions from the inhabitants of the district; and in a month they returned with eight pounds as the result of their efforts. The Secretary wrote to several Dalbin young men who were prospering in larger towns elsewhere, and by return of post received three pounds.

It was now the beginning of December; and in order to raise an additional sum of money, they resolved to hold a concert on New-year's Eve. The night of the concert, however, chanced to be

a stormy one, and the net gain amounted to only two pounds.

The treasurer had now in his hands a little over sixteen pounds—a small sum to begin a public library with; but it was resolved to make the trial. And here a new and unexpected difficulty arose. It was all along thought that as there were two small unused classrooms in connection with the Dalbin Public School, there would be no difficulty in obtaining the use of one of these for a library. But when this was asked for, the School-board said that they had no power to grant any of the schoolrooms for such a purpose; and as no other conveniently situated room could be found in Dalbin, the Committee were for a time in a fix. In order to get out of the difficulty, it was resolved that the members of the Library Committee should call on the School-board members as well as on the more influential ratepayers, and explain that the library would not intrude on school work or space. The consequence was that the former resolution of the School-board was rescinded, and the school offered to the Committee on the following conditions: (1) That the teacher had no objections, and would take charge of the library; (2) that the library trustees should be responsible for any damage done to the school buildings; and (3) that the library trustees should insure the building against fire.

The teacher having no objections, not only acquiesced in what the Board had done, but also willingly took charge of the library, and has since continued to be librarian and treasurer. The other conditions were also complied with by the Committee.

Such were the delays arising from these and other causes, that it was nearly midsummer before all the conditions were ratified.

The next step was to buy books. Each of the members suggested such books as he thought would be popular; and the list was then sent to Edinburgh, a friend there being asked to try and purchase them second-hand; and so well was the money invested, that for fourteen pounds they received a parcel containing no fewer than one hundred and seven well-bound standard volumes, which were duly stamped and numbered.

At the beginning of the winter of 1879-80, it was resolved that the library should be opened to the public forthwith. The regulations were few and simple, and copies of them, with a list of the subscribers, were ordered to be hung on the wall. These rules are—(1) The library is open on Tuesday evenings from eight to nine o'clock; (2) the subscription fee is sixpence per quarter, payable in advance; (3) no book can be kept more than a month by any one reader; and (4) any one damaging or failing to return a book is responsible for the same.

It was expected that about ten volumes would be taken out nightly; but all were pleasantly surprised to find that on the first night no fewer than twenty-six came for books; and on the following Tuesday no fewer than thirty-four came. It was evident that if such a drain continued, there would soon be few books, if any, for the subscribers to choose from. The Committee therefore set themselves again to work to supply the demand thus unexpectedly made on them. To begin with, they redoubled their own subscriptions, and

early in March, held a concert, which realised five pounds. The member of parliament for the county gave five pounds; the gentleman who had the shooting of Dalbin, five pounds; and the proprietor of Dalbin, four guineas. In this way, in less than three months, one hundred and ninety new volumes were added. 'Nothing succeeds like success,' and those who at first looked askance at the movement, now subscribed, and became readers.

In due time the annual Report was issued, which showed that for the year 1879-80 the income amounted to twenty-seven pounds; that two hundred and seventy new volumes had been added; that there were as many as sixty-four subscribers; and that eight hundred and fifteen volumes, or sixteen per week, had been taken out. This in Dalbin meant a great deal of reading, as there is seldom more than one who subscribes out of a family, and doubtless each member who wishes has the reading of the book before it is returned.

Another annual Report has since been issued, which shows that the income for the second year had been nineteen pounds; that two hundred and four new volumes were added; that the number of readers was fifty, and the number of volumes taken out eight hundred and eleven. The falling off in 'books taken out' is attributable to the fact, that there was a well-attended singing class carried on for four nights per week during the winter. The deficiency of income also was anticipated, as those interested who gave a donation once were sorely expected to do so again.

Two new experiments have been tried during the year, namely, the lending of books to the school-children at one penny per quarter, and the addition of a few of the monthly magazines. The school-children get books out on the Friday afternoons, and during one year they have thus taken out three hundred and thirteen volumes, of which they were able to tell something when they returned them.

Now that the library has had a fair start, it is calculated that there will be a surplus of two pounds per annum, independently of any donations which may be received from friends. This sum is spent in purchasing books, so that the library is continually though slowly growing. Moreover, so strong has the desire of reading become in a few of those who were the most regular readers, that, seeing they could not gratify themselves at Dalbin they had clubbed together, and now get monthly parcels of books from lending libraries in the larger towns.

STRANGE, BUT TRUE.

Is a very entertaining work entitled *Random Shots by a Rifleman*, written by the late Captain Kincaid of the old 95th Regiment—then the Rifle Brigade—there is a story told which at my first perusal appeared to possess many of the qualities contained in those amusing fictions narrated by Baron Münchhausen. Later, however, on becoming better acquainted with the author, I felt convinced he had been detailing facts; and of this I received unexpected proof in after-life. I regret I have not Captain

Kincaid's work at hand; but, to the best of my recollection, the author's story ran somewhat as follows.

In one of the many actions in which our troops were engaged under Wellington during the Peninsular War, an officer had one of the large muscles of his neck which support the head severed by a Frenchman's bullet. The wound soon healed, and the injured officer suffered from it little inconvenience beyond that of having to carry his head rather drooping to the one side. At the battle of Waterloo this officer was also present, and was again wounded in the neck by a bullet, which, strange to say, cut through the opposite muscle of his neck supporting his head; and thus the second rectified the mischief done by the first bullet; and, as a matter of fact, the officer's head was set straight upon his shoulders. When writing the above story, Captain Kincaid was apparently fully aware of its improbable nature; and in justice to himself, adds: 'I would not have dared to repeat this story, were not the wounded officer alive at the time of my writing, and ready to corroborate the same.' Captain Kincaid then proceeds to give the officer's name, together with that of his residence; both of which I at present forget, but which are to be found in *Random Shots*.

I may here say that I was not in the habit of repeating the above story; for although I felt perfect faith in Captain Kincaid's veracity, I could not but fear there might be those who would doubt my own. It happened, however, in the year 1847 that I, when quartered at Sheffield, attended a yeomanry dinner, during the course of which the conversation turned upon the subject of remarkable wounds; and on this occasion I was tempted to add Captain Kincaid's story to others almost equally startling. As I had expected, I noticed that the story was received with incredulous smiles, the further development of which politeness alone prevented. I could not follow Captain Kincaid's example, and give the name of the wounded officer, nor the place of his residence; I had forgotten both; and I felt myself rapidly sinking in the esteem of the company, when, to my surprise and delight, one of the yeomanry officers present—a gentleman almost a perfect stranger to me, but well known to the rest of the company—remarked in a distinct voice across the table: 'You have told that story very well, sir. There is, however, one fact of importance you have omitted to mention, namely, that in consequence of both the muscles of the neck having been injured, the head of the gentleman, although straight, has very much sunk on to his shoulders. He is a friend of mine, and well known to others in this neighbourhood, and at present resides within ten miles of this town.' The yeomanry officer then repeated the name and residence of the wounded officer, thus corroborating Captain Kincaid.

The second story I wish to relate is as follows.

On first joining my regiment in the Bombay Presidency, I was, like most young men, very desirous of an opportunity of hunting large game; and in order that I might not behave myself like a thorough 'griff' on my first interview with the denizens of the Indian jungles, I proceeded to study all works treating on the subject of *shikar* which came in my way. Amongst others, I became much interested in a book written by Major Forbes, then of the 78th Highlanders, and which was styled *Ten Years' Residence in Ceylon*. At the time to which I refer, my regiment was brigaded with the Ross-shire Buffs, and I was not unfrequently brought into contact with Major Forbes both at the mess-table and on duty. I soon learned to esteem this officer both as an excellent soldier and as a fine specimen of the Scottish gentleman, one who under no circumstances would wilfully utter or propagate an untruth. In the book above referred to, Major Forbes gives a pleasantly written description of many parts of the island of Ceylon, interlarded occasionally with interesting anecdotes connected with the pursuit of large game. Amongst other stories, the author details one which, had I not been personally acquainted with Major Forbes, I should in all probability have soon forgotten, or remembered only as one of those fictions so frequently narrated in order to impart a raciness to an otherwise dull book.

The story as given by Major Forbes ran, to the best of my recollection, much as follows. An officer belonging to one of the regiments then stationed in Ceylon, had with him, when on an excursion hunting wild elephants, an old-fashioned single-barrelled gun of the pattern in vogue before the introduction of the patent breech. To this old-fashioned fowling-piece, there was no breech block, but the near part of the barrel was secured by a tongue of iron, which overlapped, and which was screwed in to the upper face of the stock. On the present occasion, this old-fashioned weapon, on being fired, burst, and a large portion of the iron which formed the breech, together with the tongue and screw which connected the barrel to the stock, was forcibly driven into his head. Major Forbes adds that this officer, badly wounded as he was, survived ten years, and lived with this lump of iron in his head without suffering any serious inconvenience; and that he afterwards died from the effects of fever. Thus far from Major Forbes's book.

In the year 1849, it happened that in company with a brother-officer, and under the guidance of one of the senior medical officers at Fort Pitt, I was inspecting the Museum connected with that Hospital. Suddenly, my eyes lighted on an object of which I had not been thinking for many years, but which I at once recognised as the breech of the old gun so accurately described by the author of *Ten Years' Residence in Ceylon*. In order that there might be no mistake, I inquired of the doctor whether he could tell me what the object was, and further whether he knew anything of the history connected with it. 'That,' said he, 'is the model of the breech of a gun, the original of which was cut out from the head of a deceased officer in Ceylon, after it had been imbedded in it during ten years of his life.' Here was corroboration number one of Major Forbes's story.

A few years later, I happened to be strolling on the parade-ground at Lahore, and in company with the surgeon of the 96th Regiment, I was conversing on the subject of the wonderful recovery made from gunshot and other wounds. Remembering that my companion had served for a considerable time in Ceylon, I inquired whether he had ever heard of the extraordinary case mentioned by Major Forbes, of an officer living for ten years with the breech of a gun lodged in his head. To my astonishment, he replied: 'Not only have I heard of the case, but I was, moreover, at the time very much concerned with it. I happened to be,' he continued, 'in the immediate neighbourhood when the occurrence took place; and the wounded man was brought to me first for medical advice and treatment. I at once recommended that the block of iron should be cut out; but as at that time I was a young assistant-surgeon, the officer hesitated to accept my advice, and requested he might be taken in to the nearest station, there to see and consult with the surgeon of his own regiment. This surgeon was rather behind the age in the science of operations, and pronounced it as his opinion that there was less danger to be apprehended in permitting the iron to remain in the wounded man's head than in the making any attempt to extract it.' My friend the surgeon of the 96th went on to say: 'I remained in Ceylon for many years after this accident, and I may say watched the result. The wounded officer continued to enjoy very fair health, and to perform duty with his regiment for upwards of ten years.'

'His death occurred in the following manner. An officer belonging to the same regiment was about to proceed to England on sick-leave, in fact suffering from a disease of the lungs. On the eve of the day of his departure, this officer found himself at a late hour at the mess-table in company with the man who had survived for so many years the accident occasioned by the bursting of his gun. These two were the only occupants of the mess-table, and had, there is little doubt, imbibed more wine than was good for them. Somehow, in drinking parting bumpers, they lapsed from the maudlin into the quarrelsome state, and began the one to twit the other with his infirmities. At last he of the weak lungs being stung by some remark from his companion regarding the delicacy of his chest, backed himself to shout the louder and the longer of the two. This challenge was accepted. The contest had, however, not long continued, when, with a hand pressed to his temples, the man with the wound in his head rose up from the table and staggered off to his quarters. That night he became very ill; and in three days the man who had for the last ten years of his life carried a lump of iron in his head almost with impunity, succumbed to an attack of brain-fever. After death, his head was opened; and it was then discovered that this lump of iron had been slowly but surely working its way towards the brain, from which it had latterly only been separated by a thin skin or membrane. In his insane exertions to compete in noise with his weak-chested companion on the night mentioned, he had ruptured this membrane. The iron coming into contact and pressing upon the brain, had produced brain-

fever, from which the unfortunate man died within three days.

Here my friend concluded his narrative, and completed a full corroboration of Major Forbes's story.

THE HUMOURS OF EXAMINATIONS.

As a rule, examinations are not regarded by the outside world as occasions on which a display of humour may be expected. But if exceptions prove the rule, then may examinations claim to afford a very rich fund of ludicrous incidents. There are naturally varied circumstances in examinations which call forth the wit of the candidate. The humour varies, in fact, with the particular person who is being examined, and what is the topic of conversation between examiner and candidate. There is to be distinguished a medical as well as a legal humour; and conspicuous amongst the occasions which afford opportunity for the display of the ludicrous, are those examinations which, dignified by the name of 'general knowledge' trials, afford a very wide and rich field for the ingenuity of candidates.

A thought may suggest itself to readers who reflect upon the subject of examination-humour, that of all circumstances, the position of a candidate at an examination table is the least likely situation to evoke a sense of the humorous. The racking of the brain to find an answer to an oral question, the knowledge that the examiner is waiting with a fixity of gaze for one's reply, and the desperation with which at last the candidate may rise to the occasion, form a series of circumstances, out of which a joke might be regarded as least likely to arise. But it is this very desperation which is frequently the natural parent of the witticism. The candidate makes up his mind to say or write something, and that something, as often as not, is, in an innocent moment of inspiration, a joke.

One of the frequent causes of humour at examinations is of course the ignorance of candidates. A person was once asked to answer the question, 'Who was Beau?' His reply was highly characteristic. 'Beau,' said he, 'was a man who wrote fables, and who sold the copyright to a publisher for a bottle of potash!' The confusion of 'Beau' and 'Æsop,' of 'copyright' and 'birthright,' of 'pottage' and 'potash,' is an example of humour of by no means an unusual class. Another student was asked to give some account of Wolsey. His reply was unique. 'Wolsey was a famous General who fought in the Crimean War, and who, after being decapitated several times, said to Cromwell: "Ah, if I had only served you as you have served me, I would not have been deserted in my old age!"'

In an examination destined to test the general knowledge of young lads about to enter the ranks of professional student-life, a series of questions was put as tests of the reading of the candidates. The following were some of the replies obtained from the aspiring youths. 'What was the Star Chamber?' Answer: 'An astronomer's room!'—'What was meant by the "Year of Jubilee?"' Answer: 'Leap-year.'—'What was the "Bronze

Age?" Answer: 'When the new pennies became current coin of the realm.'—'What are the "Letters of Junius?"' Answer: 'Letters written in the month of June.'—'What is the Age of Reason?' Answer: 'The time that has elapsed since the person of that name was born!'

The replies given to questions of a scientific nature are often of a remarkably curious, not to say extraordinary kind, and appear frequently to result from a want of appreciation of the exact meaning of the teaching. We know, for example, of a student in a popular class of physiology, who on being asked to describe the bones of the arm, stated in the course of his reply that the bone of the upper arm (named *humerus* in anatomy) 'was called the *humorous*, and that it received its name because it was known as the "funny bone." The Latin name of the bone had evidently become confused in the student's mind with the popular name given to the elbow, the nerve of which on being violently struck, say, against a piece of furniture, gives rise to the well-known sensation of 'pins and needles' in the arm and hand. Another answer given in an anatomy class is worth recording. The teacher had described the *tarsus* or ankle-bones—the scientific name of course being simply the Latin equivalent for the ankle. No such philological idea had troubled at least the student who replied to a question concerning the ankle, 'That it was called the *tarsus* because St Paul had walked upon it, to the city of that name!' Still more ludicrous was the confusion of ideas which beset a student who was questioned regarding the nature of the organ known as the *pancreas* or 'sweetbread,' which, as most readers know, is an organ situated near the stomach, and supplying a fluid of great use to the digestion of food. The reply of this latter student was as follows: 'The sweetbread is called the *Pancreas*, being so named after the Midland Railway Station in London!' Anything more extraordinary or ludicrous than the confusion of ideas as to the relation between St *Pancreas* Railway Station and an organ of the human body, can hardly be conceived.

It is related of a rough-and-ready examiner in medicine that on one occasion having failed to elicit satisfactory replies from a student regarding the muscular arrangements of the arm and legs, he somewhat brusquely said: 'Ah! perhaps, sir, you could tell me the names of the muscles I would put in action were I to kick you!'—'Certainly, sir,' replied the candidate; 'you would put in motion the flexors and extensors of my arms, for I should use them to knock you down!' History is silent, and perhaps wisely so, concerning the fate of this particular student. The story is told of a witty Irish student, who, once upon a time, appeared before an Examining Board to undergo an examination in medical jurisprudence. The subject of examination was poisons, and the examiner had selected that deadly poison prussic acid as the subject of his questions. 'Pray, sir,' said he to the candidate, 'what is a poisonous dose of prussic acid?' After cogitating for a moment, the student replied with promptitude: 'Half an ounce, sir!' Horrified at the extreme ignorance of the candidate, the examiner exclaimed: 'Half an ounce! Why, sir, you must be dreaming! That is an amount which would poison a community, sir, not to speak of an

individual!—'Well, sir,' replied the Hibernian, 'I only thought I'd be on the safe side when you asked a poisonous dose!—'But pray, sir,' continued the examiner, intent on ascertaining the candidate's real knowledge, 'suppose a man did swallow half an ounce of prussic acid, what treatment would you prescribe?'—'I'd ride home for a stomach-pump,' replied the unabashed student.—'Are you aware, sir,' retorted the examiner, 'that prussic acid is a poison which acts with great rapidity?'—'Well, yes,' replied the student.—'Then, sir, suppose you did such a foolish thing as you have just stated,' said the examiner; 'you ride home for your stomach-pump; and on returning you find your patient dead. What would you, or what could you do then?' asked the examiner in triumph, thinking he had driven his victim into a corner whence there was no escape.—'What would I do?' reiterated the student. 'Do?—why, I'd hold a post-mortem!' For once in his life, that examiner must have felt that dense ignorance united to a power of repartee was more than a match for him.

Incidents of a highly ludicrous nature frequently occur in the examination of patients both by doctors and by students. A Professor on one occasion was lecturing to his class on the means of diagnosing disease by the external appearance, face, and other details of the patient. Expressing his belief that a patient before the class afforded an example of the practice in question, the Professor said to the individual: 'Ah! you are troubled with gout!'—'No, sir,' said the man; 'I've never had any such complaint!'—'But,' said the Professor, 'your father must have had gout!'—'No, sir,' was the reply; 'nor my mother either!'—'Ah, very strange,' said the Professor to his class. 'I'm still convinced that this man is a gouty subject. I see that his front teeth show all the characters which we are accustomed to note in gout.'—'Front teeth!' ejaculated the patient.—'Yes,' retorted the Professor; 'I'm convinced my diagnosis is correct. You have gout, sir!'—'Well, that beats everything,' replied the man; 'it's the first time, sir, I've ever heard of false teeth having the gout! I've had this set for the last ten years!' The effect of this sally on the part of the patient, upon the inquisitorial Professor and his students, may be better imagined than described.

Occasionally within the precincts of colleges and universities, a rich vein of humour may be struck in a very unexpected fashion. On one occasion a Professor, noticing that certain members of his class were inattentive during the lecture, suddenly arrested his flow of oratory, and addressing one of the students, said: 'Pray, Mr Johnston, what is your opinion of the position of the animals just described, in the created scale?'—'Mr Johnston' was forced to say that 'really he had no views whatever on the subject.'—Whereupon, the Professor turning to a second inattentive student—who had evidently not caught 'Mr Johnston's' reply or its purport—said: 'Mr Smith, what is your opinion of the position of these animals in the classified series?'—'O sir,' replied the innocent Smith, 'my opinions exactly coincide with those just expressed so lucidly and clearly by Mr Johnston!'

There are examiners, and examiners, of course; some stern, others mild and encouraging; some

who try to discover what a student knows, and others whose aim appears to be rather that of elucidating the ignorance of the candidates who appear before them. But to the end of time, there will be humour mixed with the grave concerns of testing knowledge, which is, for both sides, a hard enough task. The student who, when asked by a stern examiner what he would recommend in order to produce copious perspiration in a patient, replied, 'I'd make him try to pass an examination before you, sir!' had a keen sense of humour, which it is to be hoped the examiner appreciated. His answer was in keeping with the question which has been argued by us and by others, whether the whole subject of examinations, as at present conducted, should not be thoroughly overhauled and revised.

WASHED ASHORE.

Lines suggested by some foreign letters picked up on the east coast of Scotland, after a storm.

To-night there is a storm at sea;
I hear the breakers roar;
There comes across the grassy lea
The thunder of the shore,
And pity burrs within my soul
For those upon the deep.
Kind Saviour Christ, do Thou control
The waves, and bid them sleep!

A week ago, one walked alone
Across yon sandy beach,
And close beside a rocky stone,
Out of the billows' reach,
He found, washed up 'mid weeds and shells,
These letters, stained and worn—
Sad records of some heart that dwells
All lonely and forlorn.

Some sad-eyed woman dwells remote
From the tempestuous sea,
And months ago those letters wrote—
An aching heart had she;
Her sailor-husband far away
Bore in his faithful breast
Those lines of hers which speak to-day
Of home, and love, and rest.

She tells him of her lonely life,
And how she prays that he
May not forget his loving wife
While on the stormy sea;
And how she asks that God would keep
His vessel from all ill,
And, as of old, make winds to sleep,
And furious waves be still.

Alas! a schooner on our shore,
By stormy billows tossed,
Went down amid the tempest's roar,
And every soul was lost!
So still, a woman, heavy-eyed,
May wait in hope at home
For him whom neither wind nor tide
Shall help across the foam.

Ah, me! the wind blows loud to-night.
Christ save poor souls at sea!
Burn brightly every beacon-light
Wherever ships may be.

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A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

THIS term is so generally understood, that any comment upon it is almost superfluous. It is, however, no slang phrase, but one of the oldest of proverbial expressions, dating apparently as far back as the latter end of the eighth century. We are told that the Emperor Charlemagne, in his expedition against the Saracens in 778, was accompanied by two pages, named Roland and Oliver, who were so excellent and so equally matched, that the equality became proverbial—'I'll give you a Roland for your Oliver,' being the same as the vulgar saying, 'Tit for tat'; that is: 'I'll give you the same [generally in a retaliatory sense] as you give me'; or the more classical one of *Quid pro quo*, to be even with one. Its proper adaptation, however, as understood at the present day, will be much better explained by a few humorous illustrations.

A very clever reply to a somewhat satirical remark was that given to Louis XV. by Cardinal Richelieu, who was a nobleman as well as a priest. A celebrated Archbishop of Paris, Hardouin de Beaumont de Perefex, was appointed preceptor to His Majesty. One day he preached a notable sermon before the Court of France, which touched principally upon the duties of the nobility. 'Ah!' said the king to Richelieu, 'the preacher has thrown a vast quantity of stones into your garden to-day.'—'Yes, sire,' answered the Cardinal; 'and a few have fallen into the royal park.' A courtly amount of etiquette of expression is observable in this answer, with which we may presume that even royalty itself could in novice be offended.

Equally as good is the following, in which we shall carefully note by the way that praise has different effects on different minds. The Emperor Alexander of Russia, during the occupation of Paris, was present at the anniversary of one of the hospitals. Plates for contributions were passed round, and they were borne by some of the patrons' wives and daughters. The plate presented to the Emperor was held by an

extremely pretty girl. As he liberally gave his louis-d'ors, he whispered: 'Mademoiselle, this is for your beautiful bright eyes.' The charming little damsel politely courtied, and immediately presented the plate again. 'What!' said the Emperor in amazement, 'more?'—'Yes, sire,' said she. 'I now want something for the poor.'

It is related of Mr Hamilton of Dykebar, a well-known farmer, that, visiting the palace of Hamilton on a certain day, and brought into conversation with the late Duke, His Grace—always so pliant and courteous in his demeanour, and pleased with the humour of the old farmer—said in a jocular way: 'Pray, Mr Hamilton, where in our ancestral tree am I to look for your family?'—'Oh!' replied the old man, drawing a long breath, as if astonished—'what would ever think of looking for the root among the branches?' The Duke laughed heartily at this, and added: 'Quite true, quite true; it would indeed be folly to do so.'

Speaking of farmers, the following anecdote, as related by a Sussex gentleman, may claim especial notice, being so pointedly connected with our present subject. It exhibits also the peculiar disadvantages an agriculturist has to contend against in farming near a populous town.

'One day,' said this gentleman, 'before harvest, I met a fashionably dressed person with a large handful of ears of wheat, taken from my fields. I saluted him respectfully, and expressed my admiration of the beauty of the wheat. "Yes," said he; "it is truly a fine sample, and does the farmer great credit who grew it." I acknowledged the compliment, and asked him from which of my fields he took it. After he had pointed it out, he assured me he always liked to take a good sample home, as it interested the ladies. Upon this, noticing with admiration the style of his coat, I asked him to allow me to look at the skirt. He readily did so; and I quietly took out my pen-knife and cut a large piece from the tail. The gentleman bounced and swore; but I told him I always took samples of cloth, as I found they greatly interested my wife. I added, that he had

no more right to take my wheat than I to take his coat, and that I wished the public to bear this truth in mind.'

This was experience bought with a vengeance. It is more often than not a very dear school; but some people will learn in no other, and scarcely even in that.

On one occasion, an English gentleman, who possessed a keen wit, was at a brilliant assembly of the *élite* of Vienna, where a distinguished lady of that city frequently amused herself and immediate circle of friends by saying smart and rather uncourteous things, evidently for the purpose of annoyance. 'By the way,' inquired his fair interrogator, 'how is it your countrymen speak French so very imperfectly? We Austrians use it with the same freedom as if it were our native tongue.'—'Madame,' retorted the Englishman in the blandest manner, 'I really cannot say, unless it be that the French army have not been twice in our capital to teach it, as they have been in yours.'

One of the most distinguished incidents of Zimmermann's life was the summons which he received to attend Frederick the Great in his last illness in 1786. One day the king said to this eminent physician: 'You have, I presume, sir, helped many a man into another world?' Any ordinary person would doubtless have been scared by so momentous an inquiry, and it was, in fact, a somewhat bitter pill for the Doctor; but the dose he gave the king in return was a judicious mixture of truth and flattery: 'Not so many as your Majesty, nor with so much honour to myself.'

As all classes of individuals, from the highest to the lowest, are liable at times to meet with a Roland for an Oliver, we must not even exempt those shrewd men of the world termed lawyers. A seafaring man was called upon to stand as a witness. 'Well, sir,' said the lawyer, 'do you know the plaintiff and defendant?' After a moment's hesitation, Jack declared his inability to comprehend the meaning of these words. 'What! not know the meaning of plaintiff and defendant?' continued the energetic inquirer. 'An intelligent fellow you must be to come here as a witness! Can you tell me where on board the vessel it was that that man struck the other one?'—'Certainly I can,' replied the sailor; 'it was abaft the binnacle.'—'And pray,' asked the lawyer, 'what do you mean by that?'—'Well, that's good,' responded the witness; 'you must be a pretty fellow to come here as a lawyer and don't know what abaft the binnacle means.'

At another time, a lawyer, in cross-examining a witness, asked him, among other questions, where he was on a particular day; to which he replied that he had been in the company of two friends. 'Friends!' exclaimed his tormentor; 'two thieves, I suppose, you mean?'—'They may be so,' replied the witness drily, 'for they are both lawyers.'

A good story is told of a certain Bishop, who, from information received, felt it his paramount duty to remonstrate with one of his clergy for hunting; and so the reverend Nimrod was expostulated with by his chief.—'Well, your lordship,' was the reply, 'I think you will agree with me that not a little generalship is required in the management and marshalling of

our pleasures, and I really don't see that it is any worse than going to a ball.'—'I conclude,' rejoined his lordship, 'that you allude to having seen my name among the list at the Duchess of M——'s ball; but I assure you I was not in the same room with the dancers during any part of the evening!'—'That, my lord, is exactly my case,' was the calm rejoinder; 'I am never in the same field with the hounds!' After such mutual explanations on both sides, we must not be surprised to hear that the conversation suddenly dropped.

By 'turning the table,' as it were, upon the enemy, a common soldier of the Russian army proved himself equal to the occasion, and speedy promotion was the fortunate result. It appears that Suvorof, the well-known eccentric general, used frequently to ask his young officers and soldiers the most absurd questions, considering it a proof of smartness on their part if they gave a prompt reply, and hating above all things 'I don't know' as an answer. He one day went up to a sentry, and as the man presented arms, Suvorof said: 'Tell me how many buttons there are on the uniforms of fifty thousand men?'—'I can't say,' replied the soldier, very naturally; upon which the marshal, according to his custom, began to abuse him for an ignoramus and rate him for his stupidity. The sentry, however, knowing Suvorof's character, took courage, and said: 'Well, sir, perhaps it's not every question your Excellency could answer yourself; for instance, there are my two old maiden aunts—would you please to tell me their names?'—The man's quickness atoned for his apparent impudence in the eyes of the general; and the soldier was elevated from the ranks the following morning, his promotion being the turning-point to an ultimately distinguished career.

It need scarcely be said, however, that the same good fortune does not always attend every answer to a question raised by a superior person, absurd or eccentric as the matter may be. It is well known, for instance, that Frederick, king of Prussia, conqueror as he was, sustained a severe defeat at Köslin in the war of 1756. Some time after, at a review, he jocosely asked a soldier who had got a deep cut across his face—'My good friend, at what particular alehouse did you get that ugly-looking scratch?'—'I got it,' answered the man, 'at Köslin, where your Majesty paid the reckoning.' It is extremely doubtful if any reward or promotion followed on this occasion; but if so, history has unfortunately failed to make any note of the circumstance.

Again, there are people who mistake impertinence for wit, and often get rather more than one Roland for their Oliver. One of these persons, a foppish nobleman, seeing Descartes enjoying the pleasures of the table, said: 'So, sir, I see philosophers can indulge in the greatest delicacies and good cheer.'—'Why not?' replied the other. 'Do you really entertain such an idea as to imagine Providence intended all good things for the foolish and ignorant?'

In thorough conformity with our subject, numberless instances might be quoted in which the humour is somewhat of a 'broader' kind. A young man in America during an electioneering contest, suddenly shouted out: 'Hurrah for Jackson!' at which a Van Buren man exclaimed,

angrily: 'Hurrah for a Jackass!'—'All right, old man,' said the youth; 'we won't quarrel over such trifles; you can hurrah for your favourite candidate, and I'll do the same for mine.'

Examples culled from historical records are occasionally open to serious doubts, and it would be extremely hazardous at times to give a guarantee for their perfect truth. Apart, however, from these grave misgivings, they serve their purpose in an admirable manner in illustrating such subjects as those we have in hand, as the following concluding anecdote will amply testify.

Henry Carey, a cousin to Queen Elizabeth, after having enjoyed Her Majesty's favour for several years, lost it in this manner. As he was walking in the garden of the palace under the queen's window, she asked him, in a jocular manner: 'What does a man think when he is thinking of nothing?' The answer was a very brief one. 'Upon a woman's promise,' he replied. —'Well done, cousin,' said Elizabeth; 'excellent!' Some time after, he solicited the honour of a peerage, and reminded the queen that she had promised it to him. 'True,' said Her Majesty; 'but that was a woman's promise.'

ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOB.

CHAPTER IV.—I AM THE MARCHIONESS.

THE lawyer was right. The unmistakable dash and clash of hoofs and wheels heralded the anticipated arrival. Then, after a brief delay, the door was opened, and the groom of the chambers announced: 'The Marchioness, my Lady! and Miss Carew!'

Lady Barbara stepped forward with a stately tenderness of manner that became her well, to greet her widowed niece, as the two sisters in their mourning garb appeared in the doorway. Mr Pontifex stood, bowing and smiling, in the background as the two girlish figures approached. She who came first, threw her arms round Lady Barbara's neck, exclaiming in a voice half-stifled by emotion: 'I little thought when I left home—it seems but yesterday—that I should return here alone, and—and—' Yes, dear aunt, it is the coming back to old Castel Vawr that brings my bereavement with fresh sorrow—the pain of it—back to me. I feel just now as I did when—when— And she broke down, sobbing.

An outburst of passionate grief, even in our placid epoch, is contagious. Mr Pontifex took snuff more demonstratively than was usual with him. It was in a very softened tone, and in a quasi-maternal manner, that Lady Barbara said: 'Be comforted, my child—my poor Clare; you are at home again now, dear, and with friends.—Here is Mr Pontifex, whom you may remember, perhaps; added the chatelaine of Castel Vawr, as she recalled the presence of the family lawyer.—'Yes, yes; you are back with us again, in England, and at home; and then, too, you have your sister, Miss Cora.' And Lady Barbara

held out her hand, with a smile that was meant to be cordial, to the pale, fair girl who stood, as if hesitating, a pace behind, and who now came forward, and with the colour fluttering in her cheek, said, in a faltering voice: 'You mistake me, aunt—Lady Barbara! Do you not know me, then? I am the Marchioness!'

The other sister, still sobbing, started, and turning towards the last speaker, said, in a tone of bewilderment: 'Why, Cora? O sister—my poor Cora—what can all this mean?'

Lady Barbara herself drew back, astonishment in her eyes, displeasure in her voice. 'Miss Carew!' she said grimly.

The girl thus addressed grasped the chair beside her for support, and in a voice that was even less steady than before, made answer: 'I am Lady Leominster. I was Wilfred's wife. Shocked though I am, and surprised as I am, I must repeat that this is the truth.'

Mr Pontifex, who had been fidgeting uneasily to and fro on the hearthrug, now began to arch his gray eyebrows seriously enough, as if he saw that matters were taking a graver turn than had been usual in his large experience of commonplace persons and events. He took off his gold-rimmed spectacles, rubbed the glasses and re-adjusted them on his nose, and then stepped forward, clearing his voice before he said, somewhat awkwardly, for even a solicitor can be bashful: 'This is a painful scene, very painful to me, I can assure you, Lady Barbara. There must be some grievous mistake, or some over-excitement, to account for—for so extraordinary an affair.'

Lady Barbara, with a face that was very grave indeed, drew herself up to the full height, and said earnestly: 'Miss Cora—Miss Carew! I appeal to you to give up this most unseemly contest, and be your better self again. I entreat you, for all our sakes, not to continue this ill-judged claim, which can but trouble the peace of the family with which you are connected, and which must be useless to yourself!'

She to whom this speech was addressed made answer: 'Lady Barbara Montgomery, I can prove what I say.'

Her sister here broke in almost in a shriek. 'I see it all!' she cried; 'I see it now clearly, only too clearly. It is the doing of that wicked Frenchwoman, that so-called Comtesse de Lalouve, with whom you, my poor misled Cora, became, unhappily, so intimate on board the *Cyprius*, on our voyage home from Egypt. She it is who has prompted you to this, and she alone, I feel sure of it, for my own pure-hearted sister would never of herself have—' Ah, it is terrible—base!—Cora, darling, my poor, loved Cora, listen to the pleading of your better angel—fling aside the sinful fancy—give up this cruel wrong to her who loves you, and take my full and free forgiveness, dearest, and your twin-sister's lifelong love!'

'Never!' was the passionate rejoinder, amidst stormy sobs—'never! You madden me. I—I—am indeed—Clare—Lady Leominster!' And the girl, sinking on the sofa near her, buried her beautiful head among the silken cushions and wept with a passion of grief that could not be checked. Lady Barbara's expostulations went for nothing. So did the caresses and the soft words of the sister who knelt beside her. Mr Pontifex, elevating his bushy brows into the form of the Saracenic arch, took prodigious quantities of his highly-scented snuff as he surveyed the scene.

For a long time—it seemed long; but a period of excitement cannot be accurately gauged by the matter-of-fact standard of mere seconds and minutes—the weeping girl remained as it were alone with her own thoughts, and paid no heed to the remonstrances of Lady Barbara or to the entreaties of her sister. At last she rose, pushing back as she did so, with an impatient gesture, the golden hair that hung disordered over her temples, and with a set stern face, that indicated a courage strangely at variance with her youthful appearance and slender form. 'Lady Barbara,' she said resolutely, 'I have made up my mind, and will stay no longer where my word is doubted and my position denied. I shall leave this house. I shall go to London. With my brother I can find a refuge, until it is proved—as I am resolved it shall be—that I am Marchioness of Leominster, and should be mistress here.' There were no tears in her eyes now, though she was pale, and her features had hardened to the cold beauty of sculptured marble. She never faltered in her resolve; and Lady Barbara, who was used to speak with authority, felt the words of well-meant expostulation die away upon her lips.

Mr Pontifex, who had been restlessly rubbing his plump hands together, and blinking like an elderly owl in the daylight, now came to the front. 'May I ask,' he said in a quick business-like tone, which indicated a certain inward sense of satisfaction at his own presence of mind, 'which lady wears the wedding ring?' His eye fastened as he spoke on the marble-white face of the beautiful girl who had last spoken. Instantly she snatched off her glove, showing the golden circlet on her slender finger. The other, too, slowly ungloved her hand, whereon also glistened a wedding ring!

The lawyer, like Lady Barbara, was for a moment struck dumb with astonishment. He stood for a little, as if considering what to do next. Then he spoke. 'Allow me to ask,' he said, 'if none of the servants who have travelled with you can help us out of this difficulty?'

'Yes,' said the sister who had declared her intention of quitting the house for London; 'call Pinnett, my maid; she travelled with us from Egypt.'

Pinnett was called.

'There is a slight difficulty here,' said the lawyer in his best judicial tone to the maid. 'Will you be so good as point out to us which of these two ladies'—indicating the sisters with a wave of the hand—'is my Lady the Marchioness?'

There was no hesitation in Pinnett's manner. She promptly turned towards them, and pointing to the sister who had first entered the room

and addressed herself as the widow to Lady Barbara, said: 'That is the Marchioness.'

'Oh, Pinnett,' cried the sister about to be exiled, 'how had you the heart to do it!'

The lawyer, with mobile eyebrows and pursed lips, retreated a pace or two and again sought counsel from his snuff-box. But Lady Barbara, fairly shocked at the deliberate duplicity which had been exhibited before her eyes, drew herself up to her full height, and said slowly and frostily to the sister who had last spoken—'Miss Carew has chosen her path in life. She had better act up to her expressed determination, and—go!'

Then worthy Mr Pontifex again came forward. He must, he begged to remind Lady Barbara, be in London that night. He should be most happy, as an old friend and legal adviser of—ahem! both families, to escort the young lady, whose position at Castel Vavr could not be otherwise than distressing and difficult, to her brother's house in Bruton Street.

'I knew Sir Fulford Carew well, very well,' he added; 'likewise old Sir Prideaux; and have seen Sir Pagan, and shall be glad to be of service in this emergency.'

'You are very kind, sir—I thank you. I am ready,' said the girl, speaking in the hard, mechanical tone of a sleep-walker, as she turned towards the door.

'Cora!' pleaded her sister, but quite in vain. 'Rest and refreshment at least'—Lady Barbara began.

'I want neither,' was the cold reply; 'when Mr Pontifex is ready to go, I am also.'

Lady Barbara rang the bell. A servant who answered the summons received orders to send round the carriage that was to convey Mr Pontifex to the station.

'The young lady's luggage?' asked the lawyer in an audible whisper.

'It shall be sent to-morrow,' replied Lady Barbara magisterially; 'We will have what is necessary for immediate requirements unpacked and placed in the carriage.'

'My maid has all the keys,' said the sister of her who was about to depart, self-exiled, from the stately English home so recently reached.

Very soon the final arrangements were hurried through, and the carriage was announced.

There was a hasty leave-taking on the part of Mr Pontifex, who was anxious to abridge a painful scene. But without a word or gesture of farewell, the pallid beautiful girl, upon whom all eyes were bent, turned to go. Twice she spoke, first as she left the great drawing-room, and again after she had traversed the huge hall, and was crossing the outer threshold. 'I shall come back,' she said each time—'I shall come back, and as mistress here; ' but she uttered the phrase in the same cold monotonous cadence, as of one who talks in sleep. Never once did she look at her sister; never once did she reply to the words which that sister continued to address to her to the last. Her demeanour was unchanged as she sat in the carriage on its way to the station, and in the train on its journey to London. When, in the lawyer's company, she was in the cab that rattled through the gaslit metropolitan thoroughfares towards her brother's bachelor abode in

Bruton Street, she murmured half unconsciously, but in a tone too low to catch the ear of Mr Pontifex: 'The die is cast; I must assert my own. I cannot spare her now!'

(To be continued.)

BOOK GOSSIP.

A most interesting book comes to hand on the much-debated, and vexed question of the treatment of our poorest classes. It is entitled, *Social Wrackage: A Review of the Laws of England as they affect the Poor* (London: Isbister), and is from the pen of Mr Francis Peek, a gentleman whose experience as a member of the London School Board, and as an earnest and sympathetic investigator into the condition of the poor, renders him qualified to speak on a subject which must always owe more to practical inquiry than to mere abstract thinking. A few years ago Mr Peek issued a little book dealing with 'Our Laws and our Poor,' which book received at the time much and favourable consideration from the press. This book being now out of print, the author rightly judged that, instead of reprinting it, he would better serve the public and the cause he had at heart, by publishing the present volume, which, while it contains all that is still valuable of the former, includes other matter which further study and experience have led him to believe worthy of consideration by those interested in the subject.

Mr Peek is strongly of opinion that the laws of England, so far as they affect the poorer classes of the community, stand greatly in need of reform. As regards the poor-laws, for instance, he says there is a universal concurrence of opinion among those who have studied the subject, that the influence of these laws in the past, and to a great extent in the present, even as now administered, is to discourage providence and to foster the very evil in society which they were intended to cure. He thinks further that the influence of the law at present is to encourage the dissolute and idle to throw themselves and their families on the parish; and that this influence should be changed, and a healthier sentiment introduced amongst the poorer classes, by the necessity of providence and thrift being somehow by law insisted on, and the criminality of improvidence and wilful waste made clear. This is very much in the line of social reform which has frequently been taken in the pages of this *Journal*, and to our mind presents the only feasible and hopeful way out of the existing chaos of discontent and misery among the classes referred to. The workhouse system as respects children, our author believes to be irretrievably bad, and adduces many startling facts in evidence of this view. He would replace it by introducing a system already tried in Scotland with success, namely, to board the children out in families, with respectable people of their own rank in society, and thus accustom them to the tender and softening influences of home-life, instead of having them herding together in large workhouses, where the influence of each upon the other is the reverse of good. Both in point of economy and of moral results, the boarding-out system is shown to be greatly superior to that of the workhouse.

The chapters on the licensing laws and intem-

perance, on the miscarriage of justice, and on crime and its punishment, are equally suggestive and practical. In the concluding chapter, he deals with a specially difficult and delicate aspect of the question by discoursing on 'the uncharitableness of inadequate relief.' He urges the necessity of careful discrimination in the bestowal of all relief of the poor, whether such relief be given by the poor-law authorities, by benevolent societies, or by private persons. 'Any relief is to be beneficial, not only must it be bestowed after thorough examination, but when given it must be adequate; in fact, the bestowal of inadequate relief is no charity.' To bestow a dole, for instance, for the relief of a man who has been thrown into poverty by want of work, is, in his opinion, to leave him very much where he was before, with the additional evil, that he may thereby learn the luxury of eating bread in idleness—a taste which he may not speedily unlearn. In such a case, Mr Peek advises that careful inquiry should be made into the man's circumstances, suitable work found for him until permanent employment is obtained, sufficient support being meantime provided to sustain his health. 'This action,' he adds, 'is not only a true fulfilling of the law of love, but is true economy.' We do not think this can be doubted; but the difficulty about it is that it would give 'benevolent' and 'charitable' people so much extra trouble—it is so much easier to fling the idle man a sixpence or a loaf, and be done with him.

We cannot enter into all the details of the system which Mr Peek sketches; but we have no hesitation in saying that none who have the means and the disposition to assist their less fortunate fellow-creatures, and are anxious to do so effectively, but will find it their profit and wisdom to read Mr Peek's book.

* * *

When Prospero, on the morning after the tempest, tells his daughter Miranda how he had been thrust by the devices of an unworthy brother out of his dukedom of Milan, sent to sea in a crazy vessel, and stranded on that solitary island where Ariel found him and became his guardian spirit, he accounts for his misfortunes by indicating that he had loved his books better than his title and all that belonged to it.

Me, poor man!—my library
Was dukedom large enough.

The love of books is indeed a happy, though not, alas! always fortunate, malady; a malady which, when one gets thoroughly infected therewith, is not to be exorcised from the blood by any surgical or medical enchantments whatsoever. James the First of England expressed the hope that, if it should ever be his fate to be imprisoned, it might be in a library. 'What a place,' says Charles Lamb, speaking of Oxford, 'to be in is an old library! It seems as though all the souls of all the writers that have bequeathed their labours to these Bodleians, were reposing here, as in some dormitory, or middle state.'

Moreover, those who love books like to hear what others say of them—they are about the only friends of whom we can speak our minds plainly without in any way estranging them. And especially pleasant it is to hear what those who are themselves great authors have got to

say to us about books. As one means of gratifying this literary appetite, we do not know anything more pertinent than a beautiful little book which has just been published, called *The Book-Lover's Enchiridion* (London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.). This book-lover's handbook contains 'Thoughts on the Solace and Companionship of Books,' selected and arranged chronologically by 'Philobiblos,' who must himself, to judge by his pseudonym and this specimen of his work, be very blessedly and fatally infected with the disease above referred to. In this book you have, as its motto from Marlowe rightly indicates, 'Infinite riches in a little room;' the selected writers ranging from Solomon and Cicero down to Carlyle and Ruskin. All the extracts are good—every tit-bit within these covers is sweet and toothsome; and many of the anonymous author's fellow-sufferers within the charmed circle of book-fever incurables, will thank him heartily and gratefully for this delightful supply of 'medicine for the mind.'

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Whitaker's Almanac for 1883 is before us. It is one of the best books of its kind, and one which we think might be better known in Scotland than it seems to be. It gives an immense amount of useful and even attractive information on all the different branches of government administration at home, with an account of each of our colonial possessions abroad. Besides peerage, parliamentary, church, and army lists, there are notices of the chief scientific events and discoveries during the past year; and all this is given, so far as we have been able to discover, with singular accuracy.

FOR HIMSELF ALONE.

A TALE OF REVERSED IDENTITIES.

CHAPTER IV.

CLUNIE and Elma sat for a little while in silence. The former had brought a book with her, the latter her embroidery. At length Clunie could contain herself no longer. 'Elma, you really ought to be ashamed of yourself!' she burst out.

'I daresay I ought, dear, but I'm not,' responded Elma with provoking placidity of tone.

'The way you carry on with that odious Mr Drummond is outrageous.'

'Whose feelings have I outraged?'

'You were actually seen walking out with that man before breakfast!'

'I like somebody to walk out with, and "that man" is very amusing. Some people are not amusing.'

'He's a pauper—an absolute pauper.'

'Yes, poor fellow. It's a terrible crime.'

'Some people are poor, but still agreeable; but Mr Drummond is thoroughly odious. He seems to be always taking people off behind their backs.'

'He is rather clever as a mimic. You should have heard his imitation of the conversation between you and Charley Sargeant the other evening on the terrace.'

'What impertinence!'

'You spoke rather loudly, you know, and Mr Drummond and I were close behind you. Pointing to the stars, you said to Charley: "Mark how those starry globes of liquid light are swimming earthward one by one." This was rather too far-fetched for Charley. All he could say in his usual haw-haw style was: "Ah—yes—vow—good—just as if there was some fellow up there lighting 'em up one after another, you know."'

'You are as bad as Mr Drummond,' said Clunie disdainfully, and with that she slomped away to the other end of the seat.

Neither of them spoke for full five minutes. Then Elma said: 'Clunie!' Her cousin took no notice; so, after waiting a minute, she said coaxingly: 'Clunie, dear!'

'What do you want?' asked Clunie ungraciously.

'I want to ask your advice, dear.'

'My advice, Elma?' answered her cousin, turning half round. 'You know you are always welcome to that. I only wish you would follow it more frequently.'

'A friend of mine,' began Elma, keeping her eyes studiously fixed on her embroidery—'a girl whom I knew at school, has lately got married to some one very much below her in position; but they love each other very devotedly. Her husband is a clerk in the City, with a salary of a hundred and fifty pounds a year, and they live in apartments. My friend has written to me to go and see her. What would you do, if you were me?'

'Do? Why, drop her acquaintance, of course. Take no more notice of her letter than if you had never received it. If people will so far forget what they owe to themselves and others as to marry clerks on a hundred and fifty pounds a year, they must take the consequences.'

'There would be no harm in my going to see her just for once?'

'I've no patience with you, Elma. If I had a sister, and she were to forget herself as your friend has, I would never speak to her again as long as I lived.' With these words, Clunie calmly resumed her reading.

'So that is what I may expect from my friends when I marry Dick,' mused Elma with a bright defiant look in her eyes. "Drop her, of course." Well, if they can do without me, I can do without them.'

At this moment, Mrs Peabworth appeared in the veranda, her kind, homely face looking somewhat red and flustered. Dick perceiving her from where he sat, started to his feet. 'Aunt, where are you going to sit?' he cried. 'Come and keep me company.' He drew up another chair, and she sat down beside him. 'What is the matter?' he asked. 'You look worried.'

'It's them pickles. What a trouble they are! They won't turn out as green as they ought.'

'Why don't you leave all those things to the servants?'

'Servants indeed! I'm surprised at you, nephew. A pretty mess they would make of them. I think there must be an eclipse somewhere about. My grandmother used to say that

whenever there's an eclipse of the moon, it's sure to turn your pickles yellow.'

'Remarkable woman, your grandmother,' responded Dick sentimentally.

'That she was. It was she who taught me to milk, and I was christened after her—Betsy. Yes, my dear boy!—lowering her voice—'my husband calls me Leonora because it sounds aristocratic; but my maiden name was Betsy Clegg; my father was a dairyman at Peckham Rye, and I used to have six cows to milk every morning of my life.'

'I've a great respect for cows. Fine institution, very.'

At this moment the heat of the argument that was being sustained in Mr Pebworth's party caused Mr Dempsey to elevate his voice somewhat. Mrs Pebworth and Dick turned to listen. He was addressing Dyson. 'I tell you, sir,' he said with emphasis, 'that my friend so far succeeded in eliminating the natural ferocity of this particular tiger, that the animal's greatest pleasure was to eat macaroons from the extended hand of his master.'

'Ha, ha, ha!' laughed Dyson sarcastically. 'A remarkable story, truly! Now, when I was in the Punjab'

Mr Dempsey was seized with a sudden fit of sneezing, while Mr Pebworth swept his letters and papers together and rose from his seat.

'Dear me, dear me, I had no idea it was so late,' remarked Pebworth, after consulting his watch. 'And I have several letters to send off by the forenoon post.' He moved slowly away. 'Leonora, my love, I want you,' he said to his wife in his most dulcet tones, as he passed her and Dick on his way to the house.

'Now, what can Algernon want me for?' remarked Mrs Pebworth to Dick. 'There's something wrong; I know there is, by the way he spoke to me.' She said no more, but followed her husband into the house.

'It strikes me,' muttered Dick to himself as he looked after them, 'that Mr Algernon Pebworth is one of those by no means uncommon characters—a philanthropist abroad, but a bully at home.'

Mr Dempsey had risen, and was getting his letters and papers together. 'I can't stand that Punjab story again,' he said below his breath.

Miss Deene had crossed to a rosebush and was selecting a flower. 'Mr Dempsey, I challenge you to a game of croquet,' she called out with a mischievous glance at the old bean.

'Only too charmed, Miss Deene,' he answered with a grimace; 'but there's a sort of clever stupidity about croquet that I have never been quite able to master.'

'It is never well to abuse what you don't understand, Mr Dempsey.'

'If Miss Deene will allow me,' said Dyson, rising with alacrity.

'Only too delighted, Captain Dyson.'

'Dyson has quite a genius for croquet,' sneered Dempsey.

'Some people have no genius for anything,' remarked Miss Deene with the most innocent air imaginable.

She and Dyson strolled off together towards the croquet lawn, the last words conveyed to those who were left behind being: 'When I

was in the Punjab, Miss Deene'—The rest was lost in the distance.

'Horrid flirt!' exclaimed Clunie spitefully as her eyes followed her cousin. 'I must rescue the little Captain from her clutches at any cost.'

Mr Dempsey crossed the lawn, and went indoors with a very sour look on his face. Clunie and Dick were left alone.

No sooner did Clunie Pebworth find herself alone with Mr Drummond, than she proceeded to peep at him round a clump of evergreens. He was leaning back in his chair in his favourite attitude, with his hat tilted over his eyes. 'He can't really be asleep,' said Clunie to herself. 'Not three minutes ago he was talking to mamma.' She strolled slowly towards him, humming a little air under her breath, and swinging her straw-hat in one hand with an air of engaging innocence. She was passing close to him, when suddenly she shrieked, started, and nearly fell into his arms. 'The wasp!' she cried—'the horrid wasp!'

Dick opened his eyes, sprang to his feet, swung Clunie into the chair in which he had been sitting, and kissed her as he did so. 'Eh! What? Wasp! Where? Beg pardon. Temptation too much for me.' But cousins may kiss. Provided for in the Prayer-book, you know.

'You are a horrid man,' retorted Clunie with a pout.

'I know I am a horrid man; only you needn't remind me of the fact. But where's that nerving wasp!'

'Gone. It went sailing away over the shrubbery.'

'I don't think it wanted to sting you, Clunie; only to sip the honey of your lips. I don't blame that wasp.' He sat down on a chair beside her. 'What have you here?' he asked, taking a book from her unresisting fingers.

'A beautiful volume. Piljamb's *Affinities of the Soul*. But you don't care for poetry.'

'How do you know that? In any case, I'm open to conversion.—Good gracious! What's this?' He had opened the book at random, and he now read out the two following lines:

Each soul is wedded ere it comes to earth;
Somewhere in space its other half is waiting.

'I've often heard that marriages are made in heaven,' remarked Dick; 'but I never knew till now that we are married before we are born. What a frightful idea!'

'You misapprehend the poet's meaning, Cousin Frank. But perhaps you have never studied the doctrine of Elective Affinities—of spiritual unions anterior to our mortal birth!'

'Can't say that I have. But how easily one might perpetrate bigamy without knowing it.'

'Mark how splendidly the poem opens!' exclaimed Clunie with well-feigned enthusiasm. Then she began to declaim:

Soft lapsing languors of the lonely shore,
White Aphrodite rising through the waves,
Sweet solemn strains heard once, and then no more,
A madd'ning crowd that creep through Mem'ry's
moaning caves.

'Vastly pretty,' said Dick, with a humorous twinkle in his eyes. 'Memory's moaning caves is especially fine.—But what does it all mean?'

'Ah, Cousin Frank, I'm afraid you have no soul for poetry.'

'That must be the reason why I'm so prosy.'

'It is quite evident that you have never been in love.'

'I believe I am very much in love—with myself; and I once had a thoroughbred bull-terrier that I all but adored.'

'And yet there must be a sympathetic chord in your bosom.'

'I'm glad it's not round my neck.'

'A chord that needs only to be touched by Love's rosy fingers to discourse earth's sweetest music.'

'Good gracious!'

'But music that will some day be addressed to another—music that will never be heard by me.'

'So much the better for you, Clunie; and if I were you I would try to find some sweeter strain elsewhere,' said Dick not unkindly. 'There's Captain Dyson, for instance, who was making eyes at you over the breakfast-table. He is young, rich, spooney—why not try to find a sympathetic chord in *his* bosom? Who knows but that he may have a soul which is pining vainly for its other half, and that you, *ma belle cousine*, may have that other half which alone can make the fierce Captain happy?' He changed his tone abruptly. 'Ah, here comes Drummond,' he said drily.

'That odious Mr Drummond! He's always to be found where he's not wanted,' cried Clunie petulantly. Then putting on a dignified air, she added: 'I thank you for your candour, Cousin Frank. Some day, perhaps, you will understand me better.' She turned abruptly into a side-walk as she said these words.—'I may as well go in search of the Captain at once,' she murmured under her breath.

Frobisher came slowly forward. He looked very much better in health than when we last saw him. He was soberly dressed in a black frock-coat and gray trousers.

'I hope I have not interrupted your *tête-à-tête*,' he said to Dick as soon as Clunie had disappeared.

'Not at all. I'm glad you came when you did. Mademoiselle Clunie has been doing another little "try-on." She either can't or won't see how useless such attempts are.'

'And yet she's sharp enough in most things.'

'She's acting on the old man's orders, I suspect.'

'Probably so. What a hypocrite he is!'

'What about the Patent Ozone Company?'

queried Dick.

'As "bogus" as several of the other concerns he is mixed up with.'

'Dempsey and Dyson have both promised to invest.'

'Do them good to burn their fingers for once. Make them more wide-awake for the future.'

'Do you wish me to invest?' asked Dick.

'You may do so,' replied Frank, 'to the extent of a couple of thousands.'

'But you will lose your money.'

'We must delay giving the cheque for a few days. Meanwhile—'

'Yes—meanwhile?'

'The crisis may come. I'm going to put

Pebworth to the proof before many days are over.'

'To the proof?'

'If he's the rogue I suspect him to be,' said Frank, 'he will succumb to the temptation I shall put before him; and then, woe be to him!'

'But if not?'

'In that case, he will denounce me as a rogue, and advise you to have me kicked out of the house.'

'And then will come the crisis?'

'Exactly.'

'I shan't be sorry,' said Dick whimsically, and drawing a long breath.

'Why?'

'I'm getting tired of the berth. There's too much expected of a fellow. The man who earns two pounds a week can afford to be his own master; but the man with eight thousand pounds a year is everybody's slave.'

'You must pay the penalty of the position,' said Frobisher with a smile.

'Bother the position! say I. Give me impecuniosity and independence. Waylands is by far and away too grand a place for me. Before I have been here six months, I shall be pining for my two pair-back in Solio; for my old black meerscham, my brushes and palette; and for Polly Larcum to fetch me my stout-and-bitter every morning at eleven.'

Dick rose, yawned, and stretched his lanky person. 'By-the-by,' he went on, 'that letter you handed to me this morning was from Benet Leyland. It had been sent on from our old lodgings.'

'And what does the dear old boy say?'

'Nothing of importance. Best wishes to you, of course, but apparently has not heard of your good fortune. Expects to be in town in the course of a few weeks. Was glad to see that notice in *The Parthenon* of my picture in the Dudley Gallery, and hopes it may be the means of bringing me a customer.'

At this moment, a servant in livery came up to Dick. 'A deputation to see you, sir, about the almshouses at Puddlecombe Regis,' he said.

Mr Drummond groaned. 'This will be the third deputation within the last ten days.'—Then turning to the servant, he added: 'Tell the gentlemen that I will be with them in a few minutes.'

'What have you to be afraid of, man alive?' asked Frank with a laugh. 'Promise them to give the matter your best consideration, and get rid of them in that way.'

Dick merely shook his head, and without another word, marched off towards the house with a gloomy and preoccupied air.

Frobisher sat down on a garden-chair, and drawing a letter from his pocket, he read it carefully through for the second or third time. His face darkened as he read. 'It was a happy thought to put Mr Gimp's confidential clerk Whiffles on the track of my respected uncle,' he muttered to himself as he put away the letter. 'But the reality proves to be even worse than I suspected; the shadows of the picture are blacker than I thought they were. And he would inveigle his sister's son—the nephew to whom he professes to be so devoted—into the

net in which he has already enmeshed so many victims! O hypocrite! rogue and hypocrite! Not much longer shall the blow be delayed.

(To be concluded next month.)

THE MONTH. SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A VISIT to the International Electric and Gas Exhibition now taking place at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, is not only very instructive, but is most interesting at a time when the rival claimants to artificial illumination are so industriously asserting their advantages. The first thing that strikes the visitor is that the Gas Section is far more complete and elaborate than that devoted to Electricity. This may be partly accounted for by the circumstance that the electricians have recently had an exhibition all to themselves in the same building. Still the fact remains, that the present Exhibition of gas appliances for both lighting and heating far excels those which owe their power to electricity.

Improved gas-burners are now common enough in our streets and houses, and therefore there is little to record respecting them; but two totally new methods of burning gas which are here brought before the public for the first time, cannot be so lightly passed over. We allude to the incandescent gas-burners bearing the names respectively of Lewis and Clamond. In Lewis's burner, a mixture of gas and air is made to play through a small cylinder of platinum gauze. This is immediately brought to an incandescent state, and gives out a beautiful mellow light, which, though unprotected by any kind of shade, is unaffected by wind or rain. In the Clamond light, the same results are achieved by the employment of a little cylinder which looks like a miniature eel-pot made of plaster; but in reality it is composed of magnesia (not magnesium, let it be understood, but its carbonate, familiar enough to childhood in conjunction with rhubarb). This little cage of magnesia is brought to an intensely white-heat by the action of the gas; and the light given out is a very near approach to the well-known lime-light.

These incandescent gas-burners, from their very beauty and purity—for the combustion is so perfect that no unconsumed products are given off—would at once come into general use, if it were not for the circumstance that they require to be fed not only with gas but with air under pressure. This, of course, necessitates a double supply, which cannot be had without special apparatus. The light they give is as good, or even better than that obtained from the much-vaunted incandescent electric globes; and as it must obviously be cheaper to obtain a supply of air under pressure than to evoke a current of electricity, there is no doubt that they will be widely adopted. They are the first burners of the kind, and may perhaps prove to be the pioneers of a new era of gas-lighting.

MM. Muntz and Aubin have recently made some interesting observations with reference to the presence of ammonia and nitrate in air and water at great altitudes. Their observations have been obtained by a month's sojourn on the summit of the Pic du Midi, nearly ten thousand feet

above the sea-level. The air showed the same proportion of ammonia as that on low ground; but rain-water, fog, and snow showed a much less proportion; while as to nitrates, they were all but absent. This seems due to the fact that nitrates are formed in the air by electrical action during thunderstorms, and such storms are rarely produced in the Pyrenean region at a greater height than seven thousand seven hundred feet. The authors consider that the absence of the fine powders of nitrates contributes towards the remarkable transparency of the air at these altitudes, and conceive that both plants and the soil which they help to form on high mountains must obtain their nitrogenous constituents from the ammonia in the air.

The recent formation of a National Fish Culture Association of Great Britain and Ireland, under the auspices of a body of gentlemen who have had much practical experience in pisciculture, is an event of vast importance to the public at large. Not only river-fish are to be cared for by this Association, but they intend to devote much attention to the circumstances surrounding the lives of those which inhabit the seas. The cultivation of soles and turbot, and the establishment of a close-time for those fish—such as the salmon and other fresh-water fish already enjoy—is to be seriously entertained. And fishermen—those knowledge respecting the creatures upon which they depend for support is astonishingly small—will be encouraged to learn something about the food of different classes of fish, their habits, and the enemies which destroy them.

To show how much is possible by means of careful culture, we may refer to what has been done during recent years in Germany. The fish-breeding Societies there number three hundred, which have among them succeeded in doubling the yields of salmon and trout in many of the rivers. In several continental rivers, salmon are now found; but they were only conspicuous by their absence before these useful Societies began their labours. Canada can show success on a far more limited scale, for it at present owns but nine fish-latching stations. But in the United States, where the system receives state support, the results have been almost fabulous, many rivers having been restocked and extinct sea-fisheries revived. In olden times, apprentices used to stipulate in their indentures that they should not be expected to feed on 'such common food' as salmon more than so many days a week. Perhaps, with the help of the new Association, history will repeat itself.

The *Times* recently contained a most interesting description of what must be regarded as the most perfect form of big gun—namely, the new one-hundred-ton breechloading Armstrong. The most novel point respecting it is the manner in which it is mounted. It has no trunnions, but is fixed firmly by steel straps and rings to a massive sledge-like carriage of steel weighing fourteen tons. This sledge rests and slides upon two steel beams, which are hinged at their front ends, so that carriage, gun, and beams can be elevated or depressed as a whole. This movement is executed by hydraulic presses. Another hydraulic arrangement is employed for the loading, each system having its own levers. The movements are so simple and easy that the huge gun can actually

be worked by the hand of a lady. Twenty years ago, the largest gun afloat was the five-ton naval gun. In order to bring it into action, several men were required. With wooden levers, they managed with great exertion to move its clumsy carriage to right or left, much in the same way that labourers urge heavy blocks of stone along a road. Now, the touch of a handle brings into accurate position a mass of metal twenty times the weight.

A foreign technical journal gives a simple recipe for preserving silver and plated articles from turning black, as they invariably will if not kept constantly in use. The same plan could with advantage be applied, we should think, to any metal subject to change or rust from the action of the atmosphere. Plain collodion—that is, not photographic collodion—is diluted with twice its bulk of spirits of wine, and applied to the surface of the metal with a soft brush. The spirit soon evaporates, leaving an imperceptible and transparent skin, which can when required be removed with hot water.

Dr C. W. Siemens, the indefatigable inventor of things both gaseous and electrical, has recently patented a new explosive, which, although exhibiting double the energy of gunpowder, is far less dangerous to prepare and to handle. It consists of a mixture of nitre, chlorate of potash, and some solid hydrocarbon, such as pitch, asphaltum, gutta-percha, &c. These are intimately mixed together after having been separately pulverised. After this treatment, a liquid—such as benzine, ether, &c.—which will dissolve the solid hydrocarbon is added, and the whole is formed into a plastic mass. After being rolled into sheets or cakes, the volatile liquid evaporates, leaving a hard mass, which can be broken up into grains like ordinary gunpowder. The intensity of explosion can be regulated by the size of these grains and by the proportion of the various constituents. The chief merit of the new compound seems to lie in the safety with which it can be manipulated during manufacture. If it by any means catch fire, the liquid first burns away, after which the solid residue is slowly consumed.

The excitement caused by the recent transit of Venus has hardly subsided before astronomers are called upon to prepare for another event of almost equal interest. On May 6, there will be a total eclipse of the sun of unusual duration, for the orb will be obscured for nearly six minutes. This will give time for observations, photographic and otherwise, which will be fully appreciated, and which will probably add much to our knowledge of that luminary upon which our light and life are dependent. Unfortunately, there are only two little spots—tiny islands in the South Pacific—which the line of totality touches, the rest of that line crossing the boundless ocean. The French astronomers have already taken steps for making observations, and it is said with a view to testing the truth of Leverrier's hypothesis as to the existence of planets nearer to the sun than Mercury.

Nearly thirty years ago there was exhibited at the Palais de l'Industrie, Paris, a bar of white metal bearing a label describing it as 'Silver from clay.' The metal thus extravagantly named was really obtained from clay; but was not silver, but aluminium. This metal has several excellent

properties which would cause it to be much valued in the various arts. It is so light that an ounce of it is three times as bulky as an ounce of silver; it is sonorous, malleable, not liable to tarnish, and is very beautiful in appearance. Unfortunately, the process of extracting it from its original clay is so costly that its price prohibits its use except for certain purposes of luxury or adornment. Many attempts have been made to cheapen its production without success. But at the present time there is a rumour abroad that the problem has at last been solved. It is stated that a ton of the metal can now be produced in a week at a cost of a hundred pounds. If this be true, it will come into common use for a great variety of purposes. Its price has hitherto been from five to seven shillings per ounce.

According to the experience of most poultry-owners, winter is a bad season for eggs. The fowls cost more than in summer; for they can get no natural food out of the hard ground, and they must make up their loss by increased consumption of artificial food, for which they make no return whatever. According to an article which appears in the *Gardener's Chronicle*, this should not be the case, the fault being with the owners, and not with the stock, when eggs are scarce. Birds hatched in May or June should be looked forward to as winter layers, the grand secret being in the nature of the food with which they are supplied. This is the dietary recommended: the first thing in the morning, give barley-meal mixed to a dough with hot water or ale; at mid-day, wheat; and for the last feed in the afternoon, Indian corn. This bill of fare is said never to fail in giving abundance of eggs during the coldest season of the year.

During the last few months, several shocks of earthquake have been experienced at Panama and various places near it. This has occasioned some surprise, because, although adjacent cities in Central America are notorious for such visitations, that part of the isthmus upon which Colon and Panama stand—the terminal points of the projected interoceanic canal—has hitherto been free. Indeed, this immunity from volcanic disturbance has been one of the chief advantages urged in favour of the Colon and Panama scheme against the various other alternative routes proposed. In a map issued by M. de Lesseps, this particular portion of the isthmus is coloured, to indicate its happy freedom from such disasters. We fear that the tint must now be altered.

At a recent meeting of the Paris Academy, the subject of the dreaded *Phylloxera* again came to the front. M. Dumas stated that the Commission formed to combat the ravages of the pest had recommended as a primary measure the destruction by fire of all vines showing traces of infection. This action was resisted, owing to the state of French legislation regarding rural property, and the Commission had to give in. An official Report from Switzerland has since proved the soundness of the plan advocated by the French Commission. In the cantons of Geneva, Vaud, and Lucerne, where the burning process was adopted, and the owners compensated by a small tax on more fortunate vineyards, vines representing a value of forty millions sterling had been saved at the expense of a few thousand pounds. The penny-wise and

pound-foolish policy can affect nations as it does individuals.

Professor Gulley recently read a paper before the Society for the Promotion of Agricultural Science at Montreal, containing some very interesting notes regarding the food-value of cotton seed and the oil obtained from it. When properly refined, this oil is largely used for cooking purposes, taking the place of lard. The cotton-seed cake, or meal, is found of great value for fattening cattle; but the seed itself, when boiled and mixed with any kind of hay or straw, is so nutritious that animals increase in weight most rapidly when fed upon it. Under such treatment, cows give rich milk, the oil from the seed appearing to form the cream. Experiments are being continued with regard to manure, fertilisers, &c.

A most important engineering work, which will represent a great addition to the security of our Indian possessions, is approaching completion. A railway sixteen hundred miles in length now stretches from Calcutta to Peshawer, that frontier town of Afghanistan about which we heard so much a few years back. The only break in this long road is at Attock, a large fort on the Indus, about twenty miles south of Peshawer. The river at this point has usually been covered by a bridge of boats, except in the rainy season, when the current is far too turbulent for such a contrivance. Now, however, a noble bridge will soon be complete, having five arches, bearing a railway one hundred and thirty feet above the water-level, and a lower road for ordinary traffic. This great work will represent one of the most important railway systems in India, which country we have already greatly benefited by the laying of about ten thousand miles of rails.

Twenty years ago, in boring for water at Middlesbrough, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, the important discovery was made that extensive deposits of salt, analogous to those of Cheshire, were situated near the banks of the river Tees. For various reasons, into which we need not enter, the discovery has not been utilised until quite lately. The manner of winning the brine is somewhat novel. A bore-hole sixteen inches in diameter and many hundred feet deep was cut to the deposit. In this hole a tube is fitted, while the tube itself contains the necessary pumping arrangements. This tube is always full of water, the fresh water remaining at the top, and the fully saturated brine, by reason of its greater specific gravity, at the bottom. The pump is employed to remove this lower stratum, which is constantly renewed. The salt is then crystallised out in evaporating pans after the usual manner. Messrs Bell Brothers—who own the first salt-works which have been established on the Tees—are already in a position to produce nearly four hundred tons per week. The importance of the establishment of this industry in a new neighbourhood can hardly be over-estimated, and is likely to lead to important additions to our northern chemical works. Those who only see salt on the dinner-table will hardly understand to what far more important uses it is put. It constitutes an indispensable item in paper-making, dyeing, bleaching, glass-making, and a host of other important trades. It has been said that the wealth of a country can be

very well gauged by the amount of sulphuric acid which it annually consumes. The same remark would be true if applied to salt.

The official crop Report for 1882 of a portion of Manitoba and the adjoining territories of the Canadian North-west has been issued. It is compiled from information collected principally by the postmasters of the various localities, eighty-four districts being represented, comprising about one-fourth the whole area of settlement at the present time. The average yield is shown to be: Wheat, thirty bushels to the acre; oats, fifty-one and a half; barley, thirty-eight and a half; potatoes, two hundred and seventy-seven and a half; turnips, one thousand; flax, fifteen; rye, twenty; pease, thirty-seven. The acreage under cultivation in the eighty-four districts represented is four hundred and seventy-two thousand seven hundred and seventy acres. The average number of cattle to each settler in several districts is estimated at over thirty head. Altogether the Report is a most satisfactory one, and bespeaks a general state of contentment and prosperity amongst the settlers. The Canadian and Pacific Railway Company have now completed their main line, some six hundred and six miles beyond Winnipeg, and one hundred and fourteen miles on their south-western branch, and next season they will have upwards of one thousand miles of road through this fine country, thus giving the settlers ready communication with the eastern markets. Altogether the Canadian Pacific Railway will have about two thousand miles of railway in operation along their whole line by next autumn.

The report of the Clyde ship-building trade for last year shows that this industry in Scotland has been very busily pushed. The total production of the various yards on the Clyde has been one hundred and ninety-one vessels, of three hundred and eighty-nine thousand tons; an increase of fully fifty-seven thousand tons over that of 1881, and of one hundred and two thousand over the output of 1874, which was an exceptionally busy year. The most noteworthy feature of the year's business has been the great amount of steel tonnage and of sailing-ships turned out. In all, sixty-three steamships, of one hundred and twenty thousand tons, were constructed of steel; while the tonnage of sailing-vessels amounted to thirty-two thousand tons, about double the amount of the preceding year. Only one little commercial vessel, of one hundred and ninety-eight tons, was built of wood! The value of the vessels launched last year is roughly estimated at nine million pounds, against eight millions in the previous year. It is by far the largest total ever produced on the Clyde.

The returns from nineteen ship-building ports in Scotland and England show that during last year, seven hundred and eighty-two vessels, of one million one hundred and ninety-seven thousand seven hundred and twenty-nine tons, and valued at nearly eighteen million pounds, were built in them. Roughly calculated, something like one hundred and ninety-seven thousand men must have been employed in the construction of the vessels which make up the tonnage named, and about twenty thousand men will be employed in their navigation. Of these nineteen ports, Glasgow, as above stated, with its one hundred and ninety-

one vessels, of three hundred and eighty-nine thousand tons, stands first—as indeed it stands first among the ship-building rivers of the world. Next to the Clyde comes the Wear, on which one hundred and twenty-three vessels, of two hundred and twelve thousand four hundred and sixty-four tons, have been built. After the Wear comes the Tyne, with one hundred and thirty-two vessels and two hundred and eight thousand four hundred and six tons; the Hartlepoons take the fourth place, with thirty-nine vessels and sixty-eight thousand and sixty-seven tons; and the Tees comes in fifth, with forty vessels and sixty-five thousand and forty-eight tons. Five-and-twenty years ago, the Wear was at the head of the list, with New York running it a close race. When iron became the chosen material, New York retired, the Wear lagged behind, while the Clyde took the first place, and the Tyne the second. Of late years, however, the Wear has been running the Tyne very close, and has this year, as we have seen, outstripped it in tonnage.

Regarding the project for building an observatory on the summit of Ben Nevis, and for which a sum of five thousand pounds is required, it is satisfactory to learn that a good beginning has been made towards raising this sum, numbers of noblemen and gentlemen giving handsome subscriptions to the fund. The objects of this project were alluded to by Mr Wragge in an article in our pages—‘Ascending Ben Nevis in Winter’—in April last year.

In a paper read before the Royal Society, Dr William Huggins has explained a method devised by him for photographing the corona of the sun at any time when that luminary is visible. Hitherto this was only possible on the occasion of a total eclipse of the sun; and if the above method should prove itself trustworthy and practicable, it will enable observers to study the corona systematically, instead of, as now, only for a few minutes in the course of a series of years.

The Committee appointed by the Treasury to report on the employment of convict labour in the construction of harbours of refuge have now issued their Report. The places suggested by the Committee are Dover, Filey, and Peterhead. Dover and Filey obtain the preference on account of their suitability as harbours of defence, and in the case of Filey, on the coast of Yorkshire, as being a most important centre for the fishing interests, and for the protection of boats and trading-vessels. Peterhead, in Aberdeenshire, is recommended for a similar reason, there being at present no harbour of refuge for merchant or other vessels along a coast-line of two hundred and fifty miles, extending from the Firth of Forth to Cromarty Firth.

Q U I T S.

A COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER'S TALE.

OLD commercial travellers will tell you that in many respects the profession is nothing to what it was; though for our own part we are inclined to think that in many respects the profession has improved. The penny postage, the telegraph, the enormous expansion of the railway system, have wrought such changes in the mode of doing business between town and country, that in the

Commercial Rooms of country-town inns where, in the ‘good old days,’ a score of gentlemen would have assembled of an evening, one nowadays meets but two or three. Much of its old character, also, has departed. Before the era of railways, when men and horses might be detained at an inn for days by stress of weather or badness of roads, jollity and free-and-easiness were a very prevailing characteristic of the commercial traveller; and the reckless jollity of the fraternity—for a fraternity it was, almost masonic in the rigidity of its rites and the exactness of its etiquette—passed into a proverb.

But to our story. There happened to be a snug party of commercial gentlemen assembled in the Commercial Room of an inn in one of our quaint South-country towns, one winter evening a few years ago. The cloth had been removed from the table, the customary toasts had been duly honoured, and the company, some half-dozen in number, had drawn their chairs round the fire, lit their pipes, and each with his glass of grog at his elbow had evidently made up his mind to be as comfortable and as cosy as possible.

The conversation was being monopolised by Mr Hicks, a vulgar, puffy-faced, bald-headed man, with a large expanse of shirt-front and much ostentatious jewellery, who was standing with his back to the fire, his hands tucked under his coat-tails in the orthodox British fashion. The other men, who were all younger, were listening with the respect due to a representative of the old school of commercials, hazarding occasionally an approving remark, dutifully laughing at every joke, but in no way interfering with the great man's periods.

‘Ah!’ he said, wrinkling his fat brow into a series of parallel creases, and gazing almost mournfully up at the ceiling, ‘travelling ain't what it was. There ain't no fun nowadays. You young gents don't know what it means, for railways have knocked it all on the ‘ed. It was something, I can tell you, to turn out of a warm bed at four o'clock of a winter's morning, and jump into the trap for a twenty-mile round before breakfast, so that the hoppershouldn't get the start of you. Nowadays, you jump into your train with your hulsters and your wraps and your mornin' paper, and you take your time over matters as comfortable as can be. You don't seem to have the spirit we had, though we worked and we had our fun too, I can tell you. You work; but you don't seem to have no time for fun.’

‘In what way do you mean, sir?’ asked the boldest of the audience.

‘What way?’ repeated the great man. ‘Why, I mean the dodges and larks we was up to.’

‘What sort of dodges and larks?’ asked the other.

‘Oh, all sorts!’ replied the old gentleman. ‘There's so much humbuggin' etiquette about nowadays. It's what you call bad form for a gent to play a trick upon another. I've known all sorts o' things done. They used to hocus one another's drink, so as to make the hoppershould sleep ‘eavy the next morning; lock their doors on the outside; change their boots; tell the

boots not to wake 'em until it was too late to do anything; and as we used to 'ave rather wet nights in those days, I can tell you some of us required a power o' sleep to shake off the effects. It was considered fair and above-board to steal a march in any way upon a gent who was working in the same line; and there was much more h opposition then, although there may be more competition now; because, you see, such a lot's done by post and wire in these days. Why, look at me; I 'aven't been here for two years or more; but I know that when I go round to-morrow to see how the other traveller's been gettin' on, I shall get just as many orders as if I'd been reglar all that time. Not that all of my customers will know me; but they know the name of the firm—Hooker and Snooker of Dowgate Hill—and that's quite enough for 'em.'

'And were you ever tricked in any of the ways you describe?' asked another young commercial.

'Me? Me tricked? Not me. Joseph 'icks was always too wide awake. No; I was never caught,' replied the great man. 'I once caught a fellow in the haet of taking the linc-pins out of my gig; but I soon stopped his game, I can tell you. That was at Charing—not Charing in London, but Charing between Canterbury and Maidstone.'

'And did you ever play any tricks yourself?' asked the first young man who had spoken.

Mr Hicks slowly turned himself towards the speaker, and winking his eye several times, replied: 'I should just about think I did—many and many a one. And now you remind me, I'll just tell you about one I played.'

Mr Hicks having toasted himself to his entire satisfaction, now condescended to let some of his companions see what the fire was like, settled himself slowly and ponderously down into the chair which by prescriptive right belonged to the senior traveller in the room, took a long sip at his grog, and, with a preliminary clearing of the throat, began.

'It was in "forty-two," and it's a strange thing, but it was in this very identical place. There was a cocky, stuck-up young fellow of the name of Brownsmith travellin' for Stokes and Nokes, Great Tower Street, in the same line as mine. He 'adn't been 'ere afore, and didn't know who I was; so I says to myself, I'll just take a rise out o' you, my young popinjay; see if I don't.'

At that moment, the great man's narrative was interrupted by the entrance of a little old man dressed in black, who, observing that the seats round the fire were occupied and that nobody offered to make room for him, sat down at a side-table and commenced to write letters.

'Ahem!' said Mr Hicks. 'I beg your pardon, sir; but I was just going to begin a tale; but as I see you are busy, I'll wait until you're finished.'

'Not at all, not at all,' said the stranger. 'Pray, don't let me interrupt you; you won't disturb me, I assure you. In fact, I'm not sure that, not being a traveller, I ought not to apologise to you for coming into the Commercial Room; but the fact is that the fire in the coffee-room has gone out, and the waiter said he thought you would not mind me coming in here.'

'Quite welcome, sir, quite welcome,' said Mr

Hicks with almost monarchical grandeur. 'It's against custom, I know, for strangers to enter the Commercial Room; but under the circumstances, I don't think we'll mind.—Will we, gentlemen?'

The gentlemen chorused that they didn't mind; so the little man proceeded with his writing, and Mr Hicks with his tale.

'Well, as I was saying, gent, I made up my mind to take this young Brownsmith down a peg or two. So what do you think I does? I goes to the stables, and I says to the hostler: "Bill, if you'll get Mr Brownsmith's cob and gig out of the way the first thing to-morrow morning, and when he orders them, say you're very sorry, but you've let them out to another gent by mistake, here's a sovereign for you." Of course it was worth a good deal more than a sovereign to me to get the young chap out of the way, for I saw he was pretty 'cute, and I knew he'd be after my customers. But that ain't all; for I knew it was the easiest thing in the world for him to hire another cob and gig until his own was returned. So I goes down into the 'all very late that night, where all the bags was—bags in those days were very much more alike than they are now, and used to be chalked with the numbers of their owners' rooms, to distinguish them—and I quietly rubs out his number and puts on another, and puts his on to another lot of bags, so that if he did start, he'd find himself in a hole and no mistake. Next morning, I was uncommonly haffable with him at breakfast, pretending, of course, not to know he was in the same line as me; and I starts off and does all my business. When I came back, I found the poor young chap running about like a madman. He was satisfied that the gig business was a mistake; but when he came to find that another man had gone off with his bags, and had left him with a lot stuffed full of French filling, I thought he'd have brought the 'ouse down. He got the landlord and the 'all-porter, and the chamber-maids and the waiters, and he threatened to have 'em all up before the magistrate; and all the time I was grinnin' in my sleeve and pretendin' to be as concerned about it as any one.'

'Well, and what happened?' asked one of the audience as the speaker paused.

'What happened? Well, I'll tell you,' replied Mr Hicks. 'The gent who had taken Brownsmith's bags by mistake for his own, 'ad gone off to 'astings; and there was nothing to do but to wait till he came back. And when the gent did come back, you can imagine that there was a pretty row in the place, in which of course I joined, saying that it was a disgraceful thing, and threatening the landlord that I'd take my custom over to the other 'otel if better watch wasn't kept for the future. The poor young fellow took it very 'ard, he did; and when he got his gig and bags and went round the next morning and found that all the business had been done, he came back, and he sat down in that corner there, and told me it would ruin him, 'cause it was his first job for Stokes and Nokes, and he was on trial.'

'Weren't you very sorry you'd done it?' asked one of the party.

'Me sorry?' said Mr Hicks with contempt.

'Not me. All's fair in love, war, and commerce;

and if I hadn't done it, he'd have done me by cutting me out of a lot o' business. As it was, I never set eye on him again, and I've 'eard he got the sack from Stokes and Nokes.—Sorry? Not me!

There was an expression on the faces of some of the young men as if they thought it was rather a low trick; but they made no remarks, and after some further conversation, a general yawning and knocking out of pipes and draining of glasses proclaimed the hour of bed. So the great Mr Hicks took up his candle and departed; his example was quickly followed by the rest, and the little old gentleman who had been writing his letters, was left alone.

When the door had closed upon the last bed-goer, he shut up his writing-case and took up the position in front of the fire lately occupied by Mr Hicks. Something in the story he had heard seemed to tickle his fancy immensely; for he stood there chuckling to himself and rubbing his hands as in great glee. 'Clever chap that! Un-commonly clever chap!' he muttered to himself. 'He's quite right. Young Brownsmith did give up travelling; and if he hadn't, he wouldn't be one of the richest men in the county, as he is now.'

He rang the bell for the waiter. When the man appeared, the little old fellow said: 'What time does Mr Hicks start upon business in the morning?'

'Well, I 'ardly know, sir,' replied the waiter. 'You see, he don't come here reg'lar—in fact I can't call to mind hever 'avin' seen him before. But the gents mostly goes out about ten o'clock.'

'Tell the boots to call me at seven, will you?' said the old gentleman; and taking his candle, he went to bed.

The next forenoon, Mr Hicks sauntered majestically forth from the inn upon a round of visits; and as he walked along he seemed absorbed in the contemplation of his own figure in the shop-windows, as if anticipating with no small degree of pleasure the sensation such a representative of Hooker and Snooker would make in the shops of the humble tradesmen. He entered the establishment of Mr Willow, who said upon his door that he was patronised by the Royal Family, but assuredly not to a fifth part of the manner in which he was patronised by Mr Hicks.

'Anything in our way, Mr Willow?' said the great man condescendingly. 'Hooker and Snooker, you know?'

'Nothing for Hooker and Snooker,' replied Mr Willow solemnly.

'Nothing, Mr Willow, nothing? Are you quite sure?' asked Mr Hicks, somewhat astonished.

'I've said nothing, I think,' said Mr Willow. 'I'm busy. Please, go away, there's a good man.'

Mr Hicks left the shop slowly and wonderingly. 'Surely,' he thought, as he waddled on to his next customer—'surely no one's been interfering with Hooker and Snooker. No orders from Willow! It's unaccountable.'

He entered the shop of Mr Burslem, who, not being patronised by Royalty, preferred not to be

patronised by any one, and who had the reputation of being a curt, sharp, short man of business. Mr Hicks entered, and on the principle that time is money, did not detail his business, merely indicated the name of Hooker and Snooker, and stood with his order-book ready open.

'Nothing at all, my good man,' said Mr Burslem.—'nothing at all.—Good-morning!'

'Nothing at'—began Mr Hicks, fairly bewildered.

'No; nothing at all. Good-morning,' put in Mr Burslem, so that there was nothing to be done but to return the wish ruefully and go out.

'Now, there is something wrong,' said Mr Hicks to himself as he stood on the pavement outside Mr Burslem's door. 'My two best customers, and no orders! I never knew it before, never! Who can it be? Young Jones was here two months back and got forty pound odd in orders. And I, Joseph Hicks, the chief traveller to Hooker and Snooker, am told that there's nothing for me! "My good man" too, forsooth! I must try Mr Cole.'

He entered Mr Cole's shop. Mr Cole was not there, but appeared in a few minutes. Mr Hicks went through his formula. Mr Cole replied immediately: 'Not to-day, Hooker and Snooker. I'm supplied.'

'Supplied!' almost shrieked Mr Hicks.

'Yes, supplied!' said Mr Cole, but not a syllable more.

Mr Hicks was now fairly roused. Suddenly, the recollection of his tale in the Commercial Room on the preceding evening flashed before him. Could some of the young fellows have been playing him a trick similar in nature to that which he had played so many years before on young Brownsmith? Stiffing his anger and mortification as best he could, he strode on to the shop of his last customer, Mr Ironstone.

'Nothing to-day, Hooker and Snooker,' said Mr Ironstone before Mr Hicks could put the question.

'Mr Ironstone,' said the astonished Hicks, in an almost pathetic tone of appeal, 'will you tell me if any one has been before me, and has done the business which hitherto Hooker and Snooker have performed for you?'

'Hooker and Snooker still do our business,' said Mr Ironstone.

'Well, but I represent 'em,' said Mr Hicks.

'Come, come,' said the dealer soothingly, as if he was speaking to a child; 'don't take up my time, there's a good fellow. I've told you that I have no orders, so go away quietly, or I shall be obliged to call your keeper.'

'My what? My keeper!' roared Mr Hicks. 'What do you mean, sir? Surely you don't think I'm a lunatic?'

'I don't think it; I'm sure of it—I know it,' replied Mr Ironstone, and coming round the counter, he gently took Mr Hicks by the arm, led him from the shop, and shut the door after him.

Mr Hicks stood as one dazed for some seconds. The buildings seemed to reel around him, and he felt that with a little more he would actually be out of his mind. Then he strode back to the inn, resolved to make a terrible example of the plotters that evening.

He was very moody and silent at dinner, and the young fellows saw that something had gone wrong with him, as he scowled terribly over his food, and only answered with fierce grunts the questions put to him. Afterwards, when, according to custom, the chairs were drawn round the fire and the best part of the day begun, Mr Hicks rose majestically and assuming his usual position in front of the fire, prefaced his thunders with a loud 'Ahem!'

'Gentlemen, it is with regret, strongly mixed with disgust, that I am forced to address you upon a certain subject—upon a subject which is as disagreeable to me as it must be humiliating to such of you as are concerned. In short, some of you, taking a mean advantage of my attempt to amuse you last night, have been playing me a underhand trick.'

The gentlemen thus addressed took their pipes from their mouths and gazed at Mr Hicks with amazement.

He continued: 'The day for that sort of thing has gone by, and it will become members of an honoured profession to indulge in tricks of which a schoolboy would be ashamed. To be plain with you, gentlemen, I have been passed off in the town as a lunatic, and consequently have found the doors of my most important customers shut against me.'

In spite of the serious manner in which Mr Hicks spoke, there was a very perceptible snigger on the faces of the young men around him, which he was not slow to observe.

'I see nothing to laugh at in it, gentlemen,' he continued, suppressing with difficulty his rising wrath; 'in fact, there are some of you who will probably have very good reasons for regretting it, when I tell you that unless I find out which of you is the offender, I shall write to your respective governors, with a view of having the matter thoroughly gone into.'

One and all declared that they were utterly ignorant of the matter and with such energetic protestations against the inquiry of the trick, that Mr Hicks was forced to believe them.

'Perhaps the little old gentleman who was writing at the side-table last night knows something about it,' suggested one of the accused.

Mr Hicks rang the bell for the waiter. 'Waiter,' he said, 'is the gentleman who came in here from the coffee-room last night in the 'ouse?'

'Mr Brownsmith, sir—O no, sir; he went away this mornin'; and he give me this note to give to you, not before this evenin',' replied the waiter.

'Mr Brownsmith! Is that his name?' cried Hicks, in a faint voice.

'Yes, sir,' answered the waiter. 'He owns half the town, sir, and was here looking arter his property.'

Mr Hicks opened the note and read as follows:

MY DEAR SIR—You were good enough, some forty years ago, to play me a trick which might have ruined any other man for life, or at least have retarded his progress very seriously. I am not very vindictive; but I never forgive you for it, more especially as I have had no opportunity of repaying you. We are at last quits. You are beyond the reach of actual harm now, as I presume you have feathered your nest pretty

comfortably in forty years; but as a man is never too old to learn a lesson, I hope by the return trick I have played you this mornin', that you have learned one.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

SAMUEL BROWNSMITH.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

SCOTCH MARRIED WOMEN'S PROPERTY ACT.

In the number of this *Journal* for 23d December last, we gave an analysis of the Act passed last year affecting married women's property in England. It may be worth if we point out here that the Married Women's Property Act for Scotland, passed in 1881, differs in some respects from the English Act. In cases where the parties are married after the passing of the Act (July 18, 1881), if the husband here at the time of the marriage his domicile in Scotland, the whole movable and personal estate of the wife, whether acquired before or during the marriage, is vested in her as her separate estate; but she shall not be entitled to assign the prospective income, or, unless with her husband's consent, to dispose of such estate. The investments, as in England, must be kept separate and distinct, in order to protect them against claims by the husband's creditors. The real estate property in such cases also belong to the wife for her separate use. The Act has only a partial application to the property of wives married previous to the above date, and does not affect settlement; but the parties may by the execution of a deed acquire the same position under the Act as if they had been married subsequently. The husband of any woman who may be domiciled in Scotland after the passing of the Act, shall have the same share and interest in her movable estate as she would have in his estate after his death, that is, one-third, in case of three living children surviving; otherwise, one-half.

VACCINATION FOR SPLENIC FEVER—IMPORTANT RESULTS.

This month we give an article on the subject of experiments with disseminations, entitled 'A Scientific Soup-kitchen' (p. 37), in the course of which reference is made to Pasteur's discoveries in connection with splenic fever in animals. Since that article was written, a paper has been read by M. Pasteur before the Académie des Sciences, giving further results achieved by him, and which are of some real importance.

The department of the Gironde-et-Loire, in France, is one in which splenic fever has always been very prevalent; and after the conclusive results of the experiments which were made eighteen months ago near Paris, the farmers of the Beaune determined to try M. Pasteur's remedy. In the course of the past year, nearly eighty thousand sheep, between four and five thousand head of cattle, and five hundred horses, have been vaccinated, with what good effects may be gathered from the following statement: The number of sheep vaccinated within the year has been seventy-nine thousand three hundred and ninety-two. For the last ten years the average annual loss from liver-rot has been seven thousand three hundred and twenty-seven, or nine per cent. Since the introduction of vaccination this loss has

been reduced to five hundred and eighteen, or to less than one per cent.

Among the flocks which have been only partially vaccinated, there were two thousand three hundred and eight sheep vaccinated, and one thousand six hundred and fifty-nine not; and the loss among these was only eight for the two thousand three hundred and eight vaccinated sheep, while it was sixty among the one thousand six hundred and fifty-nine unvaccinated sheep. It is worthy of note that these sheep were brought from different parts of the department, and that the vaccinated and unvaccinated ones were all fed and treated in the same way. The veterinarians of the Eure-et-Loir have vaccinated during the year four thousand five hundred and sixty-two head of cattle, and there have been only eleven deaths, the rate of mortality being thus reduced from over seven per cent, at which it stood a year ago, to less than a quarter per cent. Horses were not vaccinated to so general an extent as cattle and sheep; but out of the five hundred and twenty-four subjected to it, only three died.

THE BROKEN TOY.

A BROKEN toy! what memories cling
Around this half-forgotten thing;
What baby-laughter seems to rise,
Like old, delightful melodies;
What shouts of wordless, tuneful joy,
At sight of this poor broken toy!

Oh, tiny feet that would not rest!
Oh, dear head pillowed on our breast,

What would we give to hold again
The form we lost, 'mid tears and pain!
Ah, child! the empty cot is ours,
But thine the sunshine and the flowers!

What could we give thee, shouldst thou come
To smile again upon thy home?
Such little pleasures as we know
In this, our twilight life below;
Some fragments of earth's paltry joys,
A handful of its broken toys!

How calm thy lot—for ever blest;
How exquisite thy happy rest!
How changeless, joyful, and serene,
Compared with what thy lot had been
With us—whose fleeting, clouded joys
Are at their best but broken toys!

J. H.

The Conductors of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL beg to direct the attention of CONTRIBUTORS to the following notice:

1st. All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

2d. To insure return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3d. MANUSCRIPTS should bear the author's full Christian name, Surname, and Address, legibly written; and should be written on white (not blue) paper, and on one side of the leaf only.

4th. Offerings of Verse should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

Unless Contributors comply with the above rules, the Editor cannot undertake to return ineligible papers.

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A FEW WORDS TO OUR READERS.

WITH the present Monthly Part, the fifty-second volume of this *Journal* begins, and the fifty-first year of its existence is completed, while, to judge by its circulation, the magazine seems to be in ever-increasing favour. For this and numerous other marks of approval at the hands of our readers throughout the world, our heartiest thanks are due.

Observing as far as possible the lines laid down half a century ago for the conducting of *Chambers's Journal*, it shall still be our constant endeavour to provide a weekly and monthly budget of literature at once wholesome, instructive, and entertaining; nor shall our vigilance be relaxed in withholding matter that might offend even the most sensitive.

With a watchful eye to Science and Art, and all that is currently interesting regarding them, we shall likewise increase our efforts to entertain our readers with anecdotes, tales, and serial fiction; and by commingling with these, occasional essays on subjects of social and economic importance, we hope still to elevate as well as to amuse.

In short, it shall be our earnest care jealously to preserve and guard that Standard from which we have never swerved, and which has carried *Chambers's Journal* unscathed through endless competition.

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LOST CITIES.

SCATTERED throughout this and foreign countries, we find extensive traditions respecting cities buried beneath the land or water, which, although occasionally grounded on fact, have in most cases a purely legendary origin. It is true that in years gone by, the ravages of Nature, caused either by earthquakes or encroachments of the sea, have ruthlessly swept away many a smiling village; yet this explanation does not satisfactorily account for the popular notion of lost cities, which, like so many other subjects of a kindred nature, is involved in uncertainty. It has been suggested that it may have sprung from the well-known myth of the 'Happy Isles,' a tradition which is found amongst nearly every nation of the globe, and which formed an object of belief amongst the Greeks and Romans of old, and still enters into the folk-lore of the Irishman, the Welshman, the Hindu, and the Red Indian of to-day. Indeed, one may still occasionally hear, in Wales, sailors speak of the green meadows of enchantment lying in the Irish Channel to the west of Pembrokeshire, which, they say, are at certain times discernible, although very quickly lost to sight. There are even traditions of sailors who, in the early part of the present century, went ashore on these fairy islands, unaware that they were such until they returned to their boats, when they were amazed at seeing the islands disappear from sight. The fairies who inhabited these islands are reported, says Mr West Sikes, in his *British Goblins*, 'to have regularly attended the markets at Milford-Haven, making their purchases without speaking, and occasionally rendering themselves invisible. The peasantry of Milford-Haven, too, firmly believed that these islands were densely peopled by fairies, who went to and fro between the islands and the shore through a subterranean way under the bottom of the sea.' Some antiquaries have conjectured that the tradition relating to these Happy Isles is a relic of a primeval legend associated with Eden; but the question is one involved in much obscurity, and

upon which there is a wide diversity of opinion. Without further discussing the origin of this class of legendary lore, we would give a brief outline of some of the principal instances recorded in well-known localities.

Thus, near Raleigh, in Nottinghamshire, there is a valley which popular tradition in the neighbourhood affirms was caused by an earthquake many hundred years ago, when the whole village, together with the church, was completely swallowed up. So deep-rooted was this belief, that in years gone by, it was customary for the inhabitants who resided near this valley to assemble together every Christmas morning for the purpose of hearing the ringing of the church bells underground, which it was asserted might be distinctly heard by stooping down and listening to their peals beneath. There are numerous superstitions of this kind, it being a popular notion, that in those localities where churches have been buried by an earthquake, the bells still ring deep in the earth on Christmas morning. At Fishert Brow, near Kirkby-Lonsdale, there is a curious kind of natural hollow scooped out, where, runs the legend, ages ago, a church, parson, and people were swallowed up. Ever since this terrible occurrence, it is asserted that the church bells have been regularly heard to ring every Sunday morning.

In the same way, also, cities which have been engulfed by the sea are supposed to appear above the waves at dawn on Easter-day, or to be visible by moonlight in the still depths of the water; their bells being at times heard sounding distantly below. Thus, near Blackpool, about two miles out at sea, it is related that there once stood the church and cemetery of Kilquinal, long ago submerged. Even now, however, the melancholy chimes of the bells sounding over the restless waters may oftentimes, the sailors say, be heard, especially in rough and tempestuous weather. At Crowsmere, near Ellesmere, Shropshire, 'where,' to quote a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, 'there is one of a number of pretty lakes scattered throughout the district, there is

a tradition of a chapel having formerly stood on the banks of the lake; and it is said that the belief once was, that whenever the waters were ruffled by wind, the chapel bells might be heard as ringing beneath the surface.' Referring to these sunken bells, it may be noted that their supposed sound is generally considered by sailors as ominous, and to prognosticate misfortune of some kind or other. Hence, we may quote a bell-legend connected with Jersey. Many years ago, the twelve parish churches in that island possessed each a valuable peal of bells; but during a long civil war, the bells were sold, to defray the expenses of the troops; they were accordingly sent to France for that purpose; but on the passage, the ship foundered and everything was lost. Since that day, during a storm these bells always ring from the deep. And the fishermen of St Owen's Bay sometimes go to the edge of the water before embarking, to listen if they can hear the bells upon the wind; for if so, nothing will induce them to leave the shore; but if all is quiet, they fearlessly set sail.

There are numerous legends of sunken cities scattered through Ireland, some of which are of a most romantic origin. Thus the space now covered by the Lake of Inchiquin is reported in former days to have been a populous and flourishing city; but, for some dreadful and unabsolved crime, tradition says, it was buried beneath the deep waters. The 'dark spirit' of its king still resides in one of the caverns which border the lake, and once every seven years at midnight he issues forth, mounted on his white charger, and makes the complete circuit of the lake; a performance which he is to continue till the silver hoofs of his steed are worn out, when the curse will be removed, and the city reappear, once more in all its bygone condition. The peasantry affirm that even now, on a calm night, one may clearly see the towers and spires gleaming through the clear water.

With this legend we may compare one told by Burton in his *History of Ireland*. 'In Ulster is a lake thirty thousand paces long, and fifteen thousand broad, out of which ariseth the noble northern river called Bane. It is believed by the inhabitants that they were formerly wicked vicious people who lived in this place; and there was an old prophecy in every one's mouth, that whenever a well which was therein, and was continually covered and locked up carefully, should be left open, so great a quantity of water should issue thereout as would forthwith overflow the whole adjacent country. It happened that an old beldam coming to fetch water, heard her child cry; upon which running away in haste, she forgot to cover the spring; and coming back to do it, the land was so overrun that it was past her help; and at length she, her child, and all the territory were drowned, which caused this pool that remains to this day.' Giraldus Cambrensis, too, notices the tradition of Lough Neagh having once been a fountain which overflowed the whole country, to which Moore thus alludes:

On Lough Neagh's banks, as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining.

It may be remembered also, that Crofton Croker, in his *Fairy Legends of the South of*

Ireland, relates how beyond the Gallows Green of Cork, just outside the town, there is a lake of water, at the bottom of which are buildings and gardens far more beautiful than any now to be seen. The legend runs, that long before Saxon foot touched Irish ground, there was a great king called Corc, whose palace stood where the lake now is, in a green valley. In the middle of the courtyard was a spring of fair water, so pure and clear that it was the wonder of the neighbourhood far and near. On one occasion, however, when the king was giving a grand entertainment, it happened that in the midst of the banquet one of the guests said to the king: 'May it please your Majesty, here is everything in abundance that heart can wish for except water.' 'Water,' replied the king, 'you shall speedily have;' and despatching his daughter, the fair Uga, she soon unlocked the door of the well; but stooping down, she unfortunately lost her balance and fell in. The water at once rose, and speedily filled the green valley in which the king's palace stood—a judgment, it is supposed, upon him for having closed the well against the poor.

Once more. On the west coast of Ireland, near the cliffs of Moher, a long distance out at sea, the waves appear continually breaking in white foam even on the calmest day. Tradition says that many years ago a flourishing city was swallowed up for some terrible crime, and that it becomes visible once every seven years. It is further added, that if the person who happens to see it could but keep his eyes fixed upon it till he reached it, the city would be restored. It is unnecessary to add further instances to show how extensively credit is given in Ireland to this superstition, which, it has been suggested, may have partly arisen from optical illusion, where the shadow of the mountains and various fantastic features of the landscape are reflected from the calm and unruffled bosom of a lake. Thus, said a peasant to an officer who was quartered in the west of Ireland—'If, on a fine summer evening, when the sun is just sinking behind the mountains, you go to the lough, and get on a little bank that hangs over it on the west side, and stoop down, and look into the water, you'll see the finest sight in the whole world—for you'll see under you in the water, as plain as you see me, a great city, with palaces and churches and long streets and squares in it.'

Passing from Ireland to Wales, tradition says that the well-known town of Aberystwith was formerly a long distance inland from the sea; an extensive tract of country, stretching for miles where water now rolls, having been once a flourishing and thriving district, cultivated and inhabited by a numerous population, dwelling in villages and towns, cities and seaports. One day, however, the sea arose far beyond its usual height, and flooding the country around, formed Cardigan Bay. This tradition has been preserved in prose and verse; and geologists are of opinion that it is not entirely without foundation. According to another version of this legend, related by Mr Askew Roberts in his *Gossiping Guides to Wales*, it seems that 'the steady advance of the waters had caused the inhabitants to erect sea-walls, and where the rivers discharged themselves into the ocean, floodgates were constructed,

which were always closed at high-water. The keeper of the floodgates, one night, when the people were asleep and the tide unusually high, got drunk, and either neglected to see the gates properly closed, or in his cups opened them himself. Anyhow, the plain was deluged, the people were drowned, towns and cities alike being destroyed.

Putting tradition aside, there can be no doubt that in past centuries the sudden and destructive encroachments of the sea occasionally swept away wide districts of land, and gave an impetus to this kind of legendary lore. This has been specially true of the Norfolk coast; and it is a well established fact that the village of Cromer—which of late years has become a fashionable little watering-place—was in years gone by an inland hamlet, another village having originally stood where the sea now tosses to and fro. Dunwich, again, now a mere village on the Suffolk coast, three miles and a half from Southwold, was once an important, opulent, and commercial city. Here, we are told, 'were certainly six if not eight parish churches, besides three chantries; the Temple Church, which probably belonged to the Templars, and afterwards to the Hospitaliers; the houses of Franciscan and Dominican friars, each with churches.' The city, however, being situated on a coast destitute of rock, gradually yielded to the violence of the sea. In the reign of Henry III., it is recorded how the king wrote to the barons of Suffolk to assist the inhabitants in stopping the destruction. In 1677 the sea reached the market-place; and in 1702, St Peter's Church was divested of its lead, timber, bells, &c.; and in the year 1816 Dunwich, it is said, 'consisted of only forty-two houses and half a church.'

The ancient Lovestoft is generally considered to have been washed away at an early period by the ocean, for, till the 25th year of Henry VIII., the remains of a blockhouse upon an insulated spot were to be seen at low-water about four furlongs east of the present beach. Stow, describing the great tide of 1099, says: 'The sea brake in over the banks of the Thames and other rivers, drowning many towns and much people, with innumerable numbers of oxen and sheep; at which time the lands in Kent that sometimes belonged to Duke Godwin, Earl of Kent, were covered with sand and drowned, which are to this day called Goodwin Sands.' Lastly, we find in Cornwall numerous legends relating to lost cities, some of which, it would seem, are founded partly upon fact. Thus, the Scilly Isles, it is said, were once united to the mainland by a tract of country known as the 'Lydnese,' which, according to the Saxon Chronicle, was destroyed on the 11th April 1099. Mr Warner, in his *Tour through Cornwall*, says that although, 'the records of history do not rise so high as the era when this disjunction happened, yet we have documents still remaining which prove that this strait must have been considerably widened, and the number of the Scilly Isles greatly increased within the last sixteen or seventeen centuries by the waters of the Atlantic, receding probably from the coast of America, pressing towards the coast of Britain, and overwhelming parts of the western shores of Cornwall.'

Again, that beautiful and romantic spot, St

Michael's Mount, opposite the little market-town of Marazion, and about three miles and a half from Penzance, which is now separated from the mainland at high tide by the sea, is supposed to have been originally surrounded by a dense forest. This idea is strengthened by the fact that the remains of trees have been discovered in its neighbourhood, and also from its Cornish name, which means the 'Gray Rock in the Wood.' Beneath the sands on the coast near Hayle, tradition says, the castle of Theodoric, king of Cornwall, lies buried, and that on certain occasions some of the castle turrets can be discerned. Lostwithiel is also affirmed by the Cornish peasantry to have been in former ages a city of considerable dimensions, having been swallowed up by an earthquake.

To quote one further instance, recorded by Mr Hunt, in his *Popular Romances of the West of England*. It appears that once there stood on the northern shores of Cornwall a city called Langanow, which in its best days possessed seven churches, each of which was famous for its size and beauty. The inhabitants were wealthy, deriving their riches from the fertility of the land and from the sea, which yielded them abundance of tin and lead. To this city criminals were sent from various parts of the country, and made to work by the mines. Unhappily, however, their proximity had a bad influence upon the people, who gave way to sinful pursuits and pleasures. Accordingly, the wrath of God eventually descended upon them; and one night a violent tempest arose, raging with unabated fury for three days and nights. At the end of this time, the city had entirely disappeared, being buried beneath the sandhills which the wind had heaped together on that ill-fated spot.

ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOW.

BY JOHN R. HAWWOOD.

CHAPTER V.—SIR PAGAN.

'CHEER up, though, Sir Pagan! It comes and goes that way. And if Prince Arthur didn't win the Cup, it was no fault of the dog's, after all.'

'Never thought it was, Weston,' was the curt reply.

'Nor yet it wasn't the trainer's fault, Sir Pagan,' promptly rejoined the first speaker. 'A braver greyhound or a stauncher never started out of slip; and he came in prime condition, fresh as paint, to the post—he did, and with only five to three laid against him at the last. And if there hadn't been that aggravating double, and the fool of a judge hadn't ruled it against Prince Arthur, the thing was—'

'There, there, Weston!' broke in the baronet roughly but not unkindly; 'Don't hash up that old story again. I've heard enough of it, and it's always much to the same time, and ends somehow in leaving my pocket emptier than before. You didn't come up to-day merely to tell me why my dog didn't win the York Cup.'

'None of them sick, are they?' he added hastily and with genuine anxiety.

'No, Sir Pagan; *they're* all right, the beauties, and fit as'—the speaker hesitated for a moment, in search of an adequate smile, and not finding one at once apposite and unhackneyed, ended his phrase meekly with—'fiddles.—But that isn't quite all. I made bold to run up to-day to ask you for a cheque, Sir Pagan.'

'And you couldn't have come at a worse time, I can tell you that,' returned his employer irritably, as he tapped hard with the sun-browned forefinger of his ungloved right hand on the battered mahogany table by which he stood.

'Now, Sir P.,' began the trainer persuasively, 'we must be reasonable, Sir P.—mustn't we?—and look at both sides of the thing. I have expenses, heavy expenses, to keep up my place on the Berkshire Downs. Haven't I got watchers to pay—ay, and to keep up to their work—besides wanting chaps to watch the watchers. There's rent and taxes, there's the lads, and the vet, and the travelling, which requires no lads, but experienced men. I do justice to the dogs—every gentleman owns that; but I've a duty, too, to my own family, and I can't be always paying out and never putting in; can I, Sir Pagan? A hundred is nothing to you.'—

'Isn't it, though!' rapped out the baronet petulantly. 'I tell you, Weston, as I told you before, that it's dead-low water with me, and that there isn't a fellow in London harder pressed than myself. Fortune keeps dancing ahead of me like a Will-o'-the-Wisp, I think, to lure me on through bog and guagmire, and always keeps beyond my reach. I could almost wish, now, that I'd never had a horse of my own, or a dog. I've a mind to cut the whole thing, drop my baronetcy like a hot potato, call myself plain Pagan Carew, and as such, be off to Australia. At anyrate, I could dig.'

It was evening already, and the gas that had been lighted in the dusky, angular dining-room of the grim old house in Bruton Street, threw its yellow gleam upon the two parties to this conversation, each a type after his kind. Mr Weston, the trainer, was a stout man of middle age, whose buff waistcoat, neatly tied cravat of palest blue, and wholesome, clean-shaven face, indicated nothing that we usually associate with a mercenary connection with dogs, horses, and the Turf. His appearance was almost ostentatiously respectable; and his shrewd blue eyes, a trifle restless, perhaps, retained almost a boyish candour when they met those of a customer or patron. Yet Joseph Weston had been a trainer of race-horses before he was a trainer of greyhounds; and if his character remained as honest as his looks, he was an astonishing example of how it is possible in any calling to avoid the pervading contagion of roguery.

Very different was the aspect of Sir Pagan. A young man still—he was in reality eight-and-twenty, but looked older by half-a-dozen years—he showed not the faintest resemblance to his two beautiful sisters. Nay, more; a hasty observer might have failed to class him as a gentleman; but a more patient scrutiny would have rectified that error. Sir Pagan was emphatically a gentleman; and the remembrance of the fact, and that he was a Carew of Carew, steadied him, and supported him somehow in the midst of wild comrades and evil counsellors. The baronet—

it was Charles I. who gave the honours of the Ulster Red Hand to his ancestors—had not begun his career under very favourable auspices. His grandfather had been a magnificent local spend-thrift; his father a needy but ostentatious impairer of the deeply-tipped family property. Sir Pagan, half educated, found himself the representative of the grand old name, and the master of the ruinous mansion, with an estate that bore mortgages rather than crops, and a traditional obligation to keep greyhounds, to hunt the county, and to contest elections, as his forefathers had done.

There the head of the ancient house stood, in his dingy dining-room in Bruton Street, his muscular hand resting on the graceful head of a noble greyhound of the old-fashioned Yorkshire breed, too aged, now, to win money for the master whose almost inseparable friend he was. Personally, Sir Pagan was a dark-haired man of average height, with a well-knit figure, a swarthy complexion, and hard features. Strangers never liked him. But there was something in Sir Pagan's ugly face, when you came to know him, which pleaded in his behalf—a curious wistfulness, as if he would be better if he could, which we may read in the eyes of more than one specimen of the genus to which he belonged. His education, as has been said, had been sorely neglected. Beyond a certain narrow practical groove, his ignorance was stupendous; but then he had the grace to be aware of it, and to be sorry that it was so. As a hawking, hunting gentleman, like those early Sir Pagans whose oddly-sounding baptismal appellation cropped up so often in his Devonshire pedigree, the baronet would have done very well. He could have charged with Rupert gallantly enough. He would have won credit had he sailed with Effingham against the Invincible Armada. In the nineteenth century he was an anachronism, much as a Sachem of the Pequods, in plumes and war-paint, would be in the bustling Massachusetts of to-day. All his life long he had been painfully short of cash, and he knew no way to redress the waning balance at his bankers' but by winning bet or stake, by a lucky deal in horses, or by cards. He was in evening costume now, being engaged to dine in congenial company at a well-known Club, the Chesterfield, where play ran high, and was therefore in a hurry to be rid of his trainer, the more so as a demand for ready coin was to him a source of misery.

The rapid driving up of a cab, and the clang and peal of knocker and door-bell, interrupted the colloquy between Mr Weston and his employer; and then followed the tread of feet and the murmur of voices, and stranger still, a sound as of stifled sobs in the narrow entrance-hall. Before the baronet could recover from his surprise, the door of the dingy dining-room was hurriedly flung open by a nondescript man-servant, half-groom, half-footman, who blurted out the words: 'Lady Leonminster, Sir Pagan—that is to say, Miss Carew—and Mr Pontifex.'

Sir Pagan could hardly believe his ears. He came forward, half mechanically, to receive the girl, in mourning garb, who tottered rather than walked into the room, putting out both her trembling little hands to meet that which

the baronet somewhat awkwardly extended to her; and next, breaking down altogether, sank upon the chair nearest to her and sobbed as if her heart would break.

'No one but you, now, brother—no one but you!' she said, in a low wailing voice that it was very sad to hear.

Sir Pagan winced perceptibly, as though the words, or the tone of his half-broken wretchedness in which they were uttered, came home to him as a reproach. Fraternal affection is not a quality very strongly developed or very effusively displayed in modern English life; but Sir Pagan, at the sight of his sister's distress, could not but feel that as a brother he had been rough and careless. 'There, there, Clare—don't cry,' he said with clumsy kindness, as he bent over her. 'I'm glad to see you; but it does take a fellow aback, somehow, when he hadn't a notion— Mr.—yes, Mr Pontifex—beg your pardon, I'm sure! And he clutched the little lawyer's fleshy hand between his own strong fingers with a force that made the visitor wince. 'Pray, sit down—so very kind of you—thanks!' and Sir Pagan looked round the room in bewilderment, until he espied the trainer, who was now slowly sidling towards the door. 'Another time, Weston. I'll write—or come.'

'Good-evening, Sir P.,' replied the discreet Weston, as he slipped out and softly reclosed the door.

The tall greyhound, with a low whine akin to that of recognition, solemnly advanced and laid his handsome head for a moment on the arm of the slender girl, who remained in a crouching attitude in the chair into which she had fallen, and then gravely returned to his station at his master's feet. That master, sorely puzzled, looked first at his sister, and then at Mr Pontifex. The latter, having cleared his throat, and first wiped and then deliberately readjusted his gold-rimmed glasses, began nervously an explanation, the only immediate effect of which was to increase fifty-fold the very natural perplexity of his host.

'By Jupiter, sir!' exclaimed Sir Pagan at last, slapping down his heavy hand upon the dulled and scratched mahogany of the heavy old table, whereon many a feast had smoked under the Georgian reigns; 'I don't wish to be rude, but this will drive me mad, I think. I understood you to say that it was my sister Clare—the Marchioness—that you have brought here with you to-day, and now you hint that it is Cora—I thought it was from the first—and what's all that about Lady Barbara somebody, and Castel Yarn, and the painful business, and so forth? What has happened? All I can gather is that there has been a row of some sort.'

'Excuse me, Sir Pagan,' replied the polite little lawyer; 'I did not venture to commit myself to any decided statement as to the identity of the lady who—'

'Do you not know me—brother?' exclaimed the sobbing girl, pushing back her veil, and letting the gaslight stream full upon her agitated face.

'No; upon my honour, I don't, for in truth it's so many years since'—blundered out the young baronet in his bluff way. 'But don't cry, dear. You're my sister, anyhow, and you

are welcome. I'll do my best.' And again Sir Pagan looked distractedly at the solicitor.

'I am Clare—poor Clare,' she answered; and then, after a pause, went on: 'I have come to seek shelter, come to take refuge with you, Pagan, until I can prove what I say. You are not angry with me, are you, brother dear, because I—because I come to you?'

The last words were so touchingly uttered, that rough Sir Pagan's own voice was a little husky as he replied, patting her gently on the shoulder, as if she had been a child: 'No, no; never think that. You mustn't mind me, you know. I was always a bear, wasn't I? I'll do my best, though—and—and— Mr Pontifex, one word with you.—Back in no time, dear! And with scant ceremony, Sir Pagan whisked the plump, elderly attorney out of the room, and into a den which the master of the house called his study, and which, so far as Mr Pontifex could see by the dim light of a candle that his host had snatched up in traversing the narrow hall, was littered with a wild confusion of fishing-tackle, whips, boots, spurs, and other paraphernalia of the chase, a pair of giant antlers being nailed above the mean chimney-piece, but which contained never a book. The owner of this delectable library turned sharply upon the lawyer, glad, as it seemed, to speak his mind to a man, undisturbed by the presence of the hysterical sex.

'Look ye, Mr Pontifex,' he said; 'one thing out of all this muddle is clear, and that is, that you mean well and mean kindly; but all the rest is a riddle to me. I don't take sides myself, in rows between women. And by Jove! sir, I'm no more fit to decide in such a matter than my dog Dart is. Clare and Cora were always alike—wonderfully alike—somebody might be sure to spot the right one; but I, anyhow, wouldn't risk anything on my own judgment. In any case, she is my sister, poor thing.'

'And therefore can count on a refuge and friendly sympathy here, Sir Pagan, if I apprehend you rightly,' said the lawyer.

'Just so,' answered Sir Pagan, kicking at the rusty fender. 'Of course I see that something's dreadfully wrong—somebody's not playing on the square; but in any case, Cora—or Clare—must stop here till it's put to rights.'

'Then I have only to take my leave, Sir Pagan,' said Mr Pontifex, and with a tolerably good grace submitted his plump and flaccid hand to a second experience of the baronet's vice-like grip. Then Sir Pagan re-conducted his visitor to the street-door, where the cab was still in waiting; and when that hired vehicle had gone clattering off, Sir Pagan slowly returned to the room where he had left his sister.

P L A Y.

A SHORT time ago, one of our greatest living English musicians received a visit from an intimate friend, who had arrived unexpectedly from the country at a somewhat early hour of the forenoon. When admitted into the house, the visitor at once made his way to the composer's study, and, presuming on the close and cordial nature of their long-standing acquaintance, entered softly unannounced. Sheets of music—

paper blackly scored, covered the desk and the table, and even overflowed on to the carpet—telling of a rich brain-harvest of harmony reaped by the midnight pen. Bulky manuscript-books lay open here and there, and displayed their cabalistic hieroglyphics, prisoned within 'bars,' like so many inky imps, grotesquely struggling over the pages. The piano was open; and a violin and bow, lying in juxtaposition across their empty case, seemed to indicate that the maestro's ideas had taken audible form and expression but a short time before.

But what was the maestro doing, since his pen lay for the moment idle, with its ebony blood oozing on the blotting-paper, and violin and piano mute? Pacing the room with knitted brow and far-off eyes? Tearing his hair in a fine frenzy of agonised inspiration? Gazing at the newly-risen sun in search of the divine afflatus? Not just then, at anyrate. Standing with his face turned a little away from the door, and consequently unaware for several moments of the presence of an intruder, he was tossing three oranges, keeping them all in the air at once, with a dexterity of manipulation that a professional juggler might have envied, and which betokened no inconsiderable amount of practice. Now high, now low; now faster, now slower; now apparently revolving from one hand to the other in regular rotation; now darting in and out, backwards and forwards, with a rapidity that seemed to trace yellow circles and triangles before the bewildered eye, whirled the oranges; and there, as gravely eager and intent upon maintaining their motion as though it were the weightiest concern of life, stood the genius who had given opera and oratorio to the world, and who had touched the hearts of thousands by his wondrous invocation of wood and wire with a power such as has been vouchsafed to but few men.

An exclamation from the astonished spectator at length broke the spell; the oranges descended to the floor in an unpremeditated grouping; and the musician turned in some confusion to stammer out a greeting to the witness of his feat of legerdemain. Feeling that an explanation of the scene was expected and to some extent necessary, he presently volunteered it in these terms:

'There is nothing which, once thoroughly learned, is ever entirely forgotten; and nothing is ever learned uselessly, provided that it be not in itself immoral or prejudicial to the individual or the community. Put anything carefully away, they say of material objects, and you will be sure to find a use for it before seven years are over. It is just the same with every mental acquisition. True, our time may be put out at better interest in some pursuits than in others; and it is very likely that the hours which I devoted to these "monkey tricks," as my parents and other guardians not unjustly termed them, when I was a

boy, might have been more profitably employed; but they have served their turn nevertheless. At school, I was an adept in amateur jugglery; and I believe that it was to the perfect independence yet harmony of the two hands, which such a *tour de force* as the one that you surprised me in the execution of engendered, that I owe the ease with which I mastered, almost at the outset of my musical education, certain compositions which are marked by difficult inequalities of time, and which usually constitute a great stumbling-block, not only to beginners, but often to more mature performers—such, for instance, as the concluding "Vivace" movement of Beethoven's Sonatina in G, Op. 79. More than that, it stands me in good stead even now. After a long night's work, as this has been, when I have been writing music for many hours by an artificial light, all earth, sea, and air seem ruled with five parallel lines, and I behold men, not as trees, but as crotchets and quavers walking. Then I take up my three oranges for a few minutes; and the rapid and incessant shifting of the eyes from one to the other brings relief and renovation to the vision strained by monotony. Play properly chosen should in its kind be an assistance to, not merely a relaxation from, work.'

And indeed we find this principle exemplified not only in the private recreations of many great men which have been made known to us, but in the teaching of some of the most straightforward and outspoken of them. On the first of October several years ago, two eminent surgeons were delivering the introductory address to the students at the opening of the medical schools attached to their respective hospitals in London for the winter session. One advised his hearers to cultivate some mechanical art, such as wood-carving or turning, or to habituate themselves to the use of carpenters' tools as much as possible, in order that they might acquire a digital dexterity and pliant readiness of hand—a tactual instinct, as he termed it—which should best them to become skilful operators. The other bade them devote their leisure moments to the assiduous practice of some musical instrument with the same object. While, by a curious coincidence, a celebrated physician in Scotland was at the same moment counselling his youthful auditors to pursue the study of music, not only as a healthful change from their graver labours, but in order that the ear might be educated to the delicacy of perception which would be of great service to them in auscultation with the stethoscope.

A renowned philosopher not long dead is said to have delighted in conjuring tricks, and to have declared that he could gauge a stranger's character better by the manner in which he took or refused a 'forced' card, than by an hour's conversation with him; and as a sort of corollary, and at the same time a converse to this, it may be noted that prestidigitators—who are of necessity close

observers of human nature—certainly seem invariably to select without hesitation those who are best fitted to serve their ends without suspicion, from amongst an audience whom they have never seen before.

There can be no doubt that many of the minor details of work can be acquired or developed in sport; that play may be the forerunner of bettered work. Nor is this to be considered a mere psychic conceit, when we remember that in perfection of minor detail is summed up nine-tenths of excellence in art. Genius, or rather what is frequently called genius, is only the result of indefatigable perseverance and attention to the lowest mechanical completeness. What painter could hope to reach the pinnacle of success who did not understand the process of properly mixing his colours?—a process no more artistic in itself than that of a baker who compounds a loaf. What musician has attained to eminence who has not undergone the drudgery of the scales, or plodded through the Dryadust mysteries of thorough-bass and counterpoint? Above all, where is the poet who knows not Lindley Murray? Whately says that words are pre-requisites of thought; Dr Angus goes further, and affirms that 'the thoughts we cannot express are properly not yet ours.'

Seeing, then, that in play may be laid the actual foundation of what is more to be relied upon than genius, and without which genius itself is impotent, it behoves us to direct the pastime of those over whom we have any control into such grooves as will be conducive to the greatest benefit in after-years. Some natural bent or aptitude may occasionally be indicated, and taken as a guide; but as a rule, a healthy mind may be trained to success in anything, if followed up in the one direction; just as a healthy body will excel in pedestrianism, pugilism, swimming, wrestling, or acrobatics, according to its education.

FOR HIMSELF ALONE.

A TALE OF REVERSED IDENTITIES.

BY T. W. SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER V.

THE sound of footsteps put an end to Frobisher's musings. He looked up, and next moment a glad light leaped into his eyes. Elma Deene was coming towards him; but she held her sunshade so low that he could not tell whether she had seen him. He rose and went to meet her. 'Truant! where have you been all this time?' he said. 'I have not seen you since'—

'Since half-past seven this morning, and it is now exactly eleven,' answered Miss Deene demurely. 'Three hours and a half—a long time, truly.'

'It seems like three days and a half to me.'

'You might have seen me at breakfast, had you cared to do so.'

'I was very busy, so took breakfast in my own room. But you look warm, *ma belle*. Have you been chasing a butterfly, or merely robbing the roses of some of their tints?'

'Captain Dyson and I have been flirting on the croquet lawn. Are you not jealous?'

'Not in the least.'

'That must be because you are afraid of him. He is a most terrible fellow—by his own account. Shot no fewer than thirteen tigers when in India.'

'And all of them with the long-bow, I make no doubt.—But what have you in this basket of yours? Something in connection with some charity, I suppose?'

'No. I'm only hemming a couple of dusters for the housekeeper. Getting my hand in, you know.'

'Getting your hand in?'

'Yes; against the time you and I are married. I shall have all this sort of thing to do then, and I may as well begin to practise in time. I went into the kitchen the other day, and the cook taught me how to make an apple dumpling. Are you fond of apple dumplings?'

'Very. At least I should be, if they were made by you.'

'The sole you had at dinner yesterday was fried by me.'

'It was the sweetest sole I ever tasted.'

'I gave the cook five shillings, and she let me fry it all by myself.'

'Very kind of the cook.'

'I siddy *Soyer* for an hour every morning.'

'You will be quite a little treasure of a housekeeper.'

'I've a great deal to learn. We shall not be able to afford a servant, shall we?'

'Hum—well, only a small one at first, perhaps. Now I come to think of it, Elma, there seems something mean and cowardly in dragging a girl like you down to the level of my poverty-stricken life.'

'Dick, I won't listen to you, if you talk such nonsense.'

'Your life has been one of ease, of luxury almost. You have never known the want of money. Have you fully weighed the consequences of tying yourself for life to a man who hasn't a ten-pound note in the world to call his own?'

'Why, of course I have, you great goose.'

'And the risk does not frighten you?'

'Not the least bit in the world.'

'By marrying without your uncle's consent, you will lose the eight thousand pounds which would otherwise come to you under your grandmother's will. Mr Peabworth will never consent to your marrying me.'

'What then? I love you better—far better than the eight thousand pounds.'

'I can offer you no better home than three or four dingy rooms in a back-street in London.'

'So long as it is our home, I shall be content.'

'No more carriage-drives, but the twopenny bus instead; no more servants to wait upon you; no flower-shows, no operas, no picnics.'

'Other people live without such things, and are content. Why not I?'

'My brave-hearted girl!'

'Think how cosy we shall be, Dick, on winter evenings in our little home! And when we choose to go out, no cares, no responsibilities, but just the latchkey in your pocket, and there you

are. And on Saturday nights we shall have to go marketing, you and I, with a big basket and a bulky umbrella, and bring home the butter and the eggs, and the asparagus and the truffles; and I shall have to be very careful that the shopkeepers do not overcharge me.'

'Asparagus and truffles on three guineas a week, which will be about the extent of my income! We should be ruined in a month.'

'I should have said cabbages and turnips. And then in summer, our window-sill shall be as full of flowers as it will hold, and that shall be our garden. And of an evening, when you have done writing, you shall sit by the open window with your slippers and your pipe—I shall allow you to smoke, you know—and read bits of Tennyson to me, or a chapter out of the last novel; while I darn your gloves or sew on your buttons. And when it gets too dark to see to read or sew, but not dark enough to light the lamp—for we must be very economical—I will sing to you one or two of those songs that you say you love so well; and we shall be as happy, Dick, dear, as two robins in a nest.'

Her eyes were glowing; the delicate colour in her cheeks had deepened while she was speaking. Can it be wondered at if Master Frank stooped and kissed the face that was gazing up so confidently into his? In any case, as veracity compels us to state, that is what he did.

'Pie! Dick, naughty boy! what right have you to take such liberties?' she said with a pretty pout.

'The temptation was too much for me.'

'I hear voices,' exclaimed Miss Deene; 'Clunie and Captain Dyson are coming this way. Let us turn down here.'

They took a winding path through the shrubbery that led to another part of the grounds, and were presently lost to view.

From the foregoing conversation, it will at once be understood that our friend Mr Frobisher had not neglected to make his hay while the sun shone. When he had made up his mind that he was in love with Miss Deene—and it did not take him long to arrive at that conclusion—he at once set to work with his customary ardour to achieve success in a pursuit that was utterly new and strange to him. But his victory had not been a difficult one, for, truth to tell, Elma was quite as deeply in love with him as he was with her. When he had taken her hand one day and whispered certain words in her ear, she hung her head for a few moments, then looking up, her eyes dimmed with tears, and a little half-pathetic smile playing round her lips, she had said simply: 'If you value my love as much as you say, it is all yours.'

And thus the affair was settled between them, only for the present the sweet secret was all their own; for a little while no one must know it but themselves.

Scarcely were Frobisher and Miss Deene lost to view, when Captain Dyson and Miss Pebworth appeared on the scene. Clunie was hanging on the little warrior's arm, and appeared to be intensely interested in what he was saying. His shrill piping voice could be heard while he was still some distance away.

'There I was, Miss Pebworth,' he was saying,

'perched in a mangrove tree, on one side of me the tiger, on the other the tigress—waiting.'

'O Captain Dyson, what a frightful predicament!'

'Their instinct told them that in time I must succumb to hunger and fatigue, and then'—

'You quite make me tremble. Let us sit down here in the shade, please.'

'By all means. I am flattered by your interest.'

'But why did you not shoot the wretches?' asked Clunie, as Dyson sat down in close proximity to her.

'Miss Pebworth, I had only one bullet left,' replied the Captain, with his most tragic air.

'I should have died of fright—I know I should.'

'What was to be done? Death—a horrible death—stared me in the face. Suddenly, a happy thought struck me. I was groping absently in my pockets, when all at once my fingers encountered a hard substance. What do you think it was?'

'Gracious me! Another bullet, perhaps?'

'No, Miss Pebworth; it was not a bullet. It was a nutmeg!'

'A nutmeg, Captain Dyson! How very remarkable!'

'It was more than remarkable—it was providential. The moment I felt the nutmeg, I knew I was saved. I loaded my rifle with it, in place of an ordinary bullet, and fired. I am a dead-shot, and my usual skill did not fail me. The nutmeg entered the animal's left eye and crashed through his brain. One of my enemies was disposed of.'

'How very brave! How exceedingly clever!'

'I loaded again with the real bullet, and ten seconds later the tigress lay lifeless in the dust. The skins of the two animals are on my library floor at the present moment.'

'What a wonderful escape! I could listen to you all day long,' said Clunie as she rose and put up her sunshade.

'You do indeed flatter me, Miss Pebworth.'

'You will tell me some more of your remarkable adventures, Captain Dyson, will you not?'

'I shall only be too gratified to do so.'

'For the present, I must leave you. Mamma will be looking for me.' She let him squeeze the tips of her fingers for a couple of seconds, and next moment was tripping lightly across the lawn towards the house.

The Captain followed her with admiring glances. 'A most superior girl,' he muttered to himself; 'and so very appreciative.' Then he lit a cigarette, and strolled back in the direction of the croquet-ground.

CHAPTER VI.

In a cool morning-room which Mr Pebworth had appropriated to his own uses, that gentleman and Mr Dick Drummond, whom he still looked upon as his nephew, were closeted together. Mr Pebworth had a little business in hand which he was anxious to bring to an auspicious conclusion. 'Dempsey has agreed to invest a couple of thousands,' he was saying, 'and Dyson fourteen or fifteen hundred. I suppose, my dear Frank, I may put you down for the same amount as our friend the Captain?'

'In matters of this kind, as I have told you before, I am the veriest infant. If you tell me that the speculation is a sound one, I have no objection to invest.'

'As sound as a roach.'

'No fear of its cracking up in a month or two?'

'My dear Frank! As if I should ask you to associate yourself with any speculation that was not absolutely *bond-fide*. The Patent Bottled Ozone Company offers a magnificent field for enterprising capitalists. Fifteen per cent. per annum guaranteed, and a bonus every six months. Think of that! Fifteen per cent. and a bonus!'

'Why, I shall be a millionaire before I know where I am. You shall have a cheque in the course of a few days.'

'Bless you—bless you! I suppose I can lock up the coupons in my fireproof safe along with the other documents I hold belonging to you?'

'Do so. They will be safer in your keeping than in mine.'

'My own idea, exactly.—By-the-by, my dear Frank, I hope you won't think it impertinent on my part, but may I ask whether Mr Drummond's stay at Waylands is likely to be a very lengthy one?'

'That depends upon himself. I want him to stay here altogether—to make Waylands his home, in fact. But he's so very independent. He talks about going back to his brush and palette in our old rooms in Soho.'

'A very sensible young man. He would feel himself too much like a dependant here. In any case, my dear Frank, it seems hardly advisable that the intimacy between yourself and him should be kept up on the same familiar footing as of old.'

'I don't know so much about that, in Dick's case. You see, we were chums together all through those old poverty-stricken days that now seem so hard to believe in. When a man has shared his last sixpence with you—when you have dined together off sixpennyworth of cold meat and a pint of porter; when you have walked the streets together for hours after dark, because your tops were so shabby you couldn't be seen out by daylight; why, if Fortune ever does turn up the ace of trumps, that man is the first whom one ought to remember. Don't you agree with me, Uncle Pebworth?'

'Certainly, my dear Frank, certainly. Gratitude is always beautiful. I am grateful for many things.'

'So that you see,' continued Drummond, 'Dick and I are almost like brothers; and if he leaves Waylands, I shall miss him more than I could say. He attends to my letters and accounts and all sorts of bothering things. I never could answer letters, you know.'

'My dear Frank, why not take me for your guide, philosopher, and friend, unworthy me? Mr Drummond cannot claim to have that experience of the world that I have; he cannot claim to have that interest in your welfare that I, your uncle on your poor dear mother's side, have. No, no. Ask anybody, everybody, they will all say: "Pebworth's heart is in the right place." That heart, my dear nephew, I need hardly say, is entirely devoted to your service.'

'Very kind of you, I must say. Somehow,

nowadays, I seem to have no end of friends. Everybody seems to like me. Once on a time, poor old Dick was the only friend I had in the world.'

Mr Pebworth shook his head in grave dissent. 'Your noble heart, Frank, would secure you friends in whatever position of life you might be placed.'

At this moment a servant entered with a card on a salver. Dick took it and read: "'The Hon. Mrs Clackmannan.'" Don't know her. Never heard the name before,' he added.

'One of the most notorious beggars in these parts,' observed Mr Pebworth sententially.

'A beggar, uncle!'

'I mean for so-called charitable objects. Beware of her, Frank, or she will wheedle your purse out of your pocket before you know what you are about.'

'In any case, I suppose I must go and see the woman,' answered Dick; and with that he rose and left the room.

Mr Pebworth looked after him with a sneer. 'A gilded puppet!' he muttered to himself. 'But I must have the pulling of the strings, not Mr Drummond. A dangerous fellow that. He must be got away from Waylands at any cost.' He rose, ran his fingers through his hair, buried his hands deep in his pockets, and began to pace the room slowly. 'I breathe again,' he said. 'This cheque which Frank will give me will just pull me through my difficulty with Starkie and Co. He will never ask to see the coupons. If I can only contrive to tide over the next three months, I shall be safe—safe.' He sighed heavily, wiped his hot palms with his handkerchief, and stood for a few moments gazing absently out of the open French-window. While he was thus engaged, Frobisher came slowly along the terrace. At sight of him, Mr Pebworth started. 'Ah! Mr Richard,' he called out, 'you were the very person who was in my thoughts.'

'Kind of you, I'm sure,' responded Frank. 'I like people to think about me.'

'If you have a few minutes to spare, I should like to have a little conversation with you.'

'I am entirely at your service, Mr Pebworth.'

The elder man led the way into the room, and Frobisher followed. 'Pray, take a chair, Mr Drummond.'

Frank took one; and Mr Pebworth sat down on the opposite side of the table.

'I have just had a long talk with my nephew,' said the latter. 'Among other things, he remarked that it was your intention to leave Waylands in the course of a few days, and resume your old mode of life in London. I quite agreed.'

'And did dear simple-minded Frank say that?' interrupted the other. 'And did you really believe it?'

'Eh?'

'My dear sir, I gave you credit for having a higher opinion of me than that.'

'Upon my word, Mr Drummond, I hardly follow you.'

'I appeal to you, Mr Pebworth, as a man of the world. Should I not be a consummate ass to desert my friend at the very moment he has stepped into eight thousand a year? It would be too much to expect of poor human nature, would it not?'

'Poor human nature is weak, very,' answered Pebworth with a melancholy shake of the head, but with his cunning eyes fixed anxiously on Frobisher's face.

'And as regards dear old Frank,' went on the other, 'never were the sweet offices of friendship more needed by him than at the present moment.'

'I confess that I fail to apprehend your meaning.'

'When Frank was poor, Frank could take care of himself; now that Frank is rich, Frank must be taken care of. He must be protected from the horde of harpies and bloodsuckers who scent out a rich man as unerringly as though he were a pigeon and they so many kites bent on picking his bones.'

Mr Pebworth moved uneasily on his chair. 'And you have constituted yourself my nephew's protector?' he asked with a half-hidden sneer.

'I have constituted myself his protector, his adviser, and in all business matters his other self, or as we say in Latin, his *alter ego*. For the present, Waylands is my home, and here I mean to stay—as long as it suits me, and no longer.'

'Upon my word, sir, you assume a very independent tone in this matter.'

'And not without reason.—Listen to me, Mr Pebworth. My friend informed me not many minutes ago that you had persuaded him to invest heavily in Patent Ozones.'

Mr Pebworth half started from his chair, and then sat down again.

'Three weeks ago,' continued Frobisher imperceptibly, 'at your suggestion he invested one thousand pounds in Pan-Caucasian mining shares; and you have been quietly feeling your way with him as regards the African Sand Utilisation Company.'

'And pray, sir, in what way may all this concern you?'

'Whatever concerns my friend—or his pocket, concerns me. Now, I have only to go to Frobisher and lay before him a few plain facts—I have only to tell him that the Pan-Caucasian shares have been going down slowly but surely for the last seven days.'

'A temporary panic, nothing more.'

'So be it. I have only to tell him that there are some very ugly rumours afloat with regard to the stability of the Patent Ozone Company.'

'Calumnies, base calumnies, every one!'

'So be it. I have only to tell him that the list of the Directors of the African Sand Company does not contain a name of any standing in the City—I have only to do this, Mr Pebworth, and my friend would come to you five minutes later with instructions to sell out without an hour's delay every shilling's-worth of stock you have bought in his name.'

The pallor on Mr Pebworth's face had deepened as Frobisher's cold unimpassioned tones touched on one point after another; surprise and anger had gradually given place to abject fear; for the time being the man looked ten years older than he had looked ten minutes previously. He took out his pocket-handkerchief furtively and rubbed his damp fingers with it under the table. Once, twice, he essayed to speak; but no sound came

from his lips.—Frobisher was quietly rolling a cigarette.

'But you are not going to say anything of the kind to my dear Frank, are you, Mr Drummond?' The question had something of the sound of a beggar's whining entreaty.

Frobisher looked up with a contemptuous smile. 'Why should I not, Mr Pebworth?—why should I not?' he asked. 'And then, again, why should I?' he added a moment later. 'I only speak of these trifles to prove to you how desirable it is that you and I should be friends.' He leaned his elbows on the table and looked steadily into the other man's face. 'Don't you think, Mr Pebworth, that you and I had better be friends than enemies?' he asked.

Mr Pebworth's eyes quailed and fell. He drummed nervously for a moment or two with his fingers on the table; then he said: 'I know of no reason, Mr Drummond, why you and I should not be friends—the best of friends.'

'Good,' replied Frobisher. Then he finished the preparation of his cigarette before uttering another word. 'Do you know, Mr Pebworth,' he resumed, 'that it has often occurred to me how badly you were treated by the late Mr Askew, when he bequeathed every penny he died possessed of to his scapegrace nephew, and left you, his first-cousin, entirely out in the cold?'

Mr Pebworth stared, as well he might; but the impassive face opposite told him nothing. After a little pause of hesitation, he said: 'I was badly treated, Mr Drummond—very badly treated. The forgetfulness, the unkindness, of my aged relative, for whom I always cherished a very warm affection, has, I need hardly say, touched me to the quick.'

'If old Askew had only left you a slice of the pudding! If, for instance, he had left you the Marshfield property, in Yorkshire, which brings in something like two thousand a year—how very nice that would have been!'

'Don't, my dear friend—please, don't! Even to hear such a thing hinted at is almost too much for my poor feelings.'

'How many romances one hears and reads about—how many strange freaks of fortune there are in connection with will-cases! It would be a curious circumstance, now, wouldn't it, if some fine day a fresh will were to turn up showing that Mr Askew had not forgotten you at the last moment?'

'Don't talk in that way, my dear sir, please, don't!'

'Frobisher has given me something like a cart-load of old Mr Askew's papers to wade through. What, if among those papers I should come across a will the existence of which has hitherto been unknown, and in which your name is not forgotten—it would be a remarkable coincidence, would it not?'

Pebworth turned first red and then yellow, and stared at Frobisher, as if in doubt whether to take his words seriously or the contrary. 'It would indeed be a remarkable coincidence, Mr Drummond,' he said at last. His voice trembled a little, and his eyes were bent with a furtive and suspicious look on Frank's face.

'Fifteen hundred or two thousand a year derivable from landed property would not be so dusty—eh, Mr Pebworth?'

'Ah.' It was a sigh rather than an exclamation, but it was eloquent with a meaning all its own.

For a little while, neither of the men spoke. The fish was playing round the bait. The angler was waiting patiently.

'Do you think, Mr Drummond, that there is the slightest probability of any such will as you hint at being in existence?' Mr Pebworth's voice was hardly raised above a whisper, and he had glanced warily round before speaking, to make sure that they were alone.

'At present, I have only waded through about one-third of the old gentleman's papers,' answered Frank. 'What may be hidden among the remainder, I cannot of course say. But—nothing is impossible.'

'The law would not see anything out of the ordinary in such a document!'

'How could it? You were Mr Askew's first-cousin. What more natural than that he should have changed his mind in your favour after making his first will? Frobisher would still have six thousand a year. A man may live very remarkably on six thousand a year.'

'What if my dear Frank were to contest the will?'

'You don't know poor, dear, simple-hearted Frank as well as I do, or you would not even hint at such a thing.'

'The witnesses to such a document would be'

'Softly, my dear sir—softly. No document of any kind has yet been found, and the chances are ten thousand to one that it never will be found. Still—more curious things than that do happen every day of our lives.'

Frobisher rose and pushed back his chair. Pebworth was anxious and perturbed, and yet not without an inward feeling of elation. The golden bait dangling before his eyes had proved too much for his powers of resistance. He had snatched at it, and was hooked without as yet being aware of the painful fact.

Frobisher put in hand turned to say a few last words. 'In this mercenary age, Mr Pebworth,' he said, 'men do not usually care to labour for nothing, and when they do, their work as a rule is worth but little. As a man of business, it must naturally occur to you to ask yourself what object I have in view, what end I wish to gain, in speaking to you as I have spoken this morning.'

Mr Pebworth nodded. The question was one that he had not failed to ask himself.

'I can tell you in a few words the object I have in view, the end I wish to gain,' answered Frank. 'I am in love with your niece, Miss Deane, and I want your consent to our marriage.'

'You want to marry my niece! You!'

'Even I. Why not, Mr Pebworth? It is true that at present I am only Dick Drummond, a poor painter; but I don't want to remain a poor painter all my life. I could marry Miss Deane without your consent, were I so minded; but in that case, she would forfeit the eight thousand pounds which comes to her under her grandmother's will. Now, although I am a Boletian, I am a very matter-of-fact individual as well, and I should be a fool to miss the chance of netting

eight thousand pounds. Then again, by marrying your niece, I should become your nephew, in which case, don't you see, your interests and mine would be identical.'

'You must give me time to think—to think, Mr Drummond,' said Pebworth, who was utterly taken aback by the audacity of Frank's avowal.

'As for that, we are only theorising, you know, and the chances are that our talk this morning will end in nothing but moonshine. But so long as you and I understand each other, that is enough. And I think I may say, Mr Pebworth, that we do understand each other.'

'We do indeed, Mr Drummond.'

'We will talk further of this anon, as they say on the stage. And now for a cigarette on the terrace.—Listen to that blackbird, Mr Pebworth. How sweet its note, how pure its song! I think that I should like to be a blackbird on a bright morning in summer.' And with a smile, whose meaning Pebworth could not fathom, and a careless nod, Frobisher lounged slowly through the open window and strolled along the terrace.

'What a remarkable young man—what a very remarkable young man!' muttered Pebworth to himself as he gazed after Frank's retreating form. 'He may be a painter of pictures which he cannot sell, but if so, he has certainly mistaken his line in life. He ought to be managing Director of the African Sand Utilisation Company. He is the very man for the post.'

'A MEDICAL GUIDE FOR ANGLO-INDIANS.'

We have just met with a little book bearing this title, written by Dr Mair, and published by Kegan Paul and Co, London. What would we not have given years ago, when in the wilds of the Indian districts, to have had some such *Guide* to help us! One of our party had been stricken down with malarious fever. We were miles from any English doctor, who, even by hard travelling, could not have reached us under twenty-four hours. We were compelled to fall back upon the nearest native apothecary, whose prescriptions only made matters worse. We were compelled finally to break up camp and carry our invalid into the station.

Turning to the chapter on 'Fevers' in Dr Mair's book, we are at once put in possession of the varying symptoms and how to meet and master them. Had we had such a *Guide* at the time of which we speak, it is not too much to say that it would have saved us from grave consequences. The prescriptions given can be understood by a child, and the quantities are all written out in plain words, such as, for example: Take of Quinine, two scruples; Diluted Sulphuric Acid, one dram (or the juice of one lime). Any one, therefore, furnished, as most Indian travellers are, with a small medicine-chest, can make up their own mixtures with the assistance of this excellent help. We further read: 'If attacks of ague continue to recur in spite of all treatment, the only course left is for the patient to quit the malarious district—if his health has been much

damaged—for some more salubrious locality, or to take a sea-voyage.' But then, Dr Mair knows that many circumstances combine to prevent the Indian civilian or officer from moving about at will, so he adds: 'When this is impracticable, persons exposed to a malarious atmosphere, or who have had an attack of fever, would find it worth their while to attend to the following cautions. First, beware of sudden exposure to cold, and of damp or wet feet. Second, avoid over-fatigue and exhaustion, however produced. Third, never sleep in the open air during the night, and never close to the surface of the ground. Fourth, go early to bed, but do not get out of doors too early in the morning. Fifth, never leave the house in the morning with an empty stomach. Sixth, be temperate in habits.'

As much of the Anglo-Indian's life is spent under canvas, how necessary is it to have some knowledge of how to treat, and better still of how to avoid the inroads of the climate upon English constitutions. It is quite possible, with care, to enjoy as good health in India as in England, as many who have returned after thirty or even forty years' residence there can testify. As Dr Mair remarks: 'Medical men of any experience in India know full well that even at the present day, in a very large, if not in the greater number of cases, men whose constitutions have been so impaired as to necessitate a return to their native country, should assign the cause to their own imprudence and want of self-restraint, rather than to any direct influence of the climate.'

By this Dr Mair does not deny that the climate has no influence on the constitution; for it is a very important factor in undermining health, if people do not take the precaution of having periodical change. Given the case of a man who could not leave the country at all, Dr Mair says, 'his children as a rule would be feeble in mind and body, and the prospects of another generation would be remote.'

The object and use of this *Guide*, therefore, is to help those who are residents, or about to become so, with valuable hints as to how to preserve their health. He recommends that the health should be well established in young people before they are sent out to India, because 'very young men, youths under twenty years of age, are less able to encounter the climate of the plains than those above twenty and under thirty. They are generally less able to resist the influence of the continued high temperature; become during their first hot season predisposed to attacks of fever, dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera, or heat-apoplexy; are more likely to fall victims to epidemic disease, and are not unfrequently so enervated and debilitated as to be obliged to leave the country before they have completed two or three years' residence.'

This is practically tested every year among the boy-soldiers of regiments newly arrived in India,

or the raw recruits who are sent out to fill up vacancies. Men should not be sent out to India until they have passed their twentieth year, and girls their eighteenth. It is equally a risk to go out for the first time after one has passed the age of forty.

Another caution Dr Mair gives is one that cannot be too much insisted upon. Has it not passed into a proverb, 'the one year more' that men remain, which often proves their last? Tempted by adding a little more to their fortune or their pension, they remain beyond the time their health can bear, and so lose all. To many, India is a sanatorium rather than otherwise. Those who are consumptive or scrofulous, often enjoy better health out there than in England.

We were speaking just now of imprudence and want of self-restraint being at the root of much ill-health in India. This may be accounted for by the style of living, which tempts the appetite with all sorts of rich food. As a rule, people in India eat more than they can digest, and this is the secret of half their liver complaints. 'First of all,' to quote Dr Mair, 'there is the little breakfast, *chota hawari*, at six in the morning, which consists of tea or coffee and bread—with or without eggs—and fruit. Second, breakfast at nine or ten o'clock, composed of curry and rice, chops, cold meat, fresh eggs, with bread, tea, coffee, or claret. Third, tiffin at two p.m., consisting of a joint or fowl, curry and rice-pudding, and fruits. Fourth, dinner at seven or eight p.m., consisting of any number of courses, according to your position and your pocket. Few will question the fact we have stated, after reading this, that as a rule people in India eat more than they should. Dr Mair enters very judiciously into this question of consumption of food, which those who are interested in the matter would do well to consult. He declares emphatically that 'the newly arrived European in India requires no alcoholic beverage whatever, if he comes to India as he ought to do—full of life, vigour, and energy. If he does require stimulants, he has assuredly made a mistake in going out to India at all. The idea that beer, wine, brandy, or other alcoholic stimulant, is necessary to counteract, as is fancied, the depressing effects of the climate, is a delusion, and too often a snare. It is the rock on which more lives have been sacrificed than from any other cause.' In this opinion Dr Mair is supported by all the best medical authorities on India.

The questions of food, drink, sleep, exercise, bathing, smoking, and the like, are all fully treated, with sound judgment, and well advised upon. There are most valuable chapters on the management of children in India, which we strongly recommend to mothers. Indeed, we feel sure that any one having children or friends in India, and those whose lives are spent there, will thank us for drawing their attention to this most useful little book, written by one who has from long residence in India proved the truth of all that he has advised. It will help the anxious wife or husband how to act when far from medical assistance. The young mother, ignorant what to do in an emergency, will find its directions ample. Indian complaints of every description,

poisoning, drowning, accidents of all kinds, including snake-bites, are treated and prescribed for, with plain directions what to give and how to cure.

THE CAMORRA.

AN association of malefactors, organised with grades of promotion for proved valour, like an order of knighthood, and exercising such influence over the minds of its disciples as to raise them to a perverted heroism of crime; a gigantic monopoly of violence and extortion, forming a state within the state, sometimes treated with on equal terms by its legitimate though feeble rival in authority, sometimes persecuted, never extirpated; an organisation of criminals holding formal councils, employing a regular staff of officials, collecting and distributing a vast revenue, exacting a certain amount of relative respectability as a condition of membership, convicting criminals whose sentences are executed with inexorable rigour—such a mysterious and powerful conspiracy against the established order of society is described in M. Mare Monnier's valuable brochure on the Camorra of Naples.

The author, writing in 1862, from investigations carefully made into the records of the police, speaks in the past tense of the constitution of the Camorra as it flourished during the rule of the Bourbons, and naturally assumes that it must disappear, with the other abuses of that unhappy regime, under the reformed government of Unified Italy. Twenty years have since then passed away, and the Camorra, energetically attacked by every successive governor and prefect of Naples, is still all-powerful in its subterranean machinations, as a few recent instances of its action suffice to show.

The most striking of these was the murder of Carlo Borrelli, less than five years ago, by formal decree of the Camorra, whose agent, Raffaele Esposito, was selected by lot to do the deed. The most alarming part of the occurrence was the display of popular feeling called forth by the conviction of Esposito the murderer, who received such an ovation on his passage through the Toledo as had not been seen in Naples since the entrance of Garibaldi. Flowers were strewn on his path from balconies and windows; the long street surged from end to end with an acclaiming populace, disgorged into the daylight from all the swarming dens between the Porta Capuana and the Mercatello, and the criminal's progress was accompanied by sobbs of sympathy and admiration from those money-dark-haired women, whose superficial aspect of lazy good-humour masks a capacity for tragic fury. But even more significant as an indication of public sentiment was the posthumous vengeance wreaked by the mob on the body of the murdered man, deposited, according to Neapolitan usage, for twenty-four hours previous to interment, in the mortuary chapel of the new cemetery, on the beautiful slope of Poggio Reale, overlooking the bay. Even in that sacred spot, consecrated by the mournful memories of the entire city, the executed remains were, during the night, mutilated, defiled, and assailed with every outrage and indignity that the fiendish malignity of a savage rabble could suggest. In that carnival of ribald passion, the

Camorra showed its unshaken hold on the affections of the people, while it gave a signal example of that insatiable vengeance on the traitor which even his death could not appease.

Much about the same period was committed a crime which caused great excitement among the English residents at Naples, as the victim belonged to their community. He was an inoffensive man, leading a retired life, and his only crime was that, by his cultivation and sale of flowers, he interfered with the monopoly of the market enjoyed by the clients of the Camorra. For this, he was murdered one evening in his own garden, as a signal warning to all poachers on the preserves of the society.

The next outrage we shall refer to occurred in the winter of 1872-73, and in this case also the sufferer was an Englishman. He was a doctor in good practice, and lived, with his wife and a very large family of children, in a handsome palace near the Chiaia. One day, to his dismay, he received a letter threatening him with assassination unless he consented to pay the sum of a thousand francs, inclosed in an envelope, and addressed in a particular way, to be called for at the post-office. He laid this missive at once before the authorities, who advised him to send the money as directed, while guards should be stationed in the post-office to arrest the person who claimed it. This course, however, which has often been adopted with success in similar cases, he declined, from timidity, to follow, requesting instead that a personal guard should be assigned to himself. The guard was given, and from then on he watched his house while he was within, and attended him through the streets when he walked abroad. But the perseverance of his enemies was not to be so easily balked; and one afternoon, as he was passing through a crowded thoroughfare with two municipal guards before, and two behind him, a man, in brushing by him, hissed into his ear: 'Your precautions are useless; if we do not take your life, we will kill one of your children.'

The terrible suggestion was enough for the poor doctor, who, hastening home, made all preparations for flight, and giving his wife twelve hours to pack, probably saved his life by quitting Naples that night with all his household and belongings.

The systematic and daring character of these outrages proves them to be the acts of the Camorra; and though they are only a few instances gleaned at haphazard among a host of similar cases, they suffice to show that the all-powerful society is still rampant in Naples, despite the efforts of government to eradicate it. It is also a fact that stolen property can frequently be recovered by enlisting the agency of the chiefs of the Camorra (the *Times* correspondent, writing on September 6, 1880, mentions this state of things with other proofs of the insecurity of property in Naples), and that ruffians can be hired by an established tariff to inflict any degree of personal injury on an enemy, from a *stiletto* between the ribs to a sound thrashing. The extremely low charge—only five francs—for the latter form of chastisement makes it a favourite mode of resenting minor incivilities, for which assassination or permanent disfigurement might even in Naples be deemed too severe a penalty.

What, then, is the nature and history of this mysterious body, so formidable, and yet so dear to the popular imagination of Naples? M. Marc Monnier's pages supply a full and sufficient answer, for while the Camorra has to some extent modified the details of its organisation, to suit altered circumstances, its mode of operation, though somewhat more disguised, is practically the same as in its palmy days before the Revolution.

Now, as then, the Camorrist remains the personification of power and heroism to the Neapolitan of the lower classes, and the attainment of similar honour and distinction is the utmost goal of the ambition of the rising generation. Indifference to sufferings and danger has ever been the first requisite for success in the career; and to judge by the tests of courage our author describes him as subjected to, the young aspirant must often have found the path to glory a thorny one. A duel with the knife was the least of these ordeals, and he was liable to be put through others still more formidable. A five-son piece, for instance, was placed on the ground in the centre of a ring of associates, who all tried to transfix it with their knives; and the novice on trial, in the attempt to snatch the money from amidst the gleaming blades, often purchased his promotion at the cost of a pierced and bleeding hand.

Having passed some such trial of valour, he became a *picciut di sgar*, which may be freely translated 'bully-boy'; *sgarare* in Italian meaning 'to brave,' and *sgariglio*, 'a braggart.' The neophyte had then an arduous probation before him, being made over as a sort of fag or apprentice to a full Camorrist, for whom he was expected to perform all the most difficult and dangerous tasks. This novitiate might last for many years, unless the disciple had the much-desired opportunity of shortening it, by the performance of some signal act of devotion to the society, such as committing a murder on its behalf; and these occasions of distinction were so eagerly sought for by the juniors, that they had to be disposed of by lot. Or he might earn his step by accepting the responsibility and penalty of a crime committed by a senior member, a form of self-sacrifice called *accollarsi un delitto*, and, strange to say, by no means uncommon in the records of the society. Thus, one of the sect, Filippo Cirillo, when in prison, conceived a grudge against the inspector for some trifling contradiction, and desired his death, which an enthusiastic probationer, one Zellosiello, undertook to effect. The Camorrist, who was about to be removed to another prison, bade him wait for twenty-four hours after his departure before carrying out his design. His orders were punctually attended to, and at the time fixed by him, his enemy was slain. Zellosiello, arrested, tried, and found guilty of the crime, expiated it on the gallows without ever breathing the name of its real author, thus dying a martyr to his ferocious code of honour.

The *picciotto*, who either by long and faithful service, or by the performance of some striking act of heroism, thought himself entitled to promotion, made a formal application for admission into the inner ranks of the society, where his claims were debated in solemn council. If they

were found sufficient, he was initiated with a theatrical ceremony, in which a dagger, a pistol, and a glass of poisoned beverage played a part; and with his hand dipped in his own blood, the neophyte went through a sort of pantomime, expressing his devotion to the society, even to the extent of committing suicide at its bidding. Presented then by the chief to the assembled brethren with the formula, '*Riconoscete l'uomo*,' the new Camorrist was invested with the full privileges of his order, entitled to take part in all its deliberations, and to share in the division of its spoils.

The twelve districts of Naples had each its separate branch of the society, acting independently of the others, under its local chief. The latter functionary was assisted in his administrative labours by a secretary and accountant, or cashier, whose duty was the equitable distribution of the *barattolo*, or weekly revenue of the branch, divided every Sunday morning among the assembled members. This fund, which must have been very considerable, was principally the product of a tithe regularly assessed on the profits of all forms of traffic, lawful and contraband, honest or infamous. The gamester's winnings, the priest's fees, the miserable wages of the sempstress, the huckster's paltry gains, were equally mulcted of their tenth by the ubiquitous agents of the Camorra. But it must be admitted that if the society thus usurped the privileges of regularly constituted authority, it also exercised some of its functions, and the people paid its exactions willingly, because it provided efficient protection against those of others. The Camorrist intervened in all transactions, generally in the interests of justice, insisted on fair-play between the parties to every bargain, enforced a rough-and-ready order, where order besides there was none; and in quarrels often acted as an amateur judge, whose arbitration was preferred by the people, as cheaper, readier, more efficacious, and probably not less impartial than that of the regular tribunals. In the low haunts of obscure gambling, the silent man who looked on a passive spectator, and held out his hand to each winner for his tenth, saved the police the trouble of superintending those resorts of ignoble vice. The great monopoly of crime thus often acted as a check on its commission by poachers on its privileges, and the wolves constituted themselves the guardians of the flock against the depredations of other beasts of prey.

It was in the Neapolitan prisons, where criminals were herded indiscriminately together, that the Camorra had its origin and foci, no trace of its existence without their walls being found farther back than 1830, though an association exactly similar existed in the Vicaria prison as far back as 1573. Honorary gradations of rank were recognised among the respective associations of these dungeons, the prison of Castel Capuano being pre-eminent over the others in Naples, but in its turn subordinate to the Bagno di Procidia. The respective Camorras of *piazza* and *prigione* were, however, invested with co-ordinate authority, and exercised no jurisdiction the one over the other. The convict once within the prison walls, was the absolute slave of the Camorra, whose exactions met him the moment he crossed the threshold with a demand for a

contribution for the 'oil of the Madonna,' a pious tax intended to keep a light burning before her shrine. Then followed a regular system of pillage. All the luxuries of prison-life, wine, tobacco, and gaming, were in the hands of the Camorra, which licensed their use; and in order to enjoy these solaces, the wretched prisoner parted with his food, his clothes, his bed, as he would have parted with his own soul, had it been an equally negotiable commodity. Every game of *morra*, every hand at *scopa* or *briscola*, paid its tithe; and while each player lost in succession, the Camorra steadily won. Thus, in the Vicaria prison, its gains from these sources amounted in one week alone to twelve hundred francs.

The maintenance of order within the prisons was almost entirely confined to the society; as deprived of its co-operation, the authorities would have been powerless. A prisoner in Castel Capuano, a noted assassin, committed a serious breach of the prison discipline, refusing on the orders of the turnkey to leave the parlour, where he was receiving a forbidden visit. The turnkey not daring himself to lay hands on his formidable charge, called to his aid the Camorrist chief Diego Zezza, a still more terrible man, armed with a razor set in a wooden handle, and known to make good use of this tremendous weapon. He had indeed cut a man's head clean off with it in the prison of Avoca, whence he was just arrived. He rushed at his insubordinate companion, seized him by the hair, dashed his head repeatedly against the grating, and flung him on a pallet, where he lay cowed and helpless. This terrific champion of order himself fell a victim to a rebellion against his abuse of authority, as he was assassinated by his companions in the prison of Montefusco.

Many terrible *meutes* are recorded among the Camorrist of the prisons, like that in which a dangerous criminal, one Capurroello, was slain in San Stefano by his fellow-prisoners, who conspired to make a simultaneous attack on him. He defended himself like a lion at bay, wounding nine of his cowardly assailants, and retreating finally to an upper gallery overlooking the court, whence, seeing himself overmatched by desperate odds, he flung himself down on the pavement below.

The Camorra, like all other illegal organisations, rested, and still rests, on assassination as the ultimate basis of its authority; and it was within the prisons themselves, that its capital sentences, pronounced after a formal trial, in which the case was argued by a public prosecutor, and defended by the prisoner's advocate, were most frequently carried out. The penalty of death was incurred not only by treason or fraud to the prejudice of the association, but also by any act of disloyalty towards one of its members, by violence committed for the benefit of or at the instigation of an outsider, and by failure to carry out the decrees and inflict the penalties of the Camorra, when intrusted with doing so.

The private resentments of these men of violence were, as might be expected, bitter and savage. One of them, after for fifteen years harbouring a grudge against a comrade whom, from his superiority in the use of the knife, he dared not attack, at last, when he was on his trial for his life, thought he saw a chance of gratifying his hatred,

by volunteering to be his executioner. The course of justice, however, defrauded him of this last hope, for his enemy was acquitted. A dying Camorrist, in the closing stage of lung disease, heard that in a neighbouring tavern of the Vicaria, a jest had been made at his expense. He seized his knife, rushed to the spot, and slew the author of the insult; then returned home, and died in a few moments, in consequence of the exertion.

The Camorra in its war upon society respects nothing so much as warlike spirit in others, and has been known to reward with honorary membership those who successfully resisted its exactions. A Calabrian priest, when introduced into the prison of Castel Capuano, refused, being himself penniless, to pay the usual tax for the Malomus's lamp; and on being threatened with a stick by the Camorrist collector, boldly told him he would not be so daring if he too had a weapon. 'That need be no difficulty,' cried the Camorrist, piqued at the taunt; and running to the deposit of arms, which the prisoners do not wear, for fear of being searched, but commit to the care of their chiefs for concealment, he returned with two knives, one of which he presented to his antagonist. A duel ensued, in which the Calabrian killed his man—a result which filled him with terror, as he feared to be at once a mark for the vengeance of the society and the justice of the law. Neither, however, resented his offence; on the contrary, the applause of the Camorra was expressed in the form of a bag of coppers left under his pillow that night, his share of the *barattolo* or revenue of the society, thenceforward paid to him weekly during his imprisonment, in recognition of his prowess.

A similar adventure occurred to another Calabrian, who, on leaving a tavern where he had been winning at billiards, was accosted by a man with a knotty stick, and summoned to deliver up a share of his gains in the name of the Camorra. He declined, and brandishing a dagger, put the knight of the cudgel to flight. Next day, at the same place and hour, he was met by a mysterious individual, again with a stick, which, however, he presented not in menace, but in amity. 'Take this stick, Eccellenza,' said he, 'which I have the honour to offer you, for your gallant bearing yesterday evening.' The Calabrian found it in vain to refuse; he accepted this singular gift, and was thenceforward frequently saluted in the streets as a Camorrist by people of whom he had no knowledge.

The most extraordinary phase in the history of the Camorra was its organisation as a citizen guard in 1860, by the Prefect of Police, Don Liborio Romano, then at his wit's end to preserve order in the city. The proclamation of a constitution by Francis II. on the 25th of June, was followed by the opening of the prisons and the enlargement of shoals of malefactors, whose first act was to attack the offices of the commissariat of police, burn the archives, and put to flight all the ordinary guardians of public safety. A frightful state of anarchy ensued, during which the sack of Naples by the mob of *sanfedisti* seemed imminent, and warehouses were actually hired by the leaders for the storage of the expected booty. In these desperate circumstances, the extraordinary expedient was resorted to of

confiding the guardianship of order to the Camorra society, formed into a municipal police, in which the *picciotti* formed the rank and file, and the adepts of the sect the officers. The strange experiment succeeded for a time; the sack of the city was averted, and order maintained for some months.

Among the incidents of this interregnum is one recounted by M. Marc Monnier. A commissary of police, recognised by the mob, was protected from their fury by one of the new officers of public safety, and escorted to his home by a noted Camorrist, Luigi Cozzolino, nicknamed *il Persiano*, who indignantly refused the piastre offered him for the service, with the scornful query: 'Do you take me for one of the old police?'

After the entrance of Garibaldi on the 8th of September, the evils of this anomalous state of things developed with startling rapidity, and the Camorrist chiefs took to smuggling by land and sea on so vast a scale as almost to annihilate the municipal revenues, twenty-five sous covering the entire customs receipts for one day! Energetic measures of repression became necessary; and the arrest of ninety Camorrists in one night of December 1860, was so effectual a remedy, that the duties the following day produced three thousand four hundred francs. But such was the popularity of the sect in Naples, that when Signor Silvio Spaventa, Italian Minister of Police, waged a deadly war against it, dissolving the citizen guard, and deporting a hundred of its heroes, the populace rose and expressed their displeasure in serious riots.

Since then, the Camorra has been reduced to operate in a more obscure fashion, interfering occasionally in elections, extorting money from Bourbonists, under the plea of sheltering them from persecution, and resorting, in fact, to the shabby expedients of ordinary swindling. Still its hold on the minds of the people is little shaken, and the places of the leaders, occasionally arrested in batches of hundreds and fifties, are quickly supplied by fresh aspirants; while the wives of those in prison exercise all their husbands' privileges; and their very children, trained from infancy in the use of the knife in secret schools for this accomplishment, are early invested with some of the terror of their fathers' names. But though the Neapolitan Camorra, like all traditional institutions in Italy, dies hard, it must eventually disappear before the advance of civilisation.

NOTTINGHAM WORMS.

In all angling localities, the merits of Nottingham worms for angling purposes are fully recognised; but only a comparatively few people are aware of the trouble that is expended upon them. This industry affords employment to a large number of persons throughout a considerable part of the year, who, every favourable night, collect the worms from their happy hunting-grounds in the meadows. Naturally, the supply in wet weather is more abundant than when the atmosphere is dry, although some sort of a harvest can even then be obtained by watering the ground. The wormers are provided with lanterns, and have to exercise some consider-

able agility in catching their prey, as, if disturbed by any noise, they pop back into their holes. As soon as the worms are brought in from the country, they are taken to the 'farmer,' who places them in common field-moss, and there they remain until they are as tough as a piece of india-rubber, which is a proof of their being in good order to use as bait, as a freshly-caught worm is extremely tender, and breaks up readily when put on a hook. The worms are generally kept in moss from three or four days to a week, which is the longest period they can be preserved in good order. The worms are frequently picked over, in order to exclude all those that are broken and mashy; and when fit for use, they are usually sold for three-and-sixpence or four shillings per thousand, packed up in canvas bags filled with moss. For this purpose, only the plump and healthy worms are selected.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

'Oh, this is woman's love, its joy, its pain.'

To gaze on him, the loved one, and to trace
His image (which no time can e'er efface)
On thy heart's tablets; then, when he is gone,
Mem'ry of him may cheer thee when alone;
To see him smile, to watch his speaking eye
Gazing on thine, as if it asked reply;
To know his voice amid a hundred round,
And feel thy beating heart respond the sound.

To lean confiding on his arm, and know,
If danger threatens, 'twill avert the blow;
To listen for his footsteps, and to hear
Thy own heart beat with love, and doubt, and fear;
To hear at last his step, and rise to greet
The one thy heart yearns fondly thus to meet;
To think of him when absent, and to pray
For grace to guide him on his perilous way.

To hear him praised for deeds of goodness done;
To see him envied, and to know thou'st won
His pure fond love, and that whate'er betide,
In weal or woe, thy place is by his side;
To love him better in misfortune's hour
Than in his youthful prime, his day of power;
To feel, though Fortune frown, though friends
forsake,
Though sorrows overwhelm, thou for his sake
Canst smile at Fate, and cheer and bless his lot—
'The world forgetting, by the world forgot.'

Though sickness bows the form, and dims the eye
Whose glance controlled thy youthful destiny;
Though pain may chafe that spirit e'en to vent
On thee a murmur of its discontent,
Yet o'er his couch wilt thou unwearied bend,
And soothe and bless, though pangs thy bosom rend;
To see him suffer, and to feel and know
That e'en thy love can not avert the blow.

To watch the livelong night, and weep and pray
For him, the loved one, till the dawn of day;
To see the wasted form, the sunken eye
Still gazing on thee, though imploringly;
To press thy lips upon the pallid brow,
And try to smile, lest grief thy fears avow;
To catch from lips so loved the last faint breath,
Then, shrinking, own the bitterness of death!

M. A. L.

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A TICKLISH SUBJECT.

THOUGHT-READING AND OTHER PHENOMENA.

Most, if not all of us have from time to time been spell-bound at the recital of a ghost-story. Sometimes the shadowy thing has confronted the belated traveller at midnight on some unfrequented road; sometimes the ghost has been encountered in his legitimate outdoor haunt, the churchyard; but more frequently the so-called apparition has been made acquaintance with in the oak-panelled chamber of some old Baronial mansion.

On various occasions we have related 'ghost-stories' in these pages which, unexplained, might have impressed our readers with the idea that we or the narrators were believers in what, in this connection, is termed the supernatural. But this is not so. We prefer, indeed, rather to relegate even the most extraordinary occurrences to the laws, more or less occult, which govern everything that transpires in the world.

In the olden time, we confess to have been staggered at many of the tales told to us by nurse or maiden aunt; and we confess to a weird sensation still, whenever we hear of some unusual occurrence the reason of which is shrouded in mystery. The sensation, however, if permitted to grow with one's life, cannot be called a healthy one, and ought to be reasoned with and calmed down into pleasurable reassurance by every means at our disposal. Confront the mystery, and ask the why and the wherefore. Why let the 'ghost' come and pass, without an effort to 'lay' it?

In connection with derangement of the brain, we have in former articles shown how the sufferer may see all sorts of things, and imagine all sorts of things; and we have striven to indicate the immediate and necessary connection that exists between the brain and all our actions.

The whole subject is invested with a weird kind of interest because it is not as yet altogether understood. We are as yet only approaching

certain branches of the occult science, if we may so term it, which relates to the 'night-side of nature;' and though some of the skeins have been unravelled, there yet remain others which it is for further advances of philosophy to deal with.

Without going minutely into the records of so-called spiritualism, clairvoyance, and such-like subjects of inquiry and experiment, it is easy to see that a vast amount of trickery and fraud has been connected with them, together with an easy credulity and folly on the part of a certain section of the public. The result of these disclosures has been that those departments of inquiry have been well-nigh forsaken by many earnest and devoted searchers after truth. A not unnatural reaction has set in, and many scientific men of the highest standing have not been slow to condemn wholesale, results derived from systems and practices which could give rise to such scandals. The general public also—though, as a rule, it is too readily duped—does not care individually to submit to that process on an average more than once; and those who have been discovered in deception are fain to shift their quarters frequently, in order to secure a fresh audience and the accompanying harvest of gain.

It will be apparent, however, on consideration, both to scientists and to less highly-trained but intelligent readers, that this custom of rejecting as incredible all unexplained and apparently inexplicable occurrences may be carried too far, and may result in a possible loss in the amount of our acquired knowledge. To condemn *en bloc* all results, however authenticated by observation and experiment, unless they square exactly with our present scientific knowledge of the laws that govern phenomena, is evidently to regard the results of scientific research in the present day as conclusive and final—a finality which is daily negated by fresh discoveries. At the same time, such phenomena as are set forth professedly with the view of modifying or correcting old or current opinions regarding the spiritual or psychical side of our nature, must be presented,

so to speak, in broad daylight, without trickery or suspicious manœuvring of any kind—must indeed rest on a basis of well-authenticated and unimpeachable evidence. The nature of the evidence hitherto advanced has, as a rule, repelled inquiry on the part of honest seekers, for these have felt that at any moment they might discover themselves to have been the dupes and playthings of artful and designing impostors.

In this state of matters, it is of interest to learn that a movement is now afoot for the investigation of phenomena, psychical, mesmeric, and spiritualistic, by men of scientific ability and standing. The inquirers are not formally pledged to any theories regarding the phenomena to be investigated. It is intended that those who are sceptical should unite with those who are firm believers in the phenomena in question; and that their researches should be conducted with an unbiassed view to their explanation, by evidence and personal observation; and to gather from these collated facts, thus established and confirmed, conclusions—if any—which may be warranted in regard to them, and to ascertain whether any practical results can be deduced therefrom.

'The Society for Psychical Research,' as this new organisation is called, has its work before it; and already—constituted in February 1882—the outline of its operations is before the public in the shape of the *Proceedings of the Society*, published in London by Messrs Trübner. The pamphlet contains an opening address by the President, Henry Sidgwick, Esq., and papers by Professors Balfour Stewart and Barrett. The following is a list of the subjects intrusted to special Committees: '(1) An examination of the nature and extent of any influence which may be exerted by one mind upon another, apart from any generally recognised mode of perception. (2) The study of hypnotism and the forms of so-called mesmeric trance, with its alleged insensibility to pain; clairvoyance and other allied phenomena. (3) A critical revision of Reichenbach's researches with certain organisations called "sensitive," and an inquiry whether such organisations possess any power of perception beyond a highly exalted sensibility of the recognised sensory organs. (4) A careful investigation of any reports, resting on strong testimony, regarding apparitions at the moment of death, or otherwise; or regarding disturbances in houses reputed to be haunted. (5) An inquiry into the various physical phenomena commonly called spiritualistic, with an attempt to discover their causes and general laws. (6) The collection and collation of existing materials bearing on the history of these subjects.'

This is comprehensive enough; and—with the instinctive reservation, that, Committee, we would rather not serve on the 'Committee on Apparitions and Haunted Houses'—we think the

programme embraces many interesting lines of inquiry. Mr Sidgwick's Presidential Address is candid and thoughtful in tone; and in the course of it, referring to what the members have most to guard against—namely, fraud—he said: 'I think that even educated and scientific spiritualists were not quite prepared for the amount of fraud which has recently come to light, nor for the obstinacy with which the mediums against whom fraud has been proved have been afterwards defended, and have in fact been able to go on with what I may, without offence, call their trade, after exposure no less than before.' With such experience in the past, the members will require to exercise especial caution, as the very prominence of the Society as a body will be a temptation to a certain class of impostors to exercise their perverted ingenuity upon it.

The *Proceedings* embrace among other things a conjoint Report on 'Thought-reading,' submitted by W. F. Barrett, Professor of Physics in the Royal College of Science for Ireland; Edmund Gurney, M.A., Late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; and F. W. H. Myers, M.A., Late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. The Report is one on which we would not wish to express a hasty opinion; we can only remark that it will afford some interesting reading to those desirous of investigating the subject. Professor Balfour Stewart, of Owens College, Manchester, in commenting on the Report, says that the facts therein narrated have been put in such a manner, that 'the only possible way of disputing the evidence is by hinting at the untrustworthiness of those gentlemen who have given it, and consequently their efforts must be regarded as successful.' This is an honest statement of the Professor's opinion, but is a conclusion which we hope is not to be taken as significant of the quality of reasoning-power that this young Society is to develop. Because we believe that the reporters are trustworthy, we are not necessarily to accept their facts as indisputable. We may not disbelieve their word; but we may doubt the accuracy of their impressions. They may be far from wishing to deceive us; but they may be themselves deceived.

Thought-reading—known also by the name of 'Will-impression'—is not wholly a new thing. The evidence printed in this Report is, briefly speaking, an instalment of evidence towards an answer to the question with which it commences: 'Is there, or is there not, any existing or attainable evidence that can stand fair physiological criticism, to support a belief that a vivid impression or a distinct idea in one mind can be communicated to another mind without the intervening help of the recognised organs of sensation? And if such evidence be found, is the impression derived from a rare or partially developed, and hitherto unrecognised sensory organ, or has the mental percept been evoked without any antecedent sense-percept?'

The reporters class their experiments, carried over several years, as follows—also in their own words: (1) Where some action is performed, the hands of the operator being in gentle contact with the subject of the experiment. (2) Where a similar result is obtained with the hands *not* in contact. (3) Where a number, name, word, or card has been guessed and expressed in speech or writing, without contact, and apparently without the possibility of the transmission of the idea by the ordinary channels of sensation. (4) Where similar thoughts have simultaneously occurred, or impressions have been made, in minds far apart.

The first division corresponds to 'the willing-game' described by Dr Carpenter, who apparently does not believe in any further extension of thought-reading. 'Several persons,' says Carpenter, 'being assembled, one of them leaves the room, and during his absence some object is hidden. On the absentee's re-entrance, two persons who know the hiding-place stand, one on each side of him, and establish some personal contact with him, one method being to place one finger on the shoulder, while another is to place a hand on his body. He walks about the room between the two "willers," and generally succeeds before long in finding the hidden object, being led towards it, as careful observation and experiment have fully proved, by the involuntary muscular action of his unconscious guides, one or the other of them pressing more heavily when the object is on his side, and the finder as involuntarily turning towards that side.'

The experiments which follow in the Report were made under the inspection of Professor Barrett, Mr Gurney, and Mr Myers. The majority of the trials published in this Report were conducted in the family of a clergyman, whose five girls, ages ranging from ten to sixteen, were in the habit of carrying out along with him such experiments in the family circle.

It would be beyond our space to thoroughly follow the course of investigation pursued by the Committee. Suffice it to say that the results in the way of accurate guessing (No. 3), as observed and carefully noted at the time, are curious. In most trials, cards were employed; in others, letters of the alphabet, numbers, and also *fictitious names*—all agreed upon silently by the company, and determined by the guesser on his or her return from an adjoining room. These trials throughout were without contact, and no remarks passed between the company and the guesser.

The results of these trials were various. In the hiding of articles, the guesser, when readmitted to the room, was right in one case out of four. In giving the names of familiar objects thought upon, the trial was successful in six cases out of fourteen; in the choosing of a card out of a pack, six cases out of thirteen; in holding small objects in the hand, five cases out of six; and the names of persons thought of or written down were given correctly in five cases out of ten. We cannot help noticing in this connection that in the cases of names not correctly

guessed, the 'thought-reader' had the initials very often accurate, but the rest of the name wrong. 'Jacob Williams,' for instance, was given as 'Jacob Wild,' 'Emily Walker' as 'Emry Walker,' 'Martha Billings' as 'Martha Biggis,' 'Catherine Smith' as 'Catherine Shand,' 'Amy Frognore' as 'Amy Freemanore,' 'Albert Snelgrove' as 'Albert Singrore,' and so on. Without of course wishing to impute anything improper, we may say that this strikes us as, to say the least of it, a curious coincidence, and suggests the possibility of some mute lip-movement taking place unconsciously among those witnessing, or even on the part of those making, the experiments. Why not blindfold the guesser? And why should the object or name be known to the company generally?

Thought-reading experiments, however, form only one section of the Society's operations. Among others, we may mention the investigation of those numerous instances in which premonitions of accidents and fatalities, simultaneous impressions on minds at a distance from each other, &c., have been apparently fulfilled in a very startling manner. It should be mentioned that the Society freely invites accounts of such occurrences, properly vouched for, and observes privacy in regard to them when so requested. It further intimates that letters relating to particular classes of phenomena should be addressed to the Hon. Secretaries of the respective Committees, as follows: (1) Committee on Thought-reading: Hon. Sec. Professor W. F. Barrett, 18 Belgrave Square, Monkstown, Dublin. (2) Committee on Mesmerism: Hon. Sec. Dr Wyld, 13 Great Cumberland Place, London, W. (3) Committee on Reichenbach's Experiments: Hon. Sec. Walter H. Coffin, Esq., Junior Athenæum Club, London, W. (4) Committee on Apparitions, Haunted Houses, &c.: Hon. Sec. Hensleigh Wedgwood, Esq., 31 Queen Anne Street, London, W. (5) Committee on Physical Phenomena: Hon. Sec. Dr C. Lockhart Robertson, Hamam Chambers, 76 Jernyn Street, S.W. (6) Literary Committee: Hon. Secs. Edmund Gurney, Esq., 26 Montpelier Square, S.W.; Frederic W. H. Myers, Esq., Leekhampton, Cambridge.

Looking at the objects of the Society for Psychical Research as a whole, we think it deserves encouragement from candid thinkers. Should imposture, or attempts at imposture, be detected, a good purpose will have been served in the interests of society. Should no verifiable results attend its labours—and we suppose the Society is prepared for this possibility—the questions under consideration will remain as they were. Should facts, however, of undisputed and indisputable reality remain, it is possible that out of them the groundwork of an advance in our scientific knowledge may be constructed. In every way the end is good.

The chief defect of the Society as an organisation for research is, in our opinion, that it savours too much of one that has been primarily self-elected, though any one apparently may now join the Society who is willing to pay the annual subscription. Had such a body as the Royal Society, for instance, selected a score or so of scientists and philosophers—and even professed conjurers, experienced in the detection of fraud, and themselves able to do even more than 'spiritualists'—to make these investigations, we do not say it

would have produced a Committee more earnest-minded and upright than the present, but we might have had one more heterogeneous in opinion and less likely to work in a groove.

ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOT.

CHAPTER VI.—BACHELOR QUARTERS.

SIR PAGAN, as with hesitating steps he recrossed his cramped entrance-hall, and even as he laid a reluctant grasp upon the handle of his dining-room door, pondered—for him at least, to whom continuous thinking was an irksome labour, to be shirked if practicable—deeply enough. His was by no means an enviable frame of mind. His own cares, his own thinly gilded mediocrity of means, occupied him quite sufficiently, without his having to burden himself with the additional load of another's troubles. As he muttered beneath his breath, it was 'handicapping a man a stone above his proper weight.' And he really did feel as if Fortune had dealt with him unfairly in this matter. Between himself and his sisters there had been naturally little sympathy. His habits were not as theirs. He had been so seldom in their company, as to be counted almost a stranger; and when with them, the conversation had been curt and scant and the reverse of confidential. It is wonderful, in country-house life, how very little brothers and sisters are thrown together when there is a difference in age and a divergence as to tastes. Seldom did the strong, swarthy lad, whose idle half-hours were spent in the stable-yard or in sweet converse with the tough, rat-eyed old game-keeper Dick Springe, address a word beyond some careless greeting to the timid girls who were his nearest kindred. He was still more inattentive as they grew up to womanhood, and had begun to visit at great English country mansions, the wealthy owners of some of which were proud to claim cousinship with the impetuous, immemorial family of far-off Devonshire.

It was on the occasion of one of these visits that Clare had been wooed and won by the Marquis of Leominster; and it had been thought fit that the long-descended bride should be married from the old house of Carew, where her forefathers had dwelt in splendour. What that sumptuous wedding ceremony had cost old Sir Fulford Carew, Sir Pagan still, in recollection, groaned over. For the old baronet had died shortly after the marriage; and when his son, now Sir Pagan, who had been on the continent for some years—perhaps self-exiled for retrenchment's sake—was suddenly recalled home, it was not only to succeed to the estates and honours of his father, but to his debts as well. No small portion of these debts had been accumulated on the head of that sumptuous wedding; and even at the moment when we introduce Sir Pagan to the reader, part of these bridal festivities

remained unpaid. There were London milliners, pastrycooks, decorative upholsterers, in fact tradesmen of every caste, who still plied the broken-down baronet with periodical dunning letters on the subject of unpaid accounts and balances uncleared. But, as to the festival itself, the late Sir Fulford had done his best; and for a week or two the tumble-down old mansion of Carew had been radiant in the brief sunshine of a mock prosperity. There had been the traditional merry-making—the oxen roasted whole, the dancing on the green—a clumsy, sheep-faced performance on the part of washed and self-conscious rustics, gamboling, in their Sunday church-going clothes, before the eyes of the quality—the fireworks, the triumphal arches, the alecasks set abroad, the flower-strewed paths for bridal feet to tread, the triple bob majors clanging from the bells of spire and turret, that had furnished two columns and a half of florid, jocund, enthusiastic eloquence to *Devonshire Herald*, *Exeter Express*, and *Western Times*.

Sir Pagan Carew really did feel himself an ill-used fellow. There was his sister Clare, reared like himself in shifty and pretentious poverty, but who by rare good luck had made a magnificent marriage. She was a widow now, poor thing, but very rich, very young, more than pretty. She was in a position to afford her sister Cora advantages which few good-looking girls, born to no heritage beyond a pedigree dating from the Druids, are likely to possess. And that was about all. 'The girls'—such had been Sir Pagan's muttered soliloquy many a time—'have all the luck.' He himself had had very little luck. And now there was some mystery, some dispute, some life-and-death struggle, between these sisters, of whom he always retained, in that muddled memory of his, a vague but kindly remembrance. Such a quarrel implied tears, wordy talk, scenes, partisanship; and Sir Pagan was English and undramatic to the backbone. It was not with the best of grace that he opened the door; but still he could not shut out a pleading sister. At the sound of his heavy tread, she started from her crouching attitude, and turned her face, on which the tear-stains glistened, towards him as he entered.

'If you will not quite believe me, will you at least take care of me, Pagan?' she said, wearily but beseechingly.

'Of course I will,' answered the baronet, much relieved. 'Never doubt me! I'll send Mrs Tucker. She'll make you comfortable, and get your rooms ready; and you must try to put up with bachelor quarters, and a seely, shabby, old town-house. This is not exactly what I might call a home. I never go into a room except this and where I sleep, and the study where the whips and sticks are. And I'm not much in the house—scarcely dined in it twice this twelvemonth. That reminds me that I'm expected now to dine with a party of

men at our Club, the Chesterfield; and, by Jove! I am late already, and must go.—There, there; don't cry—poor Cora—Clare— Well, well! We'll have another chat when you have rested; not to-night, though, for you are tired, and I shall be late.—Good-night! I'll send Tucker.' And the baronet made his escape.

He was as good as his word; and Mrs Tucker the housekeeper, having hastily arrayed herself in her robe of state—composed of stiff black silk, with metallic creases in its folds, and with a ghostly rustling about its sweeping draperies—came to tap softly at the door. She had a crumpled countenance, had this Dame Tucker, as though the many lines in her old face needed to have been ironed out by some experienced clear-starcher; and her age was as indefinite as that of the shiny gown which, having been worn on high-days and holidays for who knows how long, had just been snatched from its retirement in the recesses of a lavender-scented chest.

The old housekeeper made her way to where the new arrival, in her mourning garb, sat, with drooping head and disordered hair. She was as kindly and as deferential as her old and warped nature would permit. 'Beg your pardon, miss—my lady—but your ladyship must be tired after such a journey, and I have Sir Pagan's orders to— O my darling, my dear young lady, don't be so wretched, at your first coming back—home! For the new-comer—some of those hidden springs that lurk deep down in the nature of us all, being touched, somehow, by the old servant's babble—began to sob wildly, passionately, as though her heart would indeed break. 'O deary, deary, won't you trust old Tucker?' exclaimed the housekeeper, tears un-wonted at her time of life moistening her wrinkled eyes, as she looked down upon her young charge in that abasement of sore distress.

Now, with all Mrs Tucker's kindness, one thing was lacking, and that one thing was the very pith and essence of our dealings with one another—confidence. Sir Pagan had told the housekeeper very little; but her quick imagination, stimulated by the love of wonders and of mystery, which she shared with all her tribe, had suggested more. Either Clare Carew, shamefully wronged, or Corn Carew, baffled in an audacious effort at imposture, was a visitor beneath her master's roof. In either case, there had been a fraud, and there was a breach of the bonds of sisterhood. What a grand match it had been! And how proud, with an unselfish pride, had been the long-suffering servitors of the bankrupt Devon baronet. Mrs Tucker herself, how had she bragged to London butchers, angry and unpaid; how had she conciliated rebellious grocers; and overcrowded upper servants of solvent but untitled families, on the strength of that great marriage of Miss Clare's. It may be that Sir Pagan's modest household had obtained a meagre amount of extra credit through the reflected lustre of this alliance. It is certainly the duty of no bridegroom—not even of a rich Marquis—to settle his brother-in-law's bills; but yet there had grown up a hazy notion

that the impoverished baronet would somehow be set on his feet again by the distinguished husband of his beautiful young sister.

But Tucker only knew that something was wrong, and had not the slightest idea to which side the balance of Justice should incline. There was, somewhere, heartless greed and unblushing effrontery of self-assertion. But it was difficult for poor Mrs Tucker, even after her long experience of the ways of gentefolks, to distinguish between brazen guilt and stricken innocence. Her own class would have behaved so differently! She could neither have dealt nor sustained the wrong without hysterics, eager reiteration, voluble wrath, and vehement appeals to earth and heaven. This calm, shrinking sorrow was to her an enigma.

'If I might show you—your ladyship—your rooms—and it so late, and nothing ready!' exclaimed Mrs Tucker, thankful to leave the battlefield of disputed identity and take refuge in safe generalities. 'It hasn't been kept up, this house, as ought to be,' added the worthy woman, apologetically; 'none but them careless London care-takers to look to it; and shutters up, and the moth getting into cushions and curtains till they might walk alive. Sir Pagan, to be sure—but he's an out-of-door gentleman—well, miss, there is the morning-room, that was, I am told, My Lady your mother's; and then I was thinking of the pretty blue room close by for a sleeping apartment. The drawing-rooms, front and back, they're all to ruin with neglect and damp and moth and mildew. But the morning-room—I told Jenny the maid to get a fire alight, and another in your room, miss—unless your ladyship has other commands to give.'

'Thank you!' That was all the girl said, as she rose, wearily and almost mechanically, from her chair. Her sad blue eyes half unconsciously avoided meeting the gaze of those restless hazel ones which belonged to Mrs Tucker. She went up-stairs 'like a lamb,' as the housekeeper afterwards said, but perhaps as wearily as a tired lamb goes, uncomplaining, through the last sad stages of its journey to the shambles. Whichever she might be, whether scheming Cora or ill-used Clare, the plotter or the victim, assuredly she did not do the best for her young self that might have been done. With very little trouble, she might have gained the hearty loyalty of all her brother's household—might have made sincere partisans of every one of them, from the dignified housekeeper to the humble helper in the stables round the corner of the adjacent news. But she did no such thing; and when the hour of repose arrived, the verdict of the domestic *Felhmgericht* that sits in judgment on us all was still, like that of a Scottish jury in doubtful but suspicious cases, 'Not proven!'

Very meekly did Sir Pagan's lonely sister accept the services of her brother's housekeeper; she let see, that she was glad of the supper, that she secretly tasted; the crackling fire, grateful in the chill of a foggy London evening; the closed curtains, the neatly arranged rooms. When at length her head was on the pillow, she could not sleep for long, long hours; not until Sir Pagan himself, with flushed cheeks and tread unusually careful, as he mounted the stairs, had come back

from his dinner and his card-play. And when at last she sank into slumber, more than once her sleeping lips murmured softly: 'Ill-fated voyage—unlucky—oh, how I wish!'

A B E D.

LADY BETTY GERMAIN scolded Swift for finding fault with her friend the Duchess of Dorset for the bad example she set the sex in Dublin, saying: 'If she sees company in a morning, you need not grumble at the hour; it must be purely out of great complaisance, for that never was her taste here, though she is as early a riser as the generality of ladies are; and I believe there are not many dressing-rooms in London but mine where the early idle come.' Lively Lady Betty evidently saw no impropriety in receiving visitors at her toilet; and probably laughed heartily at Addison's condemnation of the lady of fashion who received gentlemen callers while still between the sheets, and, 'though willing to appear undressed, had put on her best looks, and painted herself for their reception. Her hair appeared in very nice disorder, as the nightgown which was thrown upon her shoulders was ruffled with great care.'

This carefully got-up dame thought herself well worth looking at, which was more than Madame de Maintenon did when she gave audience to Peter the Great in her little room at St-Cyr, for she writes: 'The Czar came after seven in the evening. He sat down by the head of the bed, and asked me if I was ill. I answered: "Yes." He inquired what my malady was. I replied: "Extreme old age." He seemed to be at a loss to answer. His visit was brief. He drew the curtains at the foot of my bed to see me; you may be sure he was soon satisfied.'

Assuredly, the ladies of Queen Anne's time could cite plenty of precedents for turning tiring-rooms and bedrooms into reception chambers. 'Tell your sweet babe Charles,' wrote Buckingham to King James, 'I will wait at your bed before many hours pass, and by the grace of God, be at the death of a stag with you.' Had Stoenie delayed waiting on his dear dad and gossip until much later in the day, he might have had to seek him in the same place, it being his Majesty's custom to go to bed in the afternoon. The king's mother, Queen Mary, at one period of her life, stayed in bed for days together, chatting with her ladies, discussing business matters with her councillors, or receiving ambassadors, as inclination prompted, or circumstances required. Anne of Austria always received company of a morning, and often of an evening too, in bed. The custom, however, had its inconveniences. When the Marchioness de Senecy returned from exile, so many persons visited her, that her elbows were galled by long leaning upon them, as she sat in bed, giving and receiving salutations. Pepys very emphatically expresses his disgust with the late rising of the court; but that indefatigable gentleman himself kept unconscionably early hours, thinking nothing of being out and about by moonshine, making calls upon lazier folk, who,

like Sir Philip Howard, received their disturber 'very civilly in bed;' or, like Sir William Coventry, and that pretty subtle man Lord Bellasis, discoursed of official matters; while my Lord Sandwich would talk with him on state affairs for a couple of hours together in his nightgown and shirt. That gallant commander, whether on land or at sea, was used to sign official papers without rising from his bed.

A Spanish minister signalled his accession to power by going straightway to bed and staying there, lest he should be expected to do something. No English minister ever adopted that ignoble expedient to escape performing his duties; but Walpole relates that William Pitt and the Duke of Newcastle once held counsel together in bed. Pitt had the gout, and, as was his custom when so afflicted, lay under a pile of bed-clothes in a fireless room. The Duke, who was terribly afraid of catching cold, first sat down upon another bed, as the warmest place available, drew his legs into it as he grew colder, and at length fairly lodged himself under the bed-clothes. Somebody coming in suddenly, beheld 'the two ministers in bed at the two ends of the room, while Pitt's long nose and black beard, unshaved for some time, added to the grotesque nature of the scene.' The Great Commoner was ailed and asleep when Wyndham and others of his colleagues burst into his room and shook their chief out of his slumbers to tell him there was mutiny in the fleet, that the Admiral was a prisoner on board his own ship, and in danger of death. Sitting up in bed, Pitt asked for pen, ink, and paper, and wrote: 'If the Admiral is not released, fire upon the ship from the batteries; turn over on his pillow, and was asleep again before his disturbers were well out of the room.'

The shadow of death was upon Fox when George Jackson came for instructions before setting out for Germany, and followed so quickly on the heels of the servant announcing him, that Mrs Fox had only time to slip from her husband's side and take refuge in a closet. The interview proved longer than she expected or desired; and finding her signals of distress, in the shape of sundry little coughs, all unheeded, the prisoned lady had no resource but to tap on the closet panels and ask if the young gentleman was going, as she was perishing with cold. Looking at him with a smile, Fox bade Jackson farewell for ever, and released his shivering wife from her unpleasant situation.

When, in 1814, the military affairs of the allies looked somewhat unpromising, it was around the bed of General Knesbech, at Bar-sur-Aube, that the Emperors of Russia and Austria, the king of Prussia, Hardenberg, Volkousky, Schwarzenberg, Metternich, Radetsky, Diebitsch, Nesselrode, and Castlereagh held their council of war; and the issue of the campaign culminating in the occupation of Paris was virtually decided by Castlereagh insisting upon the immediate transference of wavering Bernadotte's battalions to Blücher's command, and taking the responsibility upon his own shoulders. It was in bed, at the little inn at Waterloo, that Wellington received the terrible casualty-list of the memorable 18th of June; and as name after name fell from Dr Hume's lips,

threw himself back on the pillow and groaned out: 'What victory is not too dearly purchased at such a cost?' Wellington, who possessed the faculty of sleeping at will, held that when it was time to turn, it was time to turn out. Napoleon, a man of another temperament, provided for wakefulness by keeping the returns of his army under his pillow, to be conned and considered when tired nature's sweet restorer refused to share his 'bed majestical.' With some men, the mind will be busy out of proper working-hours. It is not only you

Watchers and weepers
Who turn and turn, and turn again,
But turn and turn, and turn in vain,
With an anxious brain,
And thoughts in a train,
That does not run upon sleepers.

There is no telling for how much of its literary wealth the world stands indebted to the quibode of the bedchamber. Shakspeare avers his imagination would not let him slumber when he should.

Weary with toil, I hate me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body's work's expired.

And we may be sure the poet did not waste the sessions of sweet silent thought upon the remembrance of things past. Deriding the wretched poetaster, who, high in Drury Lane, lulled by soft zephyrs through the broken pane, rhymed ere he woke, Pope boasts that he could sleep without a poem in his head; yet, elsewhere,

I wake at night,
Fools come into my head, and so I write.

When ancient heroes, instead of modern fools, were his theme, he was in the habit of composing forty or fifty verses of a morning, before rising from his bed. Gray's *Ode to Music* was born beneath the sheets. He had volunteered to write it for the Installation of the Duke of Grafton as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, on the ground that Gratitude should not sit silent, and leave Expectation to sing; but was in no hurry to set about the self-imposed task. One morning, after breakfast, Mr Nicholls, calling upon Gray, roused him by knocking so loudly at his room door, that the startled poet, jumping out of bed, threw open the door, and hailed the visitor with: 'Hence, avant; 'tis holy ground!' Nicholls was inclined to think Gray had taken leave of his senses, until the latter set his mind at ease by reciting several verses quite new to him; and the recitation ended, saying: 'Well, I have begun the Ode, and now I shall finish it.'

One of the best known lines in English poetry came into its author's head when he was actually asleep. While visiting at Minto, Campbell one evening went to bed early, his thoughts full of a new poem. About two in the morning he suddenly awakened, repeating, 'Events to come cast their shadows before.' Ringing the bell sharply, a servant obeyed the summons, to find the summoner with one foot in bed and one on the floor. 'Are you ill, sir?' inquired he—'Ill!' cried Campbell. 'Never better in my life.

Leave me the candle, and oblige me with a cup of tea.' Seizing his pen, he set down the happy thought, changing 'events to come' into 'coming events;' and over the non-incubating cup completed the first draft of *Lockie's Warning*. Longfellow's *Wreck of the Hesperus* came into his mind as he was smoking his pipe, the night after a violent storm. He went to bed, but could not sleep; the *Hesperus* would not be denied; and as he lay, the verses flowed on without let or hindrance until the poem was completed. Wordsworth used to go to bed on returning from his morning walk, and while breakfasting there, dictated the lines he had put together on the march.

One of Johnson's earliest ventures in book-making was the translating of Lobo's *Voyage to Abyssinia*, which put five guineas into his pocket. Lying in bed, he dictated sheet after sheet to his friend Hector, who carried them off to the printer without staying for Johnson to peruse them. When the fit was on him, Rousseau remained in bed, carefully drawing his curtains to keep out the daylight, and gave himself up to the delights of composition. Scores of pieces great and small, hundreds of letters grave and gay, came from Voltaire's bed at Ferney. In bed, Passello composed his *Barbieri di Siviglia* and *La Maitana*. One at least of Rossini's operas was composed under the same conditions. It was in the days when he was young, poor, and unknown, and lived in wretched quarters. After writing a duet, the manuscript slipped off the sheets and found a resting-place under the bed. Rossini was too warm and comfortable to get out of bed to recover it, and moreover believed it would be unlucky to pick it up, so went to work to rewrite it. To his disgust, he could not remember it sufficiently, so he set about writing a new one, and had just finished when a friend came into the room. 'Try that over,' said he, 'and tell me what you think of it.' The piece was pronounced to be very good. 'Now,' said Rossini, 'put your hand under the bed; you'll find another duet there; try that.' His instructions were obeyed, and the original composition declared much the better of the two. Then they sang both over, Rossini in bed, his friend sitting on its edge, and arrived at the same conclusion. 'What will you do with the worst one?' asked the visitor. 'Oh, I shall turn that into a terzetto,' answered Rossini; and he did.

Swift, fond as he was of lying in bed of a morning thinking of wit for the day, wrote to his friend Sheridan: 'Pray, do not employ your time in jolling about till noon to read Homer. Better, perhaps, do that than imitate George IV., and lie in bed devouring newspapers the best part of the day. Many very clever people, however, have scouted the idea of health, wealth, and wisdom coming of early rising. Macaulay read much in bed, and anxious to keep up his German, imposed upon himself the task of perusing twenty pages of Schiller every day before getting up. Maule won his senior-wranglership by studying hard, long after ordinary folk were up and about, cosily ensconced under the blankets. John Foster thought his sermons out in bed; methodical Anthony Trollope regularly read for an hour before rising; and Mary Somerville made it a

rule not to get up before twelve or one, although she began work at eight; reading, writing, and calculating hard—with her pet sparrow resting upon her arm—four or five hours every day, but those four or five hours were spent abed.

FOR HIMSELF ALONE.

A TALE OF REVERSED IDENTITIES.

CHAPTER VII.

A WEEK had passed since the memorable interview between Frobisher and Mr Pebworth, without being productive of any event worth recording here. No other will of the late Mr Askew had yet come to light; and Pebworth, whose imagination had been so unduly inflamed at first, was not merely becoming more anxious at each day's delay, but was evidently not without suspicion that he was being made the victim of some deception, the drift of which he could not fathom.

Frobisher, too, was beginning to tire of the part he was playing, and was considering within himself how most effectively to bring his little comedy to a climax, never dreaming that that very afternoon it would be brought to a climax for him in a mode totally unexpected by himself and every one concerned.

That day a little party from Waylands had decided upon a picnic in Pilberry Wood; and to Pilberry Wood they had accordingly come. Luncheon was now over; and Miss Deene, who had volunteered for the post—all the others having strolled away out of sight—had been left to look after the forks, china, and other et-ceteras, till the servants should arrive, some half-hour later, and relieve her.

It was somewhat singular that Mr Frank Frobisher, who had pleaded letters to write as an excuse for not coming with the others, should have found his way on foot to the glade within a few minutes of the time Miss Deene was left alone; and it was still more singular that that young lady should have betrayed no surprise at his sudden appearance. He at once began to assist her in the self-imposed duties of packing forks and knives, and folding tablecloths.

'That won't do at all,' said Miss Deene. 'Your corners are not even. Try again.—That's better. A little scolding does you good, you see.'

'That altogether depends upon who the person is that scolds me,' replied her companion.

'How do you like a picnic without the nuisance of servants?'

'That also depends. In the present case it is very jolly; and I wouldn't mind being head-waiter and bottle-washer-in-chief at all the picnics of the season, provided I could always have a certain young person for my assistant.'

'And I could go on folding tablecloths for ever, if I could always have you to help me.—Dick, dear, what was it that first attracted you to poor insignificant me?'

'Don't know. Couldn't help myself, I suppose. With me it was a case of spoons at first sight.'

'And with me also.'

'I had not been five minutes in your company before I felt that my time was come.'

'My own feeling exactly.'

'All which goes to prove that we are made for each other.'

'Any one who dared to say we are not, would be a wicked story-teller.'

'This may be your last picnic, Elma. Are you not sorry?'

'Why should I be sorry when I am going to have a home of my own?'

'A home of your own—yes—but what a home!'

'It won't be too small, Dick, for Happiness to dwell there.'

Miss Deene's delightful *tête-à-tête* with her sweetheart was destined not to be of long duration. She and Frank were stooping over an open hamper with their heads in close proximity, when they were startled by the appearance of Mrs Pebworth, escorted by Dick Drummond with a shawl over his arm.

'Come along, aunt,' said Dick. 'Better late than never. But why didn't you come in the drag?'

'It was the jellies this time that kept me. That new cook of yours doesn't seem to know how to manage them. But when I heard there was a return fly going back to the village, I thought I would follow you.'

'I'm very glad you have come,' said Frank heartily.

'And so am I,' responded Elma.—'Here's a nice mossy old bank for you to sit on, aunt. It's the best seat we can offer you.'

'It's quite good enough for me, my dear,' Dick spread down a shawl, and Mrs Pebworth seated herself and loosened her bonnet-strings.

'Bless me, what a colour the girl has got!' she added a moment or two afterwards, with her eyes bent on Elma. 'When I was young, if a girl had a colour like that, people used to say that her sweetheart had been kissing her.'

Miss Deene's cheeks took a still deeper tint. She turned away, and pretended to be looking for something in the hamper. 'The practice you speak of, aunt,' she said, 'is obsolete now-a-days—at least in society. It went out with coal-scuttle bonnets, short skirts, and sandals.'

'Go along with you! Kissing is one of them things that never go out of fashion. It comes as natural to young folks as the measles or the whooping-cough, and it's just as catching.'

Frobisher came to the rescue. 'Mrs Pebworth,' he said, 'as head-waiter of this establishment, what shall I have the pleasure of offering you? What do you say to a slice of Strasbourg pie and a glass of dry sherry?'

'Thank you, Mr Drummond, but I had my dinner long ago. You would call it luncheon, but I call it dinner. When Algernon and me were first married, we used to have dinner regular at one o'clock to the minute; and I like my dinner at that hour now.'

'But you will take a little refreshment of some kind?'

'Well, if I must, I should like about half a glass of bottled stout. It's both meat and drink, as one may say.' Then turning to Dick, she added: 'I always like a drop of stout of a morning about eleven, or else I feel sinking and no-how all day.'

'Fine institution, stout at eleven. Always go in for it myself,' responded Dick.

'But where's the rest of the party—Algernon and Claude and the others?'

'Gone in search of the picturesque. Be back before long.'

'As if any of them cared twopence about the picturesque!' Then turning to Frank and Elma, she asked, 'But why haven't you two gone to look for the picturesque?'

'If you please, aunt, this person is the waiter, and I am his assistant,' answered Elma demurely.

Mrs Peabworth shook her head. 'Take care he doesn't press you to become his partner,' she said.

'I have already,' said Frolisher gravely, 'asked Miss Deane to accept of that position'—

'The liabilities being exceedingly limited, and the assets uncommonly small,' interposed Dick.

Mrs Peabworth was startled. 'Is that true, Elma, dear?' she asked, with a little quaver in her voice.

'Ye-es. Mr Drummond has asked me to set up in business with him.'

'And you have said?'

'I haven't said No.'

'Come and kiss me, child. You have made me very happy.'

Elma kissed her—more than once; and Mrs Peabworth cried a little, as was but natural under the circumstances.

'May I ask you, Mrs Peabworth, to kindly keep this little affair secret for a few days?' said Frolisher.

'I'll keep it secret as long as you like; but whatever Algernon will say when he comes to hear of it, for one don't know.'

'We are prepared for the worst—we have made up our minds to rough it.'

'Yes, aunt—to bid a long farewell to the pomps and vanities of this wicked world,' put in Elma.

'I like to hear you say that. I like to see two young people who love each other so well that a little poverty doesn't frighten them,' said Mrs Peabworth heartily.

'And now Nephew Frank,' she added, turning to Drummond, 'suppose you and I go in search of the picturesque?'

'With all my heart, aunt; I am quite at your service,' answered Dick.

'They will like to be left to themselves a bit,' said Mrs Peabworth in a stage-whisper. 'Most young people do at such times.'

'Soon tire of that after marriage,' responded worldly-wise Richard. With that he offered Mrs Peabworth his arm, and they strolled off down one of the pathways between the trees.

Miss Deane produced her embroidery and sat down on the same mossy bank formerly occupied by her aunt. Frank flung himself on the turf at her feet.

'I wish all the rest of the world would lose themselves in a wood and not be found for ever so long,' remarked Elma.

'So do I with all my heart.'

'Mr Dempsey is going to propose to me to-day—I know he is.'

'The deuce he is! But how do you know?'

'I've a presentiment which tells me that he is. You won't be jealous, will you?'

'I? Not a bit jealous—of Mr Dempsey.'

'He is very rich.'

'He is very old and very ugly.'

'So much the better. Young and handsome husbands are as plentiful as blackberries—but a dear, cross-grained, snuffy old darling! And one need never be jealous of him.'

'Mr Dempsey goes a long way towards fulfilling your requirements.'

'Yes; but I shall be obliged to refuse him.'

'Why?'

'Because I have promised myself to you.—Heigh-ho.'

'Why do you sigh, Miss Deane?'

'Can't one sigh without being called upon for an explanation?'

'I thought that perhaps you were sighing because you had lost the chance of marrying Mr Dempsey.'

'You are a great goose, and you thought nothing of the kind. Besides, Mr Clever, if I wanted to marry Mr Dempsey, what is there to hinder me from jilting you?'

'Nothing.'

'Then behave yourself properly.—I see Mr Dempsey coming this way. O dear! what shall I say to him?'

Frank sprang to his feet. 'So long as I am here, the old gentleman will hardly venture on his confession.'

'But I don't want you here; I want you to go away.'

'You do, do you?' said Frank, opening wide his eyes.

'Of course I do. I shall probably never have another offer of marriage as long as I live.'

'And you do not want to miss this one?'

'Of course I don't. What girl would?'

'In that case I will say *au revoir*.'

'You will not be long away?'

'Not more than half an hour.'

'Not so long as that! I shall put Mr Dempsey out of his misery very quickly.'

Frank laughed and nodded, and disappeared behind a clump of trees. Elma resumed her seat and her embroidery.

Mr Dempsey, picking his way carefully, and wearing his hat a little more on one side than usual, came slowly forward. His eyesight was defective, and he had not seen Frolisher. He took off his hat with an elaborate flourish. Elma looked up with a heightened colour, but with a mischievous smile playing round her lips.

'I am fortunate in finding you alone, Miss Deane,' said the elderly beau with a smirk.

'Why fortunate, Mr Dempsey?'

'Because I have something to say to you that concerns ourselves alone.'

'A secret! That will be delightful. Go on, please.'

'Miss Deane, I am a plain man.'

'Hum—well—you ought to know best, perhaps.'

'A plain-spoken man, Miss Deane. I cannot indulge in any of those sentimental rhapsodies, proper enough at twenty, I daresay, but which are slightly ridiculous at—hum—at fifty. I must come to the point at once. I respect you—I admire you—I love you, if you will allow me to say so; and I am here to ask you to become my wife.'

'O Mr Dempsey!'

'I am not a poor man. A liberal allowance would be yours. You would have a handsome

settlement, diamonds, your own carriage, every comfort, in fact. Such an offer is not to be had every day. What say you, Miss Deene, what say you?

'I say with you, Mr Dempsey, that such an offer is not to be had every day. Were I a leopard, or an owl, or a bear, I would say Yes to it; but being only a woman, I must say No.'

'I should do my best to make you happy.'

'I do not doubt that, as you do your best to make your birds and animals happy; you keep them warm, and you feed them well, but—you shut them up in cages. Now, I don't want to be shut up in a cage, even though it were a gilded one.'

'You are frankness itself, Miss Deene; but I hope I am not to take this decision as a final one!'

'I certainly wish you to look upon it as such.'

'Well, well. I ought to have been in the field a couple of years ago. Young ladies of twenty nowadays can generally plead the excuse of a prior attachment.'

'A prior attachment, Mr Dempsey! Why, I had been the victim of half-a-dozen prior attachments before I was sixteen.'

'Eh?'

'When I was six years old, there was a little boy with curly hair whom I absolutely adored. He wore red shoes, and I think that was the reason why I loved him. He must be grown up by this time. I wonder whether he wears red shoes now. Then, when I was at school, I thought my dancing-master the most delightful of men. He was a Frenchman, and very bald, and oh! so fat; but I loved him. He spoke the most charming broken English, and I fancy that was the reason why I was so fond of him. These are touching reminiscences, Mr Dempsey.'

'To you, doubtless, Miss Deene,' answered the old beau stiffly. 'I leave you a sadder, if not a wiser man.'

'And I have been doing my best to amuse you! O dear!'

'Is there absolutely no hope?'

'Absolutely none.'

Mr Dempsey lifted his hat and bowed ceremoniously. Miss Deene rose and dropped an elaborate courtesy.

Mr Dempsey turned to go, but had not proceeded half-a-dozen yards before he came to a stand.

'Miss Deene!'

'Yes, Mr Dempsey.'

'I have some good news for you. I had a telegram this morning, and the pelican is better—much better.'

'I'm so very glad to hear it.'

'He can now take his usual allowance of fish for breakfast.'

'How nice! I should like his photograph. I am particularly fond of pelicans.'

'No, really? You shall have a photograph next week without fail. *Au revoir, au revoir.*'

'An offer of marriage, even from a Dempsey, is calculated to flutter one's nerves a little,' said Elma to herself. 'Crewel-work seems very tame after it. I wonder what Clunie would say if she knew. She would say I was a fool for refusing him, and she would believe it too.'

Forbisher, when he left Miss Deene, took the first footpath through the trees that presented itself, without caring whither it might lead him, his thoughts being far away. He had gone no great distance, when a sudden turn brought him face to face with Mr Pebworth, who had discreetly lingered behind Mr Dempsey, being probably quite aware what object that gentleman had in view in seeking a *tête-à-tête* with Miss Deene.

'Ah, my dear Mr Richard, a word with you if you please,' he said with a sickly smile, the moment his eyes fell on Forbisher.

'A hundred, if you wish it, Mr Pebworth.'

Mr Pebworth laid a hand on Forbisher's arm, and then glanced suspiciously round. 'Any news of the second will yet?' he whispered.

'Not yet, Mr Pebworth. But I am busy, very busy, going through Mr Askew's papers; and I should not be surprised in the least—not in the least, Mr Pebworth, I assure you—if I were to come across some such document before the present week is over.'

The two men looked meaningly at each other for a moment, and then Mr Pebworth's eyes fell. He was wondering what he should say next, when Frank spoke.

'I am right in assuming that Miss Deene's fortune is eight thousand pounds?'

'That is the amount to a penny—dependent entirely on my consent to her marriage.'

'Precisely so. That is clearly understood.'

Another pause, then Pebworth said: 'I am going in search of a sherry and seltzer. Will you not go back and join me?'

'Thanks—no. They tell me there is a charming view from the high ground over yonder. I am going in search of it.'

'Then you will probably meet my daughter and Captain Dyson. They went that way half an hour ago.'

'Richard Drummond, I hate you as I never hated a man before,' was Mr Pebworth's unspoken thought as the two men turned their backs on each other and went each his own way. But presently his musings assumed a more rosy hue. 'With two thousand a year derivable from landed property, what may I not aspire to?' he muttered to himself. 'And the method of obtaining the prize so safe and simple! Before I'm ten years older, the two thousand a year will have more than doubled itself, unless I'm a greater ass than I believe myself to be. And then, why not a seat in the House? I must begin to define my political principles more clearly. At present, I hardly know whether I am a Liberal-Conservative, or a Conservative-Liberal, or both.'

TO THE STAGE-STRUCK.

I LIKE sometimes to take a retrospective view of the past, to think of bygone scenes and places, to glance over the notes in my commonplace-book, to dwell on the memory of old friends, and read their thoughts. The other day I came across an old family correspondence which I had carefully preserved. It carried me back to twenty-five years ago, and I could not help contrasting my present feelings with those which actuated me at that time.

The following extracts may be applicable to some young friends just entering life, and may induce them to think twice before they run counter to the wishes of their relatives, or hazard their future prospects in order that they may gratify present desires. The following is a letter which my mother wrote to my late uncle regarding me:

'I am somewhat perplexed as to Harry's future. He was anxious to follow his father's profession, and wished to prepare himself for Woolwich, especially as his companion Murray, who joined the Military Academy there last year, assured him that he would have no difficulty in passing the requisite examination. He felt bitterly disappointed when I explained to him that I had not sufficient means to enable me to meet the necessary expense; but happily an old friend came to my rescue, and procured for him a nomination in a highly respectable public office. My friend tells me that Harry passed an excellent examination, and was immediately appointed to a clerkship at a salary of a hundred pounds a year. He has been in this situation for the last eighteen months, but, I am sorry to say, is getting very unsettled, and dissatisfied with his occupation and prospects. I have told him to consult you, and I feel sure that you will give him wise counsel.'

This communication prepared my uncle for a letter from the youth himself, which he received a few days afterwards. The young fellow wrote in a somewhat jaunty and flippant style, informing him that he intended joining an Amateur Dramatic Club and taking lessons in elocution from some actor, hoping by such means to ascertain whether he was likely to succeed if he adopted the stage as a profession. Should he meet with encouragement from his tutor, he thought of relinquishing his present position and prospects and of becoming an actor. 'Will you,' he wrote, 'look at the matter impartially, and let me know what view you take of the plan I purpose adopting?'

Now, probably one of the most responsible duties of a parent or guardian is to offer advice to a youth, the adoption or rejection of which must necessarily affect not only his present position, but his future career.

Feeling, wrote my uncle, that an inexperienced country-bred lad on his first visit to London, or any other great city, would naturally be dazzled by the various temptations he encountered—amongst which dramatic entertainments would probably be the most attractive—I could not help making charitable allowance for the enthusiasm of a youth gazing with rapturous envy at the artist whose finished representation—perhaps of some sublime creation of the poet—struck a chord which vibrated in every breast of that crowded audience of which he formed one. I could picture him listening with breathless attention to the impassioned language which so persuasively appeals to all the feelings and emotions of the human heart, and joining in according the demonstrative meed of well-merited applause, and becoming fired with the ambition to win for himself similar renown.

He little dreams of the long and severe course of study which has been undergone for even

genius to attain such a position; nor does he realise the difficulties which have been overcome. He only sees and admires the finished picture, that great art which conceals art, deceiving himself into the belief that his capabilities are equal to his admiration. But he wants to know my views, and I must give them. It is far better to write frankly to him myself, than allow him to learn my opinions from a third person.—Having arrived at this resolution, my uncle wrote to the youth as follows:

'In answer to your request for advice, I must say that under ordinary circumstances I should simply decline offering any opinion, because experience has taught me that it is only gratifying the curiosity of an individual to give an opinion on a subject upon which he has already made up his mind; and I hold it to be the reverse of complimentary to ask any man to take the trouble of so thoroughly considering a subject that he may give advice upon it, if such advice is not to be followed. In making an exception in your favour, I do so because you have no father living to guide you at this critical period of your life, and I feel it a duty to the love I have for your father's memory, to endeavour, for his sake, to now advise with you; do not therefore, think me discourteous or unkind if I write plainly.

'The course you have "mapped out for yourself" to use your own term, will, in my opinion, lead to misery and failure. Although some members of your family and some of your old friends may always acknowledge you, you will, by your own act, so entirely remove yourself from their circles, form such new ties, and move amidst people with many of whom they can have no sympathy, that you will practically wean yourself from their influence. They and you will have little in common. Your friends will probably be distasteful to them; theirs, not attractive to you. You will be committing a kind of moral suicide, which your friends will mournfully deplore.

'I am well aware of the sanguine nature of youth, and can comprehend that you believe yourself to be actuated by an enthusiastic love of art, and, deluded by Hope, fancy that you may command success and develop into a dramatic artist of celebrity. Of the thousands who indulge in such aspirations, how many realise them?

'Does your ambition satisfy itself with the idea of becoming an ordinary comedian? I can scarcely think so. Do you, then, aspire to become an artist of world-wide reputation? If so, have you realised the immense amount of hard work and very severe study you must undergo to attain your object? or how, in the earlier stages of your career, you will have,

With 'bated breath and whispering humbleness,

to seek the patronage of some theatrical manager, in order to get an engagement on some provincial stage, and be contented with some few shillings a week to enable you to support existence, and continue those studies so absolutely essential if you desire to succeed in the calling? Have you thought of the jealousies existing amongst those whom you would have to contend with for engagements? and—metaphorically speaking—the dirt

that you would have to eat, this critic to be propitiated, that manager to be conciliated, those actors to become popular with?

'You may say that genius rises superior to these obstacles, and regards them as incentives rather than impediments to success. Very true; and I believe that a man who happens to be endowed with great genius, superior ability, and mental culture, and possessed of an income sufficient to enable him to live decently while he is passing through the three or more years of his novitiate, might—assuming that he had a strong predilection for the stage—develop into an actor of great reputation, especially if he had a strong physique, high spirits, undaunted courage, and great self-confidence. Such a one might indeed become great in his art, or indeed in any calling he selected. But have you these qualifications? I think not. You have fair average abilities, but are certainly not well read in general knowledge. Except the salary you earn, you have no income. You have not a strong physique, natural flow of animal spirits, or self-reliance. On the contrary, your constitution is not strong; you are naturally of a retiring disposition; and so far from being self-reliant and confident, you are particularly sensitive and thin-skinned. These constitutional characteristics, in my opinion, indicate that you do not possess the qualifications requisite to insure success in such a calling.

'That you might overcome what is known as "stage shyness" and be able to eke out a livelihood somehow, I doubt not; but would this satisfy you? If it would, I cannot sympathise with your tastes. Having once taken to the stage, should you become dissatisfied with your progress and prospects, what opening could you look forward to? You would have lost so much time, and thrown overboard whatever interest you have, in such a manner that you could not hope to turn your attention to any other occupation, and must forever remain in the position of a second-rate actor.

'Now, let us analyse this desire to go upon the stage. What does it betoken? A love of approbation, a vain-glorious desire for notoriety—in a word, vanity—a vanity which requires applause for sustenance, and which withers under the faintest smile of ridicule. Could you stand the latter? Would you be able to laugh it off? Would it not rather render you morose, chagrined, and disheartened, and make you consider yourself a martyr to the love of art, and a victim of prejudice?

'You seem to have fostered but one idea, its object being to gratify a morbid vanity in the shape of an intense love of approbation. Take care that such weakness does not so increase in growth as to become a species of monomania.

'I would warn you against being influenced by mere self-gratification. You must remember that "life is real, life is earnest," and that each man should be influenced by a sense of Duty. Having been placed in a good position, with opportunities of advancing yourself by your own industry, is it not your duty, as it should be your pride and pleasure, to endeavour to repay in some measure the deep debt of gratitude you owe to that loving and widowed mother who has devoted herself with

so much affection and self-denial to promote your welfare and happiness? to strive to render her future happy, and as the eldest son, to set an example to your younger brothers? Will you be fulfilling these duties by giving up your present occupation and prospects, regardless of any consideration for the feelings of those who have so great a claim upon you?

'You have now a fair start in life, and can by ordinary diligence materially improve your position, and qualify yourself for other and more remunerative appointments. You have also an opportunity of cultivating your literary and artistic tastes, and of turning such accomplishments to good account. By adopting such a course, you would insure the love and affection of your home circle, and retain the respect and confidence of all your friends and relations—thus gaining a far more solid reward than the vociferous plaudits of the most sympathising audience; for in all the troubles and disappointments you might meet with in life, you would be comforted by an approving conscience, and sustained by a feeling of self-respect.'

Such an answer to the youth's query was as unwelcome as it was disappointing to him, and for some months longer he remained unsettled in his mind, wavering between inclination and duty. His better nature at length prevailed, and he at last manfully determined to follow the advice of his friends. He soon became as cheerful and contented with his position, as he had before been dissatisfied. He rapidly mastered all the technicalities of his business, and devoting some hours each day to study, he found himself gradually but surely ascending the steep path which led to success.

He is now a middle-aged gentleman, possessing a fair competence, and but for an occasional twinge of gout, enjoys excellent health. It forms a pleasing picture to see him surrounded by his wife and family, who all vie with one another in their care of and attention to his dear old mother, who lives with him; and when his younger brothers come to pay him a visit, as they often do, he sometimes alludes to his youthful aspirations, and speaks with gratitude of those who dissuaded him from risking what might have turned out to be a disastrous failure.

But he has not altogether lost his love of the drama. Occasionally, a strolling company of actors announce their arrival in the neighbouring town, and so regularly does he patronise such performances, that the bookseller always reserves certain seats for him and his party. He not unfrequently pays a visit to a brother, who resides in London, who very considerably proposes dining at six o'clock, and going to the theatre afterwards, a suggestion he is only too delighted to fall in with.

I have known him on more than one occasion smile at the efforts of some poor actor, whom he confesses he once thought a genius to be envied and admired. Now he whispers to his brother: 'Charlie, I no longer envy him, or think him a hero; but I feel for the disappointments he and many others must have suffered, and rejoice that I can afford to give an annual subscription to the Actors' Benevolent Fund.'

How very many lads there are who have tastes

similar to those this young man once fondly indulged in! If any such should happen to read these lines, it may interest them to know that the writer is not too old to sympathise with the aspirations of youth, or to make every charitable allowance for its weaknesses. They will the more readily believe this, when he assures them that he has been giving them a rough sketch of his own life, and that he has lived long enough to appreciate the wise counsels of wisdom and experience.

MELITA, THE BOHEMIAN GIRL.

I.

TOWARDS the close of a sultry summer day, a young Scotchman alighted from a travelling-carriage at a small inn in the village of Monterosa, in Italy. In reply to the obsequious landlord, with whom guests of the *milord* class were 'like angels' visits, few and far between, he announced his intention of remaining for a couple of days, desired to be shown to his room, and ordered coffee to be served in the parlour. In a few minutes he descended to the public-room of the inn, and with much relish sipped the cup of refreshing coffee which the landlord had brought in; and declining the cigars proffered by the latter, proceeded to fill and light a favourite meerschaum, and blowing clouds of fragrant smoke towards the low ceiling, was soon immersed in a brown-study.

The traveller, whose name was Frank Melville, was about twenty-eight years of age, and a good specimen of manly beauty. Exactly six feet 'in his stockings,' his figure was so well proportioned that you did not give him credit for more than the average height. His short, curly, light-brown hair fitly framed a countenance ruddy with health and sparkling with good-humour; while the deep blue eyes shone with intelligence. He was an artist, and had seized the first opportunity to put into execution a long-cherished intention of making a tour in Italy; and the desire of beholding fresh scenes had induced him to turn aside considerably from the well-beaten route pursued by the ordinary tourist.

He had hitherto experienced great pleasure in his tour. But nevertheless, when the shades of evening began to fall, he generally felt somewhat solitary, and longed for some companion with whom to compare notes and exchange ideas. On the particular evening on which our story opens, he felt more than usually restless and low-spirited. A craving for some excitement took possession of him. But in the quiet, secluded village of Monterosa, what excitement, mental or physical, could be found?

There being no other way open to him of passing the time, he decided to try a stroll. The narrow, irregular street of the village was almost deserted; nothing was to be seen except some children playing in the sand, and geese walking in long procession, cackling as they went.

Striding rapidly onward, Melville soon came to the outskirts of the village, and plunged into the adjoining forest. The luxuriant leafage of the stately trees, which were in the full vigour of their growth, naturally obtained his chief admiration. The air was scented with the odour of fresh resin and mosses; while a perfect stillness, as of a sanctuary, prevailed, more fitted, however, to increase his depression, than to afford him the mental stimulus for which he craved. He had walked at a smart pace for some thirty minutes, when the sudden sinking of the sun and the deepening twilight warned him that it was time to retrace his steps. Turning back, he was soon conscious that he had lost his way, and began to lament his imprudence in venturing so far into an unknown and apparently trackless forest without having taken some bearings by which to shape his course.

Just as he was beginning to resign himself to a night under the trees, he discerned the smoke of a fire at no great distance, and heard in the still evening air the notes of a violin. A walk of a few minutes brought him to the scene. In the shelter of the walls of an old ruined castle were seated some twenty or thirty gipsies, grouped in every variety of picturesque attitude round the customary triangle, from which hung a large pot over a wood-fire. The men wore red waistcoats, ornamented with large silver buttons, which glittered in the firelight; the women—at least the younger ones—scarlet bodices and chemisettes trimmed with gold embroidery, and round their necks rows of glass beads. A few withered old cronies, yellow and toothless, who served as foils to their younger companions, completed the band. As the fire gleamed and flashed on the picturesque group, so bright with colour, Melville longed for the pencil of a *Salvator Rosa*, that he might preserve the scene for ever on canvas.

The gipsy who had been performing on the violin ceased playing at the approach of Melville, and speaking in excellent Tuscan, invited him to be seated and join their primitive repast. Melville accepted the invitation as frankly as it was given. From boyhood, the Zingari, their origin, strange customs, and wanderings, had been a favourite subject of study with him. He had read many of the books describing these wonderful people, Borrow's *Zincali* among the rest; and was familiar with a considerable portion of the vocabulary of the Italian gipsies; indeed, the manners and habits of this roving race had always possessed for him a peculiar and fascinating interest.

In a few minutes Frank was discussing a portion of a hedgehog, which, rubbed with garlic and stuffed with walnuts, had been roasted on a spit over a quick fire.

'Where is Melita?' exclaimed the violin-player, whose name was Orlando. 'What has become of her?'

Our tourist was in the act of raising a cup of some very good Sicilian wine to his lips, when his look fell upon a vision of feminine beauty such as he had never before seen in all his travels. Through the opening of a tent came a young girl, apparently not more than eighteen years of age. Slightly above the middle height, her slender supple figure moved across the grassy carpet with bewitching grace. Large oriental eyes, full of liquid lustre, softly gleamed from beneath eyebrows black as night. The features were perfect in their contour. The finely chiselled nose, the lips 'like Cupid's bow,' the softly rounded chin, might have served as models to a modern Phidias. The abundant hair was of a lighter tint than the eyebrows, and of a rich warm brown. The complexion was also somewhat lighter in colour than the ordinary gipsy type, but still sufficiently dark to show that she came of Bohemian stock.

Gallantly springing to his feet, and extending his hand, Melville offered to conduct her to a place at the evening meal, with an air as respectful as if he had been accosting an English duchess. But the gipsy girl refused the proffered hand, and seating herself by the side of her brother, gazed with some little curiosity at the stranger guest, and declined to partake of the repast.

Supper over, the artist shared the contents of his large pouch with his hosts—there is no surer passport to the heart of a gipsy than to make him a present of tobacco—and then listened with unalloyed pleasure to the musical efforts of Orlando on the violin; at the same time that he observed the effect of the weird instrumentation on the eloquent features of the Bohemian girl, which seemed to reflect all the varying emotions of the player.

Suddenly, it occurred to him that the lovely Melita in her national costume would form an admirable subject for a water-colour sketch. Turning to Orlando, he inquired if he might come on the following morning to the camp and take a sketch of his sister. Melita overheard the whispered request, and her dusky cheek for a moment deepened with gratified vanity as she smilingly assented to the inquiring glance of her brother. When about to depart, Frank heard with some surprise that he was only a couple of miles from Monterosa, so confused had been his attempts to find his way through the labyrinth of trees. Orlando volunteered to conduct him to the outskirts of the wood; and, accepting the offer, he bade adieu to the lovely Melita. During Orlando's brief escort, Melville spoke little, for before his mind's eye was the eloquent glance of the gipsy girl. Even during the fitful watches of the night and in his disturbed dreams, Melita's face appeared again and again; and it was with unrefreshed sensations that the artist beheld the morning sun shining through the windows of the inn.

II.

'This is your last sitting, Melita.' It was on the morning of the seventh day after Frank Melville had first met the Zingari that these words were spoken. The young Scotchman was putting the finishing touches to a large water-colour drawing

representing Melita as a gipsy queen. The progress of the work had been watched by the tribe with mingled feelings of wonder and delight; and the girl's dark eyes had shone with pleasure and pride as she looked upon the life-like portrayal of her wondrous beauty.

The knowledge which the young artist possessed of gipsy manners and customs had placed him on a special footing with Melita and the other members of the band, so that they almost regarded him as one of themselves, and referred to matters in his presence which they would have carefully shunned in the case of any other 'house-dweller.' Melita would sometimes speak of the pleasures of her nomadic life; its liberty and freedom from care, its health-giving character, its opportunity for the study of the changing seasons, the animals and birds abounding in the fields and woods; on which occasion Frank would feel his pulse beat faster, until he almost yearned to resign the feverish and tumultuous life of cities, and, casting in his lot with those who dwell in tents, never more return to the walks of ordinary life.

In reply to his observation that this was her last sitting, the Zingari cast down her eyes, and murmured: 'I am very sorry.'

'Sorry, Melita! I can assure you that, as a general rule, the last sitting is always a day of rejoicing—at least to the sitters.'

'But you will go away, now that the picture is finished?'

He was not certain, but he rather fancied that he saw a pearly tear as she spoke these words. 'Well,' he answered, 'my stay here is coming to an end, I must admit; but I can afford a few more days. Come, let us have a stroll.' Slowly the pair walked in the direction of a running stream near the gipsy encampment. 'Melita, I must make you some return for your good-nature in sitting to me. What shall I give you?'

The girl's dark eyes flashed indignantly as she raised them to those of the speaker, and Melville beheld an expression on those lovely features which he had never seen before—an expression which warned him to beware of the passionate Italian blood which coursed in the gipsy's veins. He therefore hastened to explain.

'Not money, Melita; I do not mean that—of course not. But what is there that you would like to have for your picture?'

Melita grasped both his hands within her soft warm palms, and looking fixedly at him, whispered: 'Give me your picture, in return for mine. Then, when you are far away beyond the sea in your own country, that will remind me of these happy days and of the stranger who was so kind to me.'

'I am glad that I can comply with your request at once,' Melville answered; 'but I wish that you had chosen something else. I am afraid my photograph is a poor recompense for all your patience and kindness in sitting to me. See, I have some with me in my pocket-book.' With these words, Frank took a carte from the book and handed it to her.

Melita gazed earnestly several moments at the young Scotchman's handsome lineaments—it was a capital likeness—and as she did so, her cheek became pale, and the hand which held the picture

trembled visibly. Then placing the picture in her bosom, the Bohemian murmured: 'It shall never leave my heart!' Adding, after a pause: 'Come; let us return to the camp.'

Retracing their steps, they walked on for some moments in silence. Melville was by no means a vain man, but of course he was not ignorant of the fact that he was handsome. An unpleasant suspicion crossed his mind. 'Can it be,' he asked himself, 'that this young girl has fallen in love with me?' Then, as he remembered her warm sensuous nature and the violence of her passions, he shuddered. But on the other hand, he had only known her seven days. However, he decided that it would be best for him to depart at once, before any tender impression he had unwittingly made should sink too deeply for her peace of mind.

Melita was the first to break the silence. 'Do you know why I asked you to return to the camp?' Then, without waiting for a reply, she continued: 'I felt that I could not remain in safety near the water.'

'In safety near the water! What in the world do you mean?' was her companion's astonished exclamation.

Smiling sadly, Melita answered: 'Have you never felt an almost uncontrollable impulse—an impulse you could not account for—to do some rash act—to throw yourself from some dizzy height, or plunge into some rapid stream, and thus end at once and for ever all the cares and sorrows of life?'

'My youthful Melita,' he said, 'can scarcely have had troubles sufficient to cause her to seek relief from them in a sudden and violent death.'

Again, the Zingari shook her head sadly. 'I know not,' she said. 'But had I been alone just now, I should have sought death in that running stream.' Then, observing her companion's anxious look, a bright smile irradiated her expressive features as she said: 'But do not be concerned; that moment is past.'

'For ever, I trust?' Melville gravely asked.

'Yes, for ever!'

They had now arrived at the camp. The startling confession to which he had listened during the last few minutes had strengthened Melville's resolve to leave the place without delay, before further unpleasant incidents occurred. He would return to the inn in the village, and despatch a hasty note to Melita, saying that he was unexpectedly compelled to leave immediately for Bologna. In this way he hoped to avoid the awkwardness of a personal farewell.

Although he felt that such conduct might be termed shabby after the hospitality he had received from the gipsies, and Melita's kindness and good-nature in sitting by the hour as the model for his picture, he felt also that anything was better than a scene. It was both an act of kindness and a duty to nip in the bud an attachment he could not return. The first thing to be done, however, was to get possession of the picture. Turning to his companion, he said: 'Melita, I am going to remove the picture to the village to-day.'

A suspicious glance shot from her lustrous eyes. 'You are going away—I feel it! I shall never see you again!'

The artist laid his hand on hers, and as he did so he felt the hand he held tremble. An irresistible temptation seized him, and he kissed her. He felt that he was taking a long—an everlasting farewell; and thus they parted, without another word being spoken between them.

After he had proceeded some little distance, he turned and waved his hand to the girl, who still remained where he had left her, as motionless as a statue.

III.

Frank Melville was a man of prompt action. Within an hour of his return to the inn, he had left the village of Monterosa, first despatching a brief note to Melita, telling her that urgent business called him away, and regretting the necessity for his sudden departure. He then took up his quarters at a small village about twenty miles from his former halting-place, and determined to remain there for a day or two, until he had decided on his future plans. He felt more depressed than he had thought possible, in consequence of parting from the charming Zingari. In vain did he endeavour by writing, reading, and sketching to banish her image from his thoughts. Whenever he went or whatever he did, the gipsy girl's face was always before him.

On the evening of the third day after he had left Monterosa, he was seated in the little parlour of the village inn. He had hired two rooms, his bedroom being immediately behind the sitting-room, and both on the ground-floor. The landlord entered, and said a visitor wished to see him. While Frank was wondering who it could be, a step was heard in the passage, and a young gipsy brushed past the landlord and confronted his guest. It was Orlando! His swarthy countenance wore an expression of bitter vindictiveness.

Melville held out his hand, and uttered a welcome in gipsy-language. But Orlando took no notice of the outstretched hand or the young Scotchman's salutation. His left hand played nervously with a long bright knife which was stuck loosely in his belt. 'Where is Melita?'

The words were uttered in an intense whisper, the while his coal-black eyes, lurid with some hidden emotion, were fixed on Melville as if he would read his inmost thoughts.

'Melita! Is she not with you? I have not seen her since I left the camp.'

The gipsy paused. Then he asked: 'Is that the truth?'

Melville sprung to his feet, his face aflame with anger. 'If you were not Melita's brother, I would throw you out of the window!' was his passionate exclamation.

Again the gipsy paused, perfectly unmoved by the angry reply. He had never lifted his piercing eyes from Melville's face during the interview. Apparently satisfied, he now extended his hand, and said: 'I believe you.'

'But stay, Orlando,' Melville replied. 'Tell me, what has happened? Where is Melita?'

'I only know that she left the camp directly she received your letter.'

'And where are you going now?'

'To find her, if I can,' sullenly replied Orlando, as he strode rapidly from the room, leaving

Frank a prey to the most torturing suspense and anxiety. But this was not of long duration. As he sat by the window musing on the strangeness of the girl's sudden disappearance, the shadow of a human figure was projected upon the newspaper which lay unheeded at his feet. Looking up, he beheld Melita! Hastening to the door, he opened it, and led her into the room.

'Have you seen your brother Orlando?' he asked.

'Orlando here?' came in accents tremulous with fear from the girl's white lips, as she slowly sank into Melville's arms in a half-fainting condition. Speedily recovering herself, however, she darted an apprehensive glance towards the door, and said: 'If he finds me here, he will kill you!'

'Calm yourself—don't be alarmed, Melita; no harm shall happen.'

'Ah, you know not Orlando's nature! Forgive me for coming to you, but I longed so much to see you! I felt that I must see you, or die! You know you promised to come again to the camp.'

'I know I did, Melita; but I acted as I thought for the best. I wished to spare us both the pain of a parting.'

A faint, gratified smile broke over the wan features of the gipsy as Melville uttered the word 'both.'

'But you appear fatigued,' he continued. 'I fear you are ill. You can tell me another time—to-morrow—how you found me. Meantime, I will ring the bell for the servant; she will conduct you to a room where you can get some rest, of which you must be much in need. I have no fear of your brother. He is hardly likely to come again to the same place. He is doubtless miles away by this time, searching for you.'

The Zingari turned a pleading and timorous look on Melville. 'You are not angry with me? I did so wish to see you!' The next instant an almost angry flush spread over her beautiful face. 'Oh, why did you come to the camp? I was happy till you came!' A passionate flood of tears, the violence of which shook her slender figure like a wind-tossed willow, served somewhat to relieve her excited feelings. Then, as a deep blush suffused her face and neck, she exclaimed eagerly: 'Could I not go with you as your servant—your slave—anything rather than remain here? I dare not return to the tribe!'

Suddenly, as she spoke, her watchful ear detected the sound of cautious footsteps on the gravel-path beneath the window, and in another moment a man had entered the room.

It is Orlando! With a look of fiendish hate upon his grim and pallid visage, he dashes himself upon Melville, and the dagger which glitters in his right hand has come down with deadly effect—and in another moment the assassin is gone.

A piercing shriek rang through the house, and as the frightened inmates enter the chamber, they behold the lifeless body of the hapless gipsy girl in the arms of Melville. She had cast herself between her brother and his victim, and had received the fatal blow. Her last dying

gaze was fixed on the countenance of the man she had loved, and whom she died to save!

Frank Melville is now a prominent artist. He has never married, and is likely to remain a bachelor until the end. His adventure with the gipsies is engraven on his heart and mind in characters which death only can obliterate. The place of honour in his studio is occupied by a large picture, painted by himself, of a beautiful brunette of eighteen summers in the costume of a gipsy. When any one inquires as to the name and origin of the subject, he replies in a tone which discourages further questions: 'She was an Italian gipsy.'

A RAINY EVENING.

The twilight shadows darkling fall:
O memories dear! against thy thrall
My heart strives all in vain.
Yet wherefore strive against my mood?
I cannot silence, if I would,
The softly falling rain.

At such an hour, on such an eve,
Bright hopes, that yet I fully grieve,
Sprang up, to fade and wane.
Ah, never more, hand clasped in hand,
Shall we within the doorway stand,
And watch the falling rain.

Yet still the sweetness of that hour
Returns, with all its wonted power
Of mingled joy and pain,
When, dropping down from winnow-eaves,
Or gently falling on the leaves,
I hear the summer rain.

O cruel Memory! thus to bring
That glad brief hour, with bitter sting,
Back to my heart again;
Those parting words of fond regret;
With glad pretext, love lingering yet,
Unmindful of the rain.

Ah! brief, indeed, poor aching heart,
The joy those flicker hopes impart;
Grief follows in their train.
Nay, nay, my heart; take upward wing.
O cruel Memory! thy sting
Shall vanish with the rain.

Though sadder seem the songs I tell;
Yet sorrow, with its plaintive thrill,
Adds sweetness to the strain;
As fragrant perfumes softly low
From hawthorn blossoms bending low,
Bent down by wind and rain.

E. W.

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A PUBLIC BENEFIT.

IN a former paper (A Safe Investment, July 8, 1882) on the subject of Life Assurance, we drew attention to the inestimable blessing of being able to make adequate provision for future possibilities, and to the increased comfort and happiness of the man who has thus secured those dear to him from want and misery when deprived of his support. So far, we have dealt with this question of Assurance from a purely personal point of view. We now propose to enlarge our range of vision, and see what effect a more general appreciation of the benefits of Life Assurance would have upon a Community.

Much of the wealth of any nation will depend upon the amount of productive industry it possesses, and this productive industry needs stimulus for the development of its capabilities. As long as a people contents itself, as in uncivilised countries, with merely providing the necessaries of life, so long will that people remain poor and helpless; but in proportion as men see and feel the advantages attached to industry, will be their efforts to secure those advantages for themselves.

The advantage we are now dealing with is one which can only be attained, by a large majority, as the result of thought and industry. The man who wishes to secure himself or his family from want in the future, will need to put forth his best energies in the present. Were this happy state of things in any sense a rule in our midst, there need be no fear of falling behind our neighbours, even where their natural advantages would seem to be greater than our own. But however patriotic we may be, there is little chance of our doing our best for the good of the nation alone; and one of the highest inducements to the thinking man to make the most of himself should be the reflection, that if he fail to put his shoulder to the wheel in good earnest, it may mean incalculable suffering to those he loves best, when he is taken from them. Unhappily, the tendency

of most men is not to do the largest possible amount of work without some very decided and powerful motive; and such a motive, to the man worthy of the name, will be found in the hope of securing a comfortable future, as well as a happy present, for those whose welfare depends so greatly on his exertions. Thus stimulated, he will be more than willing, even anxious to make the most of his time; and in proportion, trade will flourish.

Another national benefit derivable from Assurance, as affecting our habits of prudence, forethought, and industry, will be the lessening of taxation whilst giving increased power to pay. Is there any man who at some time or other does not feel as a heavy burden the weight of those terrible 'rates and taxes' which add so seriously to the year's out-goings? And yet, were the practice of Life Assurance, for which we contend, more generally diffused, there would be a vast reduction in two very important items to be found on our present rate-papers, namely, poor-rates and the cost of repression of crime. As to poor-rates, no one who has come into personal contact with the poverty-stricken, or who has taken the trouble to investigate the causes which bring so many applicants for parish relief, can doubt the fact that the vast majority of suffering of this order arises from preventable causes—causes, moreover, to which, in the main, forethought would have dealt a death-blow. Over-crowding of dwellings is one of the fruitful sources of illness, with its consequent train of poverty and wretchedness. But if evil habits grow and increase, manly determination has a leaven of its own, and has a distinct tendency not to be content with doing its work in one direction only, but progresses from improvement to improvement. So, in the present instance, a man who has secured an Assurance policy on his life, and finds he is able to keep up his annual payments by the exercise of economy and thrift, will soon be discontented at finding himself cramped and inconvenienced for want of better house-room, and the chances are that he will set to

work to improve his surroundings by a further exercise of forethought and industry.

The question of intoxicating drink was touched upon in our former article on this subject; but it is really impossible to get anything like an approximate estimate of the amount of poverty, as well as of crime, induced by its over-indulgence. Many a man, and, alas that it should be so! many an educated man, has been, under its influence, reduced from comfort and respectability to utter degradation and misery; and many a broken-hearted wife has wept tears of agony, as one after another of the things she brought with such pride to furnish her home, has gone to feed the degraded appetite of him who promised to 'love and cherish' her. Then, perhaps she makes desperate efforts to keep up the home and to find bread for hungry little ones; but more than this she cannot do, for anything the pawnbroker will take is sure to go as fuel to feed the fire of the drunkard's thirst. So, in course of time, when bodily health fails, she and hers may be found seeking for admission into that workhouse, at the idea of which she used to shiver, and wonder how people ever came down to needing such help. She understands now only too well how the love of drink has power to drag its victims down to almost indefinite depths of sorrow and shame.

Now, all this cruel suffering and final coming upon the parish might have been prevented, had the head of the household grasped the idea of his responsibilities, and by due exercise of his powers, made provision for the lives of himself and of his wife and children. Had he given the matter anything approaching proper consideration, he could not have failed to see that to waste in self-indulgence the money that, wisely used, would secure a comfortable future for his dependents, could scarcely be called by a lighter name than that of deliberate villainy.

That the above sketch of the life of a drunkard's wife is no fancy picture, thousands could testify; and even where the family does not go into 'the house,' there are many ways in which the parish is made to give relief, where, with only ordinary prudence and industry, no such help would be needed. As an instance of the under-hand way in which parish relief is extracted, take the following case, well known to the writer. A strong, able-bodied man, the father of three or four children, would work only two or three days a week, and spent the rest of his time between drinking and sleeping, his delicate wife being left to feed and clothe herself and the children. One of the little ones sickened and died, and when the question of burial came, the father absented himself for a time, in order that the wife might go before the Board and declare herself deserted. Of course, the child had to be buried; and the funeral added one more item to the long list of that sort of parish relief which would neither be asked nor given but for the indulgence of evil habits.

It is not unfrequently urged that sobriety is desirable were it for nothing else than the relief to poor-rate and the diminished cost of repressing crime that would ensue. And yet, another side to this argument has recently been brought into prominent notice. At present there are

thirty-one millions sterling of our national income derived from excisable liquors, being more than one-third of the whole national revenue. Of course, any reduction in the revenue from excisable liquors, would, even under the most advantageous conditions, require to be made up by increased taxation in other directions. The great argument for sobriety, therefore, does not bear so much upon any slight saving to the ratepayers that might ensue, as upon the increased purity and happiness of the people that would follow from it. It is the *moral* results that should be kept most prominently in view.

Putting aside the question of drink, there is frequently amongst the poor a lamentable want of anything like proper provision for the future. It is not unusual to find that the future has not been looked at in any way; or even when it has, that the provision made will little more than cover the expenses of burial; and in consequence of this, the number of widows and orphans who annually claim parish help is very great. Yet there is no real reason why matters should stand thus; the poor man in regular work should be as well able to provide for wife and children as the richer man for his. Of course, their wants will be in proportion to their previous manner of life, and in this proportion it would be well if each labouring man could be *compelled* to make the all-important provision. Were this so, how perceptible would be the difference in our poor-rates!

But in so writing of the poor man's improvidence, we do not by any means intend to lay the burden of blame on his shoulders alone. His time, as a rule, is too much taken up with bodily labour to give him the leisure for thought and reflection which falls naturally to the share of his wealthier neighbour. It should, therefore, be the care of the man who has time and brain at his command to seek to instruct his less privileged brother as to how to make the most of what he has, and to do this in such a way as to be able to provide for the future. But in order to teach, it is absolutely necessary that practice shall accompany precept; for it will be little use to tell the poor man to care for his wife and children, if the instructor's own family has not first been secured from possibilities of preventable evil in the future.

And sad as is the heavy burden caused by avoidable expenses in regard to the poor, still sadder is that other heavy item of 'prisons, reformatories, and police-force.' A very little reflection will show that all causes which affect the one affect the other; and, in fact, the root of the matter in both cases lies in the greater prevalence, within certain lines, of bad over good habits. The most patriotic of Englishmen can hardly claim for his countrymen the merit of being a provident people; and unhappily we are in the main content with our improvidence, and do not trouble ourselves to consider to what very serious evils it may and does lead. We venture to say that not a tithe of those who shake their heads over our gigantic pauperism and our huge prison-system have any idea of how closely these acknowledged evils are associated with that want of frugality and forethought, which, though perhaps equally acknowledged, is, as a rule, passed over with the slightest possible notice. Yet, take

the case of a man of right principle working his very best at whatever labour falls to his share, making time the most of his earnings, and at the same time securing comfortable provision for the future. It is impossible to picture such a one applying for help from the parish. And it is quite certain that as far as he is concerned, there will be no need of taxation on the score of repression of crime.

Now, what is true of the individual is equally true of the community at large, and nothing will permanently diminish the annals of crime but the wider spread of good habits and right principles. It need hardly be said that a man is not living up to this ideal whose thoughts go no farther into the future than the providing for daily wants, and who fails to reflect on the fact that he, the bread-winner, may at any moment be removed, to the grievous suffering of a family left destitute.

Looking at the many advantages we have thus considered as accruing, both to the individual and to the community, from the practice of Life Assurance, there is no room for wonder at the way in which it spreads when its value is once felt; but, on the contrary, the mind is filled with astonishment that this boon is refused or neglected by so many; and we venture to hope that the more the subject is discussed and brought before the notice of the public, the more will men be found willing and anxious to avail themselves of what may well be described as a Public Benefit.

ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOT.

CHAPTER VII.—THOSE WHO WERE LEFT BEHIND.

THE carriage having rolled away on swift wheels from before the portico of Castel Vawr, the two ladies who were left behind looked somewhat wistfully into one another's faces, the younger timidly, the elder with a pitying tenderness that perhaps had never till that day and hour softened the proud eyes of Lady Barbara Montgomery. There lies, deep down, and undrained of by strangers, in the hearts of most women, even the coldest and the haughtiest, a well-spring of motherly kindness that waits for the touch of the magic wand to let loose its waters.

'I am very sorry, my dear—very sorry, Clare, for you,' said Lady Barbara in a very low voice.

'Thank you, dear aunt; your kindness—is all!'—And then the voice of the youthful speaker was choked in her emotion.

The majestic aunt of the late Marquis looked almost apprehensively around her, as she somewhat stiffly extended her strong, bony hand, to give support to the slight delicate form of the half-fainting girl that nestled by her side. The servants! There were several, only too many, of them present; and it is a golden rule and canon of conduct with members of that higher aristocracy to which Lady Barbara belonged, that all unseemly manifestations of emotion must be concealed from those who eat our bread and wear our livery. Lady Barbara's own idea of the proper demeanour of a grand gentleman, and still more of a great lady, such as a Marchioness

of Leominster, was probably very much akin to the stern stoicism of those Red Indian warriors who bear the bitterest torments which their customs can inflict with a scornful composure that laughs at pain. But all of us are not of the same heroic mould; and Lady Barbara felt sincere compassion for her forlorn companion.

'Clare—my poor, dear Clare—come with me—come to your own rooms. They have been ready for you, ready and waiting for days past,' said Lady Barbara, with a wonderful gentleness, for her; and she who was addressed thus, permitted herself to be led away. Of course the servants did not stare, nor did they whisper to one another, as the well-trained phalanx in the great marble hall of Castel Vawr broke up, like so many soldiers when the bugle has sounded the welcome call 'Dismisses,' and footmen, butlers, groom, of the chamber, dispersed. But servants have tolerably sharp eyes where their employers are concerned, and Lady Barbara had not the slightest doubt that the young Marchioness, the strange circumstances of her arrival, the sudden dispute between the sisters, the abrupt departure of one of them, the agitation of the one who remained, would be discussed, and rediscussed, conned, weighed, and criticised, in servants' hall and still-room, until the subject was worn threadbare. It vexed her, she who was a stickler for prerogative, and who sorrowed always over idle gossip or newspaper tattle concerning peasant members of her own order, because it gave occasion for her worldly inferiors to speak evil of dignities. At any rate—there was one comfort in that—even Rumour, painted full of tongues, as in the days of the old Elizabethan drama, could not, for very dearth of accurate or minute information, find anything positive to say that would detract from the credit of the great House of Montgomery-Leominster, of which the headquarters were at Castel Vawr.

The rooms that had been got ready for the widowed Marchioness were sumptuous and spacious, and did credit to the famous firm of decorative upholsterers who had sent in the rich furniture, and done all that could be done, in a tasteful way, to make a bower worthy of Wilfred's beautiful young wife. These were the very apartments that had been prepared, but a few short months ago, so it seemed, for the reception of the bride; and now—

'I feel more wretched than before!' exclaimed Lady Barbara's youthful companion. 'Poor Wilfred—it seems but yesterday; and Cora, too, is gone; and—and—' But you will think me foolish!' she exclaimed; while the deferential housekeeper who stood there looked excessively embarrassed; and Lady Barbara's abigail, and Pinnett the travelling maid, threw sidelong glances at each other.

'Not foolish, dear Clare,' replied the chateleine of Castel Vawr, very gently, and then turned her eagle beak and bushy eyebrows towards the servant. 'Lady Leominster is tired after her journey. I will stay with her, Mrs. Blew. When I ring, her maid, the Marchioness's maid, can come.'

Mrs. Blew the housekeeper made her reverential courtesy as she and Pinnett retired.

'I am so sorry—cut to the heart—for you, my poor, poor child!' said Lady Barbara, when those two were left alone together, as she folded the young girl in her arms.

Very prettily, very gracefully, did the slender girl submit to that caress. 'I shall do very well, dear, good, kind Aunt Barbara,' she said, in a voice that was almost steady. 'Your great kindness, your noble strength of principle and purpose, seem to give me strength—to me, who need it so much,' she added plaintively. 'At first, just at first, the memories that these dear rooms called up—the recollection of my darling Wilfred—were almost too much for my poor powers of endurance. But it is Cora—my own, loved, misguided sister, that'—

Lady Barbara drummed indignantly with her large well-shaped foot upon the soft carpet. 'It was a wicked, wicked attempt!' she said, almost as a soliloquist might speak.

But her voice was audible to the quick ears of her fair companion, who exclaimed eagerly: 'No, no, dearest, good Lady Barbara! Do not call Cora wicked, for my sake. I know her—my twin sister—and indeed, indeed she is good; and I love her, and grieve over her sin, and—' Am I wrong and hush in calling what has happened a sin, when I speak of my own sister?' she asked piteously, and with an appealing hand half uplifted.

Lady Barbara, who was a head the taller of the two, bent stiffly and kissed her. 'You are a noble girl—too good for this world, with its hollow shame and base deceptions,' said Lady Barbara, whose eyes were dimmed by actual tears. 'Yes; it was a sin; yes; it was mean, vile, mercenary—what I never thought possible on the part of any one who, like Miss Crew, although a commoner, was'—

'Of late,' interrupted the girl, 'between my poor Cora and myself there has been more reticence, less frankness in our intercourse. My sister has seemed to me to be always pre-occupied, always on her guard. I have fancied—' Dear Lady Barbara, may I speak my mind to you?'—

Lady Barbara signified her cordial assent. Even a normal share of feminine curiosity would have insured her as a willing listener on such a theme. But the root-principle of her life was loyalty to the great House from which she sprang, and nothing which affected the honour or the prosperity of the ancient Montgomery race could fail to interest her. She may have thought—nay, had thought—that her late nephew, the Marquis, had been carried too far by his admiration for a pretty face. Falcons, so held Lady Barbara, should mate with falcons; and a mere baronet's daughter, and—for nobody is quite consistent where cash is concerned—the daughter of a quasi-bankrupt baronet, was scarcely a fitting Lady Paramount of Castel Vawr and the great estate that the old lords-marchers, her own forefathers, had held from the Crown by tenure of lance-thrust and sword-stroke, as became their wardenship of the wild Welsh border. If Clare Crew had but been a Lady Clare, sprung from one of those pushing families that our English Elizabeth loved to promote from the flat civic cap to the Earl's coronet, then indeed would Lady Barbara have been satisfied; but as it was,

she had to make the best of the situation. And yet, the widowed bride was beautiful, gentle, and winning, while there was something propitiatory even in her helpless need for protection.

'My poor sister,' resumed the girl, in a faltering voice, 'seemed changed, strangely so, from what she had been when we embarked on board the *Cyprius* for our sad voyage home. Among our fellow-passengers was a person—a lady—a foreign lady of title, whom we had known, when far up the Nile, before my dear husband's death. I do not like to say that Madame de Lalouye—Countess Louise de Lalouye, she called herself—forced her acquaintance upon us. But she rendered us some little service. She had special privileges from the Egyptian authorities; knew the country and the languages well; and was a bold, experienced traveller, quite unlike us two timid English girls; and hence arose almost an intimacy. There was something fascinating, I confess, about her manner; and her conversation was very amusing, for she seemed to have been everywhere and to know everybody.'

'I daresay she did,' responded Lady Barbara, with an expressive tightening of her firm lips and an expressive arching of her black eyebrows. Lady Barbara had never been far-travelled. She had been shown Paris and the Rhine and the baths of Kissingen, in her gonty father's lifetime; and she had not approved of Paris; had considered the Rhine a big, overrated river; and regarded the baths of Kissingen as a penal settlement. She had a very contemptuous estimate of foreign countesses in general, and was by no means prepossessed in favour of Louise de Lalouye.

'I shrank myself, perhaps instinctively, from our foreign friend's society,' went on the other; 'but Cora, my poor sister, seemed to find some fatal attraction in the woman's pernicious company. She—Countess Louise, I mean—had a perplexing way of talking, half in jest, so as to make wrong appear right, and to confuse good and evil; and this, with her sudden appearances and disappearances, and the fact that her very nationality was a puzzle, combined to earn for her, in Egypt, the nickname of the Sphinx. Somehow, Cora was always talking to her, and used to quote her opinions and sayings as though she had been an oracle indeed. During the passage to Southampton the conversations between Cora and the stranger were very frequent; and—I hope I am not uncharitable in saying, that to the counsels of this dangerous adviser may be perhaps attributed the dreadful resolve which at last urged Cora—dear erring Cora—to—to—' Here she hid her face.

And Lady Barbara, with honest indignation, struck in: 'Of course it was! The miserable girl has let her weak head be turned by the vile promptings of this wicked adventuress—French-woman, Russian—which did you say?—Yes; I see it now. It was no madness, no caprice; but a plot, a base, cowardly plot, to rob a sister of her rank and her inheritance, of all she owed to her dead husband!'

'Not all, Lady Barbara,' sobbed the girl. 'The memory of his love, the recollection of his tender kindness—of those, no subterfuge could—ever—have deprived me.'

Then Lady Barbara took the young girl in her arms, and kissed her, quite in a motherly way, and henceforth reconciled herself to the choice that her noble nephew had made. 'You are one out of a million, my dear; and my poor Wilfred was quite right to love you as he did—quite right!' she said, in her energetic way. 'You have been shamefully dealt with—shamefully! Luckily, when your sister made her audacious statement, Mr Pontifex himself, who has so long managed the law business of the family, was here; and I too, who have seen too much of the world to be very easily deceived. But you will be ill, dear child, with this excitement; and indeed you have had neither rest nor refreshment since you came among us—a sorry welcome to Castel Vawr. Let us avoid exciting topics, such as we have been discussing, for the remainder of the day, and—'

'I must win her back. I will write—I will plead with her not to reject my love—I must write, Aunt Barbara!'

Lady Barbara looked grim. She was one of those who very much prefer that a sinner should suffer for his sin—that the taste of ashes, so to speak, should be hot and bitter to the mouths of those who wilfully prefer Dead Sea apples to wholesome fruits. But she made a concession. 'Well, Clare,' she made answer; 'you shall write, of course, if you please; and I will write too, to the brother and natural protector of this young lady. No doubt, if she repents, forgiveness can be promised her; and no doubt, too, in such a case you will make provision for her comfort, so that she should not be a mere pensioner on the too scanty income of your brother Sir Pagau. But you will see yourself afterwards, when you have time to reflect calmly on what has occurred, that Miss Carew can scarcely be a safe or an appropriate companion for the Marchioness of Leominster.'

'I want to win her back,' was the plaintive rejoinder. And for the time being, the subject dropped.

Then the bell was rung and the servants summoned. There was much to be done. A Marchioness of Leominster, a mistress of so magnificent a house as Castel Vawr, is among the great ones of the earth; and as such, does not quite belong to herself, but is a necessary and imposing portion of the social machinery which befits her rank and station. Trunks had to be unpacked, and wardrobes arranged by deft fingers; but that was a mere matter of detail, easily, if slowly, got through. Then tea was prepared in the French Room, so called—a marvel of Parisian art and taste, and soft subdued mixture of cream and pink and gold. Of rare art, too, were the embossed trays on which were the pretty, costly toys of the tea-service, every cup of which had been a loving study for a painter worthy of more celebrity than the daintiest tea-cup can afford. Presently there was the ceremony of dressing for dinner, wherein Pinnett had the assistance of a new, younger, and perhaps over-zealous maid, whose highest sphere of service had been the mansion of a beknighted alderman, and who had come to learn the difference between Sir Peter Pringle's daughters and a real Marchioness, and was therefore anxious to justify her promotion.

Lastly, there was dinner—a meal which, under the circumstances, was about as cheerful as a funeral feast in ancient Egypt. There was something almost portentous in the appearance of that vast solemn dining-room, with the grim array of historical portraits on the walls, long-dead ancestors and ancestresses, in armour or in cloth of gold or robes of state, in ruff and farthingale, in hoop and satin sacque, frowning or snirking from the canvases on the present occupants of the great gloomy banquetting hall. There was but little talk. The most persistent of *raconteurs* would have felt his spirits damped by the surroundings; and Lady Barbara elicited little beyond monosyllables from her companion, who indeed seemed somewhat awed by the sombre splendour that surrounded her.

'I am so tired,' said the fair inmate of Castel Vawr, rather timidly, after dinner; and it was not very long before she wished Lady Barbara good-night, and retired to her own apartments, dismissing as early as she could the attendance of her maid. One by one, the lighted windows in the great Border castle grew dark, and only the clear pure moonlight shone upon the gray masonry and the many casements, and all was hushed. Perhaps the last watcher in Castel Vawr was the newly returned traveller herself, who, while others slept, stood long, unwearying, at a window of her room which commanded a glorious prospect of mountain, stream, and wood. 'A great prize,' she murmured unconsciously, as her eyes bade adieu for the night to the moonlit landscape—a prize worth keeping.'

THE SOLAR CORONA.

WHEN a moderately magnified image of the sun, suitably darkened, is thrown upon a sheet of white paper, the centre of the disc is seen to be brighter than the edges. This fact, strange to relate, was not early recognised. Galileo distinctly says that the image appears 'equally bright in all its parts.' Lambert also held the same view, adding, that 'there is no person who does not admit this fact.' Bouguer, the inventor of the heliometer, was the first to dispute it. He fancied that the eye might be incapable of detecting the real difference in the luminosity of the sun's surface, owing to its insensible gradation from the centre to the edges; and in order to put his idea to the test of direct experiment, he isolated the centre of the solar image, and also a portion of equal extent near the border, and compared them. The intermediate degrees of brightness being thus got rid of, the relative dimness of the border region became at once apparent. The conclusion arrived at by Bouguer was, that 'the brightness of the central portion of the sun is to the brightness of a portion situate at three-fourths of the radius, measuring from the centre, as forty-eight to thirty-five.' With slight modification, this conclusion has been adopted by Laplace, Sir John Herschel, Airy, and other modern astronomers.

But if ocular evidence other than that obtainable by photometric methods be wanted, it is to be found in the results of photography. Photographic pictures of the sun unmistakably show a shading off towards the border of the solar disc.

Now, this circumstance is not without its important significance. Of course, the centre of the sun's disc is slightly nearer to us than the edges; but any difference of brightness due to this cause must be totally inappreciable. The fact of the luminous intensity diminishing as it does can only be due to the *absorption* of some of the rays by an imperfectly transparent envelope. The reason of this is obvious enough. The rays of the moon, when overhead, have to pass through a smaller extent of our atmosphere to reach the eye of an observer, than when she is near the horizon; and conversely, the eye of the observer has to penetrate a thinner layer of air in the former case than in the latter. So with the sun. A solar beam emanating from the centre of his apparent disc corresponds to the case of a moon that is right overhead; and a beam from his extreme edge, to a moon on the horizon; and if we suppose the envelope which surrounds him to be absorptive, the beam in the latter instance runs a far greater chance of being absorbed than in the former, having so much further to travel through the absorbing medium. An observation shows that more rays are absorbed near the borders of the disc than in the centre, producing a corresponding diminution of light, it is reasonably inferred that an invisible solar envelope, or atmosphere, does exist, and that its nature, whatever it be, is such as to make it an absorbent of light.

As everybody knows, a solar eclipse is produced by the dark body of the moon coming between us and the sun, and so intercepting his beams. When a total eclipse takes place, the moon entirely covers the sun's disc; hence, on such occasions, we should expect the orb to be blotted out of the sky for the time being. But as a matter of fact he is not so. The black moon is seen superimposed upon what we ordinarily regard as the sun; but all around the sombre disc, a bright glory of light is visible, extending far out from the edges, and throwing into clear relief the body of our eclipsing satellite. What is this light? It may be one of two things. It may be a lunar atmosphere brilliantly illuminated by the sun behind; or it may be a solar atmosphere, of inferior brightness to the sun himself, which only becomes visible when the superior light is withdrawn or concealed.

That it is not the first, we have abundant proof. Leaving out of consideration the many evidences that the moon has not an atmosphere of appreciable height or density, we have the circumstance that the glory in question, when the lunar and solar discs do not exactly coincide, forms a pretty uniform fringe around the latter disc, quite irrespective of the position of the former. The inference is unquestionable. The fringe of light belongs to the sun, not to the moon. It is, in fact, the *corona*, or coronal atmosphere, whose existence we have already been led to infer from the appearance of the sun's surface.

Respecting the nature of this solar appendage, we know but little. From its shading effect upon the solar disc, we gather that it has the power of absorbing light; but anything more than that we are not warranted in assuming from the phenomenon. Then its luminosity is so faint—compared with that of the sun—that it is only visible during the totality of an eclipse; and eclipses are so rare, and of such exceedingly short duration when they do occur, that knowledge obtainable only while they last must necessarily be of slow growth. On this ground, the approaching eclipse of May 6, 1883, is being looked forward to with unusual interest. Whilst on ordinary occasions the duration of totality is not more than one or two minutes, it happens that the conditions in May next are such as to favour a totality of no less than six minutes. The opportunity will be eagerly seized to put rival views to the test.

But even while astronomers are impatiently waiting for this happy chance, the startling announcement is made, that a method has been discovered by which the corona may be studied independently of eclipses—from day to day instead of for a minute or two on rare occasions. The author of this important discovery is Dr William Huggins, the eminent observer, who has been so successful in his application of the spectroscope to the problems of celestial physics.

During the total eclipse of May last, which was observed by an English expedition in Egypt, Professor Schuster succeeded in obtaining a photograph of the corona's spectrum. The spectrum, it will be remembered, is the coloured band obtained by passing the rays of light through a glass prism. An examination of this photograph showed that the different colours into which the light of the corona was resolved by the spectroscope were not equally strong—the violet end of the spectrum being considerably stronger than the rest. Now, violet light has a more powerful chemical action than either red or yellow. It is indeed chiefly to the violet rays in sunlight that the process of photography is due. It occurred, therefore, to Dr Huggins that this abnormal strength of what we may call the 'photographic rays' in the case of the corona—this point of difference between the light of the sun and the light of the corona—might be utilised to render the latter visible.

We have already said that the corona, except during an eclipse, is quite invisible to the eye because its feeble light is overpowered by the glare of the sun. Yellow rays are the ones which have the greatest luminous effect, and the yellow rays emanating from the sun are of the same relative degree of intensity as those emanating from the corona. Hence it follows that, so far as direct vision is concerned, it is impossible for the one to be distinguished from the other. Throw the image upon a photographic plate, and we have no better result. The light of the two is so nearly identical that the difference is not apparent. But *keep back all but the violet rays*, and then we find the corona come out in our picture; for, as we have seen, the violet rays are relatively stronger in the light of the corona, and these rays are the most effective in photography. That is Dr Huggins's discovery. He sifts the light of the sun and a

portion of the sky near it of the less photographic rays, receives the image on a sensitised plate, and so gets a picture of the solar corona.

Great improvements in the process will doubtless be made ere long; and with them, our knowledge of the wonderful luminary will increase, not by occasional fits and starts, as heretofore, but steadily and progressively.

PICTURE-STEALING.

WRITING of Fra Angelico's beautiful altar-piece in the Louvre, Mrs Jameson says: 'It was painted for the church of St Dominic at Fiesole, where it remained till the beginning of the present century. How obtained, it does not appear, but it was purchased by the French government in 1819.' If the seller was a Frenchman, in all probability the picture had been stolen from the original owners. Napoleon the Great believed in the old maxim that all is fair in love and war, and had no compunctions about despoiling his foes and enriching Paris at their expense; and although the capture of that city by the allies righteously entailed no little thinning of the treasures of the Louvre, its galleries yet hold masterpieces of art that would not decorate their walls if everybody had his own.

What the Emperor did for France's profit, his generals did for their own. Dessolle carried off one of Murillo's many paintings of 'Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception' from the Palace of Madrid; which was afterwards sold by his daughter, and eventually found a home at the Hague. Sebastiani prevailed upon the Duke of Alcedia to present him with a St Thomas; but the Duke had himself stolen 'The Martyrdom of St Peter the Dominican'—now at St Petersburg—from the Church of the Inquisition at Seville, leaving in its place a copy by Joaquin Cortes. These were but petty transactions compared with those effected by Marshal Soult in the carrying off of pictures. Lucky was the Spanish church or convent that escaped having its walls stripped at the instance of this military connoisseur, who transformed the French War Office into a picture-gallery; a gallery that would have been filled to repletion, had not the Duke of Dalmatia's hurried departure from Spain, under pressure from Wellington, compelled him to leave behind him some hundreds of pictures ready for conveyance to France. As it was, Soult's collection realised no less than sixty thousand pounds when brought to the hammer in 1852; a sufficient proof of his industry and judgment.

On one of his fifteen Murillos, the Marshal told Colonel Gurwood he set especial value, because it had saved the lives of two very estimable persons. 'He threatened to shoot them if they refused to give up the picture!' was an aide-camp's private explanation of his chief's remark. This may have been the 'Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception,' purchased at the sale by the French government. While following Sir John Moore's retreating army, Soult captured two Capuchin monks, and instead of executing them as spies, ordered them to show the way to their convent. There he saw the Murillo; and asking what sum would buy it, was informed

by the Prior that a hundred thousand francs had been offered for the painting.—'I will give you as much again,' said Soult; and seeing there was no help for it, the Prior agreed to sell at that price.—'You will give me up my two brethren!' said he.—'Certainly,' replied the Marshal. 'If you desire to ransom them, it will give me great pleasure to gratify your wish; the price of their lives is two hundred thousand francs.' Thus it was that the lives of two estimable persons were saved by the Murillo; and a masterpiece bought without the buyer's purse being a penny the poorer by the transaction.

Another of the Marshal's notable acquisitions was a Murillo belonging to a Spanish church, from which some person unknown had cut away the figures of the Madonna and Child. The missing portions were replaced by the work of a modern hand; and in this state the mutilated picture hung in the Soult Gallery until the dispersion of the collection, and then found a purchaser, who, by an extraordinary piece of good fortune, came, some years later, into possession of the long-absent Virgin and Child, and was able to make the picture perfect again. Where he obtained them, we are not told. In Mr Stirling's *Annals of the Artists of Spain*, published in 1848, a Murillo belonging to an English gentleman is thus described: 'Our Lady standing, with the Infant Saviour in her Arms. This picture is supposed to be the upper half of a composition representing the Virgin standing on clouds, and supported by cherubs, of which Marshal Soult is said to possess the remainder, and to call it *La Vierge Coupée*.' If this was not the welcome 'find' of the Vierge Coupée's owner, there must be another Murillo somewhere wanting the better half.

To steal a picture is bad, to steal part of one is a thousand times worse. Seville owns many great paintings, but none on which its citizens set such store as their cathedral's colossal representation of 'The Appearance of the Infant Jesus to St Anthony,' a *chef-d'œuvre* bringing the artist ten thousand reals, and for which Spaniards over the Duke of Wellington vainly offered as many ounces of gold as would cover it; equal, it has been calculated, to the sum of forty-two thousand five hundred and twenty pounds. On the fifth of November 1874, the custodians of the cathedral had the mortification of discovering that some sacrilegious ruffian had cut away nearly a quarter of the famous masterpiece, the figure of the saint having vanished from its accustomed place. A large reward was offered for its recovery; but the thief had not dared to attempt disposing of his acquisition in Europe. He went farther afield. One day, a Spaniard, calling himself Fernando Garcia, waited upon Mr Schaus, a well-known picture-dealer in New York, and announced his anxiety to sell a treasure of art that had been in the possession of his family for many years. The precious heirloom proved to be an oval painting about seven feet high, tacked to a stretcher of indubitable American manufacture. Mr Schaus asked his visitor to put a price upon it; and obtained the missing St Anthony for two hundred and fifty dollars; for which sum he transferred it to the Spanish consul. Upon being arrested for the theft, Garcia

protested his innocence, and declared he was ready to return to Spain, to clear himself; a bold offer, considering the story he had told Mr Schaus. He would seem to have known what he was about; for, being sent to Spain by the same ship as the recovered saint, he was set at liberty by the authorities, and never was heard of more.

England has never suffered the humiliation of seeing her museums and galleries rifled by a foreign soldiery; her own people are answerable for any art-losses she has sustained. When Charles II. came home to enjoy his own, he found much that was his own by right of succession had departed. Some of the Whitehall pictures had found new quarters in the Palace of Madrid; others had been purchased by noble collectors at home; and, if Christopher Clapham did not lie to Secretary Nicholas, Lady Temple helped herself to one of the queen's pictures. Years afterwards, this kleptomaniac feat was bettered by Catharine of Braganza, who, returning to her native land, carried off with her several pictures that had taken her fancy, stopping the Lord Chamberlain's mouth by giving him one he especially desired to possess.

We do not find another case of picture-stealing in England until the middle of the present century, when a number of paintings mysteriously disappeared from the Earl of Suffolk's residence at Charlton Park. This was in 1856. Writing of the event, the present Earl says: 'The stolen canvases were hidden away in London—one, the gem of the collection, behind a press in the War Office, where the thief, who had formerly been valet to my father, held a situation as clerk. The pictures were eventually recovered by advertisement, which chanced to meet the eye of a dealer who had purchased one of them, and was in treaty for another. When the thief arrived with the second consignment, he was promptly given into custody, and was ultimately awarded seven years' penal servitude. He said at the trial, that whilst in service at Charlton he had heard much talk of the immense value of these pictures; and he expressed astonishment and regret at the want of appreciation displayed by the trustee, when such works of art were submitted to them. The one he had sold—a small *Leouardo*—had realised only eight pounds.'

One of the trade showed he could appreciate a notable picture by paying ten thousand guineas for a Gainsborough, as to the genuineness of which artists and connoisseurs were alike divided in opinion. The painting so well sold in 1876 was a nearly whole-length portrait of the famous Duchess of Devonshire; said to have been purchased by a picture-dealer for fifty pounds, and sold again by him to Mr Wynn-Ellis at a profit of ten pounds. Mr Agnew had good reason to repent his bargain. It had been in his possession less than a month, when it was cut out of its frame while on exhibition in Messrs Agnew's Gallery in Old Bond Street. The picture was safe when the Gallery was closed for the night; but next morning the frame was hanging empty in its place, with the stretcher, denuded of canvas, lying in front of it; and the fate of 'The Duchess' is a mystery to this day.

Imitated possibly by this successful though profitless theft, a workman employed at Lancaster Gate served Cooper's 'Monarch of the Meadows,'

in Mr Alleroff's collection there, in the same unceremonious fashion. Cooper's picture, however, was ultimately restored to its owner, and the purloiner punished as he deserved. A cleverer rogue robbed the collection of a Viennese connoisseur of a sixteenth-century portrait of a Dutch Admiral, much valued by its possessor. He offered a reward for its recovery; and was waited upon by a stranger, who, after some bargaining, agreed to see that the picture was restored, upon the reward being paid and no questions asked. Once more the Borlone graced the happy man's wall; but, alas! a friend, on making a close examination of the restored picture, discovered it to be but a clever copy—for which the owner of the original had paid a hundred and twenty pounds.

Again and again have picture-thieves proved too cunning for the guardians of the Dresden Museum. In 1747, three pictures disappeared simultaneously from its walls, one of which, by Mieris, the painter who valued his labour at a ducat an hour, was subsequently restored. Forty-one years later, the authorities were under the necessity of offering a thousand ducats to whomsoever should bring back a portrait by Seybold, Correggio's 'Reading Magdalen,' and Van der Werff's 'Judgment of Paris'—a painting less than two feet square, valued in Smith's *Catalogue Raisonné* at five hundred guineas. Four days afterwards, a box was found, near the Zwinger, containing the missing pictures by Seybold and Van der Werff; a discovery followed by the apprehension of the thief, a man of bad reputation, named Wogaz; and the finding under the flooring of a hayloft, of the frameless Correggio, which had been removed for the sake of the gold and precious stones with which it was decorated. In 1810, the Gallery was robbed once more—this time, of a small portrait in the style of Holbein, which has not been seen since. In the hope of baffling such depredators for the future, an alteration was made in the method of hanging the smaller pictures; an alteration apparently answering its purpose, for no more thefts occurred until 1843, when Sophia von Langezala carried off a little gem of Metsu's in broad daylight. She had the temerity to offer her prize for sale at Leipzig; but the work being recognised, she was sent to duance vile; the Metsu of course going back to its old quarters.

The feminine picture-stealer did her evil work unaided from within. This could scarcely have been the case with the bold thief or thieves who within the last two years entered the Royal Palace at Brussels, and not only carried off a quantity of jewellery from the queen's apartments, but had sufficient time at their disposal to visit three salons in turn, and cut out of their frames Madou's 'Quarrel in a Pothouse,' Van Regenort's sketch of an old man and a young girl holding a parrot, and Robie's 'Caff in Egypt,' and 'View of Assouan,' getting off with their spoil, spite of lackys within and soldiers without. The pictures so cleverly abstracted are familiar to thousands, and could not be bought by any one with safety. What will the thieves do with them? Are they destined to be lost for ever? or will they some day come again to light, like Raphael's 'Holy Family'?

found, in 1870, by a peasant of Lavagnola in a loft, and used by him to keep the wind from blowing through a broken window; to be rescued by an observant connoisseur, who, on examining his acquisition, found that the frame bore the arms of the Rovera family, and rightly inferred therefrom that the picture had at one time or another been stolen from its proper owners.

FOR HIMSELF ALONE.

A TALE OF REVERSED IDENTITIES.

CHAPTER VIII.

CLUNIE and Captain Dyson were quite content to find themselves out of sight and hearing of the rest of the party. Never before had the Captain had a listener at once so attentive and so appreciative. Really, Miss Pebworth was a most superior young woman, with intelligence and tastes far beyond the ordinary run of her sex.

They had been scrambling up-hill, and conversation had been an impossibility for the last few minutes; but now, having reached the summit, they sat down to rest on some large boulders, and the Captain resumed the thread of his broken narrative.

'When I again came to my senses,' he said, 'I found that the natives had bound me fast to the trunk of a large tree about a dozen yards from their encampment. I knew but too well the fate in store for me. On the morrow, I should be tortured; at sunset, I should be killed outright; and after that, I should be roasted and served up hot for supper.'

'O Captain Dyson, how dreadful—how very dreadful!'

'Shall I defer the rest of my narrative till another day?'

'Please, no. I am dying to know how you escaped; for you did escape, of course, or else you could not be here to tell me.'

'I did escape, Miss Pebworth; but you would never guess by what means.'

'Do not keep me in suspense, Captain Dyson.'

'The sun set, the camp-fires were lighted, and still I remained fast bound to the tree. I thought of many things—men do think of many things at such times. I thought with a pang that I should never again see my native land, my dear old England. And as I thought thus, my patriotic feelings awoke within me, and would not be controlled, and I began to sing *Rule Britannia* at the top of my voice. In those days I was considered to have rather a fine tenor voice. I lost it subsequently, when laid up with ague among the African swamps.'

'I should dearly love to have heard you singing that memorable night.'

'Before I had reached the end of the first verse, there was a general movement among the savages. They sprang to their feet, and with loud guttural cries they came trooping towards me—men, women, and children. They surrounded me; and as I went on singing, there was the deepest silence among them. Even the babes in arms hushed their prattle. They had never heard anything like my singing before.'

'Ah, no; I can quite believe that.'

'By the time I had reached the end of the second verse, they were all in tears.'

'Your sweet tenor voice. Happy cannibals!'

'I was in the middle of the third verse, when the old chief came up to me. He was sobbing. He seized me by the shoulders, and rubbed his nose violently against mine, which is their way of making friends. Then his two head-men came and rubbed noses with me. I was released, and carried in triumph to the chief's hut. I sang to him all that night and all next day; then he said that he had had enough for a little while, and offered me his daughter in marriage.'

'O Captain Dyson! But you did not marry her?'

'Could you believe in the possibility of an English gentleman marrying the daughter of an African king?'

'Suddenly Clunie started to her feet. 'I declare if there isn't that odious Mr Drummond coming this way!' she exclaimed in a tone of vexation. 'It looks as if he had followed us on purpose.'

To return to Miss Deene. Mr Dempsey had not been gone more than a couple of minutes, when she was startled by seeing a stranger coming towards her through the trees. As he drew nearer, she saw that he was a burly, middle-aged man with homely features, that were set in a tangled maze of grizzled beard and moustache. He was dressed in a suit of gray tweed that had evidently seen better days; he wore a soft slouched hat; his thick-soled shoes were white with the dust of country roads; and he carried a stout walking-stick in his hand. He came up to Elma, lifted his hat for a moment, and said: 'Pardon me, but am I right in assuming that there is a picnic here to-day, and that my friends Mr Drummond and Mr Frobisher form part of the company?'

His voice was a very pleasant one, and so was his smile, as Elma had an opportunity of proving a little later on. Despite the stranger's homely looks and somewhat shabby attire, something whispered to Miss Deene that she was in the presence of no ordinary man.

'There has certainly been a picnic here to-day,' she replied, 'at which both Mr Frobisher and Mr Drummond were present. They will neither of them be very long before they are back. Perhaps if you wish to see them, you will not mind waiting.' She spoke with a somewhat heightened colour, and the stranger's dark eyes rested on her face with a look of undisguised admiration.

'Thank you very much,' he said. 'If you will allow me, I will await their return. I am staying to-night at an inn in the village; and it was my intention to walk over to Waylands—as I think Mr Frobisher's house is called—in the course of to-morrow. Hearing, however, that my friends were so near me to-day, I could not resist the opportunity of coming in search of them.'

'I have no doubt that they will be pleased to see you,' answered Elma, not knowing what else to say.

'By-the-by, I ought to apologise for not introducing myself before. My name is Bence Leyland.'

'Mr Leyland!' ejaculated Elma with a start of surprise. 'I have heard both Mr Frobisher and Mr Drummond speak of you many times.'

'Ah! Then they have not forgotten me. I am glad of that.'

'Did you think, Mr Leyland, that either of them was likely to forget you?'

'Well, no—they are hardly the sort of men to do that,' he answered with a little laugh. 'But may I ask to whom I have the pleasure of speaking?'

'My name is Elma Deene. Mr Frobisher and I are cousins.'

Mr Leyland bowed.

At this moment a light cart with two servants from Waylands drove up. They had come to fetch away the hamper and other et-ceteras pertaining to the picnic.

'Would you not like some refreshment, Mr Leyland?' asked Elma.

'Thank you. I should like a bottle of lemonade, if it is not too much trouble,' answered the painter.

He sat down on a fallen tree, and fanned himself with his hat while one of the servants opened the lemonade.

'With what lovely bits of genuine English scenery this neighbourhood abounds,' said Leyland a few moments later. 'They are at once a joy and a despair to a man like myself. We painters go on daubing canvas after canvas from youth till age; and the older we grow, the more we feel how futile are our efforts, and how few of her secrets Nature has deigned to reveal to us.'

'There was one landscape in the Academy this year,' answered Elma, fixing her eyes gravely on him, 'that to my mind seemed instinct with some of Nature's sweetest secrets. The breeze that stirred the tops of the larches on the hill seemed to fan my cheek as I looked. Those cloud-shadows that chased each other across the corn-fields in the valley were the very shadows that I have watched a hundred times as a child. Those scarlet poppies in the foreground were the same that I gathered long years ago. And yet, Mr Leyland, you know none of Nature's secrets!'

Bence Leyland rose abruptly. 'Let us walk a little way, Miss Deene,' he said, 'and find something else to talk about.'

Elma picked up her sunshade, and the two strolled slowly away side by side down one of the pleasant woodland ways.

'Can you guess, Miss Deene,' asked Leyland presently, 'why I am more glad to-day than I have been for a long time?'

Elma shook her head. 'It is impossible for me to guess, Mr Leyland.'

'I am glad because I am the bearer of good news for my dear friend, Dick Drummond.'

'Oh!'

Not a word more could she say. Her heart fluttered; her colour rose; the painter regarded her with curious eyes.

'Dear old Dick!' he went on presently, almost as if speaking to himself. 'How pleased I shall be to see him again!—And Frobisher too. Noble-hearted fellows both. What smokes we have had together; what talks we have had together; how we have argued and disputed, and in the end agreed to differ! "Oh! golden hours that never can return." No. *Jamais, jamais.*' He

spoke the last words almost in a whisper. The two walked on in silence.

Like a certain noble poet, Bence Leyland awoke one morning and found himself famous. He had been a struggling man for twenty years, trying his hardest to win fame and fortune, but not succeeding in his pursuit of either. Now and then he sold a picture; but in order to make ends meet, he was compelled to pawn more than he could sell. Now and then, a note of praise would be sounded by some critic more discerning than the rest of his tribe; but such notes were too few and far between to materially affect the fortunes of the artist. One day, however, a trumpet-note rang through England. A certain landscape painted by Leyland, into which he had thrown his whole heart and soul, came, by a happy concatenation of circumstances, under the eye of Mr Ruskin the world-renowned critic. Then rang forth the clarion note. 'Those towering heights of gray lightning-riven rock, bones of a world of old,' wrote the great critic; 'that curving sweep of black, melancholy, wind-smitten heath, the home of Solitude for ten thousand years; that far-away fringe of low-lying horizon, where the moorland sweeps down to the sea, lurid with strange lights, pregnant with the menace of coming storm; those battlemented, rain-washed masses of cloud, hurrying up the sky as if bound for some great meeting-place of the winds: all these, I say, could only have been depicted for us with so much reverence and fidelity, with such power and vividness of conception, by the hand of undoubted genius. The man who wrought out this picture will one day stand in the foremost rank of England's great landscape painters.'

When Bence Leyland read these words, he cried, and he had not cried since he was a boy at his mother's knee. From that day, fame and fortune were at his feet. More commissions poured in upon him than he could execute; for he was a slow, painstaking, almost plodding worker, and would not be hurried by any man. Although his pictures now commanded more pounds than they had been deemed worth shillings a little time previously, this change in his circumstances in nowise altered Leyland's mode of life. He was a bachelor, and he still went on living in the same rooms in which he had now lived for so many years that they had come to be the only home he knew. He still frequented the same Bohemian club; he was still as indifferent to the ministrations of his tailor as of yore. Some of his old cronies asked each other why he did not migrate to St John's Wood, or to the still more fashionable art-district of Kensington, as they would have done, had his good fortune been theirs; and there were even one or two who whispered that Leyland was growing miserly in his old age, and that he thought more of a shilling now than he used to do when he was not always sure where his next day's dinner was to come from.

Many a struggling dauber, to whom a saving hand had been held out just as the waters of oblivion seemed about to sweep over his head, could have told a tale that would have confounded such croakers, although the chief reason which induced Bence Leyland to look so carefully after the 'bawbees' was known to a few

only of his most intimate friends. His only sister had died, leaving behind her four orphan children to whom he was the nearest living relative. Those children had soon become as dear to him as if they were his own, and it was for the sake of them and their future career in life that Leyland hoarded his money in a way that he would never have thought of doing for himself alone.

After Frobisher had left him, Mr Pebworth wandered on, busy with his own thoughts; and of a very complex nature they were. Looking up at the point where two footpaths intersected each other, he saw coming towards him his daughter, Mrs Pebworth, Drummond, and Captain Dyson. As soon as Clunie perceived her father, she hurried forward to meet him. Taking him by the arm, and keeping him well out of earshot of the others, she said: 'I've a surprise in store for you, papa.'

'Youth, my dear, abounds with surprises; but at my time of life.'

'Now, don't begin to moralise, papa. Captain Dyson has proposed to me.'

'My darling Clunie! my sweet daughter! Come to my heart.'

'Bother!'

'This is indeed a rapturous moment—a moment that compensates for—'

'Papa, you are getting old and tiresome.'

'Fie, fie, my Clunie!'

'Listen. Captain Dyson has proposed; but he wishes to have a runaway marriage, without your knowledge or sanction.'

'A runaway marriage! Hum. Why runaway?'

'Oh, some silly notion he has got into his head about its being so romantic, and all that. And then he is afraid, or pretends to be afraid, that you will not give your consent.'

Mr Pebworth laughed softly, and patted the hand that rested on his arm. 'Let him cherish the delusion, my dear Clunie. The more difficult he finds it to win you, the greater the value he will set upon you afterwards.'

'We must give him no time to change his mind.'

'Not a day—not an hour. Let the match be a runaway match, by all means. He wants his little romance; let him have it—and pay for it.'

'I would much rather have had half-a-dozen bridesmaids, and have been married by a Dean.'

'But, tut! Don't be foolish. Who can have all they wish for in this world? In any case, you may depend upon my secrecy in the matter. You will leave a little note for me on my dressing-table—a slightly incoherent note—praying for my forgiveness, &c. &c. I shall be thunderstruck, grieved, indignant—a distracted father, in fact. I shall tear my hair—metaphorically—and call Captain Dyson the destroyer of my child. But by the time the honeymoon is over, I shall be prepared to forgive you both and to receive you with open arms.'

'Yes, papa.'

'Before you go, you may as well look up for me that passage in *King Lear* about an ungrateful daughter and a serpent's tooth. The quotation

will sound effective in the first strong burst of my grief and indignation.'

'Yes, papa. But will it be safe to marry without settlements?'

'First, catch your husband. After that, my Clunie, it will be very strange if you and I cannot manipulate a simpleton like Captain Dyson in a way that will be eminently advantageous to both of us. Only, put a curb on your temper for a little while. You must on no account allow him to think you anything lower than a sublimary angel till all pecuniary matters are satisfactorily arranged. Humour his every whim; allow him still to believe himself the most fascinating of tiger-slayers; keep on listening to his stories with the same breathless interest that you listen to them now.'

'O papa, to what a fate you are dooming me! Those horrid stories, how I hate them!'

'After a time, you can have your revenge by refusing to listen to another as long as you live. You will take Boucher with you, of course. She is propriety itself, and will look after your comforts.'

'Yes, papa.'

'Have as many witnesses to the ceremony as possible—pew-openers, sextons, anybody, not forgetting Boucher the invaluable.'

'Yes, papa.'

'My blessing will go with you, Clunie. It is indeed a comfort to a parent's heart to see the excellent lessons he so carefully inculcated in the days of youth—the moral principles he so sedulously instilled—blossom forth into such golden fruit. Would that all parents were equally blessed!'

'Of course, all the arrangements have still to be made; but I shall be in a position to tell you more to-morrow.'

MR SEEBOHM IN SIBERIA.

USRR within the last few years, the immense territory belonging to the Russian Empire lying east of the Ural Mountains, and known as Siberia, and of which we gave some account last year in this *Journal* (No. 953), has been for the greater part unexplored, and a source of considerable speculation among geographers. Various travellers during the last three centuries have partially penetrated the country; but those journeys in most cases have been singularly barren of results. In the work now before us (*Siberia in Asia*, London: John Murray), the author, Mr Seebohm, after giving a brief description of the ill-fated expedition into Siberia made by Sir Hugh Wil- loughby three hundred years ago during the reign of Ivan the Terrible, and also touching upon the recent discoveries and efforts of Professor Norden- sköld to re-establish a trade with Siberia *via* the Kara Sea, explains how, after meeting Captain Wiggins of Sunderland, who had previously had much experience in arctic travelling, he resolved to make a scientific expedition to the north of Siberia on his own account. It may be well here to state that the author had previously, in 1875, visited the delta of the Petchora, in north-east

Russia, accompanied by Mr Harvie Brown; the results of which expedition were afterwards published in an interesting companion volume to the present, entitled *Siberia in Europe*.

Mr Seebohm left London on the 1st of March 1877, and passing through St Petersburg, reached Nishni-Novgorod on the 10th inst. Here, after laying in stores, the travellers commenced the long sledge-journey that was to convey them more than half-way to their ultimate destination. Having visited various large Siberian towns on the route, they reached Yenesei, on the Yenesei, on the 5th of April, at which place Mr Seebohm engaged a servant for the purpose of skinning and preserving his ornithological collections, and also purchased a schooner, which he arranged should follow him up the river. Travelling north through the valley of the Yenesei, and visiting the decayed town of Toor-o-kansk, the author and his companions reached the Koo-ray-i-ku, an offshoot of the larger river, and the winter-quarters of Captain Wiggins' steamship the *Thames*, on the 23d of April, delighted again to hear English voices, and having sledged three thousand two hundred and forty English miles from Nishni-Novgorod.

While waiting for the breaking-up of the ice and the approach of summer, Mr Seebohm took the opportunity of studying the natives of these little-known regions. The principal tribe he found to be the Ostyaks of the Yenesei, who are evidently very poor. They appear to have migrated southwards into the forest region, and now obtain their living on the banks of the mighty river, fishing in summer and hunting in winter. The author considers them to be a race of Samoyedes, but found it difficult to obtain accurate information, as the various tribes inhabiting the Yenesei districts are now much mixed with the Russians. The Ostyak dress consists of a short jacket of ornamented reindeer skin, long deerskin boots coming up to the thighs, and a 'gore'-shaped head-dress, tied under the chin, and edged with foxes' tails, one going over the brow and the other round the neck.

On the first of June, the ice on the Yenesei began to break up, and in a fortnight had entirely disappeared. The author describes this sudden change from midwinter to midsummer as 'a revolution of nature, on a scale so imposing, that the most prosaic of observers cannot witness it without feeling its sublimity.' The improvement in the weather enabled Mr Seebohm to prosecute to a much greater extent his favourite ornithological researches, which had hitherto been without any important results. A general arrival of migratory birds set in, including many species well known in this country and throughout Europe. The first great rush of migration seems to take place as soon as the ice and snow melt. Indeed, many birds are in too great a hurry to reach their breeding-grounds, overshoot the mark, and finding no food, are obliged to turn back. Among the specimens procured at this time were two rare species of thrush, namely, the Dusky Ousel (*Merula fuscata*) and the Dark Ousel (*Merula obscura*), both of which breed in Siberia, but whose eggs have hitherto been unknown; also

the Ruby-throated Warbler (*Erithacus collinus*), which likewise breeds in the far north, and the song of which is described as little inferior to that of the nightingale.

Shortly after the break in the weather, the schooner previously purchased at Yenesei arrived, and Captain Wiggins' vessel taking her in tow, the whole party proceeded down the river. By a most unfortunate accident, however, the steamer ran hopelessly aground, and the remainder of the voyage had to be made in the smaller vessel. This accident completely frustrated Captain Wiggins' plans, and prevented Mr Seebohm reaching the Tundra in time for what he hoped would be the best part of his work. And this delay is also no doubt the reason of his not discovering the eggs of such birds as the curlew-sandpiper, knot, and sanderling, the nesting haunts of which birds are as yet unknown to naturalists.

On the 9th of July, having abandoned the ill-fated *Thames*, Captain Wiggins, with his own crew and the author on board, sailed north in the *Ibia*, and after passing several native villages, arrived at Doodinka on the 11th. From this point, we are told, commences 'the true Siberian Tundra, brilliant with flowers, swarming with mosquitoes, and full of birds. In sheltered places, dwarf willows and weeping birch were growing, and—we were only some fifty versts from the forests—here and there a few stunted larches. Winding through the Tundra was the track of what had once been the bed of a river, nothing now but a small deep valley forming a chain of isolated lakes and pools.' In this region Mr Seebohm added to his collection many species of birds which hitherto have been but little known to naturalists; and having thoroughly exhausted the ornithology of the district, he sailed north for Golchekka, which is situated on an island; and from which point he again visited the Tundra.

'The history of animal and vegetable life on the Tundra,' says our author, 'is a very curious one. For eight months out of the twelve, every trace of vegetable life is completely hidden under a blanket six feet thick of snow, which effectually covers every plant and bush—trees there are none to hide. During six months of this time at least, animal life is only traceable by the footprints of a reindeer or a fox on the snow, or by the occasional appearance of a raven or snowy owl, wauling above the limits of forest growth, where it has retired for the winter. For two months in midwinter the sun never rises above the horizon, and the white snow reflects only the fitful light of the moon, the stars, or the aurora borealis. Early in February the sun just peeps upon the scene for a few minutes at noon, and then retires. Day by day he prolongs his visit more and more, until February, March, April, and May have passed, and continuous night has become continuous day. Early in June, the sun only just touches the horizon at midnight, but does not set any more for some time. At mid-day the sun's rays are hot enough to blister the skin; but they glance harmlessly from the snow, and for a few days you have the anomaly of unbroken day in midwinter.

'Then comes the south wind, and often rain, and the great event of the year takes place—the ice on the great rivers breaks up, and the blanket of snow melts away. The black earth absorbs

the heat of the never-setting sun; quietly but swiftly, vegetable life awakes from its long sleep, and for three months a hot summer produces a brilliant Alpine flora, like an English flower-garden run wild, and a profusion of Alpine fruit, diversified only by storms from the north, which sometimes for a day or two bring cold and rain down from the arctic ice.

But wonderful as is the transformation in the aspect of the vegetable world in these regions, the change in animal life is far more sudden and more striking. The breaking-up of the ice on the great rivers is, of course, the sensational event of the season. It is probably the grandest exhibition of stupendous power to be seen in the world. Storms at sea and hurricanes on land are grand enough in their way; but the power displayed seems to be an angry power, which has to work itself into a passion to display its greatness. The silent upheaval of a gigantic river four miles wide, and the smash up of the six-feet-thick ice upon it at the rate of twenty square miles an hour, is to my mind a more majestic display of power; but for all that, the arrival of migratory birds, so suddenly and in such countless numbers, appeals more forcibly to the imagination, perhaps because it is more mysterious.

Shortly after his arrival at Golcheeka, Mr Seeborn found it necessary to abandon his previous intention of crossing the Kara Sea, and engaged a passage on board a steamer that was about to sail down the river as far as Yeneseisk, intending to finish the journey home overland. After steaming for twenty-two days down the Yenesei, Yeneseisk was reached on the 14th of August, whence the author shortly afterwards proceeded to Krasnoyarsk, and thence to Tomsk. Finding a steamer at Tomsk about to leave for Tyunnan, he arrived at the latter town after a nine days' voyage, and there striking his previous route, and again visiting Moscow and St Petersburg, he arrived in London on the 20th of October, having covered altogether a distance of fifteen thousand one hundred and fifty-four miles. His chief regret was his inability to visit Irkutsk, which, although situated in the heart of Siberia, is considered to be the most European town of all the Russians, and where is found freer thought and higher civilisation generally than in any other portion of that vast country.

The reader obtains a very clear idea of the dishonesties practised by certain Russian merchants who have obtained a monopoly of almost the entire trade in Siberia. Such a thing as commercial integrity seems quite unknown on the Yenesei and other outlying districts; and intercourse with the Russians is rapidly reducing the people to the lowest stages of poverty and degradation. The corruption existing among officials is also described as being past belief.

Although Mr Seeborn did not succeed in one of the principal objects of his expedition, namely, the discovery of the breeding haunts of the curlew-sandpiper, knot, and other birds, he was nevertheless enabled to study the nesting habits, and also found the eggs of many other little-known species. Among these may be mentioned the little bunting, Asiatic golden plover, and dusky osel, the eggs of all of which had previously been unknown to naturalists. The author also solved a hitherto uncertain question, namely, that the curlew and

hooded crows interbreed freely, and also that the hybrids are fertile. He collected a large number of specimens in all stages of plumage, showing the relationship in different proportions to both parents.

The general results of this journey may be considered highly satisfactory; and Mr Seeborn is to be congratulated on having given his readers such an entertaining account of his experiences in a comparatively unknown country.

WHIMSICAL NOTICES AND INSCRIPTIONS.

EVERY one has heard the story of the Paisley thread-spinner who, having received a scratch upon his nose, made use of one of his bobbin labels in lieu of skin-plaster, and went about his business quite unconscious of the fact that he was claiming the possession of a much longer proboscis than ever Jumbo can hope to own. The improvised skin-plaster made the startling announcement—'Warranted three hundred yards.' Although this tale may be a fiction, genuine public notices of a like humorous or ridiculous nature are by no means rare. Adam Clarke relates that he saw exhibited outside an inn in Sweden this tantalising notice to the weary traveller: 'You will find excellent bread, meat, and wine within, provided you bring them yourself.'

Turning over a file of the *Caledonian Mercury* for 1789, we came upon the following curious inscription, which it was stated was to be seen over a cobbler's stall at Barnet: 'John Nust, Operator in Ordinary and Extraordinary, Mender of Soles, Uniter of the Disunited, Restorer of Union and Harmony though of ever so long and wide a separation. N.B.—Gives advice gratis in the most desperate cases, and never pockets his fee till he has performed a Cure.' This figurative cobbler was perhaps educated at the Yorkshire village school which in 1774 exhibited on a sign the following specimen of the learning to be had within: 'Wrighten and Readden and Trew Spellen and also Marchants Accounts with double Entry. Post Skript Girls and Bouys Bounded and good Yozitch for Children.' If the 'Yozitch' children received at this Dotheboys Hall was on a level with the spelling, we pity them.

Dean Alfard relates that the following peripatetic notice to engine-drivers was exhibited—for a short time only, let us hope—at one of our railway stations: 'Hereafter, when trains moving in an opposite direction are approaching each other on separate lines, conductors and engineers will be required to bring their respective trains to a dead halt before the point of meeting, and be very careful not to proceed till each train has passed the other.' Equally lucid was the placard announcing a pleasure-trip to Warwick one day during the summer of 1881, in which was the following passage, which implies that the crew adopted the light and airy costume of our primitive ancestors: 'The *Gleaner* is one of the finest and fastest boats on the Tyne; her accommodation is in every respect good and comfortable,

her crew skilful, steady, and obliging, *being newly painted and decorated for pleasure-trips.*'

We can easily imagine that a notice like the next one we give was quite as likely to have the effect desired, as one couched in the usual stern tone, and concluding with the inevitable threat of prosecution. It is said to have been posted up at North Shields: 'Whereas several idle and disorderly persons have lately made a practice of riding on an ass belonging to Mr —, the head of the Ropery stairs; now, lest any accident should happen, he takes this method of informing the public that he has determined to shoot the said ass, and cautions any person that may be riding on it at the same time to take care of himself, lest by some unfortunate mistake he should shoot the wrong one.'

Every one knows how quickly a 'rest-and-bthankful' seat becomes disfigured by initials. Rather a good attempt to put a stop to the objectionable practice was made by the late Mr Stirling, so well known as the Chairman of the North British Railway Company. His grounds, extending from Dunblane to Bridge of Allan, were open to the public on several days of the week; and on some of the seats placed for the benefit of the visitors there was fastened a cast-iron plate with this legend thereon: *Never cut a friend.* Could any one disobey such a touching appeal—at once a pun and an aphorism?

Writing names on window-panes is still more objectionable; but we are inclined to excuse the writer when he scribbles such lines as the following, which an eighteenth-century magazine assures us were scratched on the window of an inn at Abingdon:

Whence comes it that in Clara's face
The lily only has a place?
Is it because the absent rose
Has gone to adorn her husband's nose?

Of the various forms of scribbling mania which attack the budding and sometimes also the full-blown poet, resulting in these engravings on wood and glass we have referred to, perhaps the most curious type of the disease is developed when the poet adorns the back of a bank-note with verse. Wordsworth, Swift, Burns, and many others, have scribbled verses on stones, window-panes, and other odd places; but the last-mentioned poet is, we believe, the only one of the three who ever indulged in the luxury of sending forth a poem on the back of a bank-note. But the following effusion, we fear, was not the work of any poet known to fame. The lines appeared, if we remember right, on the back of a Union Bank of Scotland note, which passed through our hands many years ago; and note and poem have no doubt long since been included in the banker's Index Exurgatorius, and committed to the flames. The lines were entitled 'Ode on an Owed Note,' and were as follow:

I marked the 'cutest teller in the land;
A note he flourished in his hand—
A note whose rare effulgence shed
A halo round about his head.
He threw 't—I caught it in my hand,
And was the happiest mortal in the land.
But now, alas! a claim has come,
And I throughout the world must run
Without my long-loved One Pound Note.
A teller elegant has appeared,
With face unwashed and beard unshaved,

Who says: 'That note must pay your coat.'
With many sighs, with many tears,
It goes now to the man of shoes.
'Farewell, farewell, thou gen of notes!
Give pleasure to the man of coats;
And may he learn before too late to mend;
'The quality of murey is not strained,
But bloweth like the roaring gale.'
As Shakspeare says, 'I now conclude,
To all, my peace, good-will, and gratitude,
And to all notes I cry, 'All hail!'

From the many quaint rhymes that have been written beneath portraits, we select one which was to be seen under that of an old hostler at the *Rose and Crown* in St John's Street, Clerkenwell, a hundred and fifty years ago:

This is that honest hostler of great note,
Who never robbed a corn-bin of a groat.
Could horses speak, they'd spread his fame;
But since they can't—John Knight's his name.

Thomas Hood, Charles Dickens, and others have exercised their wits in framing humorous titles for false or dummy book-backs, to be placed so as to hide a door or blank space in a library. Such the reader will remember was the character of the *Xenophon*, in sixteen volumes, which excited the curiosity of the 'Bashful Man,' whose misadventures at a friend's house Henry Mackenzie has so graphically described. Laying his hand on the first volume, and pulling it forcibly, relates the Bashful Man, he was horrified to find that instead of books, 'a board which by leather and gilding had been made to look like sixteen volumes, came tumbling down, and unluckily pitched upon a Wedgwood inkstand on the table under it.' He certainly did not make the calamity less ludicrous when he attempted to stop the current of ink that trickled to the floor by means of his embroidered handkerchief.

Hood's list of dummy books included the following: On the Affinity of the Death Watch and the Sheep Tick, Malthus's Attack of Infantry, John Knox on Death's Door, Dehret on Chain Piers, Cursory Remarks on Swearing, Hoyle on the Game Laws, and Percy Vere, in forty volumes.

Among others, Dickens had the following dummy books in his study at Tavistock House: Jonah's Account of the Whale, The Gunpowder Magazine (four volumes), On the Use of Mercury by the Ancient Poets, The Books of Moses and Sons (two volumes), Burke (of Edinburgh) on the Sublime and Beautiful, and Lady Godiva on the Horse.

A public library is not the place where one would expect to meet with sham book titles; but a book met the gaze of the late Professor de Morgan of Cambridge, on his first visit to the reading-room of the Museum, which might have been mistaken for a 'dummy.' He began his inspection, he says, at the ladies' end, where the Bibles and theological works are placed; and the very first book he looked at the back of had in flaming gold letters the startling and profane title, 'Blast The Antinomians.' Thus did the binder apostrophise the sect whose history had been written by Dr Blast, by omitting the separating line between the first two words.

We are assured of the genuineness of the following curious notice, addressed, quite recently, to the members of a Friendly Society, which meet

not fear a 'run' upon it, if the procedure therein described be rigidly adhered to: 'In the event of your death, you are requested to bring your book policy and certificate at once to the agent, Mr —, when your claims will have immediate attention.'

Those who write public notices, however, sometimes have the tables turned upon them by some waggish reader, who appends or deletes a few words or letters, which has the effect of making the information set forth a different meaning from the one intended by the original notifier. We will conclude with two such anecdotes, and in the last it will be seen that the litor was hit. Recently, a shop-keeper of Stanbridge had his feelings outraged by an addition made by a passing mischief-maker to a notice he had affixed to his shop-door. The aggrieved man thus tells his melancholy tale to the editor of the *Essex Weekly News*: 'I had to attend at Rochford last Thursday as prosecutor in a Fifth of November case; therefore I wrote over my shop-door: "Closed for a few hours;" and when I returned, I found some one had written: "Drunk in bed; can't get up." As this may injure me in my business, I beg to state that I am and have been an abstainer for more than two years.'

A few days previous to the beginning of a session, this brief and serious-enough-looking notice was affixed to the notice-board at the entrance of one of the class-rooms of Edinburgh University: 'Professor — will meet his classes on the 4th inst.' On the opening day, a student, who had probably attended the class during the previous session, and had imbibed some of the well-known humour of his witty preceptor, erased the letter *e* of the word 'classes.' A group of youths remained in the vicinity of the entrance to observe how the Professor would receive the intimation, which now set forth that he would 'meet his asses on the 4th inst.' As the Professor approached, he observed the change that had been made, and quietly taking out his pencil, made some further modification and passed on, a quiet smile overspreading his features. The notice now finally stood: 'Professor — will meet his asses on the 4th inst.'

THE MONGOOSE.

EPHEMERAL notoriety is not limited to the canine race, and every animal has its day. The prominence accorded to the Colorado beetle was eclipsed by the claims of Jumbo, who in his turn gave way to the ants, bees, and wasps, re-introduced to public notice by Sir John Lubbock. Now the mongoose, or munguse, as it is sometimes spelled, by no means an obscure representative of creation previously, is well to the fore, and has become the theme of burning controversies in connection with its recent acclimatisation in Jamaica, and proposed establishment as an addition to the fauna of Australia and New Zealand.

When one speaks of the mongoose, the common Indian species may usually be understood as indicated by the title. People who visit zoological gardens and collections are often surprised to find no mongoose there, the fact being that it

is better known to naturalists as the *Ichnemou*—an animal of the vernal tribe—and is usually so labelled in menageries and museums. There are no less than twenty-one different species besides the mongoose (*Herpestes griseus*), or gray *ichneumon*, which forms the subject of the discussions going on at the present time; and several of these are found in India.

So widespread is the reputation which the mongoose has acquired as a destroyer of serpents, that the mere mention of it invariably presents it to the imagination in that character; and dealers, in selling one to a hesitating customer who is seeking a new pet, are often asked: 'How shall I get snakes to feed it on?' The inevitable mystery which seems inseparable from a reptile seems to infect everything with which it is brought into contact, and the little *ichneumon* is enveloped in a cloud of fables relative to its 'antipathy' to serpents, the purely disinterested motives which lead it to search them out, and its immunity from the effects of the venom, when bitten by poisonous kinds, owing to its knowledge of an antidote in a certain herb, leaf, or root, which it runs and eats directly its antagonist is slain. Such theories were dispelled long ago by scientists, though they still hold ground in vulgar acceptance. The mongoose undoubtedly kills snakes when it gets the chance; but it does so for the prosaic purpose of eating them, and not from any vengeful antipathy. It would be hard to believe that it could enter into the scheme of creation to place any animal upon the earth for the express reason of its being wantonly destroyed by any other, independently of any useful object. The mongoose devours serpents, as it devours birds, rats, eggs, and many other things, and certainly betrays no preference for an ophidian diet when it has a choice of food. When well fed, it will not kill them; pet specimens often lower themselves in the estimation of their owners by refusing to exhibit their vaunted propensity and skill in the presence, or remembrance, or even anticipation of their customary plate of meat.

Some years ago, when the ravages of the cane-rats became so serious in Jamaica as really to affect the prospects of the colony, the Giant Toad (*Dryas*), a monster batrachian, which attains the size of a chicken in the swamps of Guiana and Central America, was introduced into the island, and did much good by devouring the young rodents. It proved ineffectual, however, to cope with the pest thoroughly; and the gray *ichneumon* has now been acclimatised there, with such benefit to the plantations, that it is said that over a hundred thousand pounds a year are saved by it in the districts where it has multiplied.

Are we to infer from its success in Jamaica that it will prove an equal blessing to the antipodes, if permanently quartered on the rabbit-ridden countries, as is proposed? Obviously their cry for help is not without cause, when we hear of a quarter of a million acres being abandoned by one owner, after he had spent no less than three thousand pounds in futile efforts at extermination; of half a million rabbits being killed in a few months on the property of another; and of seven million skins being forthcoming in a single year, the furry trophies representing

only a portion of the number of bunnies actually destroyed. In Australia, will the mongoose effect what the savage and rapacious dingoes seem powerless to accomplish, and rid the country of her terrible death-adders as well? And supposing it does effect such a clearance, what will be the after-considerations?

The acclimatisation of an animal in any country, except in a domestic state, is always, to say the least of it, a perilous experiment. Nature has apportioned to every region its due share of animal and vegetable life, in the forms best adapted to neutralise excess; and this balance has been disturbed in New Zealand by the introduction of the rabbit. We have seen what the rabbit can do in a quarter of a century; we have seen in many instances what small birds—hailed with sentimental delight by far-off exiles as winged tokens of home, or imported, as in the States, to quell some insect plague—can bring down upon their patrons in foreign lands; in short, it may be said that nearly every acclimatised creature has proved to be more or less a nuisance—a harsh and unpleasant truth.

Let us look for a moment at the probabilities which the mongoose offers by its establishment in these colonies. Most likely the climate of New Zealand would not be favourable to its increase—the common weasel is already suggested as a substitute for it there; but there is no doubt it would do well in Australia. The rabbit, enormously prolific, and very considerably greater in bulk than a rat, would be much more slowly reduced in numbers than the latter animal; for, be it remembered, the mongoose kills for food, and not for killing's sake; and a carcass almost, if not quite equal in size to its own body would furnish itsarder for some time. Before the rabbits can be exterminated, therefore, or even appreciably diminished, the destroyer must have enormously multiplied; and when their legitimate prey is exhausted, what are the captors going to do? Starve, or eat each other? Certainly not, as long as poultry-farms exist. Eggs constitute a favourite food of the mongoose at all times, whether snakes and rabbits are to be had or not. In short, it is as much to be dreaded as a fox in the hen-roost. Furthermore, though gentle and tame enough when domesticated, in its wild state it is fierce and gluttonous, fearless as a rat when at bay or pressed by hunger, and would not hesitate to attack even sheep when rendered desperate by famine.

The ultimate issue of the experiment in Jamaica remains to be seen; but there is less danger to be anticipated in a country which swarms with the smaller forms of animal life, as that island does. Horrified protestations were raised the other day when somebody named the jackal as a suitable antidote to the rabbits in Australia; nevertheless, it may be doubted whether such a creature, or some cat, like the puma or ocelot, would not prove a safer introduction in the end, doing greater execution by smaller numbers, and being more readily hunted off when no longer required.

Better to bear those ills we have—especially when we have incurred them by our own act and deed—than fly to others that we know not of; but as it is proverbially an ill wind that blows nobody good, and every cloud has a silver lining, so the rabbit affliction already presents a bright

side. Messrs McCall and Sons, of Paysandu Oxtongue celebrity, are setting up factories in various parts of Australia, New Zealand, and Tasmania, for the purpose of exporting cooked rabbits in tins; and if the utilisation of the baneful 'varmint' in this or any way can only be made a recognised industry and source of profit, the little mongoose may be left to do battle with cobras and other pests, undisturbed in his happy Indian hunting-grounds.

ELLISLAND.

The year was in its prime, for June
Was treading on the heels of May;
The sun was climbing to high noon,
The breezes faint made sportive play,
When by the winding Nith we strayed
With pilgrim feet, that we might stand
Where, 'neath the humble roof-tree's shade,
Oft sang the Bard of Ellisland.

We saw the lassie buskit neat,
The bonnie lassie herding yowes,
And heard the sporting hunkies' deat
Among the yellow broony knowes;
The ploughman whistling at the plough,
He guided whilst wi' tenty hand,
Where rigs lay rest, along the hove,
The fertile hove of Ellisland.

We gazed adown Dalawinton's plain,
Across her glowing woods and brakes;
And lilted o'er again some strain,
Through which he chaunted forth their praise.
We watched the shadows come and go
Where high the hills in grandeur stand,
And fleecy clouds were drifting slow
Across the blue o'er Ellisland.

We listened as frae leafy dell
The feathered chums rang out clear,
And from the sky there warbling fell
The trill of lark upon our ear;
And as we heard the mingling strain,
We wished that some angelic wand
Might yet be waved, to bring again
The poet soul to Ellisland.

We marked the daisy loved so dear,
The thistle springing 'mong the corn,
The op'ning roset on the brier,
The finging primrose 'neath the thorn;
We marked them all with loving eye,
Yet plucked them not with ruthless hand,
But left them there, to bloom and die,
Upon the holms of Ellisland.

While down its dale the Nith shall go,
'Where Canyons ance held high command;
While Solway's tide shall ebb and flow,
And lap its shores of yellow sand;
While, like a guardian sentinel,
High Criffel still shall proudly stand;
While love in loving hearts shall dwell,
Will then be loved, dear Ellisland!

A. P.

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CONVICT LABOUR AND HARBOURS OF REFUGE.

THE distribution of convict labour in England, Scotland, and Ireland is just now attracting great attention. In October 1881, a Committee was appointed to consider this question, and they have lately completed and published their Report. The rapidly approaching completion of some of those large public works on which convicts have for many years been engaged, necessitated a speedy consideration of the subject of their future employment. The Committee were chiefly concerned to examine into and decide between the merit of no fewer than sixteen schemes, of which that of harbour-construction was at once decided upon as the most important and the most practicable; and it only remained for them to consider what locality was the most suitable for the object in view.

The practice of employing convicts in executing large public works has long been regarded as a necessary element in our penal system, and Dover has been chosen as the first convict depot in consequence of the authorities having determined to construct a pier and breakwater, to form, with the existing Admiralty pier, a national harbour at that port. The abolition of transportation, which was at first a temporary expedient, but ultimately became permanent, first rendered it necessary to provide occupation for convicts at home, the immediate result of which was the establishment of Portland Prison in 1848, and, subsequently, the alteration of the old prison-of-war at Dartmoor in 1850, the opening of the prison at Portsmouth in 1852, and at Chatham in 1856. The experiment proved to be very successful. The construction of the magnificent breakwater and fortifications at Portland, now all but completed, is in itself a substantial proof of the utility of employing convicts in this way, and goes to show that it is quite possible to make them repay to the public a considerable proportion of the cost of their maintenance. Similarly, the dockyard extensions at Portsmouth and

Chatham, and the reclamation and cultivation of waste upland at Dartmoor, are satisfactory indications that the crank and the treadmill have been wisely placed in limbo, and lead us to hope that 'hard labour' will no longer be merely an expensive and fruitless part of the punishment of prisoners.

The necessary conditions for the satisfactory employment of convict labour are, that the works on which they are engaged should be capable of affording occupation to a large number of convicts simultaneously and for a considerable period. The expense and difficulty of finding suitable sites for prisons, and of erecting proper buildings, render it difficult to house small parties of convicts, as would have to be done if the works upon which they were engaged were small, and such as could be completed in a short time. Thus, the erection of walls along the coast of the Fen-country in England, to keep out the sea, has often been suggested as a suitable occupation; but the difficulties which the employment of prisoners in small scattered parties, the interruption and irregularity which would be caused by the tides, and the prospective disadvantages in connection with sanitary considerations, are such that schemes of this kind have had to be finally negatived.

The formation of harbours is admittedly the most important of all suggested projects. Whether as harbours of refuge, or for commercial purposes, or for the purposes of national defence, from all parts of the coast-line of Great Britain come urgent appeals for increased accommodation. In connection with convict labour, however, the paramount consideration is the suitability of any proposed locality in situation and otherwise for such a purpose. It is only after this crucial question has been decided that it is necessary to consider whether refuge, commercial, or defensive purposes should have the preference. It seems from the action of the authorities in selecting Dover, that national defence should be our first care; for it is admitted that so far as refuge is concerned the proposed harbour at Dover is

of secondary importance. Filey, which was also suggested, is, on the other hand, one of the places where a harbour of refuge is greatly needed, and it is reasonably contended that its position with reference to the Dogger Bank would make such a harbour of the utmost importance to the North Sea fishing-fleet. It is at the same time admitted that its suitability for the employment of convicts is even greater than that of Dover, and that it is no less capable of becoming a most important harbour for national and strategic purposes. In view of these circumstances, it is difficult to understand upon what considerations, other than those that are purely defensive, Dover has been selected in preference to Filey.

It is easy to find many other localities where harbour-works are no less urgently needed, although, of course, many of these are ill adapted for convict prisons. Thus, at Penlee Point, a breakwater is much wanted to shut out the heavy seas from Plymouth Sound and to render the anchorage more safe. Again, if Brixham Harbour, Torbay, were improved, it would be of the greatest use in heavy weather to ships trading up and down Channel. Alderney breakwater needs repairing and foreshoring. Harbours of refuge are required at Padstow, St Heliers, Dungeness, and at a great number of other places on the coast, for the protection, more especially, of fishing and coasting vessels; while, on the Scotch coast, Dumbur, Fraserburgh, and Peterhead are named as in pressing want of similar works.

The proposed harbour at Peterhead is especially important, both on account of the peculiarly urgent necessity for its construction, and because it is an eminently suitable locality for the employment of Scotch convicts. Under present arrangements, male convicts sentenced in Scotland are, as soon as possible thereafter, transferred under the Secretary of State's warrant to one of the English close convict prisons, where they pass a probationary period of nine months. They are then drafted to one of the public-works prisons in England, where they pass the remainder of their sentence of penal servitude. It has long been reasonably urged that Scotch convicts might be more advantageously employed on public works designed for the benefit of Scotland. In May 1882—the latest date for which figures are available—there were in the different English convict prisons seven hundred and seventy-one male convicts who had been sentenced in Scotland, and, of these, five or six hundred could be fully employed at Peterhead. If the project is considered in the first place only so far as the employment of convicts is concerned, it should be noticed that an old ropery, situated between the proposed south breakwater and the town, is reported to be capable of accommodating one hundred convicts; and an unused storehouse near the end of the north breakwater as capable of holding two hundred more. The facilities for isolating the prisoners from the neighbouring population, and housing them close to the works, with an abundant water-supply, and in a healthy situation, are indeed so considerable, that the suitability of the locality for a Scotch convict prison is placed beyond a doubt, and could certainly not be surpassed.

It only remains to consider the urgency of the need for this contemplated harbour of

refuge—a question which can be conclusively answered. The north-east coast of Scotland is almost entirely bounded by rocky cliffs; and the strong easterly gales which are so prevalent there, render it peculiarly dangerous to shipping, and especially to fishing-boats. Although the most important of the Scottish fishery-stations are situated here, it is a notorious fact that there is not a single port along the whole coast, from the Firth of Forth to Cromarty Firth, to which vessels and boats can run with safety during boisterous weather. Peterhead was recommended by a Royal Commission so long ago as 1859 as the most eligible bay on the east coast of Scotland for refuge purposes; but owing to the local authorities being unable to raise the necessary funds, nothing has yet been done to remedy this disastrous state of things. As an instance of the interests involved in this undertaking, we may state that the number of boats fishing at stations on the coast from Montrose on the south to Burghhead on the north, of which Peterhead is the centre, amounted in 1881 to two thousand eight hundred and ninety-four, manned by about eighteen thousand and eighty-seven men and boys. The value of this property was put at eight hundred and fifty thousand pounds; and no fewer than fifteen thousand persons were employed in this industry on shore. It has also been calculated that the annual loss in the Scotch herring-trade in consequence of the want of adequate accommodation, such as it is proposed to offer at Peterhead, amounts to upwards of sixty thousand pounds. These figures are enough to indicate that, apart from humanitarian considerations, the commercial interests involved in this question are of some magnitude. It is certainly to be hoped that the authorities will feel the pressure of such facts as these. The evidence is indeed so overwhelmingly in favour of the practicability and desirability of the project, that it may be confidently hoped it will not be long before something is actually done. Now that it is necessary to revise the arrangements for the disposal of convicts, the opportunity of successfully urging the claims of Peterhead is too good to be lost.

It has never been the policy of the British government to assist the fishing industry from the public funds. It has been left to itself to provide harbours, in exactly the same way as the commercial marine. But the cases are not parallel. Fishermen, who have been aptly described as 'the peasant farmers of the sea,' are, of course, mostly poor men. The fishing interest is not sufficiently large in any one locality to enable it to provide harbours constructed on any but a small scale, and one limited to trade purposes only. It is hopeless to expect that the moneyed classes interested in the fish-trade will construct works of public utility and national importance, though facilities are offered for local authorities borrowing funds for such a purpose from the government at low rates of interest. But few local authorities would be justified in borrowing money which it is exceedingly unlikely they would ever be able to pay back, and the interest of which could only be paid by charging heavy dues, which would go far to minimise the advantages offered by a harbour of refuge. In many localities,

indeed—and it would be difficult to find a better illustration of this than Peterhead—where there are practically no local funds available for such a purpose, harbours of any but the most meagre description must be constructed out of public funds, or not at all.

It will not perhaps be readily credited, but there is too much reason to fear that shipowners and persons having an interest in shipping are opposed to harbours of refuge. They are content to pay tolls for lighthouses, because these facilitate rapidity and certainty of passage; but harbours of refuge are regarded as offering distinct inducements to captains to waste time. According to Sir John Coode, C.E., the sailors examined before the Harbour of Refuge Commission in 1859 represented that the shipowners did not seem to mind whether the ship sunk or not, and that all they appeared to care about was a quick passage. Doubtless, there are many shipowners who are strongly interested in the preservation of life at sea; but it is greatly to be feared that many others are most culpably selfish in their views concerning questions of this kind. It is, therefore, quite hopeless to expect that owners interested in keeping their vessels at sea and fully insured, will contribute to any great extent towards the construction of ports *better adapted for safety than for trade*; and it seems obvious that the interests of humanity demand that the state policy upon this question should undergo some modification to meet the necessity of the times, and to protect the toilers of the sea, who are in such matters wholly unable to protect themselves.

ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOT.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE LAST OF THE NOBLE
WILFRED.

'EARTH to earth, dust to dust.' Solemn words are these, which have been repeated millions of times on the brink of the grave freshly dug. But there is a difference in earth, and the value of dust varies. The dust of the late Marquis of Leominster was of the more precious variety—gold-dust or diamond-dust, so to speak—and it was to be laid to rest with becoming pomp and costly decorum. The yacht, with the remains of her late noble owner on board, had made an exceptionally good passage from Alexandria to Cardiff, thanks to propitious breezes and the vigorous aid of a relay of useful, ugly, snorting steam-tugs; and a great London firm of fashionable undertakers had done the rest—a labour of love with them, to whom each titled client was an excellent advertisement. Very elaborate, and it need not be said very expensive, were the preparations for the interment. Heralds of the Earl-marshal's official College had not disdained to earn extraneous fees by giving their best attention to the nice adjustment of the numerous quaterings in the gorgeous hatchment. Almost from the hour when electricity had flashed the news of the late lord's death on distant Nile, the dismal purveyors for the last sad luxury that surrounds the rich, had set their ministering sprites to work, and with very good and suffi-

cient results, remote as Castel Vawr is from London.

They gave the late Marquis of Leominster a very fine funeral. Wales is a country where gentry, and resident gentry, are scarce; and not over-popular in many cases among their humbler neighbours, whose pride it is to regard their Squires as aliens, and to use the Welsh speech wherever considerations of money-making do not interfere with Cynric sentiment. But even from the stony roads of Wales came many carriages to reinforce the muster, thrice as great, from the fertile English border shires. There were local magnates in numbers, who desired to pay a tribute of respect to the deceased chief of so great a House as that of Montgomery-Leominster. There were tenants too, and miners and field-hinds, who were moved by some touch of feeling, or instinct of gregariousness, or consideration of expediency, to be there; and then there were inquisitive people who went to see the show as they would have gone to see any show; so that altogether the procession was enormously swollen by contingents of horsemen and pedestrians. But all wore black, or that partial badge of mourning which with the needy represents the solemn suits of our ceremony-loving ancestors; and all preserved a serious bearing, such as due courtesy demanded.

As to genuine grief for the dead lord, there could be little of that expected from any save his young widow. The late Marquis had not reigned long enough to leave his mark for good or ill on the vast landed property that he had inherited, and his vassals had but a vague recollection of him as a delicate, pallid boy, a sickly, gentle-spoken young man, credited with good intentions and a kind heart—credited also with being crochety and whimsical. He was known to have theories and pet projects that he never had health and time to broach, much less to carry out in the teeth of the inevitable opposition that awaits all our projects and all our theories. Perhaps the late Marquis was not man enough to have carried out his schemes for the public welfare, generous as they no doubt were, fanciful as they may have been. It wants a good deal of virile force, of dogged pertinacity, to reform anything, even an estate or a village, even a turnpike trust or a Board of Guardians. But somehow the people around Castel Vawr had an indulgent feeling towards the young lord who had had so little enjoyment of the splendid prizes he had drawn in the lottery of birth, and were willing to do honour to him, as well as to the mighty race from which he sprung.

Yes; it was a fine funeral. Messrs Toll and Muffle, the fashionable undertakers above mentioned, had paid Castel Vawr the rare compliment of letting this exceptional pageant be, like some tours, personally conducted. 'Our' Mr Muffle himself, the real head of the firm, was present; and mutes and pall-bearers and coachmen, the whole black army of woe, felt as it were their general's eye upon them, and surpassed themselves in sober discipline and accurate attention to detail. The noble black horses had never looked sleeker or prouder, with their glossy necks well arched, and their heavy silken manes as carefully adjusted as the hair of a court

beauty. The new ostrich plumes, in their silver-gilt stands, nodded in unison with the flapping velvet of the embroidered caparisons. There were the gilded shields on the hearse and on the coffin—or casket, as the Americans are pleased to call it—with its costly materials and deft workmanship. The flag on the topmost turret of Castel Vawr floated half-mast high in the Welsh mountain breeze. It was a long line of carriages, followed by a long line of riders and foot-people, that wound along the upland road through the park to that remote spot where stood the mausoleum, hard by the ruins of an ancient chapelry, neglected since the Reformation, where so many Montgomeries slept beneath massive stonework and behind railings of parcel-gilt iron. The weather was propitious, without so much as a shower to smirch the bravery of the show. And London newspapers gave a fair half-column, and country journals a liberal portion of their space, to the chronicle of the event, much to the future benefit, in a business sense, of Messrs Toll and Mullie, of Killjoy Street, S.W.

The saddest mourners are not those who take rank in the procession that follows the body to the grave. They are the women who sit at home with aching hearts, and eyes that are blurred and dimmed by tears, thinking ever and always of the lost, and believing—as women do in the single-hearted selfish passion of the moment—that gnawing grief and eroding care and vain regret must be their share of life henceforth; that the world will never be so pleasant, the sun never shine so brightly again, now that the dear one is gone and the loved voice hushed for ever. Surely it must have been hard to bear, that trying morning, for the fair mourner, as she sat in her darkened room, listening to the deep notes of the bell tolling in the valley below, and the sullen roar of the cannon as the minute-guns were fired during the march from the castle to the mausoleum; for the eminent undertakers had neglected nothing that could enhance the impressiveness of the occasion. The young Lady Paramount of the place had no kinswoman of her own, no old friend, to bear her company; only, for consolation, the brief visits of frigid Lady Barbara, whose nature was not over-sympathetic, and whose mind was engrossed by the ceremonial itself, and the evidence which it afforded that the House of Montgomery was yet a power in the land.

There were old friends of the family whom it behoved Lady Barbara to see, ere the gathering broke up. And then she had to speak a civil word or two to the new Marquis of Leominster, who had been so long known, and perhaps laughed at, in Pall-Mall regions as Adolphus or 'Dolly' Montgomery, and who had come down out of pure politeness, and because the undertakers seemed to expect it, and the lawyers hinted that it was right to be chief-mourner at the obsequies of his cousin—his cousin, who was barely an acquaintance.

'But I hardly knew him to speak to,' the new peer had said deprecatingly to his own imperious solicitor, Mr Tape (Tape and Ferret, Lincoln's Inn).

'There are duties, I must point out, incumbent on your new position, my lord,' rejoined inexor-

able Mr Tape; 'and I can assure you, Pounce and Pontifex, who acted for the late Marquis, take it as a matter of course that you should attend.'

So, in a shy, almost apologetic manner the present peer did attend, and allowed himself to be shuffled by the managers, so to speak, of the funeral entertainment into the post of honour; and then confronted the ordeal, from which he flinched, of a short conversation with Lady Barbara, who stiffly thanked him for coming there, but let him see pretty plainly that she resented his promotion, based as it was on the extinction of her own branch of the family. And the new Marquis, as he was speeding back by rail to London, felt himself a little injured, and but half a lord of Leominster, since he had seen stately Castel Vawr, that was left for life to a mere chit of a girl, and would probably never pass under the mastership of that nature-bachelor whom his friends knew as 'Dolly.'

There was a good deal of stealthy eating and drinking at the castle, of course, in that hospitable district, with hunclecon for all, wine for the chief guests, ale for the miners and the peasantry; and then the crowd dispersed as silently as rolling wheels and beating horse-hoofs would permit, and the sad day at length came to a finish. On the next, the flag that had floated half-mast high on the lofty flag-turret of the old Border stronghold was to be hauled down altogether, for their young mistress and Lady Barbara were bound for London. They had written, according to their previously expressed intentions, to Sir Pagan Carew, and to that sister of his who had found shelter, in the hour of doubt and distress, beneath his roof in Bruton Street. And the young lady in her widow's weeds almost wearily Lady Barbara by the frequency of her allusions to this change of residence, as involving a prospect of reclaiming the truant.

'I shall win her back to me.' 'Do you not believe, Lady Barbara, that Clara will come back?' she would say; and the haughty chaineine of Castel Vawr, looking as unbendingly severe as that Queen Elizabeth to whom she was thought to bear some resemblance, drily said that she 'hoped Miss Carew would awake to a sense of duty.'

Next day, both ladies, with servants, baggage, carriages, all the impediments to easy locomotion that surround the great, left Castel Vawr for Leominster House, London, W.

(To be continued.)

BABY'S SHARE OF POETRY.

'WHAT! the poetical aspect of the baby—poetry among the screams of the nursery!' exclaims the acute reader, jumping to his own conclusions. 'Absurd! There's nothing of the sort in real life. Bottles and rattles, wet mouth and bad head, teething and tumbling, squeals and squalls—that's your poetical baby for you, when you see it near enough—and hear it!' And so it may be. But would any poetry be left in the world if we watched only the meaner details of life, and narrowly scanned poor humanity? Even the heart sung by ten thousand poets, would be called by your keen watcher only a natural pump

for supplying the system with blood; while the poet calls it the centre of the power of loving, that most divine of all human powers, with whose pulse of affection the outer world keeps unison, transformed in a glorious vision. So, Heinrich Heine in that song, translated by Longfellow, sang to the 'little youthful maiden,' that the heart has its love, as the sea has its pearls and the heaven its stars, and that the heart is greater than sea or heaven.

For all that, the heart is a blood-pump, and a man's marriage prospects do not affect the atmosphere or the laws of meteorology. Yet look beyond—beyond the mortal walls of flesh, and into the soul's passing impressions of this world that joy can light up, or grief darken like a winter's blight; and lo! the poets are right; only they see all things with a noble vision of their worth; nor is there any poetry like what is wrapped in homely stuff, shining and sparkling through the thin poor woof of common daily life. So, just as there are prosaic things to be said about the heart, or anything else under the sun, there are prosaic things to be said about the baby. Yet we claim the poetry of babyhood as one of the gems that sparkle through the wear and work of ordinary life.

Many poets have written verses to the welcome little strangers. They have even addressed the small dimpled thing with solemn lines, and apostrophized it with a grave sense of its future rank and virtues. They have by a stretch of imagination hung over the cradle, with vague praise of chernubs and innocence, and treated the cherub to classical lore and names that for seven years hence would be long enough to choke the child. 'To a Sleeping Infant' and 'Lines to an Infant' are often dull reading, though the author's name may have been great in its day. The very title hints the inapplicable stateliness. Among the poems of George Macdonald there are a few lines called simply *The Baby*. They are short enough to quote, and are both playful and sweet.

Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into here.
Where did you get your eyes so blue?
Out of the skies as I came through.
What makes your forehead smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it, as I went by.
What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?
I saw something better than any one knows.
Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.
Where did you get that coral ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.
Where did you get those ears and hands?
Love made itself into bonds and bands.
Whence came your feet, dear little things?
From the same box as the cherubs' wings.
How did they all first come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.
But how did you come to me, you dear?
God thought about you, and so I can here.

In 1880, when the Poet-laureate published a new volume of *Dallads and Poems*, it was dedicated to his baby grandson—golden-haired Ally, crazy with laughter and babbie.

Now that the flower of a year and a half is thine,
O little blossom, O mine, and mine of mine,
Glorious poet, who never hast written a line,
Laugh, for the name at the head of my verse is thine,
Might thou never be wronged by the name that is mine.

The words about the glorious poet who never has written a line, reminds us that this is a frequent allusion when child-loving poets speak of the little ones. Macaulay rightly observed—while noting that singular power in children by which, in their play, for instance, they can imagine themselves kings or queens, angels or fairies, prisoners or policemen, and act as if they really were so—that 'children are your only poets.' Longfellow has said of older children that they are better than all ballads ever said or sung, for they 'are living poems—and all the rest are dead.' And of a very little child—whose rattle and bells had suggested the romance of the regions of coral and silver—he exclaims:

What! tired already! with those suppliant looks,
And voice more beautiful than a poet's books,
Or murmuring sound of water as it flows.

In the same poem there are some exquisite interpretations of baby manners and customs. For instance, that custom which we should rather call the innocent absence of manners, the embarrassing, unanswerable stare of the little stranger in our world:

Like one who in a foreign land
Beholds on every hand
Some source of wonder and surprise.

While he takes note thus of the quick and questioning eyes, he gives to the hand a more figurative work, when dreaming of the time to come, he loses sight of palpable realities in seeing the no less real meanings of life:

Here at the portal thou dost stand,
And with thy little hand
Thou openest the mysterious gate
Into the Future's undiscovered land.
I see its valves expand
As at the touch of Fate!

In all we have quoted we should disbelieve, if it were not clearly heart-whole work. There is no poetry unless the heart speaks. Many have been the verses to infants—and to anything and any one else—in which there was not an atom of poetry, because there was no truth of feeling. If poetry is the outpouring of the most beautiful of human thoughts, doubtless there is more of it in the loving heart of a mother than in half the volumes of stereotyped verse ever written. More than that—if the greatest of poets are only those who have written with most sympathetic description of the highest and purest of human feelings, is not there something better than all the volumes of written poetry, in the hearts of those who see the beautiful side of homely loves, and who at sight of common things can feel their loftier meaning, and dream kindly dreams over their true worth? All mothers have this power in their hearts; it is part of the love and admiration of their helpless children, when as yet the offspring have but the instinct of affection, and are helpless, speechless, uncomprehending, blankly uninteresting, except to loving eyes. There are infinite possibilities in the future of the most commonplace baby; what dreams are dreamed over its softly shut eyes—what visions of the preciousness of its love and its life! The dreamer of these dreams is unconsciously revelling in most delicious poetry, in half-shaped fancies, and in purest affections, that elude all form in the transfer to words, just as our deepest feelings are

always untranslatable into the lame language of the lips. Yet the happy mortal round whose thoughts circles this halo of poetry, may be a poor woman in a cotton gown, whose roughened hands are puzzled to darn the little socks—socks patriarchal in age compared with the sleeping baby that owns them. To the lowliest lot that childhood touches, there is a bright side of warm feeling and happy thought, if it could but be realised; that bright side, in its thousand forms, is the poetry of common life.

In the little hands and feet alone, there are hints for a world of wondering. What weary journeys have those little feet to go, to cross the wide wide world perhaps—those quaint queer little feet that curl their pink toes so complacently, throned on some one's lap at twilight bedtime, before the firelight of the nursery! And those little hands, so small and dimpled and sweetly useless, now spread open like a star, now tightly closed up like a round shell not made to open at all—what questions of awe and wonder make up our dreams of baby hands! The growth of the mighty tree out of the acorn is not such a marvellous mystery as the future of those soft wee hands. Think for a moment that, not many years hence, this little hand of the baby-girl may be talked of among men, claimed, fought for, sought in feverish desire, as if it were more than kinglons; it will be kissed by some great strong man with trembling delight; and the sound of those feet upon a staircase or across the hall, coming—coming to him—will be heard in those days with a bound and a thrill of the heart. Oh! it is a great mystery, that the hand of a baby and the little feet have a vast part to play in many lives, that the heart and understanding will so expand and love, and become a centre of now undreamed-of desire, and joy, and grief.

And still more wonderful it is that this most helpless of creatures, whose very helplessness makes half its claim upon us, may yet grow up in all the strength and splendour of a noble human life, and, whether man or woman, may face life's battle bravely, a rallying-point for the weak, and the guiding power of other lives. Of the genius and light that may hide behind those insatiably staring yet gentlest of eyes, we must say nothing; nor do more than hint how the world may be changed at will by some puny nursing that is this moment being lulled to sleep with the most querulous wailing of helpless littleness.

TEMPERANCE BEVERAGES.

BY A GOVERNMENT ANALYST.

It is quite a common thing for the manufacturers of temperance beverages to declare them absolutely free from alcohol, without in the first place ascertaining whether this is so or not. We do not think that this in all cases can be the result of ignorance; for many persons know well that such a declaration increases the consumption of the article they produce. On the other hand, it is undoubtedly from ignorance that consumers of temperance beverages containing an appreciable quantity of alcohol partake so freely of them. It is a well-known fact that many of the so-called temperance beverages contain a large percentage of alcohol, sometimes as large as that of

beer, and sometimes even as large as that of certain kinds of wine; and upholders of temperance principles should insist, before adopting any beverage for their use, that an analysis should be made by a competent person, and his report appended to the vessel containing the liquid, before sending it into consumption. Such a provision would materially lessen the number of so-called temperance beverages, while at the same time it would secure to the abstainer a 'non-alcoholic' beverage.

There are a number of persons who make these beverages for private use, and who, ignorant of the changes produced in certain liquids by the methods they employ, believe their beverages are non-alcoholic. The writer has known many such instances. A certain lady once made an infusion of malt, added yeast to it, and allowed it to stand for some days in a warm place, and yet was not aware that it then contained alcohol. She flavoured it sweetly, and distributed it among a circle of temperance friends as a non-alcoholic drink. A gentleman—a clergyman, and an apostle of temperance—made a solution of sugar, added some yeast and hops, and allowed the liquid to ferment for several days, and then supplied the abstainers of his flock with it, ignorant that it could contain even a trace of alcohol. Many such instances are known; and on behalf of temperance we would remind all such that any infusion of malt or solution of sugar is almost certain to change a portion of its substance into alcohol when subjected to a healthy fermentation.

There are many difficulties in the way of the manufacture of purely non-alcoholic drinks. It is desirable that they should be wholesome; but they frequently are positively injurious to health, from the use of flavourings of a deleterious nature: it is desirable that they should keep for some time; but beverages made in imitation of beer, and of some at least of the materials of which beer is made, cannot keep under ordinary circumstances in the absence of alcohol. It is unfortunately at the present time the tendency of temperance beverage manufacturers to endeavour to give their products the appearance and even the flavour of beer. This course is for many reasons to be deprecated; and in the absence of healthy non-alcoholic beverages, the writer would strongly recommend the use of such drinks as milk, tea, coffee, &c., and would respectfully draw the attention of temperance reformers to the comparatively small number of houses where these can be had. An increase in the number of these houses would probably do as much for the spread of temperance as any other means now adopted.

FOR HIMSELF ALONE.

A TALE OF REVERSED IDENTITIES.

CHAPTER IX.—CONCLUSION.

SCARCELY had Miss Pelworth finished giving her father an account of Captain Dyson's proposal, and of the intended runaway marriage, when they reached the glade in which the picnic had been held. Here, a few moments later, they were joined by Mrs Pelworth, Dick, Mr Denpsey, Frobisher, and Captain Dyson.

Mr Leyland and Elma, who had, as already

narrated, set out for a short stroll in the wood, did not go far before they turned. Elma was afraid that the others would be waiting for her; besides which, she had a woman's curiosity to learn the nature of the good news which Leyland had brought his friend. They saw the others before they themselves were seen.

'There are Mr Frobisher and Mr Drummond,' said Elma.

'By Jove!' exclaimed the painter, in genuine surprise, 'what swells they have blossomed into! I should hardly have known them again. O Richard, Richard! whither have thy Leonine locks vanished?'

Miss Deene began to think her companion something of an oddity.

Leyland emerged from the trees, and stepping quietly up to Drummond, who was only a few yards away, he slapped him on the shoulder. Dick turned quickly, and stood like a man dumfounded at the sight of his friend.

'Why, Dick, dear old Dick, how are you after all this long time?' cried Leyland heartily, as he grasped the other by the hand. 'It seems an age since I saw you last.—Hark ye, my boy; a word in your ear,' he added in a lower tone. 'Your picture in the Dudley has found a purchaser. A Manchester rag-merchant has taken a fancy to it, and he talks about commissioning you to paint another.'

Dick's freckled face changed first to white and then to red. He gasped forth a few incoherent words, but he could never remember afterwards what they were.

At the sound of Leyland's voice, Frobisher, who was standing a little apart talking to Dyson, turned. His face, too, changed for a moment. 'The crisis has come sooner than I expected,' he muttered to himself. '*N'importe*. Better now than later on, perhaps.' He went forward with a pleasant smile and held out his hand. 'Don't forget that there are two old friends here,' he said to Leyland.

'Forgot! Not likely. But I had some good news for Dick which I was in a hurry to tell him.—And now, my dear Frank, how are you?—Better—better. I can see that before you answer me. Not like the same man. I suppose I must congratulate you on your good fortune.' He paused for a moment, holding the other's hand in his and gazing a little sadly into his face. 'Ah, Frobisher, I don't know whether to feel glad or sorry that you have come into all this money,' he said. 'Many a fine spirit has been spoiled by coming into a fortune.'

Every one present heard Leyland's words. They all stared, as well they might. Was this stranger in the shabby tweed suit drunk or crazy? Of a surety he must be either one or the other.

Mr Pebworth's pendulous cheeks turned the colour of saffron. Striding forward a step or two, he touched Frobisher lightly on the arm. 'May I ask who this person is, Mr Drummond?' he said in a hoarse whisper. 'He seems to be confounding your identity with that of my nephew most strangely.'

'This gentleman is Mr Bence Leyland, a very dear friend of mine; and I am not aware that he is confounding anything.'

'But he called you Frank Frobisher.'

'He called me by my proper name.'

'But—but you are not?—'

'Indeed, but I am, Mr Pebworth. I am Frank Frobisher, and your unworthy nephew.'

An exclamation of surprise or dismay burst from the lips of all present except Leyland and Dick.

For a moment or two, Pebworth stared blankly into the stern young face before him. Then, as with a lightning flash, the truth burst upon him. 'Great heaven! Tricked! ruined, irretrievably ruined!' he exclaimed, gasping out the syllables as if they would choke him. With one hand pressed to his forehead, he staggered rather than walked to a fallen tree, and there sat down. His wife and daughter were by his side in a moment; but he waved them impatiently, even fiercely away, and sat staring with blank eyes at vacancy. Presently he took a bundle of papers from his pocket, unfixed with trembling fingers the red tape that bound them, and began to turn them over in an aimless incurious sort of way. Now and then he repeated under his breath the words: 'Tricked! ruined!' It was a pitiable sight.

'Mr Frobisher changed into Mr Drummond!' exclaimed Dempsey.

'Mr Drummond changed into Mr Frobisher!' echoed Dyson.

'My Dick changed into my cousin Frank!' murmured Elma, who was as much bewildered as any one.

'Gracious goodness! who could have believed such a thing?' said Dyson and Dempsey in a helpless sort of way. The situation was so novel, so totally unlooked for, that they were evidently at a loss what to say or do next. Clunie said nothing, but looked with all her eyes at the little Captain. Might not this new and surprising turn of affairs jeopardise to some extent her newly-fledged matrimonial projects?

Drummond drew Leyland aside, and explained to him the state of affairs.

'So you are really my nephew Frank after all!' said Mrs Pebworth through her tears to Frobisher. 'I felt sure from the first that none of our family had any right to have red hair.'

'Yes; I am your nephew Frank. There's no mistake on that point this time, aunt.'

'Well, I always did like you, as I've said many a time, when others were maybe running you down.'

'Yes; we always did like you,' said Clunie tapping him playfully with the point of her sunshade.

'Always,' echoed Dempsey and Dyson, who had moved closer up.

'I don't know that I can like you a bit better than I did before,' continued Mrs Pebworth. 'And as for your friend—what a nice young man he is!—I'm sure I shan't like him a bit less than I did half an hour since, because he happens to be poor and no connection of the family.'

'Mamma, dear!' said Clunie imploringly, with a tug at her mother's sleeve.

'Aunt, you have one of the kindest hearts in the world,' said Frank, and with that he stooped and kissed her.

Dempsey and Dyson looked straight over each other's shoulder, and seemed to be gazing into futurity.

Clunie turned to Frank with what she would have called one of her 'arch' glances. 'You naughty, naughty man to play us all such a trick! But I was never really deceived.'

'No; we were never really deceived,' chimed in the Chorus.

'Any one could see that the real Mr Drummond was no gentleman.' This from Clunie.

'Always had the air of a parvenu.' This from Dempsey, whose father had been a successful bacon contractor.

'Something extremely plebeian about him,' piped Dyson.

'We congratulate you most sincerely,' continued Clunie.

'Yes, we congratulate you most sincerely,' echoed the Chorus.

'My dear, kind friends, how heartily I thank you, none but myself can ever tell!' responded Frobisher with a ring of unmistakable scorn in his voice.

Clunie turned to her mother with a pout. Mr Dempsey's purple face became still more purple; he coughed behind his hand and stalked away. Captain Dyson let his eyeglass drop; then he pulled up his collar and pulled down his cuffs and tried to look fierce. He was about to follow Dempsey; but Clunie detained him. 'After all that has happened, do you still love your little Clunie as much as before?' she whispered. (Little Clunie indeed! She was a head taller than the Captain.)

'As much as ever, my sweetest pet. And that reminds me that when I was at Burrum-
pore—'

She put her hand within his arm, giving it a little squeeze as she did so. 'Let us stroll down this alley,' she said, 'where we shall be quite alone.'

Frobisher was crossing towards Miss Deene, when Mr Pelworth intercepted him. That gentleman had to some extent recovered his assurance by this time. Perhaps, after all, he reflected, things might not turn out quite so desperate as he had at first believed they would. In any case, his best plan was to put a bold front on the affair.

'You must permit me to congratulate you, my dear Frank,' he said with a sickly smile, 'on the really admirable style in which you played your character of the poor ammuensis. It was a marvellous piece of acting, and you must allow that I did my best to second your efforts. Of course I saw through the little deception from the first—ha, ha!—from the very first. Admirably acted! So true to life!'

Frobisher made no effort to hide the scorn and loathing which these words excited in him. 'Mr Pelworth,' he said, 'if there is one man in the world whom I hold in more utter contempt than I do another, you are that man.'

'For heaven's sake, not so loud! My wife and daughter are close by.'

'I changed places with my friend in order to try you. You know the result. I believe you to be an ingrained hypocrite from top to toe. I know you to be a knave—selfish, cunning, and utterly unscrupulous.'

'Not so loud, I implore you!'

'You have spoken of your wife. Were it not for her, I would expose you to the world in your

true colours. My aunt is a good woman, whom I respect and love—*you, I loathe.* For her sake, I choose to remember the relationship between us, and to keep silence with regard to the past. You know my opinion of you; it is one which nothing can alter; and the less you and I see of each other in time to come, the better it will be for both of us.'

'If my gratitude!'

'Your gratitude, Mr Pelworth! The word is profaned when it proceeds from the lips of such as you!' With these words, Frobisher turned on his heel and crossed to where the three ladies were standing, wondering and bewildered spectators of all that had happened during the last few minutes.

Never in his life had Mr Pelworth felt so crestfallen and humiliated. Yet even in this hour of his extremity the brazen hardness of the man did not quite desert him. Taking out his pocket-book and pencil, he said in a voice which was purposely loud enough for all present to hear: 'I quite agree with you, my dear Frank—quite. I will make a memorandum of the matter at once, and consult you with reference to it another day.' With that he went back to his seat on the fallen tree, and made a pretence of being busy with his pocket-book and pencil.

Till now, Miss Deene had not spoken a word—she had, in fact, moved a little apart from the others. Frobisher now went up to her and took her hand. 'Elma!' he said, and there was a world of tenderness in the way he spoke that one little word.

'Well, sir?' and

looked up into his surprise.

'You will, I trust, for the sake of the

me?'

'And pray, Mr Dick, your name may be, what is

able lesson it has taught

'It has taught me that

given me for myself alone. It has taught me

that there is one true heart in the world who, believing me poor, would have given up every-

thing for my sake; but who, now that she knows I am rich, will not love me one whit the less for

the test to which I have put her.'

'You make yourself far too sure on that point. You have treated me shamefully, sir—yes, shame-

fully!'

'In what way have I treated you shamefully, Elma?' asked Frank with wide-eyed wonder.

'You led me to expect that I was going to marry a dear, delightful, poor young man, with whom I should lead a happy, struggling, Bohemian sort of existence, in two or three rooms, on a

pound or two a week, doing my own marketing and mending my own clothes. Instead of this, I find myself tied to a commonplace, vulgarly rich individual—just the kind of person that every girl is expected to marry. I call it shame-

ful—shameful!'

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because she finds that I'm no longer a poor man.'

'More fool she,' answered Mrs Pebworth with a touch of asperity. 'If she hasn't sense enough to keep a sweetheart whom she's got one, whether he's rich or poor, she'll soon find somebody else in her place. Why, half the girls in the county will be setting their caps at the owner of Waylands before three months are over.'

Miss Deena pricked up her ears. 'Fie! aunt. What a character you give your sex,' she said.

'It's no more than our sex deserve, my dear. There will be quite a competition for Mr Frobisher, I can tell you.'

'In that case,' said Elma whimsically, 'I may as well keep him for myself. Not, you know, because I really care very much for him—but just to spite the other girls.'

'There's an artful mixn!' ejaculated Mrs Pebworth.

'Then your Serene Highness will condescend to accept me—but not *pro tem*, I hope!' said Frobisher.

'No; not *pro tem*.—but for ever and ever,' answered Elma, placing both her hands in his, while the love-light of happiness sprang to her eyes.

What little remains to be told may be told after a very brief fashion.

Clunie got the great desire of her life—a rich husband, who never thwarts her in anything. Captain Dyson achieved one of the desires of his life—a runaway wedding. Mr Pebworth was distracted at first, but extended a magnanimous forgiveness to the newly-married couple on their return from their honeymoon. Captain Dyson came down handsomely in the way of settlements; but to this day he cannot understand why his wife, who had hitherto been one of the most complaisant of listeners, changed so suddenly and unaccountably, and refused point-blank to listen to any more of his narratives, even going so far on one occasion as to impugn the accuracy of his memory and to make use of the words 'Stuff and rubbish.' The little man spends much of his time at his club, but Melancholy has marked him for her own. He has the look of a man habitually careworn and depressed. Now and then, a gleam of happiness revisits him—when he can button-hole a stranger good-natured enough to listen to him while he narrates some of the surprising adventures of his early life. Young Tom M'Murdo, whose state of chronic impecuniosity is no secret, eats many a good dinner at the Captain's expense, and borrows many a sovereign as well—which he takes particular care never to repay—and all because he is the best of listeners, and never even hints the shadow of a doubt as to the truth of what is being told him. It has never dawned on the consciousness of Captain Dyson, and probably never will, that in him Nature created a bore of the first magnitude.

One morning very soon after the picnic Mr Pebworth intimated that business of importance would take him to Liverpool. He had not been many hours in Liverpool before he telegraphed that the business which had taken him to that city would take him still farther—as far even as to America. Mrs Pebworth

was delighted; the voyage would be quite a holiday for Algernon, and the sea-breezes could not fail to benefit his health. But Mr Pebworth's business, whatever the nature of it might be, evidently required a long time to bring it to a conclusion. Month after month passed away, and Mr Pebworth wrote home that he still found it impossible to return. At length, at the end of a year and a half, as if disgusted with the whole affair, he died, so that in all probability the business which took him so far will remain unsettled till Doomsday. His widow mourned for him in all sincerity. To her he had ever seemed the best of husbands and the best of men; and nobody has been cruel enough to try to undeceive her.

Within a week of the picnic, Dick Drummond was back in his old rooms in Soho, which had found no tenant during his absence. At first he felt wretchedly dull and lonely without Frobisher; it seemed as if he had lost a part of himself, which nothing could replace; but Leyland looked in every other evening or so, to cheer him up, on which occasions they smoked innumerable pipes together and discoursed on every subject under the sun. A few other Bohemians would drop in occasionally, for Dick could now afford to keep open house, and many a song was sung and many a merry story told at such times in the dingy old rooms. But neither to Dick nor Frobisher would the wheels of life have seemed to run pleasantly unless they had been able to see each other often.

It was but an hour's journey from Waylands, and Frobisher was frequently in town. His old easy-chair, his old mezzanin, and a heavy grip of the hand, always awaited him in Soho. Occasionally, Elma would call with him, at which times Dick would put down his brush and palette for the day, comb out his golden locks, don another coat, and go in generally for high-jinks.

But Waylands did not fail to see Dick a frequent visitor. It was understood that he should spend from Saturday till Monday there—or longer, for the matter of that—as often as he should feel so inclined, and, summer or winter, few week-ends passed without seeing Dick exchange the smoke of London for the pleasant breezes of the Surrey hills. He seemed nearly as much a part of Waylands as Frobisher himself.

As a painter, success came to him in such measure as he deserved. He had a happy faculty of seeing, and of being able to reproduce for others to see, some little trait or incident of everyday life with its touch of humour or pathos, or both combined—some commonplace episode of the great *comédie humaine*—which most people would pass by with unobservant eyes. One such picture of humble life it was that brought him to the front. A certain well-known art-patron saw it, bought it, and caused it to be engraved. The engraving became popular, and had a large sale among that humble class of art-lovers who cannot afford to buy pictures, but who like to see their walls hung with a few good prints or engravings which tend, in one form or other, to illustrate that one touch of nature which is said to make the whole world kin.

Dick had found his groove at last. There was a demand for his pictures for engraving purposes.

No one could have been more surprised than the artist himself was.

'You have hit the right nail on the head, and no mistake,' said Benec Leyland to him one day. 'Now listen to the advice of an old un. Paint slowly; try to make every picture an advance on your last one; and above all, don't flood the market with your works. It is far better to paint one good picture a year, than half-a-dozen indifferent ones.'

Dick has not failed to profit by this advice, and the world prospers with him; but to this day he believes in his secret heart that Nature intended him for a delineator of mythological subjects on a grand scale; and he never gazes on his *Andromeda* and other kindred crudities which still adorn the walls of his studio, without a half-regretful shake of the head.

Of Frobisher and Elma, what remains to be said? To no man is it given to withstand the shafts of Fate; but with youth, health, and a love that knew no waning or change, their chances of happiness were greater than are granted to most mortals. More than that could not be expected for them.

Frobisher's pen is by no means idle; and, as in the olden days, he still suffers from the alternate pleasures and pangs, disappointments and delights, incident to a literary career. There is some prospect of his pet comedy, *Summer Lightning*, written five years ago, and rejected by several London managers, being at length produced at the Royal Fricolity Theatre. What was an impossibility in the case of an obscure literary hack, may have become a possibility in the case of the well-to-do owner of Waylands; for in matters theatrical, as in so many other affairs of life, there are generally wheels within wheels.

BOOK GOSSIP.

THE theory of Evolution, as propounded by Darwin, and enforced by such scientists as Wallace, Huxley, Tyndall, and Lubbock, is one which few people who would wish to be abreast of the intelligence of the time, can afford to be regardless of. That theory is as yet far from being outside the range of controverted questions; hence it is all the more important that persons who have not the leisure or the desire to study biology for themselves, should have the means placed within their reach of forming an intelligent opinion on a subject which is constantly presenting itself before them in one aspect or another. A volume from the pen of Dr Andrew Wilson—*Chapters on Evolution* (London: Chatto and Windus)—will, we venture to think, go far to supply this want. The author perhaps errs in giving so much prominence to the arguments in favour of, and so little notice to the objections that have been and are still urged against, the theory of Evolution; but this is to be accounted for by his evident conviction that that theory is already proved to be true. Darwin himself, with his wide range of mental vision, and his comprehensive knowledge of natural development, was able to perceive and always ready to acknowledge that the doctrine he advanced was not free from serious objections—he did not indeed put it forward as a fact, but as a hypothesis, which he supported not as

absolutely proved, but as being able to account for more of the phenomena of living things than any other theory that had as yet been advanced. Dr Wilson, however, as the result of his study and observation, is prepared to take the question out of the region of the hypothetical, and to place it in that of the actual—in short, to assume, to use his own words, 'the reality of the process.' In this view, therefore, he has endeavoured to marshal the more prominent facts of zoology and botany in order to prove that evolution is an actual factor in the life-work of the universe.

Darwin's theory rests upon a few apparently simple propositions. (1) Every species of animal and plant has a tendency to vary from its original type; each individual offspring having a certain likeness and a certain unlikeness to the parent. (2) These variations are transmissible to offspring. (3) More animals and plants are produced than can possibly survive; hence (4) there ensues a 'struggle for existence' among the living individuals, those which are strongest—that is, best adapted to their surroundings or environment—overcoming the weaker, which result gives us the doctrine of the 'survival of the fittest.' (5) The varieties before spoken of diverge in process of ages so far from their original type as to constitute new species, there being in this view no definite barrier between one species and another; and following which order of development, it is assumed (6) that all the forms of living things which we have now cognisance of, may have been evolved by 'natural selection' from a few primitive and simple forms of life—possibly from one such form alone. These propositions, thus roughly stated, form the basis of the great theory or hypothesis of Evolution, as worked out and illustrated by Charles Darwin. In Dr Wilson's book, those who wish to see the proofs set forth in detail, will find an intelligent and easily comprehended guide; and if they are not, by its perusal, convinced as firmly as Dr Wilson is, of the truth of the doctrine therein set forth, they will at least be in a position to consider the subject apart from the absurdities and crudities which have too frequently by unthinking opponents been attributed to it.

A second volume of the series of books on *Heroes of Science* (London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge) has recently been issued. It deals with astronomers, and is written by E. J. C. Morton, B.A., of St John's College, Cambridge. It is a volume of very great interest. Not only will the reader gain from it a knowledge of the lives of leading astronomers—Copernicus, Tycho Brahe, Kepler, Galileo, Newton, Lagrange, Laplace, and Herschel—but he will derive a clear and vivid conception of the science of astronomy itself, rendered specially intelligible by its being presented to him in historical sequence, thus enabling him not only to mark its progress from stage to stage, but also to comprehend more fully the value of the discoveries which the several great men whom we have named contributed towards our knowledge of the starry world. If the other volumes of the series are as thorough in conception and as attractive in style as those already issued, the whole

will form a very valuable addition to our stock of works on popularised science.

The comparative study of languages may be directed to other than strictly philological purposes; and here we have a volume by Mr John Cameron, Sunderland, on the *Gaelic Names of Plants* (Edinburgh and London: W. Blackwood & Sons), in which the above line of study has been followed for scientific purposes. The immediate department of science dealt with is botany, and the object of the author is to identify the names given by the Gaelic-speaking people with the plants which they were intended to designate. In his ordinary field-work the difficulty of the botanist, when he has obtained a particular plant, is to find the proper name for it; but in the work undertaken by our author, the difficulty was reversed; for he had the name, but required to find the plant to which the name applied. This necessarily required not only an adequate knowledge of Gaelic as spoken in Scotland and Ireland, but the prosecution of numerous journeys among the Gaelic-speaking populations, in order, if possible, to settle disputed names, to fix the plant to which the name was applied, and to collect others previously unrecorded.

We are told by Mr Cameron that the Celts named plants from (1) their uses; (2) their appearance; (3) their habits; and (4) their superstitious associations, and the like. The silverweed or white tansy, for instance, is called *briagann mhàis*, sweet bread, because its succulent root was not unfrequently used by the poorer people in some parts of the Highlands for bread. The rowan-tree or mountain-ash is *luis*, drink; the Highlanders formerly distilling a very good spirit from its fruit. It was also believed in the Highlands, as throughout Scotland generally, that any part of this tree carried upon the person was a sovereign charm against enchantment or witchcraft, hence it was also called by the Gaels, *fuinseag colte*, the wood-enchantress. The yellow or ladies' bedstraw was called by a name meaning red; the apparent inconsistency between the name and the natural colour of the flower being explained by the fact that the Highlanders used the roots to dye red colour. In the same line of nomenclature, the field gentian is known as *luis a chrìthain*, the crouching-plant; not that the plant crouches, but because it is good for a disease which attacks the limbs of cows, and which induces the attitude to which the name applies. It is unnecessary to multiply illustrations further; those interested in the subject must have recourse to the book itself, which is one that cannot fail to reflect creditably upon the learning and industry of its author.

THE MONTH. SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE Report, recently published, of the York Chamber of Agriculture, brings little comfort to the farmer. The Council record how the hopes raised at the beginning of last year from the mild winter and genial spring were disappointed by the effects of a wet and cold July. They state their opinion that the cold clay-land farms, which cost so much to bring them into a

productive state, must go out of cultivation. They also point to the need of agricultural education, and trust that its spread may be promoted by Chambers of Agriculture and other public bodies.

It would seem that while the British farmer has been bemoaning the nakedness of the land, his powerful rivals in America have—not content with the abundance which their soil gives them—been killing the goose which lays the golden eggs; in other words, the wheat-growing districts in many parts of Iowa, Wisconsin, and Minnesota have been exhausted by the practice of growing crop after crop of wheat without rest and without manuring. The farmers have not recognised the value of rotation of crops. It may be that they need a little acquaintance with agricultural chemistry to tell them that one crop will absorb certain constituents of the soil, and that another crop of a different kind will select quite another kind of food from mother-earth. Thus, while crop number two is taking its fill, the earth is recovering from the call made upon it by crop number one. It would be to the advantage of the country if some of our clever farmers were to emigrate, and show the Americans the advantages to be obtained from a better system of agriculture.

In connection with the storage of green fodder such as newly-mown hay, &c., the question of ensilage and the cost of building silos is still interesting our farmers at home. It would seem at first sight that the expense of erecting a concrete or brick tank in which to compress and preserve green fodder could not amount to very much. But estimates obtained from different sources show that the sum asked is one which farmers in the present state of affairs could not afford, unless they had definite proof that the experiment would be successful. There is, however, one way of trying the method in which the expense is almost nil, for the work can be accomplished by ordinary labourers when other work is not pressing. We allude to the earth-silo, which has already been tried with success. It consists of a trench six feet deep, and of any dimensions required. The green stuff is placed in this pit, covered with a layer of roofing-felt, and then with earth, so as to force the mass down with the necessary pressure. If each farmer who has the opportunity were to construct an experimental silo of this kind, and were in due time to report the result, it would soon be ascertained whether the system has the value attached to it that many persons seem to think.

At the invitation of Mr H. Hoare, a number of gentlemen-farmers and others interested in agriculture recently visited Paghous Farm, about a mile and a half from Staplehurst Station, to witness the opening of a silo, and to examine the fodder prepared and stored under this system. The crop ensilaged consisted of trifolium, the produce of about three acres. It was estimated that the crop would have yielded about eight tons of hay, whereas ensilaged it yielded ten tons of fodder. A number of questions were asked by those present, and the replies of Mr Hoare and his manager or farm-bailiff may be briefly summarised thus: The cattle take to the food at once; they thrive upon it; and the yield

of milk is larger and better than upon the food formerly given to them. With the addition of some oilcake, varying from three to eight pounds per day per head, their condition improved very materially. The cost of getting in the crop and ensilaging it was about equal to the cost of making it into hay under favourable conditions; but those present who understood farming thought that this cost could be very much diminished. Great stress was laid upon the fact, that under this system, weather was no object, as the crops can be stored green, wet, or dry. Some butter was shown to and tasted by those present, and the preference all round was for that made from the cows fed on the ensilaged fodder. The top layer of fodder in the silo was slightly mouldy, and it showed signs of fermentation—an evidence of insufficient covering and pressure; but the deeper the cuts into the body of the bed thus stored, the better was the food.

As an example of the curious property of plants in selecting from a soil only those materials proper for their nourishment, we may cite the ice-plant, which is found abundantly on the Mediterranean coasts. It has lately formed the subject of some experiments by M. Mangon, who has cultivated it for many years. Its popular name is derived from the little vesicles filled with water which cover its stem, and have much the appearance of frozen dewdrops. Analysis shows that it sucks up from the soil a large quantity of soda, potash, and other alkaline salts; indeed, it may be said that the plant represents a solution of alkaline salts held together by a vegetable tissue only weighing two per cent. of its mass. M. Mangon believes that the plant might be useful if planted on unproductive soils where such salts are in excess, thereby rendering the ground suitable for ordinary cultivation.

The Honourable Secretary of the Goat Society has recently given some interesting particulars as to those animals, which have long been valued for the nutritious and curative properties of the milk they yield. Twelve years ago, he tells us, few goats could be found which would give more than a quart of milk a day; but now, owing to the care which has been expended upon their breeding, specimens are produced which will yield three or even four times that quantity. Such animals command prices ranging between five and ten pounds; and when once acquired, are found so valuable, that they are not readily parted with. He asserts—and his conclusions are based upon many years' experience—that goats in this country do best when housed both day and night during the autumn and winter seasons. The quality of the milk is in no way affected by such confinement; and if properly tended, the stalled animal will yield a far better return than one not having the benefits of shelter and warmth.

The Zoological Society have just lost by death from manifest old age the female hippopotamus which was presented to them by the Viceroy of Egypt thirty years ago. She has survived her mate—which lived twenty-seven years in the Society's Gardens—by about six years. It would thus seem that the span of life allotted to the hippopotamus is about thirty years; probably a good deal less when exposed to the vicissitudes of a roaming existence.

The splendid collection of living animals in

Regent's Park now numbers between two and three thousand. One-tenth of these are reptiles; and from want of proper accommodation, they have hitherto been located in different parts of the Gardens, much to the inconvenience of those who wished to study them. There is now, however, being built a new Reptile-house, in which the various members of this large family will be brought together. The difficulty of planning such a scheme will be understood when we remember that reptiles from all quarters of the world have to be considered, and that a temperature necessary for the life of one species would be quite inadequate for the requirements of another. Bearing this in mind, the cages, or rather glass cases, used to contain the specimens will be each heated to a proper temperature by special arrangements of the hot-water pipes employed for the purpose. At the same time, spectators will breathe a normal atmosphere. The new building is expected to be ready for occupation by next autumn.

Those kindly disposed and well-meaning persons who showed such friendly feelings towards poor Jumbo, and erected the Council of the Zoological Society with such sordid motives in sending him across the Atlantic, will perhaps acknowledge that the Council were right in believing that the huge creature was becoming dangerous. News reaches us from America that Jumbo has turned his keeper's box into matchwood, and has shown other signs of obstreperous behaviour.

A paper has been read before the Electro-technic Society of Berlin giving some interesting particulars relative to birds and telegraph wires. In treeless districts, the smaller birds in Germany are very fond of roosting both on poles and wires. Swallows frequently build under the eaves where wires run into telegraph offices, and actually stop work by causing contact between the wire and some neighbouring body which will carry the electric current to earth. Contacts with a like result are often caused by large birds alighting on the wires and causing them to swing together and touch. Woodpeckers frequently peck holes through the telegraph posts, and no kind of preparation of the wood seems to stop them from doing so. Sulphate of copper, corrosive sublimate, chloride of zinc, and other poisons, have been applied to the wood as preservatives against rot; but the birds peck away at them all the same. At the recent Electrical Exhibition at the Crystal Palace, a part of one of these pecked posts was shown. The theory was then broached that the woodpeckers mistook the vibration of the attached wires for the hum of insects, and attacked the post with the notion of getting at them. This theory is now combated on the ground that dry poles are frequently infested with insects. But wood saturated with the poisons named above must certainly be excepted. The woodpeckers have evidently not yet found this out.

The curious little girl about seven years of age who has been for some time past exhibited as 'the missing link' at the Westminster Aquarium is worthy of a few passing words. According to Mr Farini, who exhibits her, she was brought from India to England by Mr Carl Bock, the energetic Norwegian traveller, whose

movements we have more than once noted in these columns. Mr Bock having heard of a race of hairy-tailed men in Siam, offered a reward for the capture of a specimen. In the result, a man, woman, and child, all covered with hair, were obtained. After some difficulties, Mr Bock brought the child to Bangkok, and obtained permission of the king of Siam to bring her to Europe. The little girl, who is called Krua—which represents the plaintive cry addressed to her by her parents when she attempted to wander from them—is intelligent-looking, with large dark eyes, flattened nose, and pouch-like cheeks. The hair on the head is thick and straight, and is continued down the cheeks like whiskers, the face, arms, and shoulders being covered with hairs from an inch to an inch and a half long. There is said to be a prolongation of the lower vertebrae suggestive of a tail. This curious and interesting little creature will no doubt give rise to much discussion among certain of our learned Societies.

A very curious application of photography has just been brought before the Photographic Society of Great Britain by Mr Warnerke. Our readers are aware that for some years our continental neighbours have been teaching deaf and dumb persons to speak by training them to watch the movements of the lips when any one is talking to them. This method of reading sounds by sight has been highly successful, and has long ago been introduced with similar results into this country. The idea has occurred to a foreign teacher of the dumb to photograph the movements of the lips when articulating the different sounds which go to make up ordinary speech. It will easily be imagined that the model chosen for the pictures must be some one whose lips will give expressive action. But once photographed, the pictures can be multiplied by the thousand, and can be used as alphabets for our afflicted fellows all the world over. It is said that the pictures are so well adapted to their purpose, that any one can see at a glance what sound is indicated by each lip-movement portrayed.

Another useful application of the same art is foreshadowed by Dr Gill, who is in charge of the Observatory of the Cape of Good Hope. He suggests that star-maps could be made by aid of the camera, which would be far more valuable than those of the ordinary kind drawn by hand. That the light from the stellar depths is powerful enough to impress a modern photographic film, we know by the results of Dr Huggins, who has photographed the spectra of a great many of these distant orbs, as well as the corona of the sun itself. The light available when dealing with the objects direct would, of course, be far greater than when their spectra are concerned. We may mention that Dr Gill was most successful in the photographs which he obtained of the recent comet, one picture showing more than fifty stars through the luminous tail. Although the most sensitive pavices is used for this class of work, an exposure of more than two hours was required for some of these pictures. The camera is attached to a telescope, which latter is so beautifully regulated by clockwork, that the image of the object photographed is kept steadily in one spot, regardless of the movement of the earth in its ceaseless rotation.

The National Health Society, London (44 Berners Street, Oxford Street), have been exhibiting a fever-proof dress, intended for the use of those whose duties bring them into contact with infectious maladies. It consists of a kind of overall made of mackintosh, which is glazed inside and outside, with a hood attached, so that the body, with the exception of the face and hands, is wholly enveloped in its folds. If necessary, a respirator is also used, through which no germs can pass. The fact of the face and hands being exposed is not considered a material disadvantage, for those parts can be readily washed with a disinfectant. The object sought is to enable the wearer of the dress to go into fever-stricken rooms without the necessity of changing clothes afterwards. The dress can be readily cleansed with disinfectants at the end of the day, and is then again ready for use.

Mr Burton's paper on the Sanitary Inspection of Houses, published in the *Society of Arts Journal*, was full of valuable hints, which, if adopted, would go far to remove all chances of one kind of fever at least from our dwellings. It will be remembered that Professor Fleeming Jenkin suggested two years ago that houses should be subject to inspection by experienced men, and that a Society should be formed for the purpose. This paper of Mr Burton's is an account of the work actually done, and of the very deplorable state in which some of the best houses in London were found to be from a sanitary point of view. He summarised the objects aimed at in careful house-drainage as follows: (1) All matter placed in any of the sanitary appliances in the house must be carried with the greatest possible expedition clear of the premises, leaving behind it as little deposit as possible. (2) All sewer-air must be prevented entering the houses by the channels which serve to carry away the sewage. (3) Since it is impossible to have house-drains absolutely clean—that is, devoid of all decomposing matter—all air from house-drains, and even from sink, bath, and other waste-pipes, must be kept out of the dwelling-rooms.

On the 9th of January, Mr James Brunless delivered his inaugural address as President of the Institution of Civil Engineers. He showed that the arts of construction had made but small progress until a very recent period, and that the ancients undertook works of a stupendous character in the shape of canals and tunnels which were not surpassed for many centuries. A review of the large engineering undertakings now completed or in progress throughout the world next followed. The bridges over the Tay and Forth, the St Gothard Tunnel, the Severn Tunnel, various harbours, projected railways, the Panama and other ocean canals, the application of different kinds of illumination to lighthouses, each claimed a share of careful attention and interesting remarks. Mr Brunless pointed out that the trained engineer was quite a modern creation. Little more than a century ago there were no engineering works in Britain which were worthy of notice—hardly a canal or a passable high-road; and two centuries ago, it was necessary to send to Holland for an engineer to build a sea-wall.

By the combined action of cold and pressure, carbonic acid gas can with comparative ease be

reduced to the liquid state; and a strong iron bottle containing such liquid may be looked upon as so much stored-up energy ready for use. A great many plans have been devised for working engines with this gas instead of steam; but they have been found impracticable and expensive. A useful application of the principle has lately been tried with success by Major Witte, head of the Berlin Fire Brigade. The steam fire-engines are supplied with reservoirs holding liquid carbonic acid, which can be applied to the pumps at a minute's notice. The advantage of being able to pump water on a fire without the delay of getting up steam, is very great, when we consider how important the first few minutes are in a case of fire. Of course the gas is merely considered as a useful ally, until the boiler is sufficiently heated to supply steam.

Carbonic acid gas has long been used in that very serviceable little fire-engine called the Extincteur, and its force is sufficient to propel a stream of water a great distance without the aid of any pump whatever. Another modern application of the gas is in that novel engine of warfare called the Lay Torpedo. This is a fish-shaped steel construction twenty-six feet in length, and when loaded with its terrible charge of ninety pounds of dynamite, weighing one ton and a half. The little engine which propels it on its mission of destruction is worked by carbonic acid gas. Its course can be regulated by wires from its starting-point, and it will go for a mile and a half before its motor becomes exhausted.

An interesting account of the Bahamas sponge-trade is given in a Report by the American Consul at Nassau. The trade employs several thousand people, and about a hundred vessels to fish for the sponges. Of these there are several varieties, which have different values, and names which seem to be given them according to their resemblance in texture to other things. Thus, one description of sponge is known as Sheepwool, another is called Velvet, and so on. Each vessel employed has a crew of from six to twelve men, and their work is carried on in waters so shallow and pellucid that the sponges can be seen on the bottom, and torn from their beds by hooked poles. Sometimes diving is resorted to. The sponge as it reaches our hands is but the skeleton of the animal colony it once represented. When raised from the sea, it is covered with a soft gelatinous substance full of organic life. Spread out to dry, this matter putrefies and emits a horrible odour. Afterwards, the sponges are panned up in a kind of cage on the shore, so that at every tide the water will cleanse them. They are then sorted, treated with lime, and dried, when they are ready for exportation.

At a meeting recently held at Manchester to discuss the advisability of an increased supply of esparto grass for paper-making, it was stated that a Company had been formed to develop a concession by the Bey of Tunis giving rights to collect esparto grass grown in certain districts. It was stated that thirty thousand tons of the material were available annually from one territory alone—that of Bouhedma. Such grass, with modern appliances for compression, transport, and shipment, could be delivered in Liverpool for little more than half the price per ton which Sfax grass commanded last year.

The Council of the Institute of Painters in Water-colours desire it to be known that they are about to carry out a scheme which has been long under consideration, but which want of space has compelled them hitherto to forego. Firstly, their galleries in Piccadilly, London, will be thrown open to all exhibitors in water-colours. Secondly, they will open schools for the free education of students in the same branch of art. Intending students will be required to send in drawings as a test of their efficiency, as elementary instruction is not contemplated in the scheme. The British School of Painting in Water-colours is a distinct and very beautiful branch of art, and the generous action of this Institute—now more than half a century old—will give it renewed life, by attracting numbers of young students to its portals.

We have more than once referred to the new method of blasting coal by the heat and expansion caused by wetting cartridges of compressed lime. A German brewer of Nevada having, says a contemporary, heard of the lime-process for mining coal, proposes to use *yeast* as an agent for rending rocks. He has in his experiments blown strongly hooped casks to pieces, and forced out one end of his brewery. He desires to make experiments in the Cornetcoek mines, the heat of which will set up fermentation the moment the yeast-charge is laid, which fermentation will soon become so active as to overcome every resistance.

The American Consul in Paris has done good service in calling the attention of his government to the wholesale adulteration and fabrication of wines, which has now assumed an alarming aspect in France. Although imported wines are subject to analysis at the Customs before delivery to owners, and if found adulterated, can be stopped, no such supervision is exercised over the wines which leave the country, and which, it would seem, in more cases than one, leave it for that country's good. In 1881 some three thousand samples of these exported wines were analysed. One-tenth of these were pronounced to be good; three-tenths were passable; and the rest were bad, some of these last being positively injurious. We have neither space nor inclination to give a list of the various substances employed to imitate the juice of the grape; but as a specimen of what can be done by the dishonest trader, we may mention the constituents of a liquid which is largely exported as wine. It consists of water, vinegar, and logwood, with one-tenth part of common wine to give it a flavour. The time is fast approaching when analytical chemistry must form a part of everybody's education.

Another pest, but of a vegetable character, forms the subject of a bill recently introduced into the New South Wales Legislative Assembly. This bill is to empower the government to devote a sum towards eradicating the wild cactus or 'prickly-pear.' This plant has grown so rapidly over the country that it threatens to choke out of existence its more useful but weaker brethren. One proprietor is stated to have spent one thousand pounds in endeavouring to purge his land from the intruder; and it is estimated that the government if they delay long will have to devote at least one million sterling to the same purpose. Thirty years ago, fifty pounds would have been

almost sufficient to rid the country of this mischievous plant.

According to a pamphlet published by Mr Ellwood Cooper, the cultivation of the olive in California has in his hands proved a remarkable success. The trees begin to pay for their cultivation in three years, and continue to give larger and larger profits until they attain a great age. In Asia Minor, we are told there are olive-trees which, still in full bearing, are known to be twelve hundred years old. Mr Cooper's best trees are eight years old, and yield two thousand gallons of berries to the acre. The oil obtainable from this quantity represents a value of two hundred and fifty pounds.

A WATERING-PLACE ROMANCE.

MANY readers of *Chambers's Journal* have probably visited a well-known watering-place in the Highlands of Scotland. The watering-place referred to is, by reason of its surroundings, picturesque and romantic-looking; the rugged grandeur of the hills vying yet harmonising in beauty with the gently curving slopes and wooded stretches of the valley below. There are many charming walks; and nothing can be finer than a morning walk when, from the heights, we see the sunlight diffusing itself, dispersing the mist that hangs like a veil of gossamer over the scene, warming every object into new beauty, and making the rough and rugged boulders shine like jewelled thrones of gold.

In the summer of 1880, among the gay and well-dressed crowds who every day thronged the Pavilion, or sat on the seats ranged round the veranda of the spa, or 'Wells,' as it is commonly called, might be seen a tall, dark-haired, and comely woman of about forty years of age. At a glance one saw she was poor; for her wincey dress was coarse, and had been spun and dyed by her own hands. Her head was bare, and her checked neckerchief and apron were rough but clean. She was a humble peasant, who had travelled on foot from Sutherland to 'the Wells,' receiving what kindly lodging or fare she might get on the way with heartfelt gratitude. She was constantly occupied in knitting, and never for a moment did her busy fingers appear to be idle. Her open countenance and pleasant manner, coupled with her industry and apparent need, attracted the attention of several ladies, who became so interested in her that she soon got numerous orders for stockings, and became quite a protégée of her more favoured sisters.

But other eyes than those of the ladies were attracted by the blithe knitter; and here the romantic part of our story begins. A man from Skye, also a patient at 'the Wells,' and also in lowly circumstances, began to make various attempts to enter into conversation with Mary Kennedy. He, poor fellow, had come to the spa a rheumatic patient, and had been almost decrepit, but had improved considerably. He was middle-aged and unmarried; therefore, 'a lad,' as a single man is dubbed in the Highlands.

Whether he and Mary began by comparing notes regarding their convalescence or country, is not known; but, at all events, the Skye-man ultimately drifted into that interesting subject which finds expression and forms a happy theme all the world over. By degrees John Macrae the Skye-man and Mary Kennedy were seldom seen apart, until at length Mary, with more faltering and blushes than one would have expected from her forty years, told the ladies 'that John Macrae the tailor from Skye had said he wouldn't go back one step to Skye without her.'

The ladies, after their first surprise, became enthusiastic about the matter, and there and then determined that a marriage, and a marriage outfit, must ensue. With a foresight which reflected credit, they enlisted the sympathies of the gentlemen, who in turn became enthusiastic also; and now the result follows.

The minister was interviewed, and he became enthusiastic too, and doubly so after having written to the respective ministers of the bride and bridegroom-elect, and receiving therefrom satisfactory accounts.

The ladies and gentlemen would fain have seen the ceremony performed *ad fresco* in the pleasure-grounds of the spa; but the worthy divine declined to permit such a proceeding, indicating that the holy ordinance must not be looked upon lightly. It was therefore arranged to take place in presence of a few privileged persons in the meeting-house where religious services were held.

On the bridal day, behold the bride drive slowly down from her lodgings on the heights! She sat on clean white straw, in a cart drawn by a white horse, whose head was decked with a knot of wild-flowers. She was dressed in a well-made cloth dress, shawl, and white straw bonnet; while her face was concealed by a long white veil.

After the interesting ceremony had been performed the 'happy pair' ascended a dog-cart which was in waiting, and drove slowly into the inclosed space in front of the spa or pump-room. The hundreds of delighted and amused spectators cheered to the echo; and when that manifestation of pleasure had ceased, a deputation of ladies came forward and presented the bride with several good and useful presents, to help the plenshing of the new home. A deputation of gentlemen also presented the bridegroom with a suit of clothes, a hat, and some other things.

The worthy couple seemed overwhelmed with the kindness which had been shown to them; and after expressing their utmost thanks, drove away, amid deafening cheers, this time in the direction of the bridegroom's lodgings.

But the affair did not end here. At night, a dance was held in the ballroom of the spa, the admission ticket being one shilling. To that gay scene our bride and bridegroom drove in state again. It was a grand success. The demand for tickets was enormous; and, truth to tell, had our heroine been a vain woman, her head might fairly have been turned, so beset was she by suitors for her hand in every dance. The bridegroom was similarly in demand, and received great attentions from the ladies; and the total amount collected at the door and by

tickets was handed over to him; a sufficient sum to take both himself and his worthy mate home to 'the Isle of Mist,' and also help to make their humble abode more comfortable than in other circumstances it could have been.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

BOARD OF TRADE SUGGESTIONS REGARDING SEA-DIET.

ON a subject of so much importance to the health and well-being of our sailors as diet at sea, the following instructions to superintendents, issued by the Marine Department of the Board of Trade, are deserving of careful observance: 'Dietary Scales.—The attention of the Board of Trade having been drawn to the increase of scurvy on board British ships since 1873, a Report on the whole subject—"Sea-scurvy, Food-scales, Antiscorbutics"—has been recently prepared and forwarded to the local Marine Boards for their observations. The conclusions arrived at in this Report were as follows: (1) That scurvy has been on the increase in British ships since 1873. (2) That lime-juice, of itself, will not prevent scurvy, and that too much reliance is placed on it, to the neglect of varied food-scales. (3) That lime-juice, in connection with fresh or preserved meat and vegetables, may prevent scurvy. (4) That the dietary scale of ships should therefore include a fair proportion of fresh and preserved meats, as distinguished from salted meats. (5) That more fresh vegetables should be carried, notably raw potatoes. No satisfactory reason is given why fresh potatoes cannot be carried on board British ships. The allegation that they will not keep good on board ship is clearly disproved by the fact that they do keep on board United States' ships, and will keep for a fair time anywhere else. (6) That it is not at present desirable to insert a statutory scale of diet in the articles of agreement with crews serving on long voyages, though it may possibly be necessary hereafter, unless the shipowners themselves move in the matter. The replies received from the local Marine Boards have confirmed these views, especially as regards the articles of diet referred to therein, and superintendents are therefore requested to take every opportunity of urging upon owners of vessels sailing on long voyages the necessity of supplying their crews with fresh potatoes, molasses, &c., and a larger supply of fresh or preserved meats, in lieu of salt beef or pork.'

STRANGE FRIENDS.

ON account of his unsocialable disposition, the greyhound is so troublesome as to be excluded from many kennels. A gamekeeper in the North having one of these animals given into his charge, was for a while tormented by its noise and misconduct, and at last became obliged to turn him out to wander wherever he pleased. Now, there happened to be a pig on the same premises which also enjoyed freedom. To the astonishment of everybody, these two formed a fast friendship, so close that they fed together, slept together, and kept constantly in company, without the one ever showing the slightest hostility towards the other. The dog that had formerly kept up a perpetual quarrel among

his own race, now seemed anxious to accommodate himself to the ways of his new friend; while the pig in his turn seemed equally willing to stand high in the favour of the hound. After this state of things had gone on for some time, they came to understand something of the natural gifts of one another. Lying on the confines of a moor where hares and rabbits abounded, they soon began to do a little quiet hunting on their own account. The hound being guided by sight more than by scent, found most difficulty in starting his prey; and here the pig, which appears to be endowed with an excellent scent, came to his assistance. Knowing what was required of him, piggy would trace the hare or rabbit to its lair, and then wait for his companion to do the rest. Thus guided, the hound would sometimes take the prey with one bound; or if he failed in that, he gave pursuit; and when the hare or rabbit was captured, returned with it to the pig, which immediately tore it to pieces, to be amicably devoured between them. The keeper, obliged to put a stop to this peaching, confined the pig; but the hound showed his constancy by following his friend to the sty, where he lived with him afterwards on the best of terms. Although the hound could leap over the sty-rails with the greatest ease, he never attempted to supply the *ménage* with more hares or rabbits.

INCOMPLETE.

Is't well when Spring's delicious, sweet dissembling

'Mid joy on joy fills Nature with delight,
That every thought which on our lips is trembling
Should be unspoken, though we read aright
The promises of May, and love's shy scolding?

Is't well in crimson of the roses' glory,
Avid the breathings of the flowery June,
That all our summer should be one sad story,
And all our music should be out of tune,
As though we sang of Spring when woods were hoary?

Is't well when meadow-lands are lined with heather,
Or yellow with the wealth of Autumn gold,
That we should wander not again together,
To reap the harvest of a hope once told
When life had blue skies and fairer weather?

Is't well when cheer knit by fireside pleasures,
And joys of home as Winter comes again,
That we should miss, in counting o'er our treasures,
One tender link—the brightest in the chain?
Enough! it is the Hand of God that measures.

HARRIET KENDALL.

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ATHLETES.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

WITHIN the past few years, public interest has been manifested from time to time in fitful outbursts concerning the welfare of those who follow the calling of acrobats or gymnasts; and a storm of natural indignation was evoked not long ago by some shocking disclosures of barbarous ill-treatment revealed by four or five English boys, who were rescued from the custody of a brutal old Arab trainer of contortionists in Constantinople, to whose tender mercies they had been confided under the guise of apprenticeship—to put it plainly, sold—by their parents. That such agitation is wholesome and desirable from every point of view, no one could wish to deny. Nevertheless, much popular misconception seems to exist with regard to this subject, more especially as to the condition of the children, the wretched little 'white slaves' of sensational newspaper articles, who are brought up to the acrobatic business; the existence of this misconception being borne out by the tenor of certain proposed legislative enactments which, if carried, will affect the members of this profession to no inconsiderable extent. Some details of the education and routine of this curious class both before and behind the scenes, gleaned by diligent inquiry amongst the representatives of its different departments, may therefore not be out of place just now.

Since it was only reasonable to suppose that, in their replies, the performers themselves might be tempted to present a one-sided aspect of the case, others—such as their agents and employers—who, while intimately connected with them in all matters of *technique*, possess somewhat antagonistic interests, were questioned as to the accuracy of the statements made, in order to obtain a corrective bias; and the results herein epitomised may be accepted as the average of both sources of information, though in reality there were but few discrepancies. He who has taken

the liberty of constituting himself a special commissioner on behalf of the readers of this *Journal* is a medical man, and can report from personal examination on the physical state of nearly two score juveniles, engaged in acrobatic performance on the stage at this time, or in course of training preparatory to exhibition.

It is a fact not generally known that the 'profession' is divided into two distinct branches, each comprising many 'lines' and specialities—*gymnasts*, those who display feats in mid-air, as trapeze-flying, ceiling-walking, and exercises on lofty bars or rings; and *acrobats*, who practise tumbling upon or in closer proximity to mother-earth. Having mentioned this, to avoid ambiguity in after-descriptions, let us now proceed to trace the athlete's career from its very beginning. An acrobat or gymnast wants a pupil, either to assist in his own tricks, or to educate and farm with an eye to profit in the future. Whatever the object may be, and whatever the line of business into which the young idea is destined to shoot, the trainer looks about him for a boy of seven years old. Seven or eight appears to be the age which all unanimously agree upon as the most suitable for commencement; older children are not considered unfit for the purpose—indeed, some who are now before the public have begun to learn at double that age—but younger are as a rule refused, 'because their muscles are not properly fixed yet.' If cases of training under seven years exist, they are undoubtedly very rare. Nor is there any scientific discrimination required in the selection of a fitting subject. The trainer does not seek for special points of natural aptitude in making his choice of an embryo athlete. Any youth of the appropriate age, provided he be free from bodily ailment or deformity, is regarded as capable of being developed into a Leotard, Blondin, or Grimaldi. If two boys, equal in other respects, were to present themselves as candidates, the smaller or better-looking of the twain might receive preference; but I could hear of no healthy boy ever proving absolutely unfit for the work.

But where is the pupil to be obtained? The trainer may, of course, have sons of his own, or the children of other entertainers may be submitted to him; and it occasionally happens that the workpeople about a theatre or music-hall bring their boys to be taught; but in the great majority of cases he has to pick up some poor little shoeless ragamuffin in the streets. Some vague formality of apprenticeship—not legally worth the paper on which it is written—is generally gone through with the relatives, whereby the master undertakes to feed and clothe the boy for seven years in return for the exclusive control of his services during that period; and the neophyte enters upon his course of study forthwith. The trainer's first and chief endeavour is to work up the muscular strength to as great a pitch as possible. With this end in view, the boy is fed well on an abundant and nourishing diet; and it may here be mentioned that acrobats disclaim any restriction to or rejection of special articles of food, either for themselves or their pupils, according to the practice that one usually associates with the idea of athletic training. They do not, as might be expected, perform entirely fasting, nor immediately after a heavy meal; but they live much as other people do, being, perforce of circumstances, exceedingly temperate in their use of alcohol and tobacco. The boy is made to take long walks, cold baths, to use the dumb-bells, and to go through invigorating but not excessive exercises on an ordinary gymnasium of ladders, ropes, and bars, such as any schoolboy might disport himself upon. An extraordinary belief prevails that it is customary to rub oil into the joints and to sleep in greased blankets, in order to insure pliancy of the limbs—a most groundless fallacy, since oil, though it may soften the skin, can never reach the tissues beneath.

This kind of treatment is pursued for two or three months without any attempt at 'tying the body into knots' or effecting difficult feats; but the practice of certain attitudes dependent upon flexibility of the articulations is encouraged out of school-hours, so to speak, by the promise of small rewards—not as part of the regular course. A famous 'Risley' performer, who is noted as a skillful educator of boys for the business, has a regular tariff of these rewards, and always leaves the means by which they are gained to the pupils themselves—so much for a certain flexure of the back, so much for the first hand-spring, &c. 'Sixpence for the splits,' he told me—'doing the splits' is the suggestive technicality for separating the legs until they extend at right angles to the body, which is thus lowered to the ground—'sixpence for the splits; and I never knew any boy yet who didn't get the money in three weeks from the day he began to try!' The little fellows like the fun of the thing; and the spirit of rivalry, where several train together, is very conducive to their rapid acquirement of tricks. They measure their progress inch by inch day by day, and every one is eager to proclaim his own as the 'biggest on record,' when comparisons are made. It is frequently found, therefore, at the end of three months that they are already fit to be taken before an audience, though their practice of regular feats has really not yet commenced. For instance, if a boy could do nothing but the splits,

that in itself would be something; but by lying flat and clapping the extended feet with his hands, he becomes a 'paucauke,' and without any further effort on his own part might be tossed and twirled about by a man in half-a-dozen different tricks. The first thing the master teaches him is *how to fall*—how to save himself from injury if he 'misses his tip'; and as the dexterity displayed in the evolutions is merely an exaggeration of normal suppleness and agility, and does not depend on morbid dislocations, so this marvellous skill in falling without injury is only a high development of that instinct of self-preservation which makes us all put out our hands when we trip headlong, or throw them up mechanically to ward off a threatened blow. You may stand upon a chair and take a little acrobat up in your arms, and pitch him down on the floor in any position you please, without wincing, and he will always, with no apparent effort, contrive that the brunt of the collision shall be borne by his hands or feet.

It is alleged that great cruelty and harshness are systematically exercised towards the children by their trainers, and that the case of the Arab Ben Muhammed is no exceptional one. To get definite evidence on a point like this is obviously a difficult matter. No doubt there are bad as well as good masters, and it must be remembered, bad as well as good pupils. No doubt the boys are often virtually sold for money by their natural guardians, and they may sometimes be punished over their tasks, with or without cause. But, looking at the source from which they are usually derived, and the absence of any influence of moral obligation which the bringing-up of a street-urchin argues, it seems certain that if they were not well treated and did not like the business, they would simply run away again.

As to what may be called severity of professional discipline—bodily pain inflicted in the course of training—I cannot believe that such can obtain as a rule. All those gymnasts and acrobats whose opinion concerning Ben Muhammed was asked, merely said that he could not have understood his business, to attempt to force the unprepared bodies of his apprentices into attitudes attained by finished artists; and, speaking from a surgical point of view, I must say that I am disposed to fully agree with them. If you overstrain a tendon or sprain a joint, what is the consequence? Swelling, inflammation, loss of power, and acute tenderness. Suppose, instead of giving the part the perfect and prolonged rest which it will probably require for its complete recovery, you renew the action which caused the injury, most likely you will set up mischief which will impair the utility of the member for life, and possibly endanger life itself; for joints are bits of vital apparatus not to be trifled with. Under the most favourable circumstances, the strength and flexibility of the part will certainly not be increased, even after all pain and symptoms of injury have passed away. What, then, can be the *rationale* of endeavouring to establish such a condition by those means? Two or three years ago, a celebrated ballet-dancer ruptured a tiny muscular fibre in the region of the ankle while practising some complicated step or pirouette; inflammation ensued; she was obliged to forgo her engagement; and certificates from the surgeons in

attendance on her were posted in the theatre, for the satisfaction of the public. The ankle-joint became permanently stiffened, and she will never be able to dance again. No child or adult whom I examined showed any trace whatever of injury, nor could I discover any diseases incidental to their mode of life. If an accident ever occurred to a child in the process of training, I was not likely to be informed of it; but I am bound to believe that serious accidents are extremely rare, from the precautions taken and the judicious graduation of instruction.

An acrobat is one who mixes the unsularity of a powerful man with the suppleness of a baby. When we see how lightly they jump over each other's shoulders, we are apt to forget that the same amount of force is required to propel their bodies to that height as would be necessary to enable anybody else of similar weight to take such a leap, and that in the seeming ease and lightness lies the whole art of the thing. No greater error can be imagined than that of the notion which assumes a professional tumbler to be a nerveless, boneless individual, bendable in any direction by reason of his very flabbiness. Without exceptional strength, the acrobat or gymnast is nothing. I can say without hesitation that all those who have come under my observation are men or boys physically fitted, according to their age, for any occupation under the sun. The flexibility is literally retained rather than acquired. Look how a child rolls and falls about with its limbs bent under it in all sorts of positions, any approach to which would fracture and dislocate our grown-up bones. Its ligaments are more elastic, and the capsules of its joints more extensible, than ours; and it is this and analogous conditions which the acrobat maintains by constant usage. He, like the poet, is born, not made; but there is this great difference—that while the advent of a poet is the most infrequent of mundane affairs, we are all born aerobats. If you, grave and courteous reader, and I had only taken the trouble to preserve the plasticity with which we were endowed years ago, we might now 'come out' in a great Aërial Act as the Spangled Sprites of Spitzbergen. In fact, as my 'Risley' friend pointed out to me, we none of us know, even at this date, what we can do in that way until we try, or are forced to do without trying; and many a man has found himself much nearer 'doing the splits' on the ice or skating-rink than he would have believed possible.

To return to our youthful athlete, whom we left still in his apprenticeship to the art. By the time he reaches the age of twelve or thirteen, the trainer often deems it advisable to give him a salary, though his term of years as an apprentice may not have expired. Naturally, the master contrives, if possible, to teach him only such business as can be performed with his sole co-operation; but a well-practised boy of twelve or fourteen, especially if he be small and strong, would be very useful to a performer or troupe in any branch of the profession, so that his mentor finds it policy to make sure of his services by the payment of wages in addition to his maintenance—perhaps a pound a week, or even more in some cases. When the time is up, a regular legal compact of engagement may be entered into—

either for the duration of a tour, or for a certain number of years, or a contract of partnership; or the fledgling may start on his own account, and Professor So-and-so falls back on his reserve stock of 'sons' who, to the public, never grow any older. Although most likely accustomed to exhibit in one line of performance only, the boy will by this time have learned many other feats for himself, through being constantly brought into contact with other specialists and having opportunities of using their apparatus on his travels; in after-life, therefore, he may adopt an entirely different branch from that in which he was educated, according to the demands of the market. Once thoroughly grounded in the alphabet of his business—the forward-long-swings, backward-long-swings, and loughs-off of the gymnast, and the lion's-leap, flip-flap, spread-eagle, somersaults, fore-, back-, and hand-springs of the acrobat—he is like one well established in the three Rs, and may take up anything with a prospect of success.

Very few quit this mode of life until compelled to do so by age; and it is impossible to lay down any limit for this. Until quite recently, three famous pantomimists, representing three generations—grandfather, father, and son—were in the habit of appearing together at a London theatre, and were noted for the marvellous agility of their 'Phantom' effects, manoeuvres involving the very name of both the acrobatic and gymnastic arts. My 'Risley' informant, also, was a man of sixty-two, and although he declared that he had 'had nearly enough of it,' he had just signed acceptance of an engagement for himself and his two pupils for the winter season at St Petersburg, and was in treaty with a circus-proprietor about a trip to India and Australia afterwards.

This Risley performance is so called, I was given to understand, after one Richard of that ilk, 'old Dick Risley,' who first introduced it. It seems to be very popular just now, being of what is termed a drawing-room character, and—since it involves no elaborate mechanism—is suitable for private fêtes or entertainments. The absence of danger, as well as the dexterity and confidence of the children who take part in it, make it a more pleasing exhibition than many displays of fancy athletics. The adult performer lies on his back, and elevating his legs in the air, tosses about his boys—generally two in number—on the soles of his feet. To him, obviously, an experienced boy of light weight and good muscle is of the greatest use; but he has the advantage of being able to do a great deal with a perfect novice, as soon as the child loses its fear, and can trust him sufficiently to lie like a log while it is spun and twisted about, and made to turn somersaults and go through all manner of antics apparently by its own activity. The precision at which these people arrive is something wonderful.

There is a trio of 'brothers' who have been before the public in all parts of the world for some years, the eldest being a permanence, so to speak, and the two little ones, of course, variable; these are extremely clever exponents of the Risley speciality, and have introduced some startling novelties into it. Their 'Column of Tubs' illustrates, perhaps better than any other feat which can be quoted, the exactitude with which their

movements are timed and the amount of practice necessary to attain such a degree. One of the boys stands upon the upturned feet of the man. A tub, or circular box, is then interposed, upon which he climbs; a second tub is then inserted beneath this, and a third beneath that; and so on, until the man balances a pile of twenty upon his feet, and the youngest on the topmost one almost touches the upper border of the proscenium. When the column is complete, and the boy has stood upon his head or hands, and turned himself inside out a few times in that elevated situation, at a given signal he springs into the air; the man kicks away the pile of tubs, sending them over the stage with a deafening crash and clatter; and the boy, turning over and over in his descent, alights standing on the feet which are ready to receive him, sole to sole! They use resin to prevent the feet from slipping, as trapezists—who are usually marked with four large galls in each palm, characteristically arranged in the form of a square—do for their hands.

The latter performers also display marvellous precision in arranging their evolutions to chime in with one another. One will swing from his perch, fly up and seize a bar, turn round and round upon it a given number of times, holding by the legs alone; perform the 'houghs off and catch' just in time to grasp another trapeze which has been released by his fellow-gymnast, who has been going through a similar series of movements on the opposite side; and finally arrive, by means of the impetus thus obtained, at a certain point in the arc of his swing at the same moment that the other, dropping from above, reaches it to be caught, hand to hand. At no stage of this complex operation can either of the performers hurry or retard his progress; their meeting in mid-air is managed entirely by the preconcerted instant at which each shall start on his train of manoeuvres. Each practises these thoroughly, with the amount of rapidity, neither more nor less, to which he intends to adhere, so that he will hardly vary a second in the duration of time which they occupy in a thousand repetitions of them. This individual accuracy being attained, the co-ordination becomes simple enough.

After all, it is not more wonderful than many actions which we perform in daily life without any conscious practice at all, such as stepping or jumping across a narrow space with the exact impetus requisite to land us on the opposite side, and no more. What a calculation that would be to work out on paper—the weight to be lifted or propelled, the distance, the mechanical powers employed, and the modifications of their mode of action! So we toss a ball up to within a few inches of the ceiling, purposely avoiding it, and place our hand to receive it without hesitation, almost unconsciously, in a spot which is traversed by the line of its descent to the ground. It may be remembered, too, that the trapezist has more latitude than at first sight appears to be the case. He does not keep his arms stiff and extended, and trust to the bar coming within the scope of his fingers to an inch. If he be closely watched during his passage through the air, his hands will be seen to be placed, palms forward, just in front of the shoulders, the elbows being flexed and pressed against the sides. He can thus raise or

lower the arms, extend them or retain them in the bent position, according to the relation which he perceives he will occupy towards the bar on reaching that point in his flight which will bring him nearest to it; and can therefore make sure of grasping the bar whether that point brings it against his waist or carries him a foot below it.

ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOT.

BY JOHN R. HARWOOD.

CHAPTER IX.—TWO LETTERS.

BREAKFAST at Sir Pagan's dilapidated town-house in Bruton Street was not a very cheerful meal. The baronet was not a domestic man. His custom was to eat his devilled kidney or his morsel of broiled chicken hastily, if with a good appetite, such as few London men retain; then to scrawl a reply to such letters as imperatively needed one; and then to start for the laquess of the day—the stables to visit, the horses to cheapen, the beds, the caris, the game at pool. Verily, some of us of bluest blood, and who know the inside of a counting-house only by hearsay, are men of business yet, and keenly eager to make both ends meet somehow. And of such was Sir Pagan Carew. His sister, who sat opposite to him, presented a marked contrast to him, pale, beautiful, and slender as she was, in her mourning garb. She looked ill at ease, and was very silent, and so indeed was he, and sullen withal. Only two letters lay on the table, letters in coronated envelopes, and both addressed to Sir Pagan, who seemed in no hurry to open them, but eyed them askance, as he bent his swarthy face over his plate, as though each of them had contained a verily, a Law division of the Supreme Court, and that such an one as he, a baronet, should be so treated, was a most unpalatable prospect.

'Will you not read those letters and aerobats which the girl at last, as I have said, had with a half-timid sigh, and a look which was in her pale cheek, "I think, my dear, it is something about me!" she added, a smile as her great blue eyes turned towards the face.

'Oh, bother it, my dear—won't they keep!' was the baronet's bluff rejoinder, as he fidgeted uneasily in his chair. He was one of those men who have a genuine dislike to pen and ink, and who ought to have been born when a layman's hand was more familiar with the sword-hilt than with goose-quill or pen-holder, and clerically lore the prerogative of the cloister. In very truth, though Sir Pagan's correspondence was a tolerably extensive one, the conducting of it cost him far more pain than pleasure. There were some epistles that for weeks and months he never dared to open at all, so hateful is the persistence of a dunning tradesman. There were telegrams that he tore open in feverish haste, only to learn that his reliable intelligence was worthless, his racing 'touts' a failure, and he himself a poorer man, because one thorough-bred horse had cantered in an easy winner, and another been left ignominiously in the rear of the flying squadron at Newmarket or elsewhere.

'No—Pagan; it is for me—for my sake,' faltered the sweet low voice. 'I see my sister's handwriting on one of the letters, and I cannot rest until— Ah, how I wish, I wish!'

'Wish, what?' bluntly demanded Sir Pagan, setting down his knife and fork.

Pale, sad, and lovely, but with a set and determined expression about the well-shaped mouth that almost contradicted the timid look from those blue eyes, his sister confronted him. 'There is nothing strange, Pagan dear,' she said, 'in my wishing that all should be again as in the dear old days, and that this horror had never arisen to divide us. It was all owing to that artful Frenchwoman—all. Her craft and daring effrontery alone— But you scarcely catch my meaning, Pagan, and besides, it is too late now—too late! Open your letters, though, I beg. If I flinch not, why should you shrink, brother, from what they may contain? Yes, read, read! and tell me quickly what they say of me!'

Thus adjured, Sir Pagan, with an impatient exclamation, half suppressed, tore open the letter nearest him—a letter in a clear, delicate feminine handwriting. He skimmed hurriedly its contents, drumming on the table with one muscular forefinger as he did so. Then, making a wry face, as a wilful child might do when called upon to swallow some exceptionally nauseous medicament, he opened the second and briefer of the two documents, the penmanship of which, stiff, cramped, and slightly tremulous, was unmistakably that of an elderly lady. He read a few lines, and a scowl darkened his brow, and a flush of angry red coloured the pale brown of his swarthy cheek.

'Confound the old cat! Why should she try her claws on me!' he muttered ruefully. 'I, for one, hate being lectured, even by, Very truly mine, or sincerely, is it? My Lady Barbara Montgomery, at Castel Vavr. Ah! I don't envy your sister her grand house, if she has got to take that starved old piece of austerity as one of the fixtures of it. I've seen her twice—three times, perhaps, and she assumes the privilege of her age and station to rate me like a groom "carpeted," as the servants call it, for misconduct. Seems to think it's my fault that there's a row in the family.—Take the letters, my girl; they are more in your line than mine, and see what you can make of them.' And as the baronet spoke, he pushed over the two letters towards his sister and rose abruptly from his chair. On the battered old sideboard stood an open case, whence peeped forth sundry silver-stoppered bottles. A sip—or a draught—of choice cherry-brandy, or of some kindred liqueur, has been from time immemorial regarded as an indispensable adjunct of a hunting breakfast. Sir Pagan, a keen sportsman in his boyhood, never went hunting now, but he had preserved the practice of his forefathers without their reason for it, and on this occasion he tossed off a couple of glasses of the potent spirit deftly enough. Its immediate effect was to soften his heart, hardening, but not hard as yet, and to render him more sensitive for another's grief. After all, she was his sister. She was weeping now, and had utterly broken down, from the forced composure of her former attitude; and her sobs touched him

even more than they teased him, for he was English to the backbone, and scenes and sentiment were painful to his undramatic nature.

'There, there, little one, don't fret,' he said, from the depths of his pure, stupid good-nature. 'Take my advice, and let bygones be bygones. Make it square with her—a word would do it—and, rely on it, she'll get you as well married as she was, before a year's out; and meanwhile, think what it is to have the run of two such places as Leominster House and Castel Vavr, with such an income to pull upon! See how kindly your sister writes, after all the kick-up! She asks you—begs you—to come to her, not in Wales, but at her big London house, next week, and!'

Sir Pagan was interrupted here. The girl to whom he spoke had been listening, as with a dulled anger, thrusting back the golden hair from her temples, and looking at him with eyes that dilated slowly. Then she sprang to her feet, and the blue eyes flashed, as the baronet had never seen the eyes of either sister flash, throughout all the years that he had known them. But it is wonderful how long ungenerous natures, brought into contact by the bonds of kindred, can dwell side by side without much insight into one another. This was as it were a revelation of character such as sometimes comes to enlighten us respecting those of whose mental or moral calibre we had formed our own humdrum and perhaps depreciatory estimate.

'Never!' she gasped out. 'I enter her house—I cross her threshold—no, no, Pagan! You think that I am weak and silly, and frightened and young, and shall be bribed or scared into giving this up? Never! I tell you, brother—never! It is a part of myself—it is myself! I shall die, or I shall win!'

Sir Pagan frowned, and used perhaps unnecessary violence in closing his brass-mounted liqueur-case, which he locked with care; for the dependents of a country gentleman may emulate their master in a taste for strong and costly stimulants, and the Bruton Street baronet was not rich enough to leave temptation in the way of his underlings. Then he turned towards his guest, and with rough kindness, said: 'Fight it out, my dear, as you two like and choose. I'm sorry—very,' he added hurriedly, as he caught sight of the tear-stained young face, so beautiful, so desolate; 'but you've a home with me, remember, as long as there's a crust.—I'm going out now, and I don't suppose you'll see much of me till dinner-time. I'm not engaged, and shall be back by then. And, and—if you want anything—of course there's old Tucker.'

So he made his escape, and his sister was left alone. There before her lay the letters, and she read them carefully. One of them began thus:

MY DEAR BROTHER—You will know how desolate and sad I feel, and how much my grief for the loss of my kind husband was stirred by my return to the home that once was his. I did not think any other sorrow could have touched me then; but a pain almost as bitter has come to sting my heart. As well as a dear husband, I have lost a darling sister. But only for a time, as I hope and trust and believe, only for a time. I know, of course, that Cora, poor, dear, misguided

Cora, has taken refuge with you; and I write to beg you to persuade my willful, dearly loved sister to give up the wild scheme which she has rashly adopted, at the instigation, as I firmly believe, of an intriguing Frenchwoman. I hope, dear brother, you will use your influence with her, and tell her to come back to me. We shall be in London next week, at Leominster House. Say that I pray her to come back, and live with me as before, and be, as she has always been, my loving sister as of old. Tell her she need fear no reproaches from me, that this shall pass away like the memory of an evil dream, and she and I be, as we always were, together. I leave this in your hands, dear brother.—Your loving sister,
CLARE LEOMINSTER.

The other letter was to this effect:

DEAR SIR PAGAN—A strong sense of duty alone induces me to pen these few lines to you. The outrage to the memory of my dear nephew, the late Marquis, and I may say to the family of which he was the chief, is one which I should have preferred to have consigned to oblivion, if possible. But the lenity and, in my opinion, mistaken indulgence with which my niece the Marchioness persists in regarding her erring sister, renders it incumbent on me also to urge upon you the propriety of convincing this most unhappy young lady of the error of her ways. I am sure that you must yourself feel that this is necessary for the avoidance of any scandal which might, even indirectly, reflect upon the honour of my family, with which your sister has by marriage become connected. Trusting that you will see the necessity of this, and that your authority may be used to cause the return of your sister to her duty, I remain, dear Sir Pagan, very truly yours,
BARBARA MONTGOMERY.

She who read these lines remained long, as in a state of intellectual torpor, with her eyes resting on the letters that lay before her on the table, although her thoughts were far away. She was disturbed from this reverie at length by the entrance of the servant who came to remove the breakfast things; and then, snatching up the two letters and refolding them, she went up-stairs to the apartments that had been allotted to her. As soon as the door of her own room was shut behind her, she exclaimed, with clenched hand and glittering eyes: 'They do not know me! No; I will go through with it to the last!'

REVERSED WAYS.

THAT different manners and customs prevail in different parts of the world is, of course, known to us all. In some parts of the world, the lips are brought together in token of love and affection; in others, the tips of the noses. In some places, to uncover the head is the mark of respect; in others, to keep it covered. In some places, black clothes are worn as a sign of mourning; in others, white. In some places, the dead are buried horizontally; in others, they are, or have been buried upright. In fact, if we take any of the great events of life, such as death or marriage, we find the ceremonies connected with them differing most curiously in different lands. Buckle

laid down the thesis that the whole course of life was almost wholly and absolutely determined by local food and climate.

Great is the power of local custom; but very great also is the power of what we may call the dominant fashion of dress and manners among the higher classes in a nation, and among the leading nations in the world. Thus we find Oriental peoples eagerly adopting Western habits. The European dress is being adopted by degrees in Japan. We find the same in India. The young Bengalee looks on patent-leather boots, a tall hat, and frock-coat, as marks of progress and enlightenment. He likes to dress 'like an Englishman.'

To what extent the two powers, local food and climate, will act and react on each other, it is difficult to say. It is better for the Bengalee gentleman to wear stockings and well-made boots, than to go barefoot, or wear the hard, ill-made shoes of his forefathers. It is better for him to eat with knife and fork than with his fingers. But is it better for him to follow the English fashion in eating much meat and drinking much wine? Has it been for good or evil that the Saxon races who have peopled North America have carried with them the wine-drinking habits that belong to the colder and damper climates whence they came? Would the native of India be the better for eating the cheese and drinking the beer of the English labourer? Would it be good for the English labourer to live on rice and fruit? Are imported manners and customs, modes of thought and action, better than ones locally grown? That at the first importation there may be harm as well as good, is a point too much overlooked. But this is a theme worthy and capable of wide treatment, such as cannot be given to it in our small space.

These reflections have been suggested by recalling to mind the curious differences between the habits and dress of the people in India and those of our own. It is when you get to the East that you find not merely differences in these matters, but an utter change and complete reversal. There you find that the primitive, the old-world manners and customs still prevail.

It would not be possible to give all the differences to be met with in a big city like Bombay with its heterogeneous population; we will therefore undertake the smaller task of carrying the reader up with us to our bungalow in a small station in Northern India, betwixt Ganges and Jumna, and noting down the differences that strike us, not by elaborate search, but by simply looking around us as we sit in the open veranda. There is the Monshee or Persian writer doing his work at one end of the veranda. He writes squatted on the floor, with the paper held in his left hand, and resting on his right knee. Here is the first of the direct reversals of our way of doing things; for it will be noticed that the characters run from right to left. Look at

the tailor, your own private tailor, who is sitting at the other end of the veranda sewing. You see that he uses his toes as well as his fingers; his feet are bare of course; holding out the cloth with his toes, while his fingers are engaged in the work of sewing.

Look at the people at work about that house that is just being built. They work in a manner quite different from that of our workmen. They do not dig with a spade like ours. They could not press the spade into the ground as does an English workman, for their feet are bare. Nor could they throw up the clod from the end of the spade, for their arms are not strong enough. They use a spade shaped something like a hoe, with the blade set at an angle to the handle, which is very short, and they dig with a stroke from above the head, the body well bent down; and bring up the clod, or mass of earth on the blade, by straightening the body again. You see that women are chiefly employed in carrying up the bricks and mortar, and they carry everything on the head. You see that cattle are used for all purposes of draught, to pull the carts and draw the plough. This you may see in parts of Europe too. But this difference of the animal used has a most important bearing on agriculture in India. English officials have been frustrated in their efforts to improve the wretched Indian plough by the seemingly absurd and odious reason that the cattle can only be driven by twisting their tails! Hence the tails must not be out of reach of the driver's hand.

That light open cart, with its one square seat, on which the banker, who has just been calling on me, sits cross-legged, wrapped up in his shawls, is going rapidly down the road; and you see that the driver sits on a small square board fixed on to the pole, with his legs dangling down on each side, close behind the bullocks, and pressing his feet against them from behind.

When the banker called, you observed that he did not uncover his head, but put off his shoes before coming into the room. This is another of the reversals of things. To remove the covering of the feet and not of the head is the mark of respect in the East. It is easy enough to see how the putting off the shoes on entering a house came to be a social observance very early in the East. The Orientals sit and recline on carpets placed on the floor or on a dais. This takes the place of our couches and chairs. To a Mohammedan gentleman, the dais, covered with its carpet and with its pillows and bolsters, represents house and home. Here he passes the greater part of his time; here he does his work, and here he receives his friends. This dais is his drawing-room, dining-room, bedroom. To come on to the carpet with shoes on after walking in the miry and dusty ways of the East, would soon soil and dirty it. This is the main reason for the observance. But another doubtless is, that it would be very uncomfortable to squat down with your feet under you with hard shoes on; besides, it would soil your garments. It may be conjectured that one reason for not removing the head-covering is, that most Eastern nations shave the

top of the head only, letting the lower hair hang down long. Thus the hair is kept or worn in a manner suitable only to the head being covered. To appear without the covering is like a bald man appearing without his wig. Even in his own home, when a native removes his turban, he puts on a small light skull-cap. It would be a great mark of disrespect for one of your native servants to come before you without his turban and with only his skull-cap on, and without his *cinchurband* round his waist; it would be like a footman coming in without his coat. This difference of custom is no mere trifling matter, but has been a grave political question in India.

The 'shoe question' is one that has led to trouble between what are called the more enlightened natives and the English for many years past. The former claimed that when they wore shoes after the English fashion, they should not be called upon to take them off on occasions of ceremonial visits or on public occasions. On the other hand, masters (English) in colleges would not let students enter their rooms, judges (English) would not let native gentlemen enter their court-houses, without their first taking their shoes off. This was not from any personal arrogance, but from regard to their official dignity. To enter a place with shoes on is a strong mark of disrespect in the East, and they did not wish to submit to this. They claimed that one mark of respect or the other should be adhered to—that the men should either take off their shoes or uncover the head. Lord Lawrence, when viceroy, had to issue a state injunction on the subject!

It is strange to see the old Eastern custom still surviving among the Jews. The English Jew, who in all other places has accepted the English views and practice in the matter, keeps his modern tall hat on in the synagogue.

Looking round at the domestic arrangements in the bungalow, you see how many things are the reverse of what they are 'at home.' There is a 'washerman' instead of a washerwoman. The cook is invariably a man. The great object in a house in England is to prevent draughts; Anglo-Indians strive to promote draughts. You see we have doors and windows in every wall of every room; in most rooms four, and in some six doorways. You see that as a rule everything is on one floor; there are no stairs, no cellars, no kitchen; the cooking-room is away from the house.

Let us now stroll into this small neighbouring 'bazaar.' Here is complete dissimilitude from any street in any town or village in Europe. There is no point of resemblance. However much eating-houses may differ in England and France and Spain, they in the main resemble one another: the food is the same in kind, though not in form; there are chairs and tables, knives and forks, spoons and cups and glasses, in them all. In this eating-house in the bazaar before which we stop there are none of these things; the food is entirely different. French bread, and Vienna bread, and English bread differ; but they are all made with leaven; here you have nothing but unleavened cakes. The food is utterly different in character.

You see the artisans in the various little shops

all work in a manner different from English workmen. They never work standing or seated on a bench, but always squatted on the ground. No Englishman, except a circus clown perhaps, could sit as those men do with their legs doubled under them. Here is the shop of our friend the banker, his shop and office. How different from an English one. No chairs, no tables, no desks, simply a single open room with the floor covered with druggot, on which lie a heap of oblong books of coarse paper, and a pencease, with its reed-pens and inkpot full of rags! What would the English clerk think of books kept without a single ruled line in them? There is not a pencil or a ruler in the place. And yet this man carries on a large business, has transactions over thousands of miles. There he sits cross-legged in one corner against a heap of cushions; there are the clerks squatted down—their legs invisible—bending over the books.

Look round, and you see that baskets, loads of wood and grass, and bales of goods, are all carried on the head. We look into a school. Master and pupils are all seated on the floor. The copy-books are bits of board smeared over with a white unctuous earth. Here is a barber with his little satchel, shaving the head of a customer, both squatted of course on the bare ground. The barber has a razor, but he uses only water, and has no soap. He brings the eyebrows of his customer to a fine point at each end, by shaving them, and then cuts his finger-nails and toe-nails for him—with the razor!

Here is a damsel from the country buying, or rather having made for her, trinkets at this silversmith's shop. The silversmith is squatted on the bare earthen floor; a brazier of charcoal, a pair of pincers, a blowpipe, and a little hammer and anvil, his whole apparatus. The young woman belongs to the peasant class, and so is not obliged to hide her face in public, as would a native woman of the better classes. She does not wrap herself up, shroud herself in her long ample 'sheet,' but lets it hang from the back of her head. You see, therefore, that her hair is well plastered down with oil on each side; that the line of the parting is filled and marked out with a red pigment; that in the middle of her forehead she wears a small tinsel ornament stuck on like a wafer or patch; that she wears a big ring in her nose; that her ears have not merely the one hole through the lobe, as with us, but that there are two or three other holes in the cartilage above it, each having in it a ring or a stud. Her dress consists simply of a petticoat coming down to a little below the knees, the long sheet, and a small close-fitting bodice without sleeves. The feet and ankles are bare. Round the ankles are thick ornaments of brass, the colour of which well suits the brown skin. On each toe and between the toes are also many brass and pewter rings and other ornaments, some with bells, so that she makes 'music wherever she goes.' She has 'rings on her fingers' too, plenty of them; and those on the thumbs have little round mirrors fixed on to them. On her wrist and arm are many bright rings of sealing-wax and glass; and on the upper arm below the shoulder is bound an amulet; and the whole arm is tattooed. The pattern of the cloth on her sheet and petticoat is such as you have never seen in Europe. It

has been made of the same coarse texture, stamped with the same quaint patterns, and manufactured and sold within the same narrow radius of country, for thousands of years back.

Look at the dress of that group of men—neat, decent, comfortable, picturesque, yet quite unlike our own. The place of our trousers is taken by the *dhotee*, which consists simply of a long piece of linen bound round the waist and tucked in between the legs. It requires training to put it on, or rather fix it properly, and it forms a very neat, decent, practical garment. Above this is a small jacket or a long coat bound round the waist with the *cummurband* or loin-cloth, an essential and significant part of the dress; the loins are girded when going abroad, loosened in the freedom of domestic privacy. On the head is the *puggree* or turban, also a very significant part of the dress; for its shape, size, colour, and form vary with the race, occupation, and caste of the wearer. But in all the garments of that big crowd of men and women, you will not find a single hook or eye or button!

On our way back to the bungalow from the bazaar we pass by a village. Here, too, everything is different from what it is in an English village. There is nothing here that you would find in the latter; not the roughest kind of table or chair, not the rudest kind of knife or fork, not the commonest kind of jug or cup or tumbler. The zemindar is a wealthy man, and has a big house and many retainers. But in all the house you will not find a single piece of what we call furniture; not a table, chair, bookcase, sofa, chest of drawers, or anything of that sort. There is not a single article of crockery or glass in it. There are plenty of vessels to eat and drink out of, but they are all of copper or brass. The form of these, as of the earthenware water-jars and goblets and pots, is utterly different from the forms our articles take. You see the men eat the corn not standing up, but sitting down, with a small sickle, and not with a scythe. The corn is trodden out by bullocks at the threshing-floor, and is winnowed by simply throwing it up in the air and letting the chaff blow away. The women carry their heavy water-jars on their heads.

As we walk by the village, we note the difference between an English herd of cattle and that herd of thin, ragged, dirty cows and bullocks. What a difference between that instrument called a plough and an English plough! There is the son of the zemindar riding into the town. A very different sight that from the son of an English Squire riding out! How different the gear; how different the horse; how different the mode of riding! How different the heavy clumsy cloth saddle from the neat pig-skin one! How different the head-gear! The horse is fattened up until he is in 'soft' condition. That he should have 'a belly on' is not held a defect here, but a beauty. His legs and tail are coloured, his mane plaited. Four white legs are considered good points. A wall-eye is considered ornamental. A white face and pink nose are much prized. The horse's head is well tied down to his chest by means of a thick cloth martingale. He moves along at a slow, shuffling, half-hambling amble, throwing the right leg well up into the air

with a sort of convulsive jerk, which he has been taught to do after long training. The young man sits back proud and happy. Behind him come two footmen, one bearing his hookah, the other his drinking-water. A native never trots, and rarely gallops his horse, but generally goes along at an amble. How different is that small village *hackery* from an English village cart. There is not a nail in it; it is made chiefly of bamboo, and put together with leather thongs and string; the wheels do not revolve on the axle, but with it.

Look at the natives about us as we sit in the veranda; and the chief things that strike us, apart from the difference in dress, are the bare legs and feet, the brown and black skin, the squatting on the ground, the eating with the fingers. Look out at the prospect, and we are likewise struck by the brownness of the land where uncovered with crops; the scantiness of the patches of green grass; the brown stems of the trees; the clouds of dust raised by every puff of wind; the absence of colour in distant objects; and the bright, clear, dazzling sunshine. We long for the sight of a bit of green grass and the shadow of a passing cloud. Here is the great reversal. Instead of too little sunshine, we have too much.

THE MAN IN POSSESSION.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

THERE are many ups and downs in some lives, far more than are usually dreamed of by the few who, 'born with a silver spoon in their mouth,' pursue the even tenor of their path, unruffled by the cares and afflictions which crowd upon, and too often overwhelm the less fortunate. Hard as it is to grapple with and bear the troubles which are inevitable to us in the ordinary course of nature, those we induce by our own indiscretion and folly are still more galling. I am afraid my case must rank among the latter, as you shall presently hear.

I will not inflict upon you my antecedents; sufficient to state that I am the son of a gentleman in good, though not opulent circumstances. My father gave me an excellent education, and afterwards a fair start in life by articling me to a neighbouring solicitor. I might have done well, for I liked the profession, and was an apt pupil; but, unfortunately—as is the case with too many intellectual young men—I fell into evil company. It is unnecessary to enumerate the steps, from bad to worse, which gradually led to my undoing; eventually, I so far disgraced myself that my indentures were cancelled. Ashamed to meet my father, I went out into the world an outcast, with scarcely a shilling in my pocket. Failing other employment, I was at last compelled—though bitterly regretful to my feelings—to accept the humble occupation of a common bailiff; and here my narrative begins.

'Meredith,' said my chief to me one bright May morning, when I waited upon him for instructions, 'I wish you to run down to Briteleigh in the matter of Warley against Wintock, and take possession in the usual manner. You will be more than ordinarily careful, as we have to do with a very subtle customer. Jones has

already been down in the neighbourhood; but has returned unsuccessful and quite disheartened. I hope, however, you will have better luck. When once within the premises, you had better sleep with one eye open, or not at all, if you can so manage it.'

Now, I rather prided myself upon my professional dexterity, and this my employer knew; but it would have been childish to boast before him. I therefore smiled, but said nothing. Some other directions followed, of no importance to my tale; and after packing a few necessities in a carpet-bag, I started for Briteleigh. It was the dusk of evening when I arrived at my destination; and I forthwith proceeded to reconnoitre the premises in which I was for a time to domicile as the humble representative of the 'majesty of the law,' and take under my surveillance the goods, chattels, &c., of Arthur Wintock, Esq., until either the just claims of Warley Wintock, Esq., of Warley Hall should be fully and duly satisfied, together with all legal expenses incurred; or the said goods, chattels, &c., should be publicly brought to the hammer.

On my arrival at the village of Briteleigh, I went at once to have a sight of the house intrusted to me. Briteleigh Hall was a large, gloomy, old-fashioned building of the preceding century, and stood at some distance from the high-road, and in the centre of a park of considerable extent. The original edifice seemed to have been added to at different periods; for the superstructure rose in a motley succession of triangles gabled ends from the outcrops to the principal roof, which, surrounded by a parapet, and crowned with enormous stacks of tall chimney-pots, capped the whole. It struck me at the first glance, that however strongly bolted and barred below, it would be easy for any burglar to scale the height and effect an entrance by one of the numerous garret casements which fronted the parapet, unless the same were strongly secured. However, as I had no thought of entering the house by this way myself, and as it was too late to hope to effect an entrance at all that evening, I returned to the village, and walked into the *Three Nags*, a comfortable roadside inn, about a hundred yards from the park-gates. I entered the snug bar-parlour and seated myself. It was occupied only by the landlord and two other persons, tradesmen of the village. The three were quietly sipping their glasses and having a friendly chat.

'Fine evening, sir,' said mine host, as, noticing that I was a stranger, he saluted me respectfully. 'What will you please to take?'

'Oh, a little rum-and-water, if you please. —Can I have a bed here to-night, landlord?'

'By all means, sir!—second-floor back.—Going to stay long?'

'Hum! That depends upon circumstances. At anyrate, I may require it for three or four nights at least.'

I felt disposed to secure a night-lying for a short time; for in our line we are by no means sure when or how we shall be able to obtain access to the premises of which we are to take temporary 'possession.' Besides, my inn expenses would be refunded; a few extra shillings were therefore of no consequence.

My entrance and the bustle of the landlord

had interrupted the talk for a while; but after a few commonplace remarks, such as usually pass between strangers, I settled down quietly to my run-and-water, and the conversation was resumed.

'They do say he used her most cruelly, poor young lady,' said the stoutest of the tradesmen, who sat nearest the fireplace, and who appeared to be indignant about some point which had been mooted.

'Cruelly! I should think he did,' replied the other. 'Ah! it was a sad affair for her when her poor papa died. How he could leave her in the guardianship of such an old curmudgeon beats my understanding.'

'Well,' replied the other, 'he didn't show the black-feather so much while the old man was alive; and they say he was greatly disappointed that his brother did not leave him a good share of the property. It appears he bequeathed nearly all to Miss Maria, his only daughter, allowing, however, a handsome sum per annum to her guardian, to meet the expenses of bringing her up. It is said that the latter tried to force her into a marriage with her cousin, his son George, as unprincipled as himself, and as reckless a spendthrift and gambler as ever handled the dice.'

'Ah! well, I suppose that was before I came into the village then, neighbour. You know I only left the north last Christmas twelvemonth.—But where is the young lady now?'

'That's a question neither I nor any one else in Briteleigh can satisfactorily answer. All we know is, that she was at the Hall. The Squire gave out about a twelvemonth after her father's death, that she had gone to Paris to complete her education; but no one ever saw her go, or has ever seen her since. There are never any letters in a female hand received at the Hall, either from France or elsewhere—at least so asserts Simmons the grocer, who keeps the post-office.'

'But the servants—do they never speak of her? Surely they must know.'

'He keeps none that are allowed to enter the house, except a big bully of an Italian fellow, whom he brought from abroad—for he was formerly a resident in Italy; and had only returned to England a year or two before his brother's decease—and a cross-grained old woman, who is as impenetrable as adamant, for no one can ever get anything out of her. Neither the gardener, nor the odd man who jobs about the premises and looks after the horses, is allowed to intrude. A great part of the house is shut up as closely as if the whole were uninhabited. However, it is supposed to be full of real good furniture, for old Mr Wintock lived in great style, and none has ever been known to be disposed of.'

Hitherto, I had taken but little interest in the conversation; for I was busily employed in ruminating upon my plans for the morrow. Though they had spoken of the Hall, it had not fired my attention. But when the name of Wintock was mentioned, it roused me at once, and I immediately asked: 'Are you speaking of Mr Wintock—up the way?' pointing with my thumb in the direction of his mansion.

'The very same, sir,' replied the stout man,

glad to have another interested auditor. 'Ah!' he continued, 'there's something exceedingly mysterious about the disappearance of that young lady. Some even go so far as to hint foul-play. I, for one, don't quite believe that. But certain it is, you wouldn't catch one of the village people crossing the park after dark.'

'Indeed! Why not?'

'Why, sir, you see I don't take any heed of such superstitious nonsense myself; but it is whispered among the poorer folk that a white face is sometimes seen at the windows at unearthly hours, and that fearful shrieks have occasionally been heard at midnight. You know what a country village is, and how easily a place obtains the repute of being haunted. Once upon a time, some of our fellows would steal up there after dark to catch a rabbit or two, for there is a warren on the far side of the house; but I'd venture a five-pound note that not one of them would be hardy enough to try now for all the rabbits in the county. There are reports, too, that old Wintock, or he and his son together, have outrun the constable.'

'Oh! Is it true, think you?'

'I believe it to be so. They do say that the life Mr George and his father lead has involved both very deeply in liabilities which neither can meet. Drinking, horseracing, gambling, and, if people are to be credited, swindling, are to be numbered among their accomplishments. The last dodge was a clever, though a rascally one.'

'Hum! What might that be?'

'Well, it seems that old Wintock had run matters so close that he was daily threatened by one of his tradespeople with an execution. As he owed largely, he bethought himself that if this was once suffered to take effect, the rest of his creditors would be after him immediately. To save matters, he goes to a Mr Warley of Warley Hall, in Downshire, of whom he had some knowledge, represents that he is staying in his neighbourhood for a short time, and that, in consequence of expenses which young Wintock has incurred at college, he has occasion for a few hundreds; and so induced the old gentleman to advance him the money on a bill of three months at good interest. When the time expired, the bill was dishonoured—not a rap to meet it, at least at the banker's.'

'Then young Wintock was not at college?'

'Not he. It was all a scheme to rid them of present difficulties. But I suppose old Warley is down upon them at last rather sharp.'

All this I knew before, but was not aware that it was also known at Briteleigh. The old proverb says, 'Ill news travels apace.' It is astonishing how rapidly the misfortunes or crimes of even the most wary get noised abroad, in spite of the most strenuous efforts to keep them concealed. I did not, however, enlighten my friend as to my foreknowledge, though I could not help thinking that he partly guessed the import of my visit to the village. But I did not deem it expedient to satisfy his evident curiosity, lest in some way it might embarrass my movements. I accordingly took an early opportunity of changing the subject; and after spending a very comfortable evening in social chat, retired to rest.

I rose early next morning, and sauntered carelessly into the park, making a circuit, to examine

the house more thoroughly. If possible, it appeared more sombre and uninviting by daylight than on the previous evening. Not that I attached much importance to the tale of my informant about its being haunted; but its heavy closed windows and its general dilapidated look gave it altogether a chilling appearance, which jarred dismally with the fresh spring scenery around. I cautiously neared the house and made a careful reconnaissance. Apparently, no one was stirring. The front-door I found was fastened. I went quietly round to the yard at the back and tried the latch of the kitchen door. It was fastened also.

'Hallo, guv'ner, what do 'ee want?'

I fairly started, and looked up, for I had thought myself unperceived. I could for the moment see no one.

'Wants to rob the house, do 'ee?' the voice continued. 'Wait till I calls the measter to 'ee. Thieves, thieves!'

At the same moment the barking of a large dog broke forth within the house. I grasped my heavy walking-stick more tightly; it had a loaded handle. I did not feel altogether comfortable. The voice was that of the gardener. He came into the yard through a small gateway which I had not observed, and which led into the garden. He held a long sharp three-pronged fork in his hand. I saw at a glance that move the first was defeated. Supposing the inmates to be ignorant of my arrival, my plan had been to cower quietly by the door until opened for egress, which I had calculated would be early in the morning, by one of the domestics—either for water, as there was a pump in the yard, or for some other purpose—and then slip in with a dash. Once in, I did not despair of holding my ground, for I had on me a couple of very pretty 'persuaders,' in case of attempted violence—a pair of pocket pistols.

'There!' I said quietly; 'stop that confounded noise. You know better than that. Is Mr Wintock in?'

The man grinned. 'Can't 'xactly say. Danno. Which on 'en?'

'The elder Mister Wintock. I want to see him on particular business.'

'Do 'ee?'

'Here; come this way a minute,' I whispered, at the same time holding up a sovereign between my finger and thumb and stepping under cover of the eaves of an outhouse. 'Now don't you think you can get me speech with Mr Wintock this morning for this little bit of yellow stuff? You don't pick up sovereigns every day, I dare say.'

I had hastily determined to secure the fellow as an ally if possible, and felt that a bribe was the only means of doing so.

He scratched his head, grinned, and looked wistfully at the coin. 'O! dares to say I could—out of doors,' and he stretched out his hand for it.

'Not so fast, my man. You must earn it first. It must be inside. You are not such a flat but that you guess my business here. Let me only put one foot within the doorway, and it is yours.'

The gardener gave me a peculiar look, and burst into a loud haw-haw! as he turned away. 'No use, measter! T'other chap tried that little game.'

I saw my scheme was frustrated, and that there was no help for it. Nevertheless, I hung about the premises for some time, but to no purpose. I went away for a while, and returned again as stealthily as I could. I watched the house for days, and from every available corner that I could use as a hiding-place. The inmates were too much upon their guard. It appeared there was a pump in the scullery as well as in the yard, and plenty of coal in the cellars. The place seemed well-fitted for a siege. Not a soul ever passed or repassed the door, at least with my cognisance. What orders were issued, were given to Hodge from an upper window, inaccessible by me. At last I determined to give up watching, and try if I could not accomplish my purpose in some other way. I withdrew, failed, but not defeated.

Thus matters remained for some time, until I began to think I should fare no better than my predecessor, and to grow dispirited; when a lucky accident turned up, which aided me not a little.

One afternoon, disgusted with my ill success, I had taken a walk round the park, and had nearly reached the side remotest from the Hall, when I was startled by hearing sounds of altercation and loud screams for help. I did not hesitate an instant; but in two minutes had scaled the park palings and leaped into the lonely by-road which bounded them on that side. It was well that I did so; for I was just in time to render efficient aid to an elderly female vainly attempting to hold her own against two villainous-looking tramps. The old dame was a carrier from Ditchley to a neighbouring town, whither she went three times a week with her cart and blind pony, to fetch and carry for the villagers, packages and parcels of all descriptions, from a lady's dress to half a pound of tea. The rascals attempted to help themselves to some of the numerous provisions in the vehicle; and being resisted by her, were just on the point of using violence when I rushed unperceived to the rescue, and caused the fellows to beat a hasty retreat.

The dame was profuse in her thanks for my timely assistance, and earnest in her way to make me some recompense. The poor old creature had been terribly alarmed, and shook like an aspen. In assisting her to repack her things, and in trying to reassure her, I very naturally inquired where she was going.

'Dead, an' I be goin' on to the Hall.'

The mention of the Hall arrested my attention, and an idea immediately occurred to me. This time, however, I determined to experimentalise, without taking my ally into my confidence.

'Going to the Hall, mother, are you?' I said carelessly. 'Ah! I suppose you take parcels there very often, of course?'

'Why, yes, I do, and I don't now. I go every fortnight for the linen. The family don't wash at home; they send it all to Mrs Biggs at the village. Then clothes-baskets you see there,' she added, nodding to them, 'are for the Wintocks; I'm goin' to leave 'em as I go along.'

'Well, dame,' I said, 'I am only out for a stroll. Perhaps those scamps may be lurking about somewhere, to give you another turn as soon as I am fairly out of sight. Suppose I ride a little way with you for protection. What say you?'

The dame willingly assented; and I mounted

the cart beside her. It was pretty closely packed with sundry parcels, besides the baskets in question, and well secured behind with a coverlet, tied down to the hinder part of the cart. The blind pony started at a shambling trot. Mrs Stokes and I got into conversation.

'How do you contrive to get these great baskets out of the cart and into the house?'

'Oh, that's easily done. I untie the cloth behind; and Martha—that's the old woman at the Hall—or else the Italian servant, helps me in with 'em.'

And so we jogged on, chatting, round the exterior of the park, until within a few dozen yards of its gates.

'Dame!' I said suddenly, 'I did you a good turn a little while back; now I want you to do one for me in return.'

Mrs Stokes was taken at a disadvantage, and looked at me with a perplexed expression upon her countenance. She clearly did not know what to make of my observation.

'I see that your cart is well filled behind,' I continued, 'so as to screen any one in front from observation, while you are unloading the baskets, if he crouches in this spare place by the seat. Now, I have a fancy just to ride up close to the Hall, so as to get a peep at it unperceived, and which I can easily do through this small hole in the side of the cart. I have heard a great deal of talk about the old place during the short time I have been in this part of the country, and feel a little curious; but, for a certain reason of my own, I don't wish to be seen by the inmates.'

'Mercy me! man!' ejaculated the old lady, with a pull at the reins which brought the blind pony to a sudden stand, almost flinging him upon his haunches, 'what can you want such a thing as that for? I hope you mean no harm. Surely your face is too honest for a'—

'Bunglar,' said I, finishing the sentence for her. 'Now, that's very complimentary indeed, after the assistance I gave you just now. I never heard of a thief interfering to *prevent* a robbery.' I spoke as if offended, and could see the poor old creature's feelings were hurt.

'Na, na! I didn't mean *that*. But it seems such an odd thing like.'

'Dame! I suppose they pay you pretty regularly up there?'

'Humph! Wish I could say they did. Owe me a matter of a dozen shillings. Always behind. Promise to pay. Get a little by drabs and drabs. It's hard lines, though, for an old body like me.'

'Ah, now! let me do as I say, and here's a sovereign for you; that will clear the debt and leave you a little balance besides.'

The old lady looked at me hard in the face, and then at the coin. 'I understand,' she said; 'a friend of the family—wants to see without being seen, before making yourself known. Just come from abroad, perhaps, eh? No! young man; put up your money. One good turn deserves another. It shall never be said that old Sally Stokes was too greedy to return a favour without being paid for it, so you may just do as you please.'

'Thank 'ee, mother. I knew you'd oblige me. If ever I have the chance, I'll repay you with interest; but I shall insist upon your accepting this at least, at the same time slipping a crown

into her palm. 'Now, don't speak to me, or take any more notice of me than if I was a young sucking-pig for the Squire's table.' So saying, I crouched down in the covered corner, and disposed a few of the parcels so as to effectually screen me from observation. In a few seconds more we had entered the park. Jog, jog, up the long avenue, through the wicket gate, and up to the back-door. The dame alighted, rang the bell, and commenced unfastening the coverlet behind. An upper window was opened. 'Oh, it's only Mrs Stokes with the linen,' said a female voice. 'Wait till I chain up the dog;' and the window was immediately closed again.

I began to feel nervous for the success of my plan. Soon the door was opened; and with a passing observation, the female servant of Mr Wintock commenced assisting Mrs Stokes with the first and largest basket of linen. I waited till I saw them enter the house and turn up a long passage; then, hastily alighting from the cart, I slipped in softly after them.

SAVED BY OIL.

FROM an officer in the service of a South of England Shipping Company, we have received the following narrative of his experiences of the use of oil in a tempestuous sea:

In April 1869, I sailed from Cardiff as chief-mate of a barque called the *Glamorganshire*, whose dimensions were—length, one hundred and forty-eight feet; breadth, 27·5 feet; depth, 17·5 feet; and register tonnage, 45·7 tons; built of greenheart, with iron beams, and classed at Lloyd's A1, fourteen years. As may be inferred from our port of departure, our cargo was coal, of which there were upwards of seven hundred tons on board. And I remember remarking as we left the docks, that our draught at the sternpost was equal to the depth of hold, but the draught forward was some twenty inches less. But be that as it may, although I did not measure our freeboard, I know that it was very small, and I felt sure that in heavy weather our ship would be a wet one. Encountering a south-west gale as we left the docks, we had an opportunity of testing the capabilities of the crew, which consisted of two able-bodied seamen, two ordinary seamen, one cook-and-steward, three mates, a carpenter, the captain, and six apprentices, two or three of whom had made one voyage to sea, the others being quite inexperienced.

When we dismissed the tug off Lundy Island, we made sail, and before many hours passed, had to reef the topsails; but our apprentices would not go aloft, as they were afraid to leave the deck. Nevertheless, by dint of a little encouragement, they were induced to ascend to the fore-topsail yard, and assist to the best of their ability in reefing the sail; and before we had got south of the roaring forties, they could all hand-reef and steer in a very creditable manner. Unfortunately, our carpenter died before we reached Madeira, and as the ship was on her first voyage, there were lots of carpentering jobs to do, which devolved chiefly upon myself and the captain. So, while we were running through the trade-

winds, we had managed to get the ship pretty square and ready for heavy weather.

Rounding the Cape in July—which is there the depth of winter—we edged away southward until the parallel of from thirty-eight to thirty-nine degrees south was reached, and upon which parallel it was determined that we would run down the easting. There we began to encounter stormy weather. Well do I remember that a few nights after crossing the meridian of the Cape, we had a fresh north-west wind, and were under topsails and courses, when, about half-past seven p.m., a heavy head-sea sprang up from the eastward, causing the ship to dive and plunge violently. We happened to be pumping the ship at the time when she took a heavy dive, stove in the fore-end of the fore-castle—which was a house built abaft the foremast—carried away all the trusses and cranes of the four top-sail-yards, threw the third-mate on to his head, and caused my chest to turn a somersault, and remain bottom up while the decks were flooded with water, the ship having buried herself as far as the foremast. Here [was the beginning of our troubles; for next day the wind hauled to the westward, and rapidly increased to a gale, accompanied by a rising sea. The wind then veered a little to the southward, when the weather became clear. We were now running before the brave west winds, and these, accompanied as they were by the stupendous seas which they raised, gave our ship at a moment of something like twelve knots an hour. These magnificent seas are a splendid sight, rolling as they do with such stately majesty, changing from dark blue at the base to gray, and then to a beautiful semi-transparent green, near the crest, that curls over with an awe-inspiring roar, breaking into froth and foam, and capping these miniature water-mountains as with snow. Yet grand in aspect as these waves are, they approach a vessel's stern in a way which is sometimes far from pleasant, for they come on us with an angry rush, rapidly increasing in velocity; and if they do not come on board, they break around with a disappointed roar.

After scudding for several days before these gales, and being pooped and quartered by many heavy seas, our vessel was becoming the worse of the buffeting. Some of the boats had been stove in, the cabin and fore-castle several times washed out, while the deck-houses themselves were as leaky as sieves. One afternoon, the captain and myself were employed calking the top of the cabin-house, when a heavy sea boarded the ship, washing us both off the house, and dashing us into the mizen-rigging, where we grasped the studding-sails, and were saved from going overboard. Had we been at work a few feet farther aft at the time, we would have gone clear off the rigging and perished. Our calking-irons and mallets were swept overboard.

These gales continuing to blow day after day, our poor barque was suffering much, nearly all the bulwarks having been washed away; while the long-boat, which was stowed in chocks on the main-hatch, and contained the pinnace, stowed bottom up inside, was split into two by the pinnace being driven right through

her, and both lay a mass of wreck on the deck, only prevented from being washed away by the lashings and gripes which still held on. The spare spars were even washed away, dragging with them, out of the deck, the ring-bolts to which they were lashed. The after or heeby-hatch was covered with a network of lashings, so persistent did the sea seem in its endeavours to wash it away.

Our time was now employed in repairing damage, and no sooner was one thing secured than something else was washed adrift; or the crew was so repeatedly washed away from their work, that it had sometimes to be abandoned altogether. The captain began to regret that he had not lightened the ship, by heaving cargo overboard, when he had the opportunity. But it was now too late, for no hatch could have been opened without swamping the ship.

During the night-watches the vessel was steered by the two able seamen, of whom there was one in each watch; the captain and myself for night after night taking our shift of four hours at the wheel, which required two hands to manage it. These grand seas still rolled after us, or passed us with their tremendous roar; while others would break over the taffrail and dash on board, when we, before we were aware of what was coming behind us, would be knocked down, washed under the wheel, and on some occasions far forward from the wheel. The cabins would be filled, so that the watch was almost continuously employed during the night in baling out the houses and cabins.

It was one middle watch while at the wheel, assisted by one of the able seamen, that the wind was blowing with unusual fury, accompanied by hard squalls and a tremendous sea, which broke on board with such frequency, knocking about and bruising us at the wheel, that we began to wonder if it were possible for the vessel to survive till daylight. At about four a.m. a great breaker came roaring in its destructive and irresistible fury, over the taffrail, followed almost immediately by another, which washed us away from the wheel, burst in the cabin doors, filled it, and also the ship's deck up to the level of the topgallant rail. Our little vessel staggered and trembled under the pressure, for she was now completely submerged. Had a third comb of a sea followed the second, I think she would have certainly foundered. As it was, she seemed to hesitate for a moment as to whether she would float or sink; and just as we were thinking she was going down, she seemed to shudder and shake herself, and began to rise and recover her way. She had been nearly at a standstill during this dire ordeal.

After regaining the wheel, which was done almost immediately after the second sea broke on board, and in much less time than it has taken me to relate what happened, we found the vessel within two or three points of her course, and quickly got her straight again. When conversing with my companion, he informed me that he had served several years in schooners employed in carrying fruit from the Western Islands to England, and that when rained before a heavy gale and high sea, it was the custom to have two canvas bags filled with oil and hung one over each quarter, whence the oil dripped into the

sea, and diffusing itself over the surface, smoothed the waves. This statement I repeated to the captain, who without any hesitation gave his sanction to the experiment; and as soon as it was daylight, I sent this man to make two bags such as he had seen used on board the fruit schooners. When flattened out, these bags were of a triangular shape, with the apex cut off, and when filled with any liquid, assumed a conical form. In fact, they were none other than the sailors' duff-bags. These bags might contain each about half a gallon of oil, but into each was poured only about a quart, for we had not much to spare; the mouths were securely tied, and then they were hung one over each quarter. The oil now began to drip slowly into the sea; and after a few minutes, the effect produced seemed the work of magic. Although the wind was still blowing a fierce gale, the sea seemed to be comparatively hushed, and, in the wake of the vessel, calm; for instead of the angry roar which we had been so accustomed to hear at our backs while steering the vessel, all was quiet, save occasionally a bigger and more furious wave would lap a little of its subdued crest over the taffrail and quarters with a hissing and defiant noise. What was before a great combing sea, was now reduced to a huge mountainous swell, which rolled harmlessly up to us and passed us with a smooth and almost combleless crest. But on each side of our track, and where the oil had not diffused itself, the waves still broke and roared with unaltered fury.

For many days we ran before these noble gales and seas; but not another ever came on board. At times the canvas bags became clogged with the oil, and then they were pricked with a large roping-needle, which was attached to one of them by a lanyard for that purpose. The quantity of oil used, so far as I remember, did not exceed half a gallon in the twenty-four hours. Compared with such a small quantity of oil, the effect of it upon the sea was almost incredible.

Relating the above facts to some friends in Nagasaki, among whom was an Irishman, the latter remarked that it was no wonder the sea was smoothed with the oil, since the latter was so slippery that the wind could not take hold of it. Now, I have since learned from your *Journal* that this really is the reason, though I was perhaps disposed to think at the time that the Irishman was only quizzing me.

SPONGE-CULTIVATION.

It not infrequently happens that nature's most useful and consequently most valuable products are those which are 'free as the light and air of heaven' to all. It is a pity that it is necessary we should add that these are the things also which are most frequently and unwarrantably abused. Cupidity, carelessness, waste, and a wanton disregard of the future, is the return often made for all the lavish bounty of nature. Need we wonder that nature retaliates, and that diminution, dearth, and ultimate extinction are the results of this ruthless disregard of her laws and operations. We might give many examples of this waste—a waste which in many cases would most certainly have ended in extinction of the product, had not the legislature interfered in time with its protecting power. If such a recital,

however, is fitted to teach us a lesson, the lesson is certainly not complete without a reference also to the reverse side of the picture, in which man's ingenuity and industry in assisting nature to increase her stores have redeemed to a great extent the darker side to which we have just referred. Here also we might take examples from every department of nature, and show what man has done by his skill and perseverance in fostering, often amid much discouragement and failure, nature's operations; and in so doing, has not only increased and cheapened her commodities, but frequently laid the foundation of new industries.

Something approaching to what we have thus shortly indicated is apparently taking place in the sponge-fishery industry; and we mention it at present to show what has recently been accomplished in artificially propagating this useful article. The sponges of commerce are almost entirely obtained from tropical or sub-tropical seas; the Mediterranean and Red Seas in the one hemisphere; and the Caribbean Islands, Bahaman Archipelago, and the southern and western coasts of Florida, in the other. In those regions sponges attain their greatest development both in form and species. It is in the last-named localities that the experiments which we are about to mention were conducted, and which were undertaken from the fact that the sponge-fisheries on all the surrounding coasts were being rapidly exhausted.

The natural process of reproduction in the sponge is, we may state, effected by gemmation or budding-off. The gemmules or buds in the first instance are minute globular particles of gelatinous matter sprouting forth from the interior of the canals as small protuberances the foot-stalks of which gradually becoming narrower, they ultimately detach themselves from the parent body, and float about until they again settle down—often in distant localities—where they fix themselves, and form the foundation of new growths. It has, however, been long known that they might also be propagated by division; but not until the series of experiments lately conducted at Pine Key, Florida, has it been practically demonstrated that their artificial cultivation might be commercially successful.

Towards the end of last year, a sponge of 'fine texture and in every respect perfect,' measuring seven inches by eight, was exhibited which had been grown from a 'planting' some months previously. The planting was conducted in the following manner: From a parent sponge, a series of triangular cuttings were made, through which a stick was inserted, and then stuck in the sand on the sponge-bed near to the shore. All this part of the process was carefully conducted under water, so that the cuttings were never removed from their natural element. In a later series of experiments, equally successful, the cuttings were planted on a rocky bottom, secured by wires, and covered with several inches of mud. Apparently the first operation of nature after the planting is to heal over the fresh-cut surfaces, and this it takes between three and four months to accomplish, after which the growth of the sponge begins; and so rapidly does it grow, that

within other three months, a cutting of about the size of a peach will increase to four and even six inches in diameter. At this rate, a good marketable sponge can be produced within the year. This growth, we may add, contrasts very favourably with those reared naturally, as even under the most favourable circumstances a period of two years at least is required to renew the crop that has been laid bare by the sponge-divers.

We have used the expression here, 'under favourable circumstances,' on purpose, as there are many factors to be considered in the cultivation of the sponge. Aristotle, for example, who was probably the first to subject the sponge to scientific investigation, remarked the differences in their texture, and tried to account for it by stating that 'in general, those which grow in deep and still waters are the softest, for the wind and waves harden sponges, as they do other things that grow, and check their growth.' Aristotle was right in his observation, all the softest and finest sponges being undoubtedly obtained at a depth of from eight to thirty fathoms; but he was probably wrong in deduction, for the tides and waves, as carrying that on which the sponges feed, are necessary for their speedy growth and perfection. In this respect the experiments at Fine Key were unfortunate, as they had to be performed in shallow water, and in a position where the tides and waves had probably their minimum influence upon them. The disadvantage, however, is one which altogether tells in favour of the experiment; as, with winds and waves and tides favourable, the artificial propagation might be expected to be more rapidly developed still.

Whether the artificial propagation can be conducted in deep waters, from which the finer-texture sponges are obtained, remains to be seen; but even admitting failure in this direction, much may be done to compensate for it in the care bestowed upon the cuttings, &c., from which the future sponges are to be reared. Every one knows what can be done by care and selection in the propagating of plants and flowers; and we have no reason whatever to doubt that, with experience, much will also be accomplished with sponges, and that both shape and quality may be developed to a considerable extent. We wish the enterprise every success, not only because there is a prospect of its opening up a new industry, but also because it will likely cheapen a household necessity, which of late has tended to increase greatly in price.

A WONDERFUL INDEX.

ABOUT thirty-five years ago, Mr William F. Poole (now Dr Poole), the present librarian of the Chicago Public Library, took the trouble to prepare an index of the subjects contained in such reviews and periodicals as were accessible in the library of Yale College at that time. This manuscript index proved so useful to the students and readers at Yale, and was so constantly referred to, that, to prevent its being destroyed, it was printed at New York in 1848, as an *Index to Subjects Treated in the Reviews and other Periodicals*. Another edition, containing about six times the matter, appeared in 1853, under the title of *Index to Periodical Literature*. Thus much being accomplished, the editor very

naturally thought his labours were completed in this department, although the succeeding twenty-five years brought repeated requests for a new and fuller edition. At length, in 1876, at the first meeting of the American Library Association, the proposals for a new edition took definite shape; and Dr Poole assumed the responsibilities of editor, being assisted in his work by Mr Fletcher, of Watkinson Library, Hartford. The scheme was carried out with the further assistance of fifty co-operating libraries, only eight of which were British, the rest being American. The result is a handsome and wonderful volume of over fourteen hundred pages, as big as Webster's Dictionary, and entitled *An Index to Periodical Literature* (Boston: James R. Osgood & Co., 1882). To show its value, we may say in a word that it is an index to the contents of over two hundred periodicals printed in the English language, from 1602 to 1881 inclusive, and that it gives a key to the contents of over six thousand separate volumes. Such, in brief, is the story of Poole's 'Index to Periodical Literature,' a book which will henceforward be indispensable to every reference library, and save a world of trouble to editors and journalists in hunting up what has already been written upon specific subjects.

Such a work is a splendid testimony to the immense literary activity of the past eighty years, and affords a key to quite an encyclopedia of knowledge. The entries in the index are the titles of the articles in the various periodicals; volumes of magazines are numbered from their start irrespective of series, but by referring to the 'Chronological Conspectus' at the beginning, we find the years in which the respective volumes were issued. Purely professional and scientific serials do not appear, while several well-known London weeklies are not indexed, owing to a break-down in the arrangements for doing so. But as a hint of the wealth of subjects indexed, we may say that under Women the references to articles fill six closely printed pages; Bible has fifteen pages; Great Britain and France have each over eight pages; Education has about the same space; while the list of articles under Religion occupies about five pages. We notice with satisfaction that *Chapman's Journal* is very well indexed by Dr Poole himself, from 1844 to 1881 inclusive.

The editor does not seem to have found indexing a very paying branch of literary labour, for he says: 'Persons who look for pecuniary reward, should never engage in this kind of work. Up to this time, all the pecuniary reward I have ever had for indexing during these many years can be represented by the American copper coin which will cover one's thumb nail; and yet I have been well paid.' We trust the return from the present edition will be more satisfactory.

A glance at Poole's Index makes plain the necessity for some measure of international copyright. In the list of subjects, where we find a good article appearing in a British magazine, the entries in the Index plainly show the same article transferred to the pages of one or more American magazines, without having benefited the British author or publisher one whit. Dr Poole throws out the suggestion in his preface for an index to books other than periodicals. Whether or not this should ever be

carried out, he has at least laid all those engaged in the business of literature under an immense debt of gratitude, by what he has already accomplished.

RECESSION OF THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

An interesting bit of information comes to hand regarding the wearing away or recession of these Falls. It will be known to many that, in conformity with recognised geological law, the rocks over which Niagara pours its immense volume are gradually giving way to the pressure and force of the torrent—are being worn down, or broken away in large detached fragments, and this to such a degree that the gradual recession of the cliff forming the fall is distinctly observable by those who periodically take measurements of it. A correspondent, writing to *Nature*, has supplied some information which goes to increase the interest of the subject. He calls attention to the rapidity with which the Canadian side of the fall is deepening its horse-shoe. An immense mass, he says, broke off near the middle of the curve in October 1874, many windows in the adjacent museum being broken by the concussion. Altogether, he finds that in ten years the fall has receded twenty-four feet.

Some interesting calculations might be based on this observation. The gorge below the Falls through which the river passes, extends for seven miles, and the whole of this gorge is believed by geologists to be due to the erosive action by which the Falls have retrograded. Sir Charles Lyell calculated that the rate of recession might be about one foot each year; the rate, however, is practically far from uniform. The upper beds of rock which form the cliff are a hard limestone, extending downwards to about half the depth of the fall. Under this, and extending to the foot of the fall, are soft shaly layers belonging to the same formation; and these soft layers of shale and marl, constantly acted upon by the moisture and spray of the descending waters, are gradually hollowed out, leaving the thick shelf of limestone overhanging. In course of time the edge of the cliff, thus deprived of support, gives way; and on each occasion when this happens, the Falls will be found to have receded so much from their former position. In this way the work of erosion has gone on from year to year, the result being that the river now falls over the rocks at a point seven miles higher up on its course than it must have done at one time. Taking Lyell's estimate of the rate of erosion—one foot a year—we find that a period of nearly thirty-seven thousand years has been required for this cutting out of the gorge. And supposing further that the Falls shall continue to recede—to eat their way backward—at the same rate in the future, then the seventeen miles which lie between them and Lake Erie may be disposed of in other ninety thousand years. If that event should happen in this—to us mortals—very distant future, the level of the lake would be lowered, so that its whole contents would flow down the Niagara river into Lake Ontario; but so large is the body of water which Lake Erie contains, that seven or eight years would, it is calculated, be required in this way to drain it.

FROM MY WINDOW.

An ivy-covered gateway, and beyond
A wilderness of weeds;
Sweet roses droop, and lilies tall despond,
And no one heeds.

The gladder-rose in silence drops its snow,
Its purity unseen;
Tall hollyhocks and sun-flowers bloom and blow
The banks between.

The eglantines untended climb and cling
In fanciful wild ways;
While yearning tendrils passion-flowers fling
Through silent days.

An old stone dial stands 'mid tangled ferns
In solitude supreme—
No mortal heeds, or from its shadow learns
Old Time's grand theme.

A distant pool I see, where tall reeds frown,
And water-lilies smile—
As seasons pass, reeds die, and lilies drown
Unwept the while.

I hear the nightingale pour forth at eve
His passionate sweet strain
Till dawn appears, when other songsters weave
A rich refrain.

But never sound beyond the birds and bees
This wilderness doth own,
Except the sobbing answer from the trees,
To wild wind's moan.

No footfall echoes in this lonely place,
No rippling laughter clear;
No voice resounds, no eager smiling face
Comes ever near.

I, gazing from my window high above
This Paradise so fair,
I daily, hourly, long that some I love
Might wander there.

I people it with children's faces bright,
And laughter-loving eyes;
I see them, eager, pluck the daisies white,
In glad surprise.

While oft, in dreams, I see one Woman sweet,
Through gladsome summer days,
Glide forth in sunshine all the flowers to greet
With love and praise.

I close my eyes, yet feel her dainty feet
The buttercups down press—
I almost hear the nodding daisies beat
Against her dress.

And once, methought, I saw my tender dear—
So mournfully alone—
Whisper soft pleadings in the dial's ear,
To melt its stone.

Ah, loving heart, I too would slay Time's hand
The while we work—and pray—
But what is Time, when in God's better land
Love lives for aye!

FEODORA BELL.

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A GRAIN OF STARCH.

BY AN ANALYST.

THERE may not seem much in a grain of starch, and in point of bulk there is very little; but we shall endeavour to show that there is a good deal of interesting and valuable information to be derived from a careful study of the little granule.

We are all familiar with such commodities as flour, potatoes, Indian corn, sago, pease, and arrowroot, and are consequently to some extent acquainted with what starch is; for all these substances consist essentially of starch, along with water and some minor admixtures. If we take a slice of a potato, for instance, and rub it on a grater of any sort in a basin of cold water, the water will soon become turbid; and a drop of it examined with a microscope will be found to contain a number of minute oval granules, which would in time sink to the bottom of the basin, forming a white deposit. These are grains of starch; and so minute are some varieties, that three thousand of them laid end to end would barely make an inch.

The starch of every plant differs from its neighbours both in size and shape, and this has a considerable influence on the character of the vegetable organ in which it is stored up; the hardness of rice, for instance, being due to the fact that rice granules are extremely minute, with angular corners which fit closely and firmly together; whereas potato starch is large and round, with considerable interspaces filled with water, and so forms a comparatively soft mass. But, notwithstanding their outward points of difference, in chemical composition the starches are all identical, consisting of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen—exactly the same materials as sugar is composed of, and better known as the component elements of coal and water. Leaving the many varieties of starch in the meanwhile, let us consider one species—namely, that of wheat, because it is the most important in this country, forming the basis of our daily bread.

An ordinary grain of wheat if sliced through the middle and examined as to its structure, will be found to consist of several layers, the outer a hard coating, which contains mineral salts, lime, sand, &c. Beneath this is a zone of matter very rich in gluten, the flesh-forming constituent of the wheat; while the central portion of the grain is occupied by a white powdery mass, which is nearly pure starch. In manufacturing flour, the two outer layers, which together form the bran, are usually removed, leaving the white starchy flour of the central portion.

Let us now briefly consider the chief points in the chemistry of bread-making. If flour be worked up with water, it forms a sodden, insipid, indigestible mass; but if heated to the temperature of boiling-water, the starch granules burst; and it is thereby rendered a little more digestible, although still forming a close, stiff, and not very palatable cake. Such is the character of unleavened bread, and of sea-biscuits, a slightly different form of the same thing. To be fit for digestion, starch must be dissolved or softened by boiling or baking; hence the reason why raw nuts are so indigestible as compared with the favourite roasted chestnuts; and hence one reason for cooking food, which mankind has been taught by experience, ages before chemistry could give a scientific explanation of the reason why. Cooking is, in fact, a partial digestion; and the same is the case with baking, both being preliminary aids to the changes which take place in the mouth and stomach before the food is in a fit state for the preparation of the blood. Accordingly, we bake our bread; and we bake it in the way we do because a soft spongy loaf is more readily moistened and acted on by the saliva and the juices of the stomach.

There is a good deal in the chemistry of bread-making; and our bread might be much improved if bakers had a more intelligent understanding of the science involved in their business; for although several improvements have been introduced of late years, the most of our bread

is still prepared in the old fashion. The necessary quantity of flour is put into a trough with about half its weight of water, and sufficient salt and yeast or leaven, then thoroughly mixed up into what is known as the 'sponge.' (Here we may remark that the best flour takes up the largest quantity of water; and a rough test of the quality of two samples of flour may be made by comparing the quantity of water required to obtain a dough of similar consistency.) After the sponge is made, it is left for about five hours in a warm place to ferment, after which it is kneaded with the rest of the flour, and again left to rest some time. The dough is then weighed into lumps, which are put in tins, and set aside till they have risen to twice their previous bulk. It is to the yeast or leaven that the rising of bread is due, and the action is identical with that of the fermentation of beer. The flour contains a small amount of a nitrogenous substance which changes a portion of the starch into sugar; the yeast then attacks the sugar, splitting it into alcohol and carbonic acid gas, the little bubbles of which try to escape from the mass of the dough, but get entangled by the gluten and gum which the flour contains; and thus every part of the bread becomes penetrated with little cavities. Eventually the fermentation would cease, and the bubbles of gas would find their way to the outside, thus leaving the dough much less light and spongy than we wish it to be; but the baker guards against this by putting it at the proper time into a hot oven, the heat of which at first increases the fermentation. In a few minutes, however, the temperature becomes sufficiently high to kill all the yeast germs; the fermentation is thereby stopped; and by continued heating, the starch granules are burst, and the mass is fixed in the porous form it has then attained. A little of the alcohol is retained in the bread; but practically almost the whole of it—in London amounting to some three hundred thousand gallons per annum—is driven off by the heat. During the baking, the starch of the outer portions of the bread has been browned by the heat, and thereby changed into a sugar known as dextrin or British gum; and perhaps this fact accounts for the fondness of some children and even grown-up people for crusts.

Of late years a system for making what is called aerated bread has proved very successful, and is free from the slightest objection. The dough is made by mixing the flour with water saturated with carbonic acid gas, which on heating is expelled from the water, and thus distends the dough, producing a light spongy bread, with no loss of starch or sugar, and without any injurious or objectionable ingredient having been introduced.

Having dealt with the baking of the bread, let us now briefly consider its further progress in being adapted for the wants of the body. As soon as a piece of bread is put into the mouth, an abundant flow of saliva takes place; and in fact it needs no actual tasting to induce this flow, for even the sight or smell of anything nice is quite sufficient to 'make the mouth water,' as we express it. The saliva is poured into the mouth by three pairs of glands to the extent of some twenty ounces a day. It consists in great

part of water, with a little salt and a peculiar substance called ptyaline, which possesses the property of changing starch into sugar, the change being accomplished most completely when the starch is dissolved or baked, and at a temperature of about ninety-eight degrees Fahrenheit, the normal temperature of the body. Although this ptyaline is present in the saliva to the extent of only one part in five hundred, yet, on its presence and action, the heat, and consequently the life of the body is largely dependent; hence the importance of avoiding any unnecessary waste of it, such as frequently and unnecessarily accompanies smoking. Hence, likewise, we see the importance of chewing the food slowly and thoroughly, that it may be all brought under the influence of the ptyaline; and thus we can understand how indigestion or dyspepsia may be caused by hasty chewing or by excessive spitting, the starchy portion of the food in either case lying in the stomach as an undissolved mass.

Bread-making we have already stated is a form of cooking. The heat of the oven has converted the outside of the bread into sugar, and the starch in the inside has in fact been boiled in the steam of the water which the dough contained, so that it has become capable of being readily converted into sugar. The porous nature of the bread favours this conversion; for the saliva easily penetrates through the whole of the spongy mass; and the change is still further assisted by the water which the bread contains to the extent of some forty per cent. Biscuits, on the other hand, being as a rule dry and non-spongy, are less suitable for ordinary use, although containing in the same weight far more food-material than bread.

It may surprise some of our readers to be told that the starch of bread has not the slightest nutritive property. Its sole office is a heat-producer; and just like the coal of the engine, the starch or sugar is burnt up inside us to keep up the temperature of the machine. It is the gluten, the sticky tenacious matter in the grain, which is the nutritive flesh-forming material; but in the present article we have no space to follow the changes which it undergoes in the system, for we are simply treating of starch at present; and we trust we have made it clear how it is changed into sugar, and thus made soluble and fit for absorption into the juices which keep the body at a uniform temperature and in good repair.

It is a common but mistaken notion that sago and tapioca are very nutritious. On the contrary, they consist almost wholly of starch, with only about three per cent. of gluten, so that, unless cooked with milk or eggs, they form a very insufficient food. The same is the case with Indian corn flour and arrowroot, which have scarcely a particle of nutritious matter in them, so that it is a great mistake to feed an invalid or a child on such materials. They are no doubt useful, as easily digested heat-producers; but they must be cooked with milk or eggs before they are of much use for actual nutriment; and many a child has been starved to death through its parents' ignorance of this fact. It is true, medical men often recommend arrowroot for those in delicate health, as it is of great importance

to keep up the natural heat of the body with the least exertion of the digestive organs; but it cannot be too widely known that arrowroot pure and simple is a mere heat-producer; and milk, beef-tea, soup, or other suitable flesh-forming food, must be given with it, if the child or invalid is to be kept alive. On the other hand, semolina, hominy, lentil-meal, pea-flour, &c., not being prepared by washing, contain a much greater amount of flesh-forming material than sago, arrow-root, &c.

The starches are largely used in several important manufactures. Dextrin or British gum is prepared by heating starch to a temperature of about four hundred degrees Fahrenheit, and is preferred to gum-arabic because it is not so liable to crack or curl up the stamps or other paper prepared with it. Immense quantities of starch are used, too, in the manufacture of glucose or grape-sugar, which has exactly the same composition as starch, and is prepared by acting on the starch with sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol), which has the same effect as the pyraline of the saliva. Linen rags are largely used for the same purpose too; and, indeed, it is wonderful how few things are altogether useless at the present day. Old boots and horns provide some of our most brilliant colours; while dye-colours innumerable are made from the refuse of our gas-works; and the wash-heaps of our factories are proving mines of wealth, instead of mounds of rubbish.

ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOT.

CHAPTER X.—AT LEOMINSTER HOUSE.

VERY many Londoners who boast their intimate knowledge of the ins and outs of London, and especially of that West End which is a glorified adjunct to the ancient city of King Lud, would be puzzled to identify the exact locality of Leominster House. And yet the grand old mansion, coyly hiding behind its massive walls in a gloomy street of Mayfair, is well worth seeing, when its wide gates open to give some carriage egress, if only for the sake of its superb frontage, designed by Inigo Jones, and as yet unspoiled by climate or the restorer. Very big, stately, and perhaps melancholy, like some other town residences of the higher aristocracy, was this great old house, which had been built among green fields, long ago swallowed by encroaching brick and mortar, and the once famous gardens of which are represented by the modern Montgomery Street and Place and Leominster Street, which stand where once maids of honour in hoops and powder, paint and patches, flirted with courtiers in blue and silver, in pink and gold, with leech hats, richly hilted swords, and clouded canes. It would have needed, as in the old days of ostentatious housekeeping, an army of gorgeous footmen, and a bevy of visitors in the gay apparel of former times, to have enlivened the sombre stateliness of the enormous house, or the tomblike silence that seemed natural to it.

There had not been much feasting within those walls for some years past. Lady Barbara could remember solemn hospitality, on a princely scale, but somewhat ponderous and staid, to have been exercised there in her father's time. But her brother had hated the place, and indeed had spent his leisure and his revenues for the most part in Cannes, Como, Naples; while the late lord's short reign and sickly health had not been consistent with much enjoyment of London society.

In a large, sadly splendid room, one of a suite of sadly splendid rooms, that were reached by traversing an inner hall, paved with marble, and a ghostly corridor carpeted with red, reclined the newly arrived mistress. There was something touching in the contrast between the cold stateliness of the magnificent house and the helpless attitude and air of extreme youth and childlike innocence which distinguished her to whom all beneath that roof were bound to yield obedience. Dressed in the deepest mourning as she was, her graceful figure seemed the more slender because of the clinging black robes, the gloomy hue of which set off the purity and beauty of her almost dazzling complexion, and the sheen of her golden hair. The likeness to the absent sister would have been very striking, had any one been there who had known the two in days when Clare and Cora were together and poor; but this one looked calmer and more placid than the other in Bruton Street had been seen to look since first, under the lawyer's care, she sought the shelter of her brother's insolvent dwelling. Lady Barbara Montgomery, rigid and upright in a tall-backed chair, sat like a guardian dragon opposite to the mistress of the mansion. A severe expression was on her firm lips and in her austere eyes, and there was displeasure in the ring of her voice as she said: 'It admits, to my mind, of no extenuation, Clare, my dear. Neither your brother nor your sister—excuse me—has behaved as I had a right to expect. Sir Pagan has positively not paid me the compliment of sending an answer to the letter I addressed to him.'

'Perhaps,' answered the other timidly—'perhaps Pagan did not know what to say.'

'It is possible, when the subject of discourse turned on topics less congenial than a horse or a dog,' returned Lady Barbara in a voice that quivered with suppressed anger—for the chateleine of Castel Vawr, though too old to entertain modern theories of women's rights, had very strong ideas of her own, as a born Montgomery of the long titled branch of that most ancient stem—that Sir Pagan Carew might find himself at a loss for a befitting method of expressing his sentiments. But he might have remembered that the commonest rules of courtesy demand that a gentleman should be at least polite to a lady.'

Now, this was precisely—though Lady Barbara did not know it—what poor Sir Pagan did remember. The recollection of her letter cost the miserable young baronet many a twinge during those nightly musings that we all have, and wherein so many uncomfortable facts are marshalled up against our peace and serenity. 'How can I answer that high-bred old cat at Castel Vawr?' was a question that Sir Pagan often asked himself, as he shifted to and fro on

his uneasy pillow; and it was a query that took precedence frequently of pressing questions as to stakes and entries, hedging upon racehorses, meeting 'that bill' at Moss's in Currier Street, and raising the snug three hundred—part wine, part pictures, part cash—from Mr Aaron in Windmill Street, Haymarket. Sir Pagan was to the backbone a gentleman. But the broken-down Devonshire baronet had never been schooled in the ways of the feminine world. Men, he understood pretty well. But of women of fashion he knew strangely little; and of such majestic survivals of a former state of things as Lady Barbara, he stood in awe, not unmingled with repugnance. Several times he tried to pen a reply to her magniloquent epistle, but gave it up for the moment. And so it fell out that the task of answering Lady Barbara was insensibly if unwillingly relinquished.

'Poor Pagan! he scarcely ever wrote a line in his life either to Cora or to me,' said Lady Barbara's companion, very gently. 'It is of her, not of him, that I am thinking, ah! so often, and so sadly.'

'But your sister has likewise left your letter unreplyed to,' returned Lady Barbara, with extra lines of severity about her hard mouth.

'Poor Cora, poor misguided girl! Yes; she is headstrong in her error.'

'You should say, Clara, obstinate in her sin,' interrupted Lady Barbara impatiently.

'Not when I speak of Cora—not where my sister is concerned,' answered the beautiful young mistress of the house, with a sweet firmness that became her well. 'I can never be harsh, never unkind in word or thought, when it is of Cora that there is question. It is not as if she were really—had-hearted, dear Aunt Barbara. She is a mere dupe, a poor misled thing, and if I could only see her.'

At this moment a deferential interruption occurred, as a groom of the chambers, salver in hand, entered with a note for the younger of the two ladies.

'At last!' exclaimed Lady Barbara, while the colour of the young lady went and came, as with trembling hand she took the letter. Neither of the two ladies doubted that the absent sister had at length sent the long expected reply. The groom of the chambers, who bore a close external resemblance to a dean, slid away again, on noiseless feet as he had come, and closed the door. Meanwhile the recipient had had time to scrutinise the note which she held between her fingers. Her heart gave one convulsive bound, and then ceased to beat—so it seemed—and she grew white to the very lips. She did not open the letter, however. 'You seem in no hurry, Clara, my love,' said Lady Barbara, in that admonitory tone which old people, in the days of her own youth, had been wont to adopt towards young people who were tardy or slack in fulfilling the requirements of their elders. Lady Barbara was anxious to know what the truant could possibly have to say for herself. Could the letter be a renewal of the old audacious effort at imposture, or was it a mere confession and whimpering plea for mercy and forgiveness?

'It is a mistake. It is not from Cora at all—nor from my brother. It has nothing to do with that sad affair,' was the reply, in a voice that

was not quite so steady as its beautiful owner wished it to be.

'But then?'—interjected Lady Barbara, half interrogatively.

'I have said that it is nothing—a trifle,' replied the other, almost peevishly, as she thrust the note, unopened, into the midst of a litter of tiny trivial objects that lay upon the table at her side. 'It is a disappointment,' she added, smiling slightly; 'for I, like you, had hoped that Cora had written.'

Lady Barbara's foot drammed on the velvet carpet, and her eyebrows expressed displeasure as eloquently as ever broad, black, well-arched eyebrows can have done since the world was a world. The noble spinster had cherished certain half-formed designs of 'being a mother to the youthful widow,' so strangely left forlorn and rich. Lady Barbara was not in the least consciously selfish in thus proposing to herself a quasi-maternal mentorship over so very well endowed an orphan as the young Lady Leominster. It was not the latter's purse-strings over which she desired to establish a control. She had an income of her own that was large enough to leave an annual surplus. But she dearly loved power, and her unexpressed wish was that the border castle and the London mansion and the revenues that went with them should be managed according to her, Lady Barbara's, notions of what was right. She wished her nephew's wife to justify his choice by turning out a model Marchioness, and regulating her actions and choosing her friends according to right rule and sage opinion. But it is difficult to assume unasked the character of guide to one with whom there has been no early familiarity; and sweet as the girl's temper unquestionably was, Lady Barbara had an instinctive feeling that she was not one of those weak members of the sex who are ready to yield sheep-like obedience to the first social or domestic tyrant who chooses to demand it. Lady Barbara, then, restrained the impulse to inquire concerning the origin of the note just received.

'I was thinking of going out. There are one or two places I want to go to, and then I could take a turn in the Park before driving home again. The air would do you good, Clara, dear. Will you come with me?' said she as suavely as she could.

'I should prefer to stay at home to-day. I am tired, and besides, I wish to write to Cora,' answered the other gently.

Lady Barbara had been used to hear her suggestions treated as royal commands. She frowned and looked doubly austere as she rang the bell and ordered the carriage. Then she went to attire herself for her outing; and still her young companion sat motionless, almost in a crouching attitude, in her chair, her slender white hand resting listlessly on the tiny table beside her, whereon stood a vase that held a lily, and a heap of Society journals, photographs, and so forth, as well as a small enamelled workbox, over the edge of which peeped bright skeins of floss-silk and glittering beads and the implements of some slight feminine industry. Close by this box the unopened note had been, as if carelessly, pushed, and there it lay. It was not till the carriage with Lady Barbara had fairly rolled out of the

court-yard, that a strange change came over the countenance of the young lady, as she took up the hitherto neglected letter, and tearing it open, set herself to the task of perusing its contents.

PAVEMENT PORTRAITS.

A WRITER.

Nor a poet, nor a writer of fiction or history, nor a scribbler on science and art, nor a builder of journalistic columns, was this tall, thin, young man, who, dressed in a well-brushed, somewhat threadbare frock-coat, thick comforter, and rather old-fashioned high hat with a broad brim, was a little while ago to be met every morning at nine a.m., or thereabouts, near the end of Cheapside. It was a government office assistant, or, to give him his official designation, a Civil Service writer, who was thus hurrying to his daily labour; a man who for tenpence an hour drudged away his life.

Albeit always wrapped up, whatever the weather might be, this poor boy—for he was only four-and-twenty—always looked cold. And cold he invariably was. Born under an Indian sun, bred in a bungalow, and living, until within the last few years of his young life, in a climate where existence would be intolerable but for punkahs and long spells of luxurious ease, the change to the dull gray shade of a London suburb, and the sordid existence of a government writer, had developed in him the seeds of hereditary consumption so rapidly, that no one looking at him plodding to his daily labour could doubt that with him the time could not be long 'or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken.'

Notwithstanding his shabby clothes and chilled appearance, this 'portrait' looked by no means an unhappy member of the human family at the time when he was first to be met on his morning walk along Cheapside, now nearly four years ago. He was new to London in those days, his father, an officer in the Indian army, having not long before been slain in a brush with some unruly natives; and his mother having returned to England and set up housekeeping, on a very small annuity, with her son and daughter at Peckham. At that time, the wear and tear of London life going on around him amazed and amused him, and his daily trudge between Peckham and his office had not become the painful feat which they subsequently grew to be. The nature of this young man was bright and cheerful; he had an inquiring mind; he was young, and had the hopefulness belonging to nearly all youth. So the first spring, summer, and winter went by without any particularly disturbing element in the lives of the three Anglo-Indians at Peckham. But the second spring brought with it a severe illness to the young writer. For week after week he was laid up with a distressing cough, tightness of the chest, and general symptoms of the dread complaint, from which, as his mother knew only too well, he suffered; and when, towards the beginning of summer, the boy resumed his work at his office, those with whom he was brought in contact noticed how cruelly the complaint had gripped hold of him.

Still he plodded cheerfully on, working the full limit of the time during which he could work, in order to squeeze as many pence as possible from the cashier at the end of every week. He had a hopeful word for his mother whenever she questioned him about his health, concealing even from himself the doubts which would obtrude upon his thoughts as to his condition. And he bent all his energies to the one task of adding to the little common fund at home for the maintenance of his mother, his sister, and himself in independence.

But another shadow, besides the dark one of disease, began to cast itself over the little household at Peckham. Debt appeared. Debt, incurred first during the spring, because of the writer's illness, seemed to grow heavier and greater week by week, strive as the family did to drive it from their door; and when July came, a catastrophe happened. The writer came down to breakfast one morning, and found his mother weeping bitterly over the dressing-case of his dead father. There was the box which to him, as a child, had been a delightful mystery, with its secret jewel drawer, which only opened upon the pressure of some unknown spring; its silver-topped bottles, its penknife, scissors, paper-knife, razors, and all the useful articles of a rich man's toilet-table. The young man stared at his mother, drying her eyes, silently put each of the contents of the case into its proper place, and then, having shut and locked the box, did it up reverently in paper, tying the string with an energy which, unnecessary in itself, showed the deep emotion which agitated her.

'Charles,' she said, 'the rent to Lady-day last is not yet paid. The landlord will not wait for ever. It must be done. Take this, Charles, and get the money.'

The boy felt a horrid lump in his throat as he cried out: 'O mother! dear father's dressing-case! I can't, I positively can't!'

'Charles,' said his mother very solemnly, 'don't think that I can bear to do this any more than you. But it must be done. We will try and be even more economical than we have hitherto been; and we will get it out soon again. Our debts must be paid. Surely it is better to raise money in this way, than to go on being the slave of one's creditors—and of that most important one of all, the landlord.'

So Charles took the parcel up; and on his way to the office that morning, he tremblingly entered a pawnbroker's shop in Blackman Street, Borough.

Oh, the fit of coughing which he had when he came out of that pawnbroker's! The passers-by stared in pity at the poor thin figure, almost bent double with pain, his weak frame looking likely to go to pieces with the violence of the cough. But he hurried on, his handkerchief pressed to his mouth, and none but he saw the scarlet stain thereon, when, the fit over, he was able to take it from his face and replace it in his pocket. That scarlet stain haunted him all day long. Ay, all that day, and for weeks and weeks, the poor writer, filling up forms and docketing official papers, thought of little else—the blood on his handkerchief, and his father's dressing-case in the pawnshop!

He never told his mother of that fit of coughing

in Blackman Street. The burden of poverty was the common lot of all at his home to bear. The skeleton in his own cupboard was kept fast locked up and out of the sight of the others. But it was a cruel secret to keep, and the mental trouble it caused him by no means contributed to strengthening his weak constitution. However, the writer, if he had a feeble body, had a strong will; and all the energy of his nature was directed to the one specific purpose of releasing his father's dressing-case from what he considered to be the degradation and disgrace of the pawnbroker's possession.

Summer passed, autumn came, followed by a cruel winter. The young man laboured on. He worked very hard. He asked for additional employment, and obtained permission to do some official work at home, which brought him in some extra shillings, which he carefully stowed away, longing for the day when his hoard would reach the amount requisite to redeem the dressing-case.

All that winter, the men who saw him at his work watched the fading away of the life of this poor 'portrait.' His face became perfectly white, with a dreadful flush on each cheek, which told its tale to the most casual observer. And for those who could not see the evidence in his face, there was the testimony of that ever-recurring cough. It was so bad, that, poor fellow, he had frequently to leave the room—the light labours of the comfortable clerks being interrupted by his barking, which at times would finish almost in a scream. Still he plodded on. Spring came. The home of the 'portrait,' by the joint efforts of his mother, sister, and self, was somehow kept over their heads. His secret fund had increased very slowly, but steadily, and now reached five pounds. Other two pounds, or a little more, and the object of the young man's hard labour of many weary months would be accomplished.

The month of June arrived, and the money required by the writer for what had been the purpose of his life since that morning when he spat blood in Blackman Street—now nearly a year ago—was made up during the four weeks of this the most beautiful month of all the year. But at what a price was the object of the poor fellow attained! It was the mere shadow of a man that moved nervously and swiftly to and from its work day by day, rather than a being of flesh and blood, belonging to the same race as the robust crowd of City men through which he passed, with a 'far-off look' within his eyes.

At last the anniversary of the day on which he had pawned his father's dressing-case came; and with trembling, transparent fingers, he nervously counted over his little savings ere setting out for his work. The money he put into his pocket together with the pawn-ticket; and all that day he surprised the other writers and the clerks with whom he worked by the cheerfulness of his manner and the alacrity with which he performed his official labours. He even made jokes! He rallied some of the men who were slow in doing their work; but while making fun of them, he helped them to do it. His high spirits were, it must be admitted, rather ghastly, and contrasted but ill with his alarming appear-

ance; and when five o'clock came, the writer walked out from his office with a more erect frame, and with a happier look on his wasted face than he had had for many a long day.

On his way home, he entered the dark doorway of the pawnbroker's shop in Blackman Street, and gave up his ticket and his little hoard of money, and received the heavy box, which had been hidden away for twelve long months. With this burden under his arm, he set off for his home. He was full of pluck and hope, and he was picturing to himself the joyful surprise with which his mother and sister would receive the returned dressing-case, when suddenly a horrid spasm seized his chest, as it were, and seemed to stop his heart. He put his parcel down on the pavement of the busy Borough thoroughfare and gasped for breath. Then came the cough again. When this was over, the poor writer could hardly stand. Some kind person going by, seeing that he was very ill, called a cab, and put him and his box into it.

The cab arrived at the poor little Peckham cottage with the redeemed dressing-case, and its redeemer—dead!

THE MAN IN POSSESSION.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

As I quietly glided across the entrance lobby of Briteleigh Hall, in the wake of Mrs Stokes and the housekeeper, I looked about hurriedly for some place within which I could conceal myself for a few minutes. The scullery-door stood open. There was no one within the room. I stepped in, and gently closing the door, waited patiently, listening for the unloading of the remainder of the linen and the departure of Mrs Stokes. What she thought of my sudden disappearance, I am unable to state. She did not, however, to my knowledge, express openly any manifestation of surprise. Perhaps she feared that if she did so, it might implicate her in some unpleasant affair, and therefore wisely chose to be silent; or, more probably, thought that I was, as she expressed it, 'a friend of the family,' stealing upon them unawares.

Watching my opportunity when the coast seemed clear, I stealthily sallied forth, and made for the entrance-hall and for the principal staircase. Probably the dog had not been unchained, for I neither saw nor heard anything of him. On reaching the first landing, I observed a door partly open. The room was superbly furnished. 'The drawing-room,' said I to myself. Within, in an easy-chair, sat a gentleman considerably past middle age, but tall and robust. The first glance at his countenance revealed a compound of the repulsive and the cunning, mingled with deep traces of continuous dissipation. He was reading a newspaper. I hesitated a moment, and then stepped boldly into the room. He looked up with an impatient expression of surprise and annoyance.

'Mr Wintock, I presume?'—making a low bow.

'What do you want here, fellow?' he replied, starting to his feet. 'How dare you intrude into a gentleman's mansion and private apartment after this fashion?'

'Very sorry to discommode you, sir, but business is business, though it's sometimes rather unpleasant. I am here on the part of Mr Warley. And then I briefly explained the nature of my commission, and showed him my authority.

He got into a towering passion, and turning to the mantel-piece, rang the bell violently. 'You sneaking, pettifogging bumballiff, leave my house this instant.—Here, Benetti!—raising his voice.—Benetti, you rascal, I want you!—Martha, loose the dog!'

Quickly walking to the door, I shut it, turned the key, and set my back against it.

Mr Wintock seized the heavy drawing-room poker and advanced towards me. 'You scoundrel! unlock that door; and stand out of the way this instant, or I'll smash!—'

'Oh, if that's your game, governor, you had better not try it on,' I interrupted, drawing one of my pocket companions and just showing him the muzzle; for my blood began to warm. 'I don't want to do anything uncomfortable; but you know self-preservation is the first law of nature. If you are going to knock a hole in my cranium, I shall try and drill one in yours. Not a perfectly legal act, perhaps, but certainly expedient under the circumstances.—Now, sir,' I continued, 'it's no use your getting into a passion with me, because I'm only an agent, you see, and obliged to do the bidding of my superiors. Besides, you will only make matters worse.'

The first outbreak of passion over, he calmed down a little. 'Well, that's true,' he replied, 'as far as it goes. And how on earth you contrived to get in, I can't imagine.'

'All stratagems, sir, are fair in war, you know.'

'Did you get in—through one of my people?'

'No, sir; I did not.'

'Hein!' he muttered to himself; 'I am glad there are no traitors in the camp.—They need not have been so sharp with me,' he continued, addressing me. 'The money will be paid without fail in a week at the latest.'

'Extremely glad to hear it indeed, sir. I sincerely hope it will. In that case, you need not care about my troubling you for a few days. I don't wish to interfere with your family arrangements in any way, or to do anything inconsistent with my duty. Lodge me comfortably and feed me fairly, and you'll scarcely know I'm here. I'm used to this sort of thing, sir; you need not mind me in the least, I can assure you.'

He had put down the poker, and was leaning against the mantel-piece. Some one tried the door, and then tapped. 'Did you ring, sir?' It was Martha's voice.

I unlocked the door, and stood behind it.

Mr Wintock stepped across the room and opened it. 'Come again in a quarter of an hour.'

'Very well, sir.'

Martha retraced her steps down-stairs.

'Now, Mr—a—a—'

'Meredith, sir, at your service.'

'Mr Meredith, then, as you seem to be a reasonable fellow, perhaps, all things considered,

it will be as well to waive my first intention of pitching you headlong out of the window, and try to accommodate you during your brief stay as well as our humble and limited means will permit.' He said this with an air of chagrin and sarcasm that told plainly how much he was irritated at being overmatched. 'Meanwhile, you shall, as you request, lodge well and be fed well until you take your angust departure.'

Some further conversation, relative to the matter in hand, followed; and after a short time, he rang again for Martha, who after a brief colloquy received instructions to conduct me to the apartment I was for the nonce to occupy.

'Mr Meredith,' he said as I was bowing myself out of the room, 'there is one thing I should wish you to understand. We are very quiet people, and dislike being disturbed at night. The dog has usually the range of the house after ten o'clock. It would be as well to keep your room after that hour till the servants are about in the morning. He is an extremely savage beast, and some accident might occur.'

'Indeed, Mr Wintock? Then would it not be advisable, to avoid all risk, to keep him constantly chained up?' I laid my hand carelessly on my breast-pocket as I spoke.

He understood the hint, and replied good-humouredly: 'Well, well; perhaps it would.—Martha, tell Benetti to see to it.'

He meditates a moonlight departure, thought I, as I left the drawing-room. 'We shall see,' and I resolved to be more than ordinarily vigilant.

The room allotted for my temporary accommodation was in an upper story, in an angle of the building overlooking the most pleasant part of the park, and on the opposite side to that more immediately tenanted by the family. It was comfortably furnished, and my meals were regularly and liberally served. I did not, however, get much repose. My chief's caution, 'to sleep with one eye open;' Mr Wintock's behaviour at our first meeting, and especially his hint about the dog; together with the jealous suspicion with which Benetti evidently watched my every movement whenever I left my apartment—determined me to keep on the alert. It was my custom to remain the greater part of the night in my room, sometimes with a light, often without one, and as the weather was tolerably warm, not unfrequently with the window open. What sleep I had was chiefly by snatches in the daytime.

It was on the fifth night after establishing myself in my quarters at the Hall, and the great clock had struck the solemn hour of twelve. The house was wrapped in silence; not a sound seemed to break the stillness of the night. I had been reading, and overcome either by the lassitude consequent upon being shut up for several days, or the drowsiness attendant upon a protracted period of wakefulness, or perhaps by both, had dropped off into a dreamy doze. On the other side of the room—a capacious one—and opposite the centre table at which I was sitting, hung a large mirror; behind me was the door, shielded by a very handsome screen covered with richly ornamented oriental designs. Something partially roused me, and I looked up in that half-conscious, half-somniferous state subsequent to what is

denominated as 'forty winks.' My candle was flickering in the socket. By its varying and fast decreasing light stood dimly revealed in the reflection of the mirror before me the vision of a haggard female face, peering at me intently round the extreme fold of the screen, which reached to within a yard of my chair. Such an expression I had never before seen on mortal physiognomy, nor ever wish to see again. Long raven-black hair hung disheveled over a face, pale and haggard; the bloodless lips closed over the clenched teeth with desperate resolution; the brilliant flashing eyes glittered with an almost maniacal light; yet, distorted as were the features, they still bore traces of singular beauty. For the first time since entering the Hall, the strange story of the 'white face,' which I had heard at the *Three Nags*, flashed across my memory. For a moment, sense and reason seemed to reel, and I had well-nigh fallen from my chair. Suddenly, the lips parted in an attempt to speak, and the figure extended its attenuated arm, as if to touch me. At the same moment, a brawny hand was placed over its mouth, and it was forcibly dragged, or rather lifted back behind the screen just as my expiring candle rallied for an instant and shot up its last bright gleam of flame. Then all was darkness.

Springing to my feet, I rushed to the door, overturning both chair and screen in my haste. There was neither trace nor sound of any one near my chamber. The lofty staircase, the long passages, were silent and deserted. It was with sensations not to be described that I returned to my room, lighted a fresh candle, and sat watching and listening eagerly the remaining part of the night; but nothing further occurred. Nor was there the next day, on the part of the inmates, the most trifling indication that anything unusual had occurred. I forbore to ask any questions, and kept my own counsel, determining, however, as far as possible, to unravel the mystery.

With this purpose in mind, I resolved not to confine myself so closely to my room as heretofore. Of the supernatural I did not for a moment dream; but it did strike me that the face said to be occasionally seen at the windows, and which had certainly appeared to me, might possibly be a clever device, in the one case to frighten unwelcome visitors from the premises, in the other to bring about my own speedy departure. Yet that dark sinewy hand—unless the whole thing were a delusion on my part—evidently coerced and prevented the intention of the figure. Then, again, it occurred to me that possibly it might be some insane member of the family, whom it was desirable to keep secluded, and yet not necessary to send away to an asylum, and who had during the night broken away from restraint. If so, what right had I to interfere, or to intrude myself upon Mr Wintock's private affairs? I could not satisfy myself, and waited in a fever of excitement for some clue to guide me. So intensely absorbed did I become, so nervously anxious to discover the locality of my mysterious visitant, that I almost forgot the special business upon which I was engaged.

The next few nights passed without any further interruption of my privacy. My overwrought

feelings gradually cooled down, and I began to question within myself whether or not the whole transaction was not a creation of my own imagination, a horrible nightmare, consequent upon the uneasy position in which I had sat and dozed. Dispassionate reasoning had almost brought me to this conclusion, when all doubts were solved by what shortly afterwards occurred.

Though of course I had the liberty of the whole house, which to a certain extent I availed myself of, it was my custom, at intervals during the day, to stand for a while at the open window of my room, to inhale, for health's sake, the fresh country air wafted over the domain of that noble park. My room had indeed two windows; but one of these only looked out upon a receding angle of the house, a few feet distant; the other, at which I generally stood, commanded a view of the whole park. Rural scenery is to me at all times an exquisite delight. I have stood for hours at that ancient Gothic window, gazing upon the grand old trees and broad expanse of sward, decked with bright spring flowers, and listening with enthusiasm to the melody of the countless merry song-birds that broke upon the stillness of that dreary mansion.

One evening, just at dusk, I was leaning out, watching the fading twilight, and deeply intent upon the liquid music of a couple of nightingales, which had taken up their abode in a cluster of trees not far from the house, and were warbling their ravishing strains with thrilling effect in the solemn stillness of that deserted park. As I listened to them, some tiny scraps of a material of fine texture, apparently cut or torn from a lady's dress, dropped fluttering past me from above. On looking up, I beheld—attached to an improvised line of the same material, consisting of strips tied together, and which was evidently let down from an upper window—a white pocket-handkerchief loosely folded. I could just discern a hand signalling me to secure the handkerchief. Though startled, I lost not a moment in doing so. The line was withdrawn, and the hand immediately disappeared. Shutting the window, I struck a light, and sat down in no little haste to ascertain what this might mean. On opening the handkerchief, I found the interior covered with writing in large characters, not inscribed with pen or pencil, but seemingly traced with a piece of coal or a portion of burnt stick. With some difficulty, I deciphered the writing, as follows:

SIR—I beseech you to pity and aid an unfortunate lady, imprisoned in her own house, and deprived of her rightful property by the grossest villainy. If you are a gentleman, be the instrument of my release.—Next room but one to the roof—same size and arrangement of windows as your own—locked in. MARIA WINTOCK.

'Then the tale I heard at the *Three Nags* has some foundation after all,' I inwardly exclaimed, as every nerve trembled with excitement. Refolding the handkerchief, I leaned back in my chair to cogitate upon this strange communication. 'The Hall is indeed haunted, yet by no spirit, but a being of flesh and blood. This is no maniac's epistle; nor was the apparition in my room a freak of my imagination. No wonder the young lady disappeared so suddenly.—Ah, Mr Wintock,

that is your scheme, is it?—a prisoner till she accepts the hand of your worthless profligate son, and then her fortune will be a nice plum to relieve you from your difficulties. I wonder you have not killed her outright; but I suppose that would not serve your purpose.—Help you, poor lady? Yes; that Jack Meredith will, scapegrace as he has been, if he has but half a chance. But how?

Ay, how? There was the rub. My duty forbade me to leave the house for assistance, and if I did so, I might not be able to effect an entrance again; and supposing this gained, might she not in the meantime be spirited away far beyond risk of discovery? Should I resort to open violence, the odds were terribly against me. George Wintock, doubtless a strong, active fellow in ripe manhood; his father, an antagonist by no means to be despised; and that brutal-looking Italian, who seemed to possess the strength of a second Hercules. That scheme would not work. What should I do? How communicate with my fair and oppressed correspondent?

After some consideration, it occurred to me that unless prevented, she would doubtless be on the watch for some kind of reply, and that I might avail myself of the same method of communication which she had tried with success. Taking out my pocket-book, and tearing from it a dozen leaves, I wrote on one of them as follows:

MADAM—I am only a bailiff in possession, but heartily at your service. I will be at the window to-morrow night when the Hall clock strikes ten. Tell me how I can assist you. If you are prevented communicating with me then, let the little scraps fall as before as soon as an opportunity offers. I will keep a sharp look-out.—Your obedient servant, J. MEREDITH.

Tying this and the blank leaves, along with a piece of stout twine for her use in future communications, in a roll with one of my pencils, and extinguishing my candle, I reopened the window. All was quiet without; and attaching her white handkerchief to the end of my walking-stick, I thrust it out, and waved it backwards and forwards several times. The signal was perceived. The casement above was softly opened, and the line was again let down. Looping my note safely to the line, I had the satisfaction of seeing it ascend to its destination. It was eagerly clutched by the occupant above; her window was again softly closed; and I retired—but not to sleep, for every sense was straining with tumultuous excitement.

On the following evening, faithful to my promise, I was at my window a few minutes before ten. As the Hall clock boomed the last stroke, I felt a small roll of paper secure in my hand, and as before, retired to peruse it.

GENEROUS SIR—I am most wretched. Oh, help me, for the love of humanity! I am threatened with the most horrible fate, unless I consent to be dragged into a union with the younger Wintock, whom I utterly loathe; or to make over the greater part of my property to him and his father. They have more than once hinted at immuring me in a private lunatic asylum for life. Such things have been done. At times I feel as if I really were insane. Can

you not procure assistance, and free me from these wretches? Surely the law is sufficiently powerful to protect you in aiding a defenceless, but grossly abused and oppressed lady. I have now been here several years, and hope is all but extinguished. They have kept me constantly locked up in my room since the night I succeeded in reaching yours, as I had hoped undetected. Previous to then, I was only confined to the upper suite of apartments. I entreat you not to desert me. Oh, contrive some means of setting me free; and earn the everlasting gratitude of

M. WINTOCK.

P.S.—I will let down for your reply at this time to-morrow evening, unless prevented.—Beware of Benetti.

‘Well,’ thought I, ‘this is an adventure. But how is it to be accomplished?’ After much consideration, I fancied that I had hit upon a scheme, and determined to communicate it to Miss Wintock, and, if she thought it feasible, put it in practice without delay. It met with her approbation, and we at once proceeded to execute it. The plan, however, required delicate handling, with courage, calmness, and resolution to carry it out. I told her the nature of the responsibility I should incur in deserting my post; but she urged me to undertake her release at all hazards, promising herself to liquidate any liabilities which might arise in consequence, so soon as she should be restored to the outer world and able to assume the disposition of her property. She had been detained a prisoner in the Hall since she was seventeen years of age. She had now just turned twenty-one. Her guardian had therefore no longer any legal authority over her. I felt that the urgency and peculiarity of the case would insure me latent judgment, if not condemnation for my breach of trust, in the minds of all right-thinking men.

‘Be ready at two to-morrow morning,’ was my last billet, forwarded in the usual manner, ‘while the Wintocks are probably asleep. Keep up your courage, and leave the rest to me.’

I chose the hour of two o’clock in the morning for attempting the rescue of the young lady, as having the greatest chance of success; for notwithstanding Mr Wintock’s hint that the family disliked being disturbed at night, I had discovered that both he and his son were in the habit of spending some part of it from home—where, I cannot say, but probably in some kind of dissipation. Both went out about nine o’clock. Mr Wintock usually returned about one. His son was much more uncertain.

I have said that the entire edifice, and especially the roofs, were of very irregular build, and that my room was situated at an angle of the house. On the other side of the angle was a suite of rooms but little used, the window of one of them being exactly on a level with Miss Wintock’s, and about six feet distant from it, and to which room I discovered I could find access. Immediately above the room in question was a lumber-room, with a ladder from the floor to the trap-door opening out upon the roof. Carefully watching an opportunity the next day, I slipped into the lumber-room, in which, among other things, were a number of tools of various descriptions, and armed myself with a couple of stout screw-drivers,

with which I retreated, after noting that the ladder might easily be removed.

A little before two o'clock found me cautiously issuing from my apartment and stealthily creeping towards this part of the building. I did not much fear any alarm from the dog, as during my stay he had been kept chained up in the other part of the mansion. I suppose Mr Wintock had profited by my hint respecting the animal. Possessing myself of the ladder, I very quietly removed it to the room whose window I have described as being opposite to and on a level with Miss Wintock's. The next were moments of breathless anxiety and suspense. Slowly opening the window, I waved her own white kerchief—the signal agreed upon between us—and her window was then as noiselessly raised. I then proceeded to push the ladder very gently across until it rested upon the sill of hers, forming a narrow bridge from window to window. She was at her post, and grasping the top staff, held it firmly. Seating myself astride, I gradually shifted a few inches at a time until I reached her. The Hall clock struck two as I stepped softly into her room, immediately withdrawing the ladder and closing the window. She was greatly agitated, and trembled violently. Taking my hand in both her own, she whispered a few words of impassioned thanks; and then we addressed ourselves to the task of getting out of and away from the house silently and safely. This we both felt would be no easy matter; for not only was the door of her own room locked, but also that of the room into which it opened, and through which we must pass before gaining the corridor which led to the staircase. Force I dare not use, because of the noise; and indeed it would have been difficult to force the doors, as both were of stout oak. Hence my provision of the screw-drivers.

The screws were rusted with age, and I was too little skilled in carpentry to work in the dark. I therefore lighted a candle I had brought with me, and laboured heavily for about an hour, Miss Wintock bending over me to aid me with its light, until her long raven hair rested carelessly on my shoulder, she holding and shading the candle with my hat, lest its reflection should betray us to any one out of doors, as George Wintock in his return home from his midnight revels might observe it in crossing the park. At length I was successful; the last screw of the second door yielded. Extinguishing the light, we paused a few minutes to listen, and then stepped softly out into the dark corridor, I leading the van pistol in hand, and Miss Wintock leaning heavily on my arm.

Along the corridor and down the richly carpeted staircase we went on tiptoe and with bated breath, lest the echoes of that gloomy old mansion should arouse her jailers. Every instant we expected the dog to give tongue. The night was cloudy; but suddenly the moon emerged from behind a cloud, and for a few seconds illumined the sombreness of the antique entrance-hall. I felt Miss Wintock start and shudder, press my arm and cling still closer to me, with the confidence of a very child. It made my heart leap, and every drop of blood in my veins thrilled with a feeling of rapturous delight, hitherto unknown to me. I seemed for the moment to have the strength of twenty men, and almost

longed to do battle on her behalf. We stood for a moment in the hall, undecided whether to try one of the long passages, or at once seek egress by the principal entrance. We chose the latter. Softly we passed across the polished oaken floor, and I began slowly and with extreme caution to undo the fastenings. Gently, one by one, each bolt and bar was withdrawn, the huge lock was turned, and the ponderous door swung heavily upon its hinges. Greatly exhilarated at our success, I turned to my companion with a whispered word of encouragement on my lips, when an unseen enemy struck me a tremendous blow on the head, driving me through the open doorway like a ball from a wicket, and felling me like a log upon the gravel-walk beyond. At the same instant a succession of piercing shrieks, so wild, so heartrending, and despairing, burst from Miss Wintock, that it seemed as if her reason was passing away in a continuation of convulsive efforts to regain her liberty.

How long I lay insensible upon that cold gravel-walk I cannot say, but it could not have been many minutes. Probably my assailant was for the time too fully occupied in securing the re-captured lady to be able to inflict any further injury upon me. When I regained consciousness, the moon was obscured, and it was intensely dark, not a star being visible. Bruised, sore, and bleeding, I gathered myself up as best I could, and endeavoured to collect my thoughts. But in what manner to act for the best, puzzled me. Should I wait till dawn, then hasten to the village, and endeavour to procure assistance in rescuing the young lady? For several reasons, I discarded this idea. Besides, I had in fact deserted my duty, and in justice to my employer, ought never to have attempted leaving the house. What was I to do?

INTOXICANA.

ALCOHOLIC fluids are by no means the only intoxicants known and used by oblivion-seeking humanity in different parts of the globe. Bhang, or Indian hemp, is consumed largely among the Hindus and Malays, and produces wild temporary delirium, during which homicidal mania is constantly prominent. If the practice be continued, it invariably ends in incurable and rapidly fatal madness. Opium eating and smoking, unfortunately, are not confined to China or the Chinese. There are houses in London, known to the initiated, where the dreamy pipe is always glowing hot with charcoal, ready for the tiny ball of precious resin, and seldom out of requisition; while the statistics of wholesale and retail druggists lead us to infer that much is taken habitually in private in various forms.

The consumption of opium is said to be especially great among the labouring-classes in the Fen districts, by whom, however, it is probably taken not as a luxury, but as the only relief they can obtain for the ague and rheumatism which rack and burn them chronically every second or third day. Quinine costs more than laudanum, and so the latter grows on them till, from the relief of pain, it becomes an ineradicable

vice. The habit of opium-smoking is far more pernicious, if persisted in, than that of opium-eating; but the hideous nausea and headache which follow the trance, even with seasoned smokers, must often act as a deterrent. The pleasurable effects produced by the pipe are said far to exceed those which follow the internal use of the drug. In cities where this practice prevails, one can always tell an opium-smoker at a glance by his ghastly pallor, yellow lips, and wandering far-off eyes.

Opium, though less expensive than quinine, is still costly enough in this country to prohibit its general use, the best being worth about seventy shillings per pound. Intoxication by this agent seems to be the most absorbing and ineradicable of all vicious propensities; and the victim is obliged to constantly increase the amount of his daily poison in order to arouse the sensations it produces; so that in some cases laudanum has been swallowed by the wine-glassful and solid opium by drachms—the medicinal dose of the former being from five to thirty drops; and of the latter, half a grain to two grains. Morphin does not seem to have the same effect in this connection; at anyrate, it is not used for the same purpose, though occasionally we hear of those who have become habituated to its subcutaneous injection during illness being unable or unwilling to dispense with it after recovery.

Scarcely one opium-drunkard in ten thousand is ever reclaimed. When a man has once acquired the habit, he may be looked upon as having less chance of rescue than the most inveterate inebriate from other causes. De Quincey and others have left us graphic accounts of the agonies they endured in giving up the drug, and the almost superhuman fortitude necessary to accomplish the sacrifice. In countries where there is much Chinese immigration—Guiana, Cuba, and the Western States—the most stringent restrictions on the import and sale of opium are established; otherwise, John-Chinaman would rapidly degenerate, from being the most decent fellow in the world, into a burden and a nuisance.

There is a curious distinction to be drawn between the alcohol-drunkard and the consumer of bhang, opium, *setiva*, and other brain-heating narcotics. The former drinks for the pleasure of drinking, for the gratification of the palate, and may be said to get tipsy accidentally—though commonly with a sufficient knowledge and recklessness of the result of his potations to constitute him guilty of 'culpable negligence' at the very least. In spite of all the hoisterous adages about 'drowning dull care,' and odes to Bacchus and the 'bowl' and the 'cup,' few men sit down with the deliberate intention of drinking themselves into a state of unconsciousness or temporary insanity. On the other hand, he who swallows or inhales the fumes of the above-mentioned drugs, which are extremely nauseous,

does so expressly for the sake of the stupor, fantasy, or frenzy they induce, and usually evades the flavour of them as far as possible.

Chloral and Eau-de-Cologne have been declared to be secretly much in vogue, especially with ladies; but this branch of the subject of Intoxicana has been already treated in No. 986 of this Journal.

Inhalation of nitrite of amyl and of chloroform are the latest vices laid to the charge of the fair sex. Ether, no doubt, is more extensively employed; but, for some unexplained reason, its use is almost confined to the lower classes in the north of Ireland, where it actually supersedes whisky to a great extent. Spirit of wine is not allowed to be sold in this country except for medical purposes, unless it is first 'methylated' with wood-spirit, which gives it an odour and flavour too unpleasant to allow of its substitution for more expensive and less powerful brandy or whisky. It is a very fortunate circumstance that in sugar-growing countries, where the distillate of the refuse—nearly pure alcohol, known as *cacha*, *caña*, *cachasse*, *aguardiente* or white rum—is cheaper than milk, the inhabitants are not much given to inebriety, intemperance being very fatal in such climates. In the south of Russia, the peasants become intoxicated on a certain kind of fungus, which is found to develop narcotic properties if dried and stored for some time.

The term 'tea-drunkard' is also known throughout Russia, and implies, not the abuse of *robur* or any spirit distilled from the herb, but that the cup which cheers intoxicates also, if zealously adhered to. Strong tea is well known to be a powerful though fleeting excitant of the nervous system; and if the reader likes to make the experiment, let him drink a dozen or fifteen cups of tea in the Russian style—that is, without cream or sugar, but flavoured with a drop of lemon-juice—in the space of a couple of hours, and he may arrive at the conclusion that there is something rational about such an epithet as tea-drunkard after all.

In many lands, the juices of various plants and trees are collected and allowed to ferment, or are sometimes drunk after undergoing a vinous change in the plant itself. Cocoa-nut water, found in the green pod before the fibrous husk and nut as we know them here are formed, is often used in this way, but is by no means attractive to European palates. Kurds and Tartars make a fermented liquor from mares' milk; and honey forms the basis of many drinks in different parts of the world, being familiar to us as mead. Real ginger-beer—not the sour, soapy mess sold in bottles under that name, but *beer*, really and truly brewed from ginger, and capital stuff too—is not to be trifled with. A similar compound is prepared from peppers in the West Indies. In the villages on the banks of the river Dart in Devonshire, white beer—ale with the yeast remaining in it—is a favourite tipple. Those who are accustomed to drink white beer, hold the cup in their hand, and keep it agitated by a constant circular motion until they have finished the

contents; so that a knot of labourers or fishermen, carousing together outside some rustic alehouse on a summer evening, presents rather a grotesque spectacle to the tourist in this part of England, and leads him to believe that a Home for Palsied Inebriates must exist somewhere in the vicinity.

If there are many things on which to get intoxicated, there are still more forms of intoxication. These vary principally with the individual; and here, again, it is a well-known fact that the quantity which a man may drink at one time with impunity will serve to overcome him at another. Much depends upon the state of health, the presence or absence of food in the stomach, the question of habitude as to the time of day, the mental condition at the moment—an excited person being much more quickly affected than one whose mind is tranquil—and the nature of the liquor; for different people are susceptible to spirits, wine, or beer in different degrees, which do not always correspond with the proportions of alcohol which those fluids contain. 'Mixing one's liquors' is proverbially unwise; yet at the dinner-table, one may take half-a-dozen wines in succession with a result which might be different if no food were taken concurrently. Brandy, whisky, hollands, rum, gin, &c. contain from forty to sixty per cent. of absolute alcohol; liqueurs, about the same amount; wine, from ten to twenty-eight per cent.; beer, from three to eight; cider, from the merest trace up to three or four, according to its age.

Some men seem to become drunk suddenly, giving no previous indication by thickness of articulation or unsteadiness of gait; this being commonly the case where mental excitement from other causes—as a heated discussion—prevails at the time. The most dreadful and astounding cases are afforded by those unfortunate people who are never sober. How they manage to survive so long as they do, is a mystery. There are men who have been perpetually under the influence of liquor for twenty or thirty years. Of course, the brain must have become permanently injured, so that we may infer that the drink these persons now take has little or no real effect on them, and that their state would be just the same without it. Others, again, are systematic and punctual drunkards of regular habits, men who take their quantum and are put to bed unconscious every night, yet are capable of attending to their daily business in the most extraordinary manner. These, as a rule, never exceed a given amount by so much as a glass, and do not suffer so much as intermittent drunkards—at any rate not so soon, for the inevitable consequence is only a little longer deferred. The writer knew an old doctor in Jamaica who used to aver that the climate was the finest in the world. 'Yellow-fever, sir?' he would exclaim—'not a bit of it! A vulgar chimera! A malicious libel on us! The fact is, it's the vicious irregular drinking habits of the people here that kills 'em. Look at me! I drink a bottle of brandy every night, and have done so for thirty years. I get tipsy seven times a week, in an orderly and decent manner; and I've never had yellow-fever nor a day's illness!' And to all appearance he was a fine healthy man of sixty-five or seventy, with

a beard as white as snow. Yet he was carried off suddenly by a trifling indisposition incidental to the climate; and it was found on examination of his papers after death that his age was only fifty-two.

It does not by any means follow, either, that because a man is never intoxicated he may not be drinking too much. Men employed in the great breweries in London, especially the drymen, consume an enormous quantity of beer. The daily allowance which their employers give them is a very large one, but they rarely confine themselves to that; and the drymen, in addition, get much gratuitously from the customers to whom they are always delivering the casks; so that ten or fourteen quarts is no exceptional consumption for one man; yet they are not drunkards, in the ordinary sense of the term. The very nature of their work necessitates the employment of none but steady men, strength being also a *sine qua non*. But if one of these men should break a limb, or get confined to bed from any other accident, he is almost sure to get delirium tremens; and a scalp-wound frequently kills him. Brewers' men are notorious in hospitals as being the worst cases for operation, being prone to exhibit all the most dangerous complications which fetter the success of surgical treatment.

It may be safely declared that no one ever exceeds in the use of intoxicating fluids—be the excess little or much—without suffering for it at some time or other. Obviously, not even the broadest general rule can be laid down as to the quantity each may take. There can be no doubt that alcohol is of great benefit to many people both as a medicine and a food; there can be as little doubt that many more would be better without it, and that most might dispense with it altogether without any harm resulting.

Men grow amiable, jocose, solemn, sentimental, desponding, taciturn, talkative, quarrelsome, ferocious, or mad in their cups; and some pass through all these phases in turn. The absurdities which they commit under the influence of these varying emotions are often in the highest degree painful or ridiculous, and have always been a favourite theme with satirists of both pen and pencil.

As living presentments of intoxication in its two aspects, better examples could not be quoted than Mr Charles Warner's terribly realistic performance of Coupeau in *Drink*, on the one side, and on the other, Mr J. S. Clarke, the American comedian, as Toodles in the drunken scene of that side-splitting farce. It would make an ascetic laugh to watch his face, in which solemnity seems to struggle with a consciousness that he is not 'quite the thing,' as he stands at the front of the stage for five minutes, never speaking a word, endeavouring to put on his glove. His hand slips from the hem of the glove to his coat-cuff, at which he pulls and pulls until it is drawn nearly up to the elbow, while the fingers wriggle as usual to facilitate their entrance in their proper receptacles. His necktie is disordered; one long end sticks out straight, and every now and then his eye runs along this with an expression of surprise that is simply overwhelming; and when at last this end becomes evidently mixed up in his calculations with the number of fingers to

the glove, the house is fairly 'brought down' with laughter.

The writer once met with a parallel to the old story about 'got 'em again,' on board a steamer in the West Indies. A passenger, occupying one of the main-deck cabins, experienced certain strange manifestations for several nights in succession after he had retired to rest, so hideous in their nature that he was nearly driven mad. Unhappily, this gentleman had a propensity for intemperance, and feared to mention his nocturnal persecutions, lest they should shame him in the eyes of all his fellow-passengers, by turning out to be the product of a deranged brain—delirium tremens. But he wasn't so bad as that; for a huge land-crab as big as a dinner-plate, which had somehow found its way into his cabin, was at length discovered there. What the poor fellow must have suffered nightly with this awful crustacean crawling over him, must have been enough to drive any one mad.

While the writer was surgeon of a steamer on a foreign station, as we lay in harbour one night, some of the officers from another ship paid us a visit. They were sailing for England on the next day but one, and possibly had been celebrating the event not wisely nor yet well; at anyrate, one of them was certainly in that condition which proverbial philosophy libellously assigns to a lord, and from which it kindly exempts judges. As it is to be feared that shipboard hospitality did not by any means tend towards his recovery. Probably his comrades were a little oblivious of things in general also; for they rowed away merrily at a late hour and left him behind; and about an hour afterwards, our third officer came to me and told me that A— was still on board. Could I give him anything to 'pull him together?' A glance showed me that the pulling of him together was out of the question for some hours. What was to be done? Work was going on busily on board his ship all night, taking in stores and cargo for the homeward voyage; and if the captain discovered his prolonged absence, it might get him into serious trouble. So, not to disgrace him before the men, we lowered the dingy, put him in, and sculled him across by ourselves. We thought we should have had to carry him up the companion-ladder; but when we hoisted him on to the lower step, he seemed to recover himself, and ran up without assistance. Taking it for granted that he would be all right when he got among his friends on deck, we pulled away again, amid the rattle of steam-winchies, the creaking of cranes, and shouts of the niggers stowing the heavy bales in the holds.

Restored to sanity next morning, he came on board to thank me. 'I can't think how it happened,' he said. '[Poor fellow, he never could.] 'I can't think how it was; but I haven't the slightest recollection of leaving here or of your sculling me over, until my feet touched the ladder, and then I knew where I was directly. I got on deck, and felt as comfortable as possible then; not quite right, you know, but sensible enough to know what I was about. You hadn't been long gone, before there was a commotion forward. I knew that some accident had happened, for I heard somebody say there was a man overboard. However, I was wise enough by that time to know that I was not in a fit

state to render any assistance, so I did not take much notice of it—until I felt a boat-hook in the back of my neck, and found that I was the man overboard!'

ATHLETES.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

The practice of lofty tumbling without a net is so manifestly reprehensible that it needs neither comment nor condemnation here; but it is a curious fact that many more accidents are recorded of ground-tumbling than of aerial gymnastics. A member of the Hanlon-Volta troupe, who has been doing sensational business all his life, told me that he never met with a mishap but once, and that was in descending from a bar only his own height above the stage, when he sprained his knee rather severely. And it is a significant circumstance, which cannot be too strongly noted, that the comparatively few accidents which have happened to gymnasts have nearly all occurred through defects in the 'life-saving apparatus,' the net. When this belongs to the performer, it is generally spread under his own supervision, and the strength of its texture and fastenings carefully tested, and renewed if required; but where the net is a stock property of a place of entertainment, or, worse still, is provided by an *entrepreneur* who, not a performer himself, furnishes the gymnast, and undertakes to find all the appliances, damaged material and insecure attachments are apt to be overlooked.

The descent into the net itself is said to be not altogether devoid of danger, and an impression is current among these people that to fall upon the side of the head will inevitably break the neck. I am not aware, however, that any case has been known to bear out this theory. Many gymnasts now dispense with the rugs or carpets with which the net is commonly padded, on account of their interfering with the view of those seated underneath, and come down upon the naked meshes without injury. A certain 'Little Bob'—a fine young man now—who has been celebrated for pre-eminently high dives ever since he was a very small boy, sometimes making a headlong perpendicular descent of eighty feet or so, where the building is lofty enough to permit of it, says that he would have no objection to plunge from a height twice as great into a net of proper tension, and that he has never suffered any inconvenience from the transit through the air or arrest of motion. He comes down in a slightly oblique direction, with the hands extended or outstretched, after the fashion of a diver; when he sees the net 'getting near,' the arms are withdrawn to the sides and the head is tucked in on the chest, so that he falls upon the shoulder-blades and rolls over. In connection with this part of the subject, the elegant and wonderful 'dives' of Zazel at the London Aquarium will doubtless be remembered by many readers.

Your special commissioner being taken up to an exceedingly high and dusty place to see some very ingenious mechanism recently invented by a gymnast, was induced by the enthusiastic arguments, protestations, and twice-repeated example of that individual, to take the direct route to

the lower regions—in plain words, to drop from a swinging bar into the cushioned net some fifty feet below. Fingers seemed to assume an iron grip, and the bar to become magnetic, even after the trapeze had been brought to a stand-still, and the legs drawn up at right angles with the body in a sitting posture, as directed. 'Now then, go!' was shouted more than once, before I could unbend those hands which had apparently acquired a persistent rigidity of their own; then the bar and roof with its beams and girders flew away from me, and a tremendous repentance of the folly I was committing rushed upon me, with a distinct presentation of every detail of every story I had heard of people falling through nets improperly fixed or badly mended, and a totally independent calculation of the surgical effect which the legs of the inverted chairs I had observed piled up in the area below the apparatus would produce upon the human frame falling from a height; the whole accompanied by a perception that I was gradually, very gradually, inclining backwards; which opened a new vista of the probabilities of my demonstrating the truth of the sideways neck theory. I seemed to be suspended between earth and sky for about a week, and was almost reconciled to the position, when I suddenly and unexpectedly found the crimson mattresses billowing up about me and surging over my face, and woke to the fact that I had really fallen. I landed on my back, flat; but there was no shock, nor, indeed, was I conscious of having stopped; which perhaps was due to the elasticity and rebound of the net. The only part of the adventure which was disagreeable physically was the walking, or rather stumbling and crawling, over the net to the ladder at the farther end, a very quaky, sea-sick sort of business.

Acrobats and gymnasts usually practise during the morning on the stage of some theatre. Even when not working at any new trick, they always practise once a day, if their engagement does not include two performances. Sometimes they have to go through as many as six or seven. When a man intends to bring out some novel and special feat, and wishes to keep it a profound secret until its production, he hires an empty school-room or public hall, or even a theatre, for his own exclusive use, and there exercises with his appliances and assistants until he is perfect. No stage performance is ever rehearsed at home. It is somewhat disappointing to find that the music which seems such an inspiring accompaniment to the spectators is disregarded by some professionals, who indeed aver they would rather be without 'band-clatter!'

Salaries vary enormously, of course. Of late years, there has been a demand for female gymnasts, and some have been forthcoming; but, as might be expected, they rarely excel. Still, they draw good houses, and the morbid taste of the public enables some of them to command fifty or a hundred pounds a week. Troupe salaries run even higher than this in exceptional cases; but managers always want something new, something that no other company has presented, and the art is therefore a progressive one. All manner of things are introduced to impart a spice of novelty to old tricks in every department. Acrobats juggle with balls, knives,

hoops, fans, bells, and burning torches while tumbling; or throw somersaults while playing the violin or tambourine; or mount themselves on roller-skates and bicycles. Gymnasts are 'fired' from spring-boards concealed within a gigantic cannon, let off pistols in their flight through the air, or go through their evolutions amid a blaze of squibs and rockets. The various 'lines' of business too, while more numerous and diversified, are not so distinct and separate as they used to be. Trapeze, flying rings, and horizontal bar work are now combined; poles and ladders still hold their ground; but tight-rope and slack-wire walking—feats more easily acquired than any others—bottle-performers, ceiling-steppers, pedestal acrobats, and modern Samsons, are a drug in the market. (It is denied, by-the-way, that the ceiling-walking, which at one time created such a sensation, was ever really performed by atmospheric pressure or by magnetism, as was alleged, springs or hooks having been always employed.)

Equilibrists are rather in the ascendant just now. It seems incredible that any one should be able to sit in a chair and maintain it balanced on two legs upon an oscillating bar, or stand upon one leg on a globe resting on the same unstable foundation; nevertheless, those and other similar marvels are executed nightly for fifty shillings a week. Rolling-globe and barrel performers are at a discount; but French comic acrobats, who mix a lot of burlesque and fun with their tumbling, are looking up. Circus troupes include every variety, and have their own specialists as well. Clown and harlequin may be developed from any of these; many of the famous old clowns were accomplished spade-dancers. But it is the mode now to take new departures altogether, and we find acrobatic ballet-troupes, dialoguists, and comedy companies, nigger minstrels, and step-dancers who accentuate their hornpipes with somersaults and hand-springs. Part of the Hanlon-Volta troupe, famous trapezists, seceded from the company, and under the name of the Hanlon-Lees have convulsed the theatre-going world with laughter and astonishment at their inimitable acrobatic, gymnastic, and pantomimic impersonations in *Le Voyage en Suisse*.

Although most of those who follow this calling assume foreign names, they are nearly all English; and English acrobats, like American circuses, French actresses, Italian singers, and German musicians, are noted all over the world. In many parts they are much more highly esteemed than they are here; in South American countries, for instance, the arrival of a clever gymnast causes as great a sensation as a new prima donna at the opera. They frequently travel in connection with circus companies, which on foreign tour are of more extensive proportions than they are at home; and it is strange sometimes, in remote corners of the earth, to find the walls all aflame with some name that was familiar in the Christmas pantomimes or Crystal Palace entertainments of long ago at home. When they have any talking to do, they crack their jokes in English as usual, wherever they may be, and it appears to go down just as well with the audience, who, moreover, applaud vehemently, as an exquisite witticism, any single word of the

native language which a performer may have picked up. If you talk to any acrobat of ten years' standing, you will frequently discover that he has been in every quarter of the globe.

Most of these people obtain their engagements through the medium of professional agents—men who have performers of all kinds on their books, and are equally ready to supply a still-dancer for a garden-fête, or an entire troupe for a five years' tour round the world, on the shortest notice possible. These agents, of course, charge a commission on the salary obtained, when the contract is signed, and receive a fee from the employer besides. There are also a limited number of individuals—generally men who have been in the profession themselves, and have amassed money in it—who, besides owning perhaps two or three companies, and undertaking to supply various places of amusement with a constant succession of extra and unwonted attractions, make a business of inventing novel spécialités in the gymnastic art, and of training youths expressly to carry them out. As a rule, these novelties involve the use of elaborate and costly apparatus, which would be quite beyond the performer's means to provide; so that the trainer feels perfectly secure against any double-dealing in embarking on the speculation. Very often, indeed, the apparatus is the only novelty about the feat, the *modus operandi* of an old and well-known trick being disguised by new and effective surroundings. A contract for a long term of years—as much as ten or fifteen sometimes—is entered into between master and pupil, whereby the former retains the services of the latter at a fixed salary, and can dispose of him as he will. The mechanism is often patented, and the title of the trick registered; and so strictly is the agreement worded, that evasion is well nigh impossible, and indeed is rarely attempted. Thus it happens that good gymnasts have in some cases made the fortunes of their instructors, and are themselves compelled still to keep on labouring for an insignificant wage until their best working years are spent. On the other hand, the possibility of failure, or of the feat not 'taking' with the public, and consequent heavy loss in preliminary expenses, must be taken into consideration. The trainer usually manages to have one or two reserve pupils in process of education to the same end; so that if anything happens to the 'Phœton' or 'Volanto' or 'Queen of the Air,' who has been heralded with such a flourish of trumpets, another steps quietly into his or her shoes and title, and business is carried on as usual without any alteration.

The relations which exist between employer and employed of this last-mentioned class probably demand legal scrutiny more than any other part of the subject, since the artist here confides his safety to appliances which are devised and provided for him by others, who must, therefore, be held responsible for their integrity. But things are not looking very favourable for the profession as a whole, just now. Impending legislation threatens to be vexatious for them, and there is a prevalent feeling abroad that they would be better abolished altogether, since they serve no useful purpose, even if they are in nowise prejudicial to common human interests. It

is a great question, looked at from either side. Nobody can deny that an acrobat might be better employed than in turning somersaults on a carpet; but, unfortunately, the same stigma might be cast upon many of the other occupations of mankind. Again, ought anything which tends to the innocent recreation of our fellow-creatures to be condemned as altogether useless? To deprive some thousands of hard-working people of the occupation by which they get their bread, must always be a grave matter. Let it not be forgotten, either, that for the most part they spring from a class which cannot be said to develop, as a rule, into useful members of society; and that an opening which gives the ragged child of the gutter an opportunity of receiving the income of a well-paid curate by the time he is fourteen, is not to be despised when it entails no sacrifice of health. By all means, let acrobats, children and adults, be protected, regulated, inspected by law; let their scholastic education be enforced as rigorously as with any other class. If any performance entailing risk of life or limb take place, by all means let the actors who take part in it, the employers who devise it, the managers who permit it, and if it be possible, the real criminals, the public, who pay to see it—let them all be punished with the severity such an offence against morality deserves; but let the regulation of all professional details be submitted, as in other special industries of life, to arbiters who have technical knowledge on such points.

Apropos of the manifestly right and proper requisition that a net or quilt shall be used by those engaged in lofty tumbling, a very celebrated performer in this line said to me: 'I have seen it stated in the newspapers that we gymnasts ourselves object to these precautions. This is quite untrue; no man prefers to go up without the net. I don't say that we would be unwilling to take the risk for extra money, or that we would not perform without it rather than lose an engagement. But the biggest feats are never done without it; and there isn't one of us, no matter how plucky, but feels anxious before attempting anything new without something soft below. It's the public who are to blame. They would rather see a man do two or three simple turns with the chance of breaking his neck, than the cleverest feats in safety—also why is there such a thing as walking on the high-rope? Blondin's barrow would never have paid if the rope had been only three feet above the ground, yet it would have required just as much skill. I have been among the audience myself when some of the best gymnasts have been up and doing the most wonderful tricks ever attempted, and I have heard them say: "Yes, it's all very well; but then they can't hurt themselves if they miss"—grumbling, actually grumbling! It would have been better for everybody if a net had been insisted on from the very beginning; better for the public, who would get a finer performance; better for the managers, who would not run the risk of losing their license when an accident occurs (for the best gymnast will occasionally slip); certainly better for us. As it is now, those of us who use the net are cut out by mere amateurs who are fool-hardy enough to give the little they can do, without the net. Then some

managers won't have us at all, on account of some recent mishap that has got into the papers; and others growl and ask if we can't go up without a net, saying it disfigures the house to fix it, and causes no end of bother to the men and the audience to spread it every night. But I know that I'll go back to the low-bar and wire-flying business before I'll take my boys up without a net; and what's more, I'll see myself every day, before it's spread, that every hook and staple and ring and mesh would bear an elephant if need be!

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

AN ATLANTIC TRICYCLE.

A VESSEL of a very novel character is in course of construction at Hastings, on the Hudson, United States, America, for which its originator, Mr Robert Fryer of New York, claims advantages which, if attained, will go far to revolutionise our ocean-traffic. This new steamship, which is called the *Oceanic*, is nothing more nor less than a marine tricycle. The hull, which is not intended to touch the water, is supported on three hollow steel spheres, one forward, and the other two aft. Each of them is fitted with a circular keel, grooved to run upon rails, to enable the vessel to cross an isthmus, or to run ashore whenever repairs or alterations may become necessary. Transversely, these spheres are fitted with flanges, which almost encircle them horizontally, and which will react against the surrounding water just as do the 'floats' of an ordinary paddle-wheel, thus propelling the ship; so that these hollow globes perform the double office of supporting and propelling the *Oceanic*. The hull itself is built watertight and in compartments, in case of accidents, so that in the event of damage to one of her propellers, she will still float buoyantly. Each of these propellers or floats is reversible; and they can be worked irrespectively one of another, by reason of which the *Oceanic* will be capable of turning completely round in her own water—an obvious advantage in many cases of impending collision. A small working-model of the *Oceanic* has been recently tried both on the river and on land, and both experiments were perfectly successful.

With regard to her power and speed, it is claimed for the *Oceanic* that she differs from a vessel of the common type just as a wagon mounted on wheels differs from one which having lost its wheels is dragged by main force along the road; for in the case of this new vessel, there is absolutely no friction at all, since her hull does not come into contact with the water. The result is that unprecedented speed, greater safety, and increased accommodation—from her possibly enormous breadth of beam in proportion to her length—are gained by Mr Fryer's invention. The dimensions of the *Oceanic* are: length, two hundred and twenty-four feet; and breadth, one hundred and thirty feet; while the floats or wheels are each twenty-four feet in diameter, and are expected to draw about five feet of water when the vessel is loaded.

THE MULBERRY-TREE IN FRANCE.

Some calculations that have recently been made at the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers in Paris,

show, that to produce one kilogramme—that is, about 2½ pounds—of cocoons from the silkworm, twenty kilogrammes of mulberry-leaves have to be eaten; and to produce one kilogramme of silk, thirteen kilogrammes of cocoons are required. Taking the annual production of silk at two million two hundred and eighty thousand kilogrammes, we find that the weight of leaves required for the food of the silkworms from which this quantity is obtained, amounts to five hundred and ninety-two million of kilogrammes or five hundred and eighty-one thousand two hundred and fifty tons of leaves.

BLACK MEN AS LIGHTNING-CONDUCTORS.

In his *Leaves from a South African Journey*, Mr Fronde writes: 'On the road to the Vaal River—first experience of camping out. I am alone in my tent with a glaring sun raising the temperature inside to ninety degrees. The mules have strayed, being insufficiently hobbled. I sent Charley my black driver in search of them in the early morning. He returned with his face as near white as nature permitted, declaring that the Evil One had jumped out of the ground at his feet with four young ones. I suppose it was an antbear. Anyway, the mules are lost. He has gone back to our last halting-place to look for them. My other youth has started with a rifle to shoot buck, which are round us in tens of thousands; and here am I by the side of a pond which is trampled by the antelopes into mud-soup, the only stuff in the shape of water which we have to depend on for our coffee, and, alas! for our washing. To add to the pleasure of the situation, the season of the thunder-storms has set in. The lightning was playing round us all yesterday afternoon, and we shall now have a storm daily. Whole teams of oxen are often killed. *To a white man, they say there is no danger while he has a black at his side, the latter being the better conductor. When one is struck, another must be immediately substituted.*'

A LULLABY.

Rest thee! The daylight has gone from the valley;
Night from the eastward is gliding again;
Dusky shades lurk in each tree-woven alley;
Slumber will rule in the night's dark domain.
Rest thee, then, rest thee, western winds sigh;
Night voices chant Lullaby! Lullaby!

Rest thee! The lake murmurs faint in its dreaming,
Stirs like a child that has visions of joy;
And Venus in radiance effulgent is beaming,
Guarding from aught that thy rest could destroy.
Rest thee, then, rest thee, western winds sigh;
Night voices chant Lullaby! Lullaby!

Rest thee! Sleep on till the gray dawn is stealing,
And the star of the morning is fainting in light;
Sleep till the mist-armies, breaking and wheeling,
Flee from the hills with the going of night.
Rest thee! till morning breaks, western winds sigh;
Night voices chant Lullaby! Lullaby!

JAMES WILKIE.

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THE STEAM-HAMMER AND ITS INVENTOR.

If it has ever been your pleasure and privilege to obtain permission to inspect one of our great iron-works or engineering establishments, you could not fail, in the midst of the mechanical wonders to be witnessed in these temples of industry, to have been struck with the operations of the steam-hammer. With what ease it works, and with what power! The great square hammer-block, weighing five or ten or twenty tons, perhaps more, and by which the rugged mass of white-hot iron is to be pounded into shape, is raised in its groove as quietly, as smoothly, and as lightly, as though it were only a feather's weight; yet when it comes down it strikes with a thud that shakes the ground beneath your feet, the shock suggesting to the startled onlooker some idea of the vibrations of an earthquake. And as the immense mass of glowing iron is turned on the great anvil beneath it, and blow succeeds to blow at the rate, if required, of eighty a minute, and the sparks and splashes of hot metal are sent hissing around, it might almost be thought that some Titanic agency had been set in motion, which no power of man would be able to control or bring to a stand. Yet, there! a signal is given, and the attendant's hand has touched a lever, and the great thing, whose force and fury were but now like the mighty struggles of some gigantic Prometheus in chains, suddenly pulls itself up, without noise or remonstrance, and stands as still as a statue. A thing of mighty power, yet more controllable than the tiniest child! Without its assistance, many of the most important operations of the worker in iron would be rendered impossible; an invention which has given a greater impetus to engineering skill and a wider scope to engineering possibilities than any other mechanical invention of the century.

We have now, under the title of *James Nasmyth, Engineer* (London: Murray), a memoir of the inventor of this wonderful steam-hammer, written

by himself, and published under the practised and graceful revising hand of Mr Samuel Smiles as editor. The volume is quite equal in interest to the Lives of Dick and Edward formerly written by Mr Smiles, and will probably, from the fact that engineering and mechanics are subjects of more general knowledge than natural history, command even greater public attention than was accorded to the very popular biographies just mentioned. Mr Nasmyth's autobiography is accompanied by a beautifully etched portrait of the author, with numerous woodcut illustrations relative to scenes, designs, and inventions referred to in the work.

Mr Nasmyth, who is still alive, was born in 1808, at his father's house, No. 47 York Place, Edinburgh. The name of Nasmyth or Nasmyths is an old one in Scotland, and has been long and honourably associated with the estate of Posso in the county of Peebles. Some time in the fourteenth century a branch of the Nasmyths of Posso is said to have settled near Hamilton in Lanarkshire, and from this source the subject of this memoir traces his descent. The history of the family in its later generations might be held as wonderfully exemplifying and illustrating the law of heredity in mental as in physical character. Mechanical and artistic ingenuity has formed a distinguishing feature in this branch of the Nasmyths for the last two hundred years. The first of those members of the family on record in whom this mechanical ingenuity displayed itself was a female. Her name was Elspeth Nasmyth. Unfortunately for her, she lived in times when the burning of witches was still thought a meritorious adjunct of judicial polity; and because this Elspeth had four black cats, and read her Bible with two pairs of spectacles, she was adjudged to be a witch, and cruelly condemned to be burned alive! The practice of reading with two pairs of spectacles shows, says her descendant, Mr Nasmyth, 'that she possessed the spirit of an experimental philosopher. She was in all respects scientifically correct. She increased the magnifying power of the glasses;

a practice which is preferable to single glasses of the same power, and which I myself often follow.'

The Nasmyths of Hamilton lost their property in that district by their adherence to the cause of the Covenanters; after which the family removed to Edinburgh, where Michael Nasmyth, Mr Nasmyth's great-great-grandfather, occupied a house in the Grassmarket. He was a builder and architect; and his chief employment was in designing and erecting new mansions, principally for the landed gentry and nobility. His high reputation as a builder caused him to be made choice of by the government in the beginning of last century to build a fort at Inversnaid, in the heart of the Rob Roy country, to overawe and keep in check the wild Highlanders. The government, however, neglected their promise to maintain a suitable guard of soldiers over the workmen while the work was in progress; consequently, that occurred which might have been expected. One dark and snowy night in the winter of 1703, by which time the work had been well advanced, a loud knocking was heard at the door of the hut where Michael and his men slept. 'Who's there?' he asked. 'A benighted traveller overtaken by the storm,' was the reply. Nasmyth was induced to open the door, when in rushed Rob Roy and his gang. The workmen pled for their lives; and this was granted them, on condition that they should instantly depart, and take an oath that they should never venture within the Highland border again. They were thereupon turned out in the snowstorm; with the result that the sufferings to which the builder, along with his men, was subjected ere he reached a place of safety, brought on an illness from which he never recovered. 'One evening, whilst sitting at his fireside with his grandchild on his knee, a death-like faintness came over him; he set the child down carefully by the side of his chair, and then fell forward dead on his own hearthstone.'

The old man's business was carried on after him, first by his son, and then by his grandson, Mr Nasmyth's grandfather, whose name also was Michael. This Michael succeeded to the business in 1751, and among other houses which he erected in Edinburgh were the principal number of those in George Square, including the house, No. 25, in which Sir Walter Scott spent his boyhood and youth. They still exist, and bear testimony to the elegance and substantiality of this old builder's work.

At his death he left two sons, the younger of whom, Alexander, was the father of the subject of this autobiography. Alexander Nasmyth—who was afterwards celebrated as a portrait-painter, one of his best known works being the life-like portrait of Robert Burns, so often since copied and engraved—was in his youth apprenticed to a coach-builder, where his artistic tastes were utilised in the painting of the heraldic blazonry on the panels of the carriages. To improve himself as an artist, he attended in the evenings the Edinburgh Drawing Academy, at that time under the management of Alexander Runciman. The stock of casts from the antique, and the number of drawings, were then very small; the consequence being that the pupils

had often to copy the same figure or drawing over and over again. To the more ardent pupils this was excessively irksome. On one occasion, Alexander Nasmyth had completed, for the sixth time, a fine chalk drawing of 'The Laocoön;' and when it was set for him to copy again for the seventh time, he begged Mr Runciman to give him another subject. The master, quick-tempered, at once said: 'I'll give you another subject.' And turning the group of the Laocoön upside down, he added: 'Now, then, copy that!' It was a severe test; but the patient youth set to work, and in a few evenings he had completed a perfect copy. Runciman was so proud of the skill of his pupil, that he had the drawing mounted and framed, with a note of the circumstances under which it was produced.

The young artist was still following his trade of coach-builder. But an important change was about to take place in his career. One day Allan Ramsay, the historical painter, son of the poet of the same name, calling at the coach-works, found Nasmyth painting a coat of arms on the panel of a carriage. He was so much struck with the lad's artistic workmanship, that he formed a strong desire to take him into his own service; and after some negotiations with Nasmyth's master, this was accomplished; and the youth consequently removed to London to work in Ramsay's studio. Here he remained for some years, returning to Edinburgh in 1778 to practise on his own behalf the profession of portrait-painter. It was in this capacity that he had the honour of Burns sitting to him for his portrait; and the poet likewise, during his visits to Edinburgh, spent much time in the company of the artist. But Nasmyth was more than an artist. He had very high abilities as an architect, and designed the Dean Bridge and other prominent structures in Edinburgh. He also worked at mechanical contrivances, and was the inventor of the 'bow-and-string' arch for bridges and roofs—a form of construction now generally adopted for the covering-in of large spaces such as railway stations and the like. He was also frequently consulted by gentlemen as to the laying out of grounds in the vicinity of country mansions; and as one who had, moreover, great skill in works of practical engineering, he was present at the trial trip of the first steam-vessel ever seen in this half of the world, which was built to the order of Mr Miller of Dalswinton, the landlord of Burns when in Ellisland farm; the poet being on board the small steamer, along with Nasmyth and others, on the occasion of the trial trip referred to, on Dalswinton Loch.

As instances of what the autobiographer calls his father's 'faculty of resourcefulness,' two anecdotes may be given. When in London, as Ramsay's assistant, he had arranged to go with a sweetheart to Ranelagh, then one of the most fashionable places of public amusement. Everybody went in full dress, the bucks and swells wearing long striped silk stockings. The young artist had only one pair, which he himself washed for the occasion; but unfortunately in drying them at the fire, he allowed them to be so singed and burned as to be totally useless. What was he to do? In this dilemma the happy thought occurred to him of painting his legs so as

to resemble stockings. He got his water-colour box, and proceeded dexterously to paint them with black and white stripes; and when the paint dried, which it soon did, he completed his toilet, met his sweetheart, and went to Ranelagh. No one observed the difference, except, indeed, that he was complimented on the perfection of his fit, and was asked 'where he bought his stockings?' Such questions of course he evaded, and left the gardens without any one discovering his artistic trick.

Again, later on in life, the Duke of Athole consulted him, on account of his skill in landscape-gardening, as to certain improvements which that nobleman desired to make in his woodland scenery near Dunkeld. There was a rocky crag, called Craigbarns, which the Duke wished to have planted with trees, to relieve the grim barrenness of its appearance; but it was impossible for any man to climb the crag in order to set seeds or plants in the clefts of the rock. 'A happy idea,' says the autobiographer, 'struck my father. Having observed in front of the castle a pair of small cannon used for firing salutes on great days, it occurred to him to turn them to account. His object was to deposit the seeds of the various trees amongst the soil in the clefts of the crag. A tinsmith in the village was ordered to make a number of canisters with covers. The canisters were filled with all sorts of suitable tree seeds. The cannon was loaded, and the canisters were fired up against the high face of the rock. They burst and scattered the seed in all directions. Some years after, when my father revisited the place, he was delighted to find that his scheme of planting by artillery had proved completely successful; for the trees were flourishing luxuriantly in all the recesses of the cliff.'

The inventive genius—the 'faculty of resourcefulness,' as our author happily phrases it—which distinguished Nasmyth the artist is found still more highly developed in his son, Nasmyth the engineer. The story of the latter's career as told in this volume has a charm which can only be reckoned second in respect of power to the interest produced by reading a first-class novel. The events of his early years—his boyhood, his education, his friends, his amusements, and what is of still more importance, his juvenile mechanical experiments—can only be briefly alluded to here. In his father's house, he had the advantage of a workshop in which were lathes and other tools of various kinds, the elder Nasmyth being always in his leisure hours engaged in some work or other more or less mechanical. The boy, moreover, on school holidays, and at every other opportunity, was in the habit of frequenting foundries and engineers' workshops; his mind being from very early years wholly engrossed in such pursuits.

When only between ten and twelve years of age, he could use his father's turning-lathe so effectively as to make spinning-tops, or 'peeries' as Scotch lads call them, which peeries were so much superior to those sold in the shops, especially for their ability to 'sleep'—that is, to spin round without a particle of waving—that young Nasmyth had a rapid demand for them among his fellow-pupils at the High School. He was likewise famous among them for the kites which he constructed; as well as for his ability to transmogrify old door-

keys into pistols, which were used with shouts of merriment on the king's birthday. He also at this time manufactured small brass cannon for similar purposes, which he cast and bored himself, even mounting them on their appropriate gun-carriages. A workman having shown him how to perform what he calls 'the most important of all technical processes in practical mechanism'—the art of hardening and tempering steel—he likewise added this to his trade-resources among his school companions; for out of old files he could forge beautiful little 'steels'—made up of to procure fire from flint before the days of lucifer matches—and these were in great request. The present of a fine new steel was also occasionally skillfully used by the maker of it, as a gift to his monitor, for the purpose of getting rid of some school-task at which he might not be half so expert as at forging and hammering. He admits that this system of bribery and corruption was shockingly improper; but he adds that nevertheless it continued to be one of his 'diplomatic tricks' till he left school.

At twelve years of age he left the High School, but continued his study of arithmetic, geometry, and mathematics at private classes. Under his father, also, he practised drawing till he attained great proficiency. But it was in his father's workshop that he was busiest. There he gradually became initiated into every variety of mechanical and chemical manipulation. As far as lay in his power, he made his own tools, and constructed his own chemical apparatus. He also had opportunities of mental improvement in listening to the conversation of his father's friends, such men as Sir James Hall, Professor Leslie, Dr Brewster, and others; and he was occasionally privileged to join them in their walks, when their discussion of geological and other natural subjects greatly interested him. His life was further diversified by his being at times allowed to accompany his father on journeys through the country, the latter having in his later years devoted himself more to landscape than portrait painting.

Thus his life went on till he reached the age of seventeen. He was by this time very expert in mechanical work; and now set himself to construct a small working steam-engine for the purpose of grinding the oil colours used by his father in his artistic work; and the result was quite satisfactory. He also made from time to time five models of a complete condensing steam-engine, each model showing, on one side the exterior parts of an engine, and on the other or sectional side the whole details of the interior, seen in full action when the fly-wheel was turned by the hand. For these models he received ten pounds each; the first being bought for the use of the students in the Edinburgh School of Arts. He worked at them during the day at his father's lathe; and at night he did the castings up-stairs in his bedroom—as old a place for a brass-foundry as can well be conceived. When he was nineteen years of age he made a small working-model of a steam-carriage for roads, which he exhibited before the members of the Scottish Society of Arts; whereupon they offered him sixty pounds to construct a machine from the model such as would carry four or six persons. This he did; and many successful trials were made with it,

the carriage being large enough to seat and carry eight passengers.

We cannot follow all his experiments and achievements in detail; but in 1829 he went to London, where he was fortunate enough, through means of the models and working-drawings which he took with him, to receive employment under the famous engineer, Henry Maudsley, as his private assistant. This is one of the most interesting portions of the book; but would take too much space to tell here. Sufficient to say that he obtained employment, at a wage which he was content to ask and receive, of ten shillings a week. Determining to make this sum serve for all purposes of lodgings, food, and clothing, he found it could not be done if he was to dine at eating-houses; he therefore drew a plan of a tin oven, which he got a tinsmith to make for him; and this utensil, which was heated by a small oil-lamp set beneath it, served to cook a good dinner for him every day at a price of fourpence-halfpenny. He possesses it still; and after a lapse of more than fifty years it was found, when tried, to cook as sweet a mouthful as ever.

Two years afterwards, and in consequence of Mr Maudsley's death, young Nasmyth began to think of commencing business for himself; but he had no capital beyond what he had received for models of engines, and the like, which he had made. He resolved, however, to make a start at Manchester; and though his beginnings were small, yet the class of work he produced, his ingenuity in planning tools, and his expedients to lessen the labour and perfect the results, soon attracted attention, and he rose from more to more, till in a few years he built for himself new works on a bit of land at Patricroft, near Manchester, which works have since been known far and wide as the Bridgewater Foundry.

It was here, in 1829, that he conceived his great invention. Mr Humphries, engineer of the Great Western Steamship Company, had come to consult the young Scotch engineer at Patricroft as to certain machine-tools, of unusual size and power, required for the construction of a pair of immense engines for a proposed new ship. The tools were made by Mr Nasmyth, and delivered to the satisfaction of Mr Humphries, and the construction of the gigantic engines was soon in full progress. At length, however, an unexpected difficulty arose. An enormous wrought-iron paddle-shaft, larger than had ever hitherto been forged, was required; but all the largest firms throughout the country, when asked to estimate for the work, answered, to Mr Humphries' surprise and dismay, that they were unable to undertake so large a forging. In this dilemma, he wrote to Mr Nasmyth, saying: 'What am I to do? Do you think I might dare to use cast-iron?'

'This letter,' says Mr Nasmyth, 'immediately set me a-thinking. How was it that the existing hammers were incapable of forging a wrought-iron shaft of thirty inches diameter? Simply because of their want of compass, of range and fall, as well as their want of power of blow. . . . The obvious remedy was to contrive some method by which a ponderous block of iron should be lifted to a sufficient height above the object on which it was to strike a blow, and then to let the block fall down upon the forging, guiding it in its

descent by such simple means as should give the required precision in the percussive action of the falling mass. Following up this idea, I got out my "Scheme Book," on the pages of which I generally *thought out*, with the aid of pen and pencil, such mechanical adaptations as I had conceived in my mind, and was thereby enabled to render them visible. I then rapidly sketched out my Steam-Hammer, having it all clearly before me in my mind's eye. In little more than half an hour after receiving Mr Humphries' letter narrating his unlooked-for difficulty, I had the whole contrivance, in all its execrable details, before me in a page of my Scheme Book.'

Such was the origin of the steam-hammer. But though Mr Humphries highly approved of the design, the steam-hammer was not then made; as about that time the use of the screw as a propeller came into notice, and the required paddle-engines were therefore departed from, and the shaft of course along with them. It was not till April 1842 that Nasmyth saw his invention in actual shape; and this was in France. He was inspecting a large engineering establishment at Crenozot, under the guidance of one of the partners, when he was particularly struck with the excellence of a large wrought-iron marine engine single crank. 'How,' he inquired, 'has that crank been forged?' To his astonishment, the reply was: '*It was forged by your steam-hammer.*'

His pleasure was as great as his surprise at hearing this statement; and in answer to further questions, the Frenchman told him that he had visited Bridgewater Foundry some time before, when Mr Nasmyth himself happened to be absent. The latter's partner, however, had received the French engineer, shown him the works, and, as was their habit, shown him also the designs entered in Mr Nasmyth's Scheme Book. By permission, the Frenchman took notes and drawings of the steam-hammer design, went home, and thereupon constructed the one which its inventor had now the intense gratification of seeing at work.

On Mr Nasmyth's return to England, he patented the steam-hammer, and shortly afterwards made one for himself of thirty hundred-weight of hammer-block. The valuable qualities of the hammer soon became known, and there was no want of orders. In 1843, the Admiralty ordered one of two-and-a-half-ton hammer-block; and on the day when its erection was completed at Devonport, the Lords of the Admiralty came to see it. 'I was there,' says its inventor, 'with the two mechanics I had brought with me from Patricroft, to erect the steam-hammer. I took share and share alike in the work. The Lords were introduced to me, and I proceeded to show them the hammer. I passed it through its paces. I made it break an egg-shell in a wine-glass without injuring the glass. It was as neatly effected by the two-and-a-half-ton hammer as if it had been done by an egg-spoon. Then I had a great mass of white-hot iron swung out of the furnace by a crane and placed upon the anvil-block. Down came the hammer on it with ponderous blows. My Lords scattered, and flew to the extremities of the workshop, for the splashes and sparks of hot metal flew about. I went on with the

hurting blows of the hammer, and kneaded the mass of iron as if it had been clay. Their Lordships honoured him with their careful attention as he afterwards explained the details of its working and construction, and expressed their admiration at the hammer's wonderful source of power and delicacy of touch, and the controllable application of the force of steam.

This was not the last, though the greatest, of Mr Nasmyth's numerous inventions; but for the further story of his life, we must refer our readers to the book. In this autobiography we are furnished with another example of how good parts rightly and steadily directed to a given end may not only achieve the object aimed at, but in addition may secure some other end much more important and valuable than had ever previously been thought of or hoped for.

ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOT.

CHAPTER XI.—IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.

ONCE, twice, thrice, she read the letter—she, mistress of Castel Vawr and Leominster House; carefully, slowly, she read over every line and syllable of the mysterious note which had been handed to her by the groom of the chambers. She had an excellent memory, and, from the first, the words she read had, as it were, burned themselves into her brain, so that they could never be forgotten, yet she read them attentively again and again. It was a slender little letter, highly perfumed, sealed with a big seal, on which was the impression of a coronet—a foreign coronet. Foreign, too, were the wax, the envelope, the glossy paper, and the tenacious, musky scent that clung to all, like a weighty atmosphere of incense. The note was couched in the French language. We may venture on a free translation:

DEAR MADAME THE MARCHIONESS—I am in town. You are in town. That says all. We shall meet, and solace ourselves in friendly, if too saddened, recollections of the past, of communings and hours spent together among the Pyramids and Painted Galleries of Luxor, or beneath the withered palm-leaves of the Desert. Do not be surprised that I know so well your movements. No demon has unroofed for me your lordly chateau—I pine to see it; but, alas! one's day-dreams are rarely gratified—of Castel—I tremble as I write the barbarous word—Castel Vawr. But the English newspapers, so loyal to your illustrious aristocracy, keep us poor foreigners *au courant* as to the dates of your arrivals and departures. Do you know, in Kensington Gardens, a group of elm-trees great and ancient, on a sort of sandy mound, where few are to be seen but nursemaids and little children, and a few scarlet waiters of your Queen's Guard? There, from five to-day, I shall await your coming in all confidence. You will not fail me.—Yours, in affectionate regard,

LOUISE DE LALOUVE.

Very carefully, if very quickly, the young lady concluded the third perusal of this letter; and then she carefully refolded it, glanced at the

ornamental clock over the chimney-piece, and compared the tale it told with that of her own watch; and then she seemed to form a quick mental calculation as to time. Lady Barbara was gone, fairly gone. The large barouche, with the straw-berry leaves adorning the coronet on its privileged panels, had rolled off into the hum and stir of the streets and the Park, all alive with the pleasure-seeking life of mighty London. Now was the time to act. Crushing up the letter in her hand, she rose from her silken seat and glided away up-stairs. Our British aristocracy has this advantage over the rival nobility of Russia, that its members can traverse their own halls and abbeys and castles without encountering, save accidentally, the unwelcome scrutiny of prying eyes. In Russia, a great lady, Princess or Countess, is attended by many servants, who seem to sleep or keep vigil outside her chamber-door, like disciplined sentries at their post, and who rise from their crimson benches to bow, and murmur, 'Your Excellency—*Batushka*,' whenever the noble mistress of the mansion goes by. When she of Leominster went up the broad marble stairs to her own room, she met nobody; and she dressed herself, as she had often done in humbler days, rapidly, and without requiring the services of the handmaidens that she might have summoned by laying her finger on the bell. In a few minutes, dressed in mourning weeds, and closely veiled, the young mistress of the mansion glided down the palatial stairs, threaded the spacious corridors, passed through the huge marble hall, and was soon outside, half-lambed, alone and on foot, into the roaring current of London life.

Clare Carew and her sister Corn, reared far off in remote Devon, had had very little experience of our modern Babylon the Great. A rare peep at the metropolis was all that could be looked for by the children of a needy Devonshire baronet, and it was wonderful that this young girl proved her knowledge of western London as she did. But the art of finding one's way comes by nature. Some of us may blunder, shamed, for ever, among lanes and streets, where others hit off as if by magic the exact route to be followed. The lady we write of was of the latter variety. Shunning the more crowded thoroughfares, avoiding observation, so far as it was possible to avoid it, she soon reached Kensington Gardens.

There, on a sandy mound, soared aloft the giant elms—vast old trees, that had perhaps seen Oliver Cromwell's cuirassiers career round the 'Military Park' of the Commonwealth, and that had certainly looked down on Sir John Fenwick and the luckless Duke of Monmouth as they ruffled it among the blood and fashion of a later day. Under those trees, on a knoll a little apart, stood a tall figure, graceful, erect, no other than that of Louise, Countess de Lalouve. That lady came forward, and with a gracious inclination of her head that would have done honour to a royal reception, held out a large hand, the glove whereon, many-buttoned, of supplest kid, fitted exquisitely well. 'Ma chère Marquise!' was all she said; but she managed, as Frenchwomen and Russians can, to put an expression into the words that suggested much.

'You wrote to me, dear Countess,' said the other hurriedly, but replying in the same language as that in which her former acquaintance had begun the conversation; 'and you see I am here.'

'How neatly you speak French, dearest,' returned the Sphinx, with what seemed sincere commendation. 'Your accent, without boastfulness, you learned from me; but your pretty grammar, that is quite your own; really, it would satisfy the Faubourg St-Germain. Most of your countrywomen speak a jargon, believing it to be French of Paris, which—— But never mind! Is it not time that we two should understand each other?'

There was a pause. The foreign Madame surveyed the English lady with great dark burning eyes. The blue eyes of her whom she addressed were turned earthwards. Presently they looked up, and frankly confronted those of the foreign lady of title. 'That you mean well and kindly, dear, good Madame de Lalouve, I am very certain,' she said; 'that you know I am in trouble, I can guess too. My sorrow springs from a very unexpected quarter. My dear, dear sister'—and here she hid her face, but went on, after a pause—'my own loved Cora, has been lured away by the glitter of wealth and rank, till she has forgotten her twin sister's love, forgotten honour and truth; and!—and—Countess, how can I tell you—at the moment of our arrival at my dear dead husband's house, at Castel Vawr, she'——

'Ah! what did she do?' asked the Russo-Frenchwoman, with keen curiosity and a flash of her black eyes.

'She claimed to be'—gasped out the speaker—'to be, not Cora, but Clare—poor Wilfred's wife—the Marchioness of Leonminster; and no tears, no prayers, no reasonings could make her swerve from the wicked obstinacy of her assertion.'

'It was monstrous,' said Countess Louise, never removing her fiery eyes from the beautiful blanched face on which they looked. 'What! the Lady Barbara was there; and the notary—family lawyer—and'——

'How, you know it?' asked the other, surprised.

'I know most things. I am the Sphinx, am I not?' returned the foreign lady, with one of her meaning nods. 'Never think, My Lady Leonminster, that you are alone, unseen. You great English folks live in houses of glass.' She hissed out these last words with passionate sibilant earnestness; and indeed, as she towered over the small fair-haired girl, she looked much like one of the great serpents of India, upreared, with horrent head and menacing eye, ready to strike.

But she whom she thus seemed to menace merely answered: 'Do you know, dear Countess, that even before your note reached me, I had been wondering how I could seek you out—how I could see you, and talk with you, and induce you, if you only would, to use your influence, so great, I know, over my poor lost sister Cora.'

'Over your poor—lost—sister—Cora!' repeated the foreigner, with cruel emphasis. 'Bon! Miladi the Marquise, why, with all your grand friends around you, with Lady Barbara, so sympathetic,

at your side, have recourse to me—to me, a poor stranger here in your lordly London, and suspected, as all of us are who are not of insular birth, as if we were refugees in dread of the police—why come to me, when it is a question of Mademoiselle Cora, your sister?'

'Because,' pleaded the other, 'you were so intimate together, dear Madame de Lalouve, and, when I was beside my poor Wilfred, acquired her confidence and her admiration, as you did, far off in Egypt. Because you are so clever. Because Cora would hearken to you, and'——

'You are clever too—very clever,' muttered the foreign Countess, with a flash of her burning eyes and a lifting of her expressive shoulders.

'Do help me, dear Countess Louise, dear friend; do try to get Cora to give up this mad, girlish fancy, which has led her to wreck the happiness of both, for a mere dream,' said Clare imploringly. 'Advise her, urge her to be true to me, true to herself, to come back to me, and trust her future to me; and indeed—Countess—the dear girl should never know an instant of reproach or blame. I myself should be the first to shield her—from'—— And here she was forced to conceal her emotion.

'Upon my word,' exclaimed Madame de Lalouve, with what seemed a genuine ring of approbation in her voice, 'you are a very remarkable—young lady. I had my own notions of Englishwomen, but—— Never mind! Do you know what your sister has done to you?'

'She—tried'——

'Tried to rob you of name, wealth, title, identity—a robbery most base, heartless, cruel, and deliberate,' said Madame de Lalouve severely; 'and this to you, unoffending—to you, her twin sister; and you would forgive her, and you would have me use my influence, if I have any, to bring her back—What should I be myself the better for that?' She asked this so abruptly that the compression of her thin lips resembled the sudden snap of a rat-trap.

'I should be so grateful!' murmured the other timidly.

'I have lived long enough to know what an idle word is gratitude,' retorted the foreign lady bitterly. 'Those who have climbed, kick aside the *marche-pied* as no longer needed. Why should I care whether one sister or another wins in an affair which would have been settled of old by dagger and poison; but here, in the England of your nineteenth century, must be fought out in the law-courts? What is it to me? What, in fact, have I to gain by it?'

The question was fiercely put. It was steadily answered.

'Much!' answered the girl, looking into the fiery eyes of her Egyptian acquaintance with eyes that were able to meet her own with equal courage, as if the light of truth shone in them—'much! My gold—and I have much of it, I believe—is dross to me, compared with a sister's love. I am rich, they tell me. My gratitude, Madame, shall be solid and substantial, if only you will help me to get back my lost darling, to persuade poor Cora that'——

'*Compris!* Your hand upon it!' cried the Russo-Frenchwoman, suddenly stretching out her own. 'Come; let us be frank! *cartes sur table*. We ought to understand each other.'

'I think we do,' answered the other, and again their eyes met. 'This is my brother's address in Bruton Street,' she added hastily, as she pressed a piece of written paper into her friend's hand; 'there you will find poor Cora. Use your influence; be her good angel, in a word; and when you have news, we will meet again. Now, as you understand, I must hurry back. Adieu!'

'Adieu! You are worthy to be Lady Leominster,' muttered the swarthy Countess as they parted.

Half an hour afterwards, the beautiful mistress of Leominster House, divested of her walking attire, was again sitting, half-crouched, in her low arm-chair, when Lady Barbara's carriage returned, and that stately she-dragon of aristocracy sailed into the room, not in the best of tempers.

'Still here, my dear!' she said. 'I think, if you had come with me, it would have been pleasant.'

'Perhaps,' said the girl, smiling.

'I am certain of it,' said Lady Barbara dictatorially. The few old friends she had called on had been from home; she had seen no one in the Park worth bowing to; the frivolity of the younger generation had revolted her, as it always did. She had come back even more out of temper than when she sallied forth. Then came the tea-drinking, the long evening, the late dinner, solemn, stately, and which went on almost in dumb-show, so slight was the conversation at that sumptuous board.

'You never told me, Clare, love, who was your mysterious correspondent?' said Lady Barbara, with a clumsy affectation of playfulness, before they went to bed. But the other coldly made answer that it was a mere nothing—a note from a lady whom she had known abroad, and who happened to be passing through London; and then Lady Barbara felt that she had neither the right nor the power to pursue the subject further.

ROYAL CHILDREN.

MANY a boy must have thought that he should like to be a Royal Prince; many a little girl must have imagined that it would be delicious to be a Princess. Royal children are not, however, except in England, a very happy race. One must make a distinct exception in favour of the little people belonging to our English royal family, because, whenever they are seen in public, their healthy, happy faces indicate clearly enough that they have no cares on their minds. They have not been appointed to colonels' ships of regiments in their cradles; grand cordons have not been hung round their necks before they could toddle; when they go out with their governesses and nurses, there are no armed escorts to protect their lives, and to make them amazed, if not precociously nervous. Imagine what the life of a Russian child-prince must be at this moment. Parents threatened daily with assassination, may grow callous so far as they themselves are concerned; but they cannot for a moment dismiss anxiety about their children. The dread lest harm should befall these little ones has naturally led to the taking of such precautions that the

Czar's children must play in the midst of a very circle of drawn swords and loaded firearms; and what is worse, they must see on the faces of all around them such an expression of uneasiness, that if they be impressionable, as children usually are, there is a danger that their minds will early acquire a chronic tinge of melancholy.

Even in the days before Nicholas had commenced its dastardly outrages, the children of the Russian imperial family were guarded in a way that must have seemed very irksome to them. It was no uncommon thing in St Petersburg to see a whole troop of light horse in full trot along the Newsky Prospect, to escort three carriages containing a couple of imperial children and their suite; and on the birthday of an imperial child, it frequently amused foreigners to see a baby in swaddling-clothes solemnly borne by a drum-major at the head of the regiments which the little mite was supposed to command. Getting thus early familiarised with court pomp, the children became prematurely grave. It was a wonder to observe how coolly they bore themselves in public, and how extremely attentive they were to acknowledge every mark of courtesy shown them. But indeed this punctilious observance of the laws of etiquette is one of the first things taught to the young members of reigning families in all countries.

Ordinary children who envy the lot of Princes and Princesses, may console themselves with the reflection, that these favoured young mortals have a terrible number of things to learn. The curriculum of a Prince's studies would dismaying any public schoolboy. Very little time is left him for play, and still less for such literary loafing about and meditation in which most boys delight. If he disappeared for a couple of hours to go on some frolicsome expedition by himself, he would rouse an alarm throughout the palace where he resided, and possibly cause his governor or tutor to be dismissed.

The late Prince Imperial of France when he was ten years old once walked out of the Tuileries for a ramble in the streets, having been seized suddenly with an irresistible temptation to go and join some boys whom he had seen snow-balling. He returned after an absence of four hours; but in the meantime a hundred detectives had been scouring Paris for him, and he found his parents almost frantic with terror. The little king of Rome, Napoleon I's son, once wanted to play truant in the same way, but was checked in time. He then declared, with much weeping, that he wanted to go and make mud-pies with some dirty boys who were playing on one of the quays of the Seine. Young Princes of course have their hours of recreation, but it is often much of the same kind as that of which Sandford and Merton partook in the company of their tutor Mr Barlow. Charles Dickens, in one of his Uncommercial Samples, has ridiculed the terrible propensity of Mr Barlow to improve every minute of the day by casual sermons; but this is really the kind of thing with which young Princes have to put up constantly. The eloquent Fénelon, who was tutor to Louis XIV's grandson, the Duke of Burgundy, was an actual living prototype of Mr Barlow. He composed *Télémaque* for his pupil's edification, and was probably the inventor of what we now call object-lessons. These are

excellent, most interesting things when taken in school-time; but little Princes and Princesses may be pardoned for finding them rather irksome when inflicted on them during all their walks. It is said that Louis II., the present king of Bavaria, took an utter disgust in his boyhood to history and politics, through the indiscreet zeal of a Professor who discoursed on these subjects in season and out of season. He would say, pointing to a haystack: 'Can you guess what is the height of that?'—'Thirty feet,' perhaps the boy would answer.—'Well; does the number thirty remind you of anything? Were there not thirty knights on both sides at the *Combat des Trente*? Were there not thirty tyrants at Athens? Was there not a Thirty Years' War?' And so on, till poor little Prince Louis lost all pleasure in the sight of haystacks.

Napoleon III.'s heir was also sorely teased by a couple of most accomplished but too earnest tutors, General Frossard and M. Monnier. One day he had been sent out to see a regatta on the Seine. 'Well, what have you been doing?' said his father, when he returned home. 'Oh, we have been talking of triremes,' said the boy wearily; 'and I have heard the story of Duilius over again.' The Prince Imperial, however, was quite intelligent enough to understand that in these days the heir-apparent to a throne must not be a dunce, and he was perhaps one of the most amiable pupils any court-tutor ever had. Comparing notes with the young Prince of Asturias, now king of Spain, he one day asked the latter what lesson he found it hardest to learn. 'It is, not to laugh in the theatre when I am amused,' answered the future king of Spain dismally. 'They let me laugh as much as I like,' said the Prince Imperial; 'but what I don't like is to be obliged to smile and look pleasant to men who I know are my father's enemies.' He was alluding then to Count Bismarck, who had come on a visit to Napoleon III. at Plombières, and had been received with a cordiality which the boy knew to be more apparent than real.

It is a custom in the Prussian royal family that every Prince shall be apprenticed to a trade, in order that he might be able to earn his living in case of a revolution. The present Crown Prince was taught watchmaking; but whether he could obtain the wages of a skilled journeyman, if his father's crown failed him, is another question. During the first French Revolution, the Duke of Orleans, who afterwards became 'King of the French' by the title of Louis-Philippe, had for a time to earn his living as a schoolmaster in Switzerland. Doubtless most German Princes in these times would be able to do the same, for they are all capital linguists and arithmeticians, besides being uncommonly expert in horsemanship, fencing, and drill.

It may be remarked of the smaller German courts, that etiquette is studied and practised there in a very serious fashion. There is possibly in Grand Ducal nurseries a handy-book with some such title as 'The Thirty-six Different Methods of Bowing and Courtesying'; for it is certain that the little Princes and Princesses are cleverly taught how to graduate their salutations in nice shades to suit different categories of people. If only a little occasional jollity were allowed to relieve the tedium of these lessons in smirking

and posturing, the lot of a young Prince might still be regarded as a pleasant one; but by all accounts, it seems that some of the German Princes are brought up with a military strictness that would have commended itself to the approval of a Spartan. The king of Bavaria when Crown Prince was made to live on beef and mutton, and his ration of the latter food was never allowed to exceed one mutton chop. It is related that on the day when he became king, his first act of royal prerogative was to say to his equerry: 'I mean to have two chops this morning!'

THE MAN IN POSSESSION.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

As I mused for a moment after my discomfiture, the singular construction of the roofs, as they appeared to me on my first view of them, recurred to me. 'The very thing!' I said to myself. 'It will be very odd if I don't manage to get into that house again.'

With me to resolve was to act; and I immediately dived into the shrubbery, in order to work my way quietly and unseen to the back of the premises. It was well that I did so; for scarcely was I concealed by the foliage, when the front-door was again opened, and George Wintock and Benetti—the former bearing a light—stepped out upon the gravel-walk, and commenced making a circuit of the premises. Holding my breath, and crawling upon hands and knees into deeper shade, I contrived to avoid them. At length, apparently satisfied, after their scrutiny, that I had made off, they retired into the house. I overheard enough of their conversation, however, to inform me that it was Benetti's hand which had struck me to the earth.

I watched the window of George Wintock's bedroom till I saw by his shadow on the window-blind that he had entered. After a while, the light was extinguished, and I concluded that he had retired to rest. I knew that he, his father, and the Italian were heavy sleepers, as they were accustomed to indulge in deep potations at night. How it came about that Benetti had discovered and frustrated my scheme, I never was able to fathom.

Having reached that part of the premises which I judged most convenient for my attempt—a low abutment, used as a woodhouse—I lost no time in cautiously climbing on to its roof, which I was able to do very easily, as its lowest edge was not more than seven feet from the ground. Fortunately, none of the rooms in which the inmates slept looked out upon that particular angle, so that I did not much fear detection; if I could only make progress noiselessly, and attain the higher roof before daylight, I could then hide behind its high parapet. Dark as was the night, or rather morning, it was sufficiently light for me to see what I was about. Slowly and with some difficulty, I dragged myself from roof to roof till I reached a stack of chimneys that rose side by side a few feet from the parapet, and which had been belted with an iron girdle, and fastened with thick iron

rods to the wall just below it. By the aid of the rods, I managed to reach the parapet just as the dawn began to break. Here I was compelled, from sheer exhaustion, to lie down a short time and rest in the leaden gutter inside. Truly, I was but in a sorry plight—my apparel soiled from crawling in the shrubbery, and from clambering over the dirty roofs, and saturated with the blood that had flowed freely from the blow I had received. I began also to feel extremely faint from exertion, loss of blood, and excitement. What would become of me, if strength failed me? I might lie and die and rot on the summit of this old mansion, before any one discovered me. Yet not for one moment did a thought cross my mind of showing the white-feather and giving up the adventure; my feelings were indeed too overwrought for this, partly by an almost blind infatuation for the hapless Miss Wintock, and partly by that longing desire to retaliate, which, whether rightly or wrongly, is generally felt by any one who has been put *hors-de-combat* at an unfair advantage.

A little rest and the cool fresh morning air somewhat revived me, and I commenced creeping along the gutter. With my pocket-knife I loosened the leaden frame of a pane in one of the garret windows and extracted the glass; inserting my hand, I was able to undo the catch and obtain ingress. Finding the coast clear, I glided softly down to my room, locked myself in, bathed my head and face, and taking a pull at my flask of creature-comfort, laid myself down awhile to rest my weary bones and aching head. I was much bruised, yet could not help inwardly chuckling at the surprise the Wintocks and their swarthy coadjutor would experience during the course of the day, when they found that, in spite of his summary ejection, Jack Meredith was once more the Man in Possession.

And great indeed was the consternation of Benetti, when, on waking about midday and feeling urgent need of refreshment, I walked down into the kitchen, where he and Martha were sitting at dinner. Neither heard me approach, as I purposely trod softly. Martha had just helped the Italian to a slice of mutton, when, slipping in, I coolly took a chair and seated myself at the table. Both of them started and stared as if I had been a ghost.

'Very fine joint of mutton, indeed, Martha—capital! and so delightfully cooked—not overdone. I should so like a taste just where it's so nicely browned on the under-side;' pointing as I spoke.—'Ah! you haven't a third plate. Never mind; I'll reach you one;' and I accordingly rose and handed her one from the dresser. The Italian muttered something in his own language, which if translated would, I suspect, have been anything but complimentary. 'Extremely happy to see me at your social meal, no doubt you are, friend Benetti! I reciprocate the sentiment most warmly. Here's to your very good health!'—taking up the ale-jug from the table and filling myself a glass.—'Admirable! Right good stuff!—smacking my lips.—'Pray, Martha, don't let the mutton get cold;' seeing that she had not complied with my request. 'There's nothing in the world I dislike so much as cold mutton.'

I could see that both were for the moment thunderstruck; and as I took up my plate and

held it imploringly, Martha proceeded to cut me the coveted slice.

'Now, a couple of potatoes and a few greens, with just a dash of gravy.—Thank you, Martha. You are a good soul. I think, in future I will always take my meals with you and Benetti, instead of giving you the trouble of waiting upon me up-stairs. It will save you a great many steps, and be so much more comfortable for us all; for it's rather lonely sitting up there by one's self so much.'

My companions were at first disposed to be rather glum; but seeing that I was determined to be on good terms with myself and them, they at last gave in, and we conversed amicably, though reservedly. I could see, however, by their occasional sly glances at my physiognomy, that both, and especially the Italian, derived considerable gratification in noting how severely I had been punished.

Acting up to my promise, I did not, during the remainder of the time I stayed at Briteleigh Hall, trouble Martha to wait upon me, having one object in view, namely, the discovery of Miss Wintock's whereabouts. I did not think it probable that she still occupied the same room above my sleeping apartment, or she would have devised some method of giving me at least a hint of it. Every night I was at my old post, the window. In vain I hummed and whistled every time I was acquainted with. In vain I looked up to catch some slight token of her presence. I felt that she was *not* there. She knew her case to be desperate; and if the window were fastened, failing other means, would doubtless have shivered a pane of glass as a signal. Yet was I convinced that she was confined somewhere in the upper part of the mansion; and for the following reasons. Firstly, when I essayed to go up into the lumber-room on the following morning after I had effected my second entrance, I found the door at the top of the staircase locked, thus precluding all communication with the upper suite of apartments except by the back or servants' staircase. It was not so on the previous morning, when the inmates thought me safely shut out, as I had passed through it on getting down to my chamber. Hence there must be a motive for endeavouring to prevent me exploring them. How I wished that I had made the circuit of the roof, and peeped into every attic through its window, before descending to my own room; and yet I felt that perhaps I had acted for the best, as my strength would not have held out much longer. Secondly, I took occasion to observe that old Martha, when she thought herself unperceived, often put aside some of the best portions of her viands, as if for some other person. With these she would suddenly disappear, but always in the evening. I contrived to ascertain that she invariably made for the back staircase; and arranged my plan, desperate as it was, accordingly. It was destined to be put into execution much earlier than I had anticipated.

The fifth morning after my clamber over the roofs, Mr Wintock sent for me into his room. As I entered, I fancied that a smile of suppressed triumph flushed his countenance. Addressing me in a grandiloquent, sneering style, he said: 'Good-morning, Mr Meredith. I am sorry that your stay at Briteleigh has

been so protracted. But what cannot be helped, must be endured. I have been able to arrange my little affair with your principal, and consequently your presence here can now be dispensed with. I shall be glad if you will leave the premises at once.'

Taken aback, I was at a loss for a moment or two for words to answer, as, from what I had heard previous to my coming to Britetleigh, I had not the remotest idea that Mr Wintock would be able to liquidate the heavy demand upon him. Had Miss Wintock at last, thoroughly crushed and broken in spirit, acceded to one of his propositions, and either consented to become the bride of his son, or signed some document which gave him absolute power over her property? The thought was horrible. Yet it might be so; for as I had not been able to effect any communication with her since that unfortunate night, her energies, physical and mental, might have collapsed in despair.

Mr Wintock, seeing that I was dumfounded, at once followed up his advantage. 'I wish to make one observation before you go. You have interfered most unwarrantably and impertinently in the domestic arrangements of my family since you have been in the house, both in intruding yourself upon the privacy of a young lady resident here, and in endeavouring to facilitate her escape from her natural guardians. Possibly, you may not be aware that the young lady in question is a dangerous lunatic, and that a degree of wholesome restraint is absolutely necessary for her well-being and safety, though at times she may have apparently lucid intervals. I have no doubt you were misled by the craft peculiar to that sad affliction; hence, I am disposed to make due allowance for your extraordinary conduct. Otherwise, I should feel justified in communicating the circumstances to your employer, which would probably result in no very agreeable consequences to yourself. I may add for your satisfaction, that the young lady will shortly be placed in a suitable establishment, where she will be properly cared for. I hope, however, as you are a young man, that a due consideration of the extremely absurd manner in which you have acted, and the slight inconvenience you have suffered'—here, with a bland smile, he passed his hand significantly over the upper part of his face—'may prove a warning to you to conduct yourself more discreetly in future.' He looked me full in the face and waved his hand towards the door.

How I repressed the fierce tempest of passion that inwardly shook me, I cannot tell. 'Sir,' I replied as calmly as I was able, 'I am not in a position to doubt your word; but'—

'But what?' he angrily demanded. 'I tell you, man, that I posted a cheque for the amount last evening, and that I expect a discharge and receipt by to-morrow's post. Will that satisfy you?'

'Then no doubt, sir, the same post will bring such from my principal the usual release, without of course. I am not justified in deserting my post. that the day upon its arrival, I will comply with taught how
shades to suit ready enough, however, to leave only a little occasion insolent purpose' he hotly relieve the tedium one day will not make much

difference, I davesay; therefore, to-morrow be it.'

I bowed, and withdrew to the kitchen, indignant, bewildered, and with a sickening sensation at the heart. I was completely foiled and beaten. 'The last night I shall be here—'young lady mad—confined in a madhouse—tell my employer—slight inconvenience,' kept echoing through my brain, till I felt dizzy with the whirl of confused thought, and mechanically passed my hand over my face as Mr Wintock had done. The remembrance of the indignity enraged me beyond endurance; and I determined, if human craft could accomplish it, that I would trace out Miss Wintock that very night, and ascertain from her own lips whether, when I left the house, I could do anything for her. Might not a solicitor, upon proper representation, take her case in hand, and forcibly obtain the release of her person from the fiends who now held her in confinement? Doubtless, much energy and skill would be required; but the strong arm of the law was, or ought to be, all-powerful. Yes! I would see her. Old Wintock might storm and rave as he liked. I should bid him farewell on the morrow; and if he tried to injure me with my employer, I hoped my statement would be believed; and if not—supposing I got my discharge and was thrown out of work—the world was wide, and I should be a kind of martyr in a good cause—the cause of beauty in distress.

Putting a good face on matters, I told old Martha and Benetti that I was to depart on the morrow, as Mr Wintock had settled all claims upon him. It was evident by the covert smile on the face of each that the intelligence gave them great satisfaction. In the course of the evening, I sauntered out of the kitchen as if to go to my room; and no doubt, as I bade them good-evening, they concluded that I had retired for the night. Instead of doing so, I quietly slipped up the back staircase. Here, as in the other, there was a door at the top, which shut the upper range of apartments from the lower. The staircase itself, however, was much darker. This door was also locked, confirming my suspicion that Miss Wintock was above-stairs. As is often the case in ancient mansions, there were several nooks and recesses in this old circular staircase. Within one of these, on the landing, I ensconced myself and waited patiently. I did not much fear discovery, as old Martha's sight was none of the quickest, and she usually wore a bonnet and shawl of an evening, as she suffered somewhat from rheumatism. At length I saw her coming, hobbling slowly up the stairs, and bearing a lighted candle and a covered dish.

'All right, Jack, my boy; you're on the right scent,' said I to myself. 'Lie close!'

—And close I did lie as ever weasel in a hole. Old Martha reached the landing, put down her dish and candle, drew the key from her pocket, and proceeded to unlock the door. Then entering with her burden—which she again put down for a minute inside—was about to relock it, when I emerged from my hiding-place and stepped in also, shutting the door after me. The old dame turned deadly pale and would have screamed, but my hand was on her mouth. I learned that trick from Benetti the night Miss Wintock was forcibly carried back from my room.

'Now, my dear soul, don't make a riot, because there's no need for it. I mean you no harm, and wouldn't hurt a hair of your old gray head for the world. I only want a little private conversation with you.—There, now'—taking the key from her trembling hand, and transferring it to my pocket, after locking the door—'we can have it all quietly to ourselves without fear of interruption.—It's no use, Martha,' I added sternly, seeing that she was about to remonstrate. 'It's my turn for a little while now. What is the use of your calling out? No one can possibly hear you.'

Martha's teeth chattered and her knees trembled. 'What is it you want with me, man?' she asked.

'Now, be civil, old lady. No "manning," if you please. Just take up the dish and candle, and I will bear you company. I want a few minutes' speech with your young lady.'

'I cannot! I dare not! Mr Wintock would kill me.'

'Stuff! He'll do nothing of the kind. Besides, he is not obliged to know anything about it, unless you are silly enough to inform him.'

Old Martha bent as if to pick up the dish and candle. There was a slight noise below. Possibly Benetti had returned for a moment into the house for something. In an instant her mouth was at the keyhole; she was about to shriek for assistance; but I was too quick for her.

'You treacherous old beldam,' I whispered, 'if you try that dodge again, I'll gag you.—Now, just listen to me. I know all about the rascally doings in this house. I know that Miss Wintock is forcibly confined somewhere in one of these attics. She is no more insane than I am; so that tale will not serve Mr Wintock's purpose. To-morrow, I'm off to London; and I'll move earth, sea, and sky, till I set the authorities on the right track to find and release her. I know Mr Wintock's motive—her property. He won't have a feather of it to fly with; he is more likely to land in jail. You shall come in for your share of punishment in illegally confining her. Let me see her for a few moments, and I promise you, on the word of a man, that whatever transpires, you shall be held free from blame.'

After some further expostulation on her part, and renewed threats and promises on mine, Martha took her dish and candle and proceeded to Miss Wintock's apartment. I kept close to her, eyeing keenly every movement; for I felt that if only half a chance occurred, she would play me false.

Never shall I forget the sight that presented itself on my entering Miss Wintock's wretched garret. Stretched on a miserably narrow pallet lay the beautiful but haggard girl, dressed as I last saw her, but with a stout leathern girdle belted tightly round her waist, and which, fastened with a thick strong cord passing round one of the bed-posts, effectually prevented her from moving, except within a very limited area. The easement was strongly barred on the inside, and the catch securely fastened. In this remote room, at the very top of the house, there was not the slightest opportunity of communicating with the world without.

Old Martha noticed the start I gave on first

entering the room, and commenced a hypocritical whimpering. 'Indeed, Mr Meredith, it's no fault of mine, nor could I help it. 'Tis all master's doing and Mr George's, and I am too old and too feeble to do anything but obey orders.'

'Silence, woman!' I sternly retorted, as I thrust her into the only chair in the room, and advanced to the side of the poor suffering and ill-used young lady.

The death-like pallor of her countenance, the drooping of the long dark eyelashes, and the listless rolling of the languid eyes, evinced the intense mental anguish that racked her. The instant her eyes rested on me, a sharp faint cry of joyful recognition escaped her, and she stretched out her hand. In the tumult of my distracted feelings, I seized it and pressed it warmly to my lips. A deep flush came rushing into her neck and face until she crimsoned to the temples. The next instant she was, if possible, even paler than before, and her short, rapid breathing told of the excitement under which she laboured.

'O Mr Meredith—I was afraid that—I thought—I hoped you would not desert me,' she gasped.

'Not while I have life, dear Miss Wintock; was the prompt reply. While I spoke, my pocket-knife was out, and I was sawing like a maniac at the cord to sever it.

Old Martha began to wring her hands and to remonstrate, but her remonstrances I speedily checked.

The cord was speedily cut through; and gently raising Miss Wintock to a sitting posture, I asked: 'Are you able to stand?'

'Yes; thank you very, very much. At least I'll try.' She gave me one glance of appealing trustfulness, and burst into a passionate fit of weeping. 'Oh, take me away with you from this horrible place! I shall go really mad; I know I shall; I am so now, almost. O my poor brain!'

I tried my utmost to soothe her. Even old Martha aided me. Perhaps her womanly feeling was touched; for I believe she was more the unlucky victim and tool of circumstances than of an intrinsically bad and hardened nature. She produced her old-fashioned smelling-bottle, bathed Miss Wintock's hands and face, and induced her to eat some of the food she had brought; and I persuaded her, with some difficulty, to take a sip or two from my spirit flask, which I had previously put in my pocket in case of emergency.

At length the young lady became calmer. But I saw that it would be necessary to use extreme caution, or she would suffer a relapse, as she continued to entreat me, in the most pathetic language, not to leave her again in the power of the Wintocks. I looked at my watch; it wanted about twenty minutes to nine. Precisely at nine, in readiness for the evening ride, Mr Wintock's gig and mare would be in the yard near the side-door, and Mr George's horse shortly afterwards. Mr Wintock would probably, as he often did, keep his gig waiting for him till a quarter past. Though Wintock would be off shortly afterwards, though I had spoken so confidently to Martha, I was not at all sure that some unlucky accident might not intervene if I remained where I was. Benetti might miss Martha. In fact, I was terribly uneasy and in a sad dilemma.

Stay where I was for any length of time, I dared not. Leave Miss Wintock in her present state of mind, I could not. Indeed, I think she would have attempted to force her way with me, had I shown any indication of leaving her. A hasty and perhaps rash resolve took possession of me. If I could only get Miss Wintock below and conceal her till after the departure of the Wintocks, we might succeed in getting away unseen down to the village, where I hoped to house her safely and obtain assistance in protecting her; for surely none who knew her would refuse to aid; and even if discovered, I should then only have the Italian to deal with. Our time had been singularly ill-chosen before. We had waited till both Mr Wintock and his son had returned home before making our attempt.

I again bent over Miss Wintock, and asked: 'Do you think you could walk a little?'—at the same time giving her a meaning look.

The rapid glance of intelligence with which she replied reassured me.

'Now, Martha,' I said, 'I'm extremely obliged to you for all you have done; and depend upon it, you shall not be forgotten. But I must have the loan of that bonnet and shawl for a little while; removing the one from her head and the other from her shoulders.—It's no use to resist, old lady! A wilful man must have his way, and so you may as well be quiet. Now, sit down again in that chair, and don't stir unless I bid you, for time is precious.—Pon my word, Miss Wintock, that bonnet becomes you as well as it does Martha; placing it upon her head. Rather a left-handed compliment to you, though. There; tuck up your hair safely out of sight in the crown; don't show any of it, on any account. Now for the shawl; close up to the throat—so. Here's a pin. That will do admirably. I declare I should not know you from Martha herself at a yard's distance, if I did not see your features.—Now, Martha, old girl, I'm just going to lock you in this room a little while—only a little while, you know, for I will leave the door on the landing open. Benetti will be sure to find you by-and-by; as, if you don't make your appearance below, he will no doubt seek you here, guessing that something has happened.—Nay, Martha, as she rose from her seat in great trepidation; 'I don't wish to do anything ungentlemanly. I do not at all fear your giving an alarm from the window; it is too strongly barred for you to force it. You wouldn't like to take Miss Wintock's place, I suppose?' pointing to the pallet from which I had released her. 'Very well. Then keep quiet, and no harm will come to you of this. You can tell Mr Wintock that you were overcome by stratagem and force, if you like. We will leave you the light, as we can do better without it.'

The hint was sufficient. Perhaps, too, in her heart the old creature might not be unwilling that her charge should escape. Before I had done speaking, Miss Wintock and I were out in the long corridor. The door was locked on old Martha; while Miss Wintock carried the dish and cover, to enable her to impersonate Martha as faithfully as possible.

'Now for it once again,' I said to my companion; 'and I trust with better luck. But you must be as cool as you can, and keep your wits about you.

A hitch now will spoil all; for I fear this is your last and only chance. Whenever you feel inclined to faint, think of your liberty or a lunatic asylum.'

'Do not fear me,' she whispered. 'I will do my utmost, or perish in the attempt. They shall not tear me from you a second time.'

'Very good. Be as quick as you can, till we reach the last turn at the bottom of the stairs. Then, if the coast is clear, I will go forward and reconnoitre.'

Hurriedly whispering these and other hints, I led her to the turn of the stairs, and then went forward by myself. A few seconds afterwards, Martha's double came limping down and along the passage into the scullery as directed. The impersonation was excellent and complete, and but for the serious stake at issue, I could have laughed outright. However, this was no time for indulgence in levity, but for nerve, watchfulness, and action.

The outer door of the kitchen passage stood open. Benetti usually left it so while he went to get the horses and vehicle ready for his masters. I stole softly towards it, to get a bird's-eye view of what might be going on without, endeavouring the while to arrange some definite plan of proceeding. A rapid glance informed me that the elder Wintock had not yet departed. The gig, with the fine high-bred mare he was accustomed to drive, still stood in the yard. The animal was a noble specimen, of great strength, speed, and spirit; but would stand as quietly as a lamb in the Hall-yard while awaiting its master's pleasure, though it required a strong hand to hold the ribbons when once upon the road. Benetti was busily engaged in the stable saddling and bridling Mr George Wintock's horse. I could hear his 'Whoa, Dandy' and other ejaculations less amiable, in his broken English, as the animal seemed to be giving him some trouble. In another five minutes he would bring him out into the yard equipped ready for his rider.

Instantaneously an idea whizzed through my brain like a flash of light, upsetting whatever of scheme or intention I might have already formed. In a second I was at the scullery-door. 'Whist! Now—quick. Here; take my arm. Jump into the gig the instant you reach it. Trust to me for the rest.'

Miss Wintock looked up at me in wonderment, but immediately obeyed.

Out at the open door and across the yard with Miss Wintock on my arm. 'In with you, miss; quickly, for dear life!'

She needed no second admonition, but half lifted by me, sprang nimbly into the vehicle. I was about to follow; but, as ill-luck would have it, we were not to get away so easily. The mare, hearing our footsteps, had begun to paw the ground, impatient of delay; and the face of Benetti immediately appeared at the stable-door. Probably he thought his master had come out, and might require his services.

I should have been unconscious of the fact; but in stepping into the gig, Miss Wintock slightly turned her head and caught sight of the Italian's swarthy visage. Her short suppressed cry and eager finger at once pointed out to me the cause of her terror. Benetti comprehended the state of affairs at the first glance, and with a

fierce whoop, came rushing at full speed to seize the mare's head. There was not time for me to mount. Stepping forward a pace or two, and exerting my utmost strength, I dealt him a buffet which fairly balanced that which he had dealt me at the Hall door, followed up by a kick upon the shins, as he staggered backward and fell, literally yelling with agony. The mare snorted, and began to move. Snatching the reins, I sprang into the gig; and had just cleared the yard as George Wintock came rushing out to ascertain the cause of the disturbance.

HOME RULE.

FROM A HOUSEKEEPER'S POINT OF VIEW.

WITH a large portion of the working community in our cities and towns, existence is frequently a difficulty; and when further weighted with the responsibility of wife and family, too often an incessant struggle for the necessaries of life. The class which appears to suffer most is that in which, unfortunately, some degree of outward appearance—in the head of the family at least—has to be maintained, for the credit of the establishment in which he is engaged, as well as for the support of his own position in it. These are the persons who rank immediately above the labouring classes—the clerks and assistants in mercantile houses, who, untrained or unfitted for manual exertion, have more expenses and scarcely better salaries than the wages of a moderately skilful artisan, and without some of his advantages; for the latter's wardrobe may be confined to his suit of working clothes, with a change for Sundays; whilst the tools of his trade, once obtained, are of a durable character; and his avocation, excepting in a few instances, healthy and invigorating.

It is noteworthy, however, that this class, poorly paid as it frequently is, is yet open to the charge of careless wastefulness, if not actual extravagance. It may be the reflection that the remuneration, though small, is sure, and that the end of the week, month, or quarter will furnish funds for another term of toil, which gradually conduces to a condition of unhealthy contentment whereby so many are satisfied to endure a hand-to-mouth existence, patiently looking for the dawn of a better day, or gradually becoming inured to the straitened circumstances in which their lives have been passed. To these, the subject of domestic economy properly understood is most important, and it will be well to bear in mind the proper distinction between that word and parsimony, for which it is sometimes used, and with which it is not unfrequently confounded.

The better to illustrate our views, we will suppose a family in the lower order of the middle classes, with whom careful management is a matter of the first importance, consisting of the parents, one servant, and, say, four children; and we will commence with the article of Food, for here economy is most requisite, and very frequently but little observed. "Wholesome food, and plenty of it, cannot be too highly estimated, and in no particular of household economy can the 'penny-wise and pound-foolish' system be more pernicious. The prudent consideration

that what is not cheap in price should be made profitable in every available way, comes in here, and to this let the careful housekeeper direct her attention. The more substantial sorts of food—butter-meat, for instance—can be purchased more cheaply from the large markets than from the solitary shop in the neighbourhood where trade competition does not step in to the advantage of the purchaser; and this in the matter of a large family dinner yields an important saving. There is of course to be remembered the expense of the journey by 'bus or tram-car or district railway; but that will be amply covered by the saving effected.

As roasted or baked joints are found to be more profitable than boiled ones, the nutritious juices not being so much exhausted, and a greater variety of dishes being procurable from them in that form, we will suppose the housekeeper purchases that joint of best known as the 'fitch-bone,' and weighing about twelve or thirteen pounds. In the first place, this is sold more cheaply than many other cuts, on account of the bone it contains. Roasted, and served up hot, it supplies a good dinner the first day. Cold, with salad, and the vegetables that are in season, there is a wholesome dinner for the second; while for the third day, thick pieces will be found which, fried with onions, or stewed, afford another variety. Of what remains, separate the fragments and fat from the bone, and the first will contribute to a meat-pasty or a savoury stew; the fat melted down, and added to the dripping from the roasted joint, which should have been carefully preserved, is available for pie and pudding crusts, and, in winter, is a pleasant substitute for butter on hot toast, and quite as wholesome; while the bone itself, having been well stewed along with others, forms the basis of good soup; and then, having quite completed its culinary mission, and perfectly clean, may be placed in its particular receptacle, to be presently disposed of to the itinerant purchaser who makes his daily round for the purpose.

The fat carefully removed from the surface of the water when cold, in which pork or ham, poultry or rabbits have been boiled, is excellent for pastry; the liquor itself, and the residuum, together with the poultry and rabbit bones—and where the offensive habit of gnawing and sucking bones at table is not permitted, there can be no objection to so employing them, assist materially in the stock for soup. As an accompaniment to the hot roast and boiled joints, a serviceable dish will be found in plain pudding of suet and flour, which, with the gravy of the joint, is much liked by children, and as all flour-fod is good for them, is wholesome as well as economical.

Bread that is home-made is generally preferred to that supplied by the baker; and if to a peck of flour is added a pound of rice, boiled, it will render the bread close and white; whilst the water in which potatoes have been boiled, imparts a light and spongy character to the loaf. Of course the usual salt and yeast must be used as well; but bread thus prepared will be more palatable than is usually the case with that which is made in the ordinary way. Having mentioned rice, we may remind our readers that besides the many forms of nourishing puddings to which it

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'Do not fear me,' she whispered. 'I will do my utmost, or perish in the attempt. They shall not tear me from you a second time.'

'Very good. Be as quick as you can, till we reach the last turn at the bottom of the stairs. Then, if the coast is clear, I will go forward and reconnoitre.'

Hurriedly whispering these and other hints, I led her to the turn of the stairs, and then went forward by myself. A few seconds afterwards, Martha's double came limping down and along the passage into the scullery as directed. The impersonation was excellent and complete, and but for the serious stake at issue, I could have laughed outright. However, this was no time for indulgence in levity, but for nerve, watchfulness, and action.

The outer door of the kitchen passage stood open. Benetti usually left it so while he went to get the horses and vehicle ready for his masters. I stole softly towards it, to get a bird's-eye view of what might be going on without, endeavouring the while to arrange some definite plan of proceeding. A rapid glance informed me that the elder Wintock had not yet departed. The gig, with the fine high-bred mare he was accustomed to drive, still stood in the yard. The animal was a noble specimen, of great strength, speed, and spirit; but would stand as quietly as a lamb in the Hall-yard while awaiting its master's pleasure, though it required a strong hand to hold the ribbons when once upon the road. Benetti was busily engaged in the stable saddling and bridling Mr George Wintock's horse. I could hear his 'Whoa, Dandy!' and other ejaculations less amiable, in his broken English, as the animal seemed to be giving him some trouble. In another five minutes he would bring him out into the yard equipped ready for his rider.

Instantaneously an idea whizzed through my brain like a flash of light, upsetting whatever of scheme or intention I might have already formed. In a second I was at the scullery-door. 'Whist! Now—quick. Here; take my arm. Jump into the gig the instant you reach it. Trust to me for the rest.'

Miss Wintock looked up at me in wonderment, but immediately obeyed.

Out at the open door and across the yard with Miss Wintock on my arm. 'In with you, miss; quickly, for dear life!'

She needed no second admonition, but half lifted by me, sprang nimbly into the vehicle. I was about to follow; but, as ill-luck would have it, we were not to get away so easily. The mare, hearing our footsteps, had begun to paw the ground, impatient of delay; and the face of Benetti immediately appeared at the stable-door. Probably he thought his master had come out, and might require his services.

I should have been unconscious of the fact; but in stepping into the gig, Miss Wintock slightly turned her head and caught sight of the Italian's swarthy visage. Her short suppressed cry and eager finger at once pointed out to me the cause of her terror. Benetti comprehended the state of affairs at the first glance, and with a

fierce whoop, came rushing at full speed to seize the mare's head. There was not time for me to mount. Stepping forward a pace or two, and exerting my utmost strength, I dealt him a buffet which fairly balanced that which he had dealt me at the Hall door, followed up by a kick upon the shins, as he staggered backward and fell, literally yelling with agony. The mare snorted, and began to move. Snatching the reins, I sprang into the gig; and had just cleared the yard as George Wintock came rushing out to ascertain the cause of the disturbance.

HOME RULE.

FROM A HOUSEKEEPER'S POINT OF VIEW.

WITH a large portion of the working community in our cities and towns, existence is frequently a difficulty; and when further weighted with the responsibility of wife and family, too often an incessant struggle for the necessaries of life. The class which appears to suffer most is that in which, unfortunately, some degree of outward appearance—in the head of the family at least—has to be maintained, for the credit of the establishment in which he is engaged, as well as for the support of his own position in it. These are the persons who rank immediately above the labouring classes—the clerks and assistants in mercantile houses, who, untrained or unfitted for manual exertion, have more expenses and scarcely better salaries than the wages of a moderately skilful artisan, and without some of his advantages; for the latter's wardrobe may be confined to his suit of working clothes, with a change for Sundays; whilst the tools of his trade, once obtained, are of a durable character; and his avocation, excepting in a few instances, healthy and invigorating.

It is noteworthy, however, that this class, poorly paid as it frequently is, is yet open to the charge of careless wastefulness, if not actual extravagance. It may be the reflection that the remuneration, though small, is sure, and that the end of the week, month, or quarter will furnish funds for another term of toil, which gradually conduces to a condition of unhealthy contentment whereby so many are satisfied to endure a hand-to-mouth existence, patiently looking for the dawn of a better day, or gradually becoming inured to the straitened circumstances in which their lives have been passed. To these, the subject of domestic economy properly understood is most important, and it will be well to bear in mind the proper distinction between that word and parsimony, for which it is sometimes used, and with which it is not unfrequently confounded.

The better to illustrate our views, we will suppose a family in the lower order of the middle classes, with whom careful management is a matter of the first importance, consisting of the parents, one servant, and, say, four children; and we will commence with the article of Food, for here economy is most requisite, and very frequently but little observed. Wholesome food, and plenty of it, cannot be too highly estimated, and in no particular of household economy can the 'penny-wise and pound-foolish' system be more pernicious. The prudent consideration

that what is not cheap in price should be made profitable in every available way, comes in here, and to this let the careful housekeeper direct her attention. The more substantial sorts of food—*butcher-meat*, for instance—can be purchased more cheaply from the large markets than from the solitary shop in the neighbourhood where trade competition does not step in to the advantage of the purchaser; and this in the matter of a large family dinner yields an important saving. There is of course to be remembered the expense of the journey by 'bus or tram-car or district railway; but that will be amply covered by the saving effected.

As roasted or baked joints are found to be more profitable than boiled ones, the nutritious juices not being so much exhausted, and a greater variety of dishes being procurable from them in that form, we will suppose the housekeeper purchases that joint of beef known as the 'fitch-bone,' and weighing about twelve or thirteen pounds. In the first place, this is sold more cheaply than many other cuts, on account of the bone it contains. Roasted, and served up hot, it supplies a good dinner the first day. Cold, with salad, and the vegetables that are in season, there is a wholesome dinner for the second; while for the third day, thick pieces will be found which, fried with onions, or stewed, afford another variety. Of what remains, separate the fragments and fat from the bone, and the first will contribute to a meat-pasty or a savoury stew; the fat melted down, and added to the dripping from the roasted joint, which should have been carefully preserved, is available for pie and pudding cruds, and, in winter, is a pleasant substitute for butter on hot toast, and quite as wholesome; while the bone itself, having been well stewed along with others, forms the basis of good soup; and then, having quite completed its culinary mission, and perfectly clean, may be placed in its particular receptacle, to be presently disposed of to the itinerant purchaser who makes his daily round for the purpose.

The fat carefully removed from the surface of the water when cold, in which pork or ham, poultry or rabbits have been boiled, is excellent for pastry; the liquor itself, and the residuum, together with the poultry and rabbit bones—and where the offensive habit of gnawing and sucking bones at table is not permitted, there can be no objection to so employing them—assist materially in the stock for soup. As an accompaniment to the hot roast and boiled joints, a serviceable dish will be found in plain pudding of suet and flour, which, with the gravy of the joint, is much liked by children, and as all flour-food is good for them, is wholesome as well as economical.

Bread that is home-made is generally preferred to that supplied by the baker; and if to a peck of flour is added a pound of rice, boiled, it will render the bread close and white; whilst the water in which potatoes have been boiled, imparts a light and spongy character to the loaf. Of course the usual salt and yeast must be used as well; but bread thus prepared will be more palatable than is usually the case with that which is made in the ordinary way. Having mentioned rice, we may remind our readers that besides the many forms of nourishing puddings to which it

may be applied, it is the cheapest, best, and simplest substitute for vegetables to meat. Very moderate in price, of no trouble in preparing, and without any waste whatever, it is far and away the best resource if potatoes fail, or at that season of the year when they are 'waxy' or heavy. What oatmeal is to the Scotch, rice is in the land of its cultivation, for it can be used in many forms, and is always salutary and pleasant. Oatmeal, by the way—which, excepting in the North, is associated generally with slops and messes of a sick-room—is scarcely appreciated with us who live more in the South. The rough meal has a sustaining power far beyond our ordinary bread; and it would be well if 'porridge' could be generally used as the breakfast of our little ones. Served up with milk or with treacle, it is quite probable that it would speedily supersede the more expensive and less nutritious tea, coffee, and even cocoa. Here again, as with rice, there is no trouble, no waste, but cleanliness, simplicity, cheapness, and nutriment.

If there is any garden-ground attached to the house, it may be worth while to cultivate the more hardy vegetables, such as beans, potatoes, or cabbages, which require little time and attention and yield a profitable return; but the more expensive asparagus and peas, as also fruit, it will be more satisfactory to purchase from the greengrocer; they require more care and attention than, as a matter of economy, they are worth. The greens, cauliflowers, and potatoes that have been left at dinner, can be redressed for the following day. Warmed with bacon, they will afford an acceptable change, or will be very welcome to your poultry, if you keep any; and if no other use can be devised for them, they will, if placed on a heap at the bottom of the garden with their parings and peelings, and with the bones, skin, and offal of fish, &c.—otherwise of no actual use—and now and then covered with a thin coating of mould, contribute their portion of fertilising power towards next year's produce.

The mention of poultry reminds us that many persons living in towns keep fowls, under the impression that they will be provided with eggs better and cheaper than can be bought. This frequently is an error. Unless poultry have a clear 'run,' they are a questionable investment. Besides the first outlay for the birds, with the expense of providing them with a proper roost, and perhaps a wire-fence to keep them within bounds, is the purchase of their food. There is scarcely any domestic animal to which fresh air and exercise are so necessary as the common fowl. Give her a handful of corn in the morning, and the same at night, with perfect freedom to rove through a paddock or orchard, and she will forage for herself during the day and repay you with good eggs. But if, as is too frequently the case in towns, we insist on her residing in a cellar, with the 'local option' of a back-yard or a street gutter, we must not be surprised if she loses her sleek and comfortable appearance, and if the eggs she presents us with are few and coarse-flavoured.

Another opportunity for the exercise of judicious economy is furnished by the clothing of a family. Many of the clothes of the parents, or even the elder children, which have become too

much worn or too short for them, may with a little ingenuity be adapted to the younger branches in such a way that the identity of the coat or frock is concealed. We regard it as a matter of no small importance in home education to prevent as far as possible the feeling of humiliation which a sensitive child suffers, if made aware that its appearance is grotesque or remarkable. We cannot forget the days when by the law of succession as it prevails in many families, we inherited the trousers or coat of our elders. But, we repeat, this contingency may by deft manipulation be avoided; and when the hereditary garment is past all further service, there is still the old-clothesman to bid for the heap of disused clothes; or the poorer children of the neighbourhood, who have no scruples on such matters, or the transmutation into cloths for the coarser housework, or at last, the rag-bag—the contents of which can always be converted into money.

If the string that secures the draper's and grocer's parcels is simply untied, or at least only cut at the knot, many a penny may be saved. If the old letters, envelopes, children's copy-books, and all manuscript work, which choke up drawers, desks, and boxes, are regularly transferred from the waste-paper basket to a sack kept in the lumber-room for the purpose, from half-a-crown to three shillings per hundredweight may be obtained for them from some of the waste-paper dealers. Nearly every family takes in its dully or weekly newspaper; when done with, let it be neatly folded, and placed aside till the bulk amounts to a considerable weight, when it may be disposed of to the butcher at the rate of perhaps a halfpenny a pound. If all the pennies thus obtained are put in a drawer or box kept for that specific purpose, at the end of six months they will represent a sum quite sufficient to add some useful or ornamental article to the house, and without any assistance from the pocket of the master. The ordinary brown paper in which the grocer and ironmonger wrap up their goods, unsuitable for the purpose we have mentioned, becomes, when placed between woollen clothes or blankets, an excellent preventive of moths, is an admirable disinfectant when burnt, and is useful in various other ways.

In every house there is necessarily an accumulation of rubbish which it is difficult to dispose of, and of which we who profess to be tidy persons are only too glad to be rid. Broken crockery, old toothbrushes and table-knife handles, fragments of broken window-panes, can, unlike the rags, bones, or old metal, find no purchaser; nor are they readily convertible to other purposes, like the old clothes. For these, however, the garden finds a use. For the more effectual drainage of the flower-beds, it is a good plan to have a substratum of rubbish, about six inches deep at a distance of, say, two feet from the surface of the soil, through which the rain may percolate, leaving the upper part sufficiently moist for germination, but not so continuously wet as to injure the seeds and young roots. This is particularly important with a stiff soil that has no substratum of gravel or sand. For an artificial basis of this kind there are no better materials than the broken crockery and the other

worthless articles referred to, and thus most unsightly objects are got rid of in the first place, and turned to good account as well.

The boards of packing-cases or wine-boxes may be converted into book-shelves, or painted green, into window-boxes, for nasturtiums and mignonette, or as borders for the garden-beds. Nails and screws, not wasted, but kept in a box where they may readily be found, will, with the assistance of a gimlet and screw-driver or hammer, save many a shilling that would otherwise be paid to the jobbing joiner who works by the hour, and whose occupation, like that of the gardener on the same arrangement, is very frequently of a most elastic nature. It is a common thing for servants, in raking out the last evening's fire, to carry all the cinders to the dust-bin, to be thrown out. Now, as a large quantity of these are only partially burnt—oaks, in fact, for which we pay as a rule about a shilling a sack—they ought to be saved by sifting them from the mere dust, and be used again as a backing for the kitchen-fire.

Neglect or procrastination is one of the worst enemies to the order and economy of a household. Bolts, hinges, and the more intricate mechanism of locks, become troublesome or useless from the rust which neglect suffers to accumulate. There is really no excuse for this, for they make their grievances known in their own voice of complaint, or, as in some human ailments, by their impatience to move. As soon as a bolt or a hinge creaks or a lock refuses to obey the action of the key, there is a temporary derangement that a little sweet oil will remove, but which, neglected, will become chronic, and necessitate a visit from the locksmith or joiner.

It may be considered that undue stress has been laid on matters of slight importance; but it is in the apparently unimportant details where so much saving may be effected; and if space admitted, we could name many more. If our method could be tried for a twelvemonth by a family of the class to which we have referred, we should be quite satisfied to submit to the arbitration of experience, whether our theory is merely one of those fanciful schemes that, in the abstract, look well, but will not bear the test of practice; or whether it affords useful and practicable suggestions for an economical system of Home Rule.

PUNCTUALITY.

'ALWAYS be ready at least five minutes before a specified time,' was the excellent advice given to a pupil by a rather stern though first-rate tutor; and this advice taken and conscientiously acted upon through life, saved the young man much trouble. If people would act generally upon the old-fashioned maxim, a great deal of worry, bustle, and annoyance might be avoided. Five minutes before the hour would enable Mr B. to catch the early train in time; whereas a minute too late leaves him on the platform lamenting. Five minutes before their usual hour for rising on a Sunday morning, would prevent Mr and Mrs B. and a whole string of little

B's coming into church either in the middle of the first prayer or when the service has begun.

That was an awkward predicament in which poor Mr P. found himself—namely, five minutes too late for his marriage—minutes which seemed to the marriage-party, and especially to the bride, like hours of torture. Strange that such a mischance did not cure him of unpunctual habits; yet it proved unavailing; for that gentleman and his wife kept the company invited to meet them at their first dinner-party waiting for fully half an hour; and still, though old married people, continue in all things the same evil usage—causing thereby an amount of annoyance to their friends never to be sufficiently regretted; and making their enemies 'chorlie' malignantly.

An officer, invited by an eccentric maiden aunt to wait upon her at a certain hour, forfeited a valuable gold watch, because he arrived five minutes late; the stern old dame brooking no delay, and bestowing the gift on another relative instead.

We pity the condition of the struggling young doctor who, being sent for in great haste by a certain millionaire, delayed five minutes, and found, on arriving at the house of the patient, that another M.D. had entered before him; thus suicidally damaging his own prospects at the beginning of his career.

Five minutes before the hour, and you have matters in your own hands; two minutes after it, and you are left out in the cold; as the lady felt who drove in a cab to the last train, and arriving two minutes late, had the pleasure of a ten-mile drive in a dull winter night, with twenty shillings to pay at the end of her journey instead of two.

There are some people who are systematically late for everything, irritating their households in a remarkable degree, and always finding themselves in a flurry and bustle. The newspapers are full of accidents, heedlessness being the cause, and as often as not, unpunctuality merely in minutes. There is no virtue so necessary in the young as punctuality. Habits grow upon people, and it is as easy to cultivate habits of regularity and exactness with regard to time as it is to cultivate cleanliness or honesty. A young lady staying at a friend's house in the country, was amazed to find that the eldest daughter of the house never came down in time for breakfast, but always half an hour late. Her astonishment was increased when she discovered that the too indulgent mother, instead of reprimanding with her daughter on this unpleasant habit, actually rose from her easy-chair as the girl came dawdling down and offered it to her!

Upon being asked the reason of this curious leniency, the mother said that it was 'no use finding fault with Maria; of course she would grow out of it!'

At the age of thirty, Maria still comes down late for breakfast, and the soft-hearted mother—now sixty-five—still rises when her daughter enters, and offers her the chair! In our opinion, slittiness could not go further, and we feel sorry for both mother and daughter—the last a slave to habit; the first a slave to her own offspring.

Reverence has long ceased to be a feature of the age; but we would counsel parents to cultivate by every means in their power habits of punctuality in their children from very early years.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

MIMICRY IN MOTHS.

THE Duke of Argyll, writing from Cannes to *Nature*, in November last, after remarking on the fact that insects of the order *Lepidoptera* (moths and butterflies) had hitherto been 'conspicuous by their absence,' goes on to say:

I was much surprised, therefore, one day last week, to see a large insect of this order come from above the olive-trees overhead with the wild dashing flight of the larger moths. Attracted apparently by the sheltered and sunny recess in which I was sitting and by the scarlet geraniums and bignonias which were in full flower in it, the moth darted downwards, and after a little hovering, settled suddenly on the bare ground underneath a geranium plant. I then saw that it was a very handsome species, with an elaborate pattern of light and dark chocolate browns. But the margins of the wings, which were deeply waved or dented, had a lustrous yellow colour, like a brilliant gleam of light. In this position the moth was a conspicuous object. After resting for a few seconds, apparently enjoying the sun, it seemed to notice some movement which gave it alarm. It then turned slightly round, gave a violent jerk to its wings, and instantly became invisible. If it had subsided into a hole in the ground, it could not have more completely disappeared. As, however, my eyes were fixed upon the spot, I soon came to observe that all the interstices among the little clods around it were full of withered and crumpled leaves of a deep blackish brown. I then further noticed that the spot where the moth had sat was apparently occupied by one of these, and it flashed upon me in a moment that I had before me one of the great wonders, and one of the great mysteries of nature. There are some forms of mimicry which are wholly independent of the animals themselves. They are made of the colour and of the shape which are like those of the surrounding objects of their habitat. They have nothing to do except to sit still, or perhaps to crouch. But there are some other forms of mimicry in which the completeness of the deception depends on some co-operation of the animal's own will. This was one of these. The splendid margins of the fore-wings, with the peculiar shape and their shining colour, had to be concealed; and so, by an effort which evidently required the exertion of special muscles, these margins were folded down—covered up—and hidden out of sight. The remainder of the wings were so crumpled up that they imitated exactly the dried and withered leaves around.

Knowing the implicit confidence in the effectiveness of this kind of concealment, which is instinctive in all creatures furnished with the necessary apparatus, I proceeded to try and test this very curious psychological accompaniment of the physical machinery. I advanced in the full sunlight close up to the moth—so close that I could see the prominent 'beaded eyes' with the

watchful look, and the roughened outlines of the thorax, which served to complete the illusion. So perfect was the deception, that I really could not feel confident that the black spot I was examining was what I believed it to be. Only one little circumstance reassured me. There was some hole or interstice in the outer covering, through which one spot of the inner brilliant margin could be seen shining like a star. Certain now as to the identity of the moth, I advanced still nearer; and finally I found that it was not till the point of the stick was used to move and shake the earth on which it lay, that the creature could believe that it was in danger. Then, in an instant the crumpled leaf became a living moth, with powers of flight which would have defied capture.

AUSTRIAN GAME.

The following is an extract, obtained by a contemporary, from a Report recently issued by the Austrian Minister of Agriculture, regarding the quantity of game, &c., killed in 1880 in the Cisleithen provinces. Though it does not claim to be absolutely exact, it still affords an interesting proof of the abundance of game in these countries. In 1880 there were shot: Ground game, 1,027,000 head, including 940,805 hares, 42,015 deer, 27,463 rabbits. Feathered game, 992,346 head, including 717,292 partridges, 84,487 quail, 78,759 pheasants, 43,516 wild-duck, 25,070 snipe, woodcock, &c. Vermin, 43,465 head, including 21,679 foxes, 12,205 weasels, &c., 6242 martens, 2808 badgers, 165 wolves, 65 lynx, 25 bears. Of particular districts, Bohemia proves very abundant in game. It produced in 1880, 380,568 hares and 433,961 partridges.

In addition to the above, there were bagged of fur and feathered game in 1880, in Lower Austria, 284,370 head; Styria, 84,590 head; Moravia, 363,510 head; Upper Austria, 66,191 head.

The greatest number of chamois was in Tyrol and Vorarlberg, 2007 head; Styria, 1653 head; Salzburg, 1055 head. The largest number of bears and wolves were killed in Galicia.

THE WILD CURLEW.

Or this first spring day, 'mong the conching hills,
Ere the morning's sun drunk the glistening dew,
On my ear there fell, 'mid the rush of rills,
From afar the notes of the wild Curlew;
And my soul was touched with an ecstacy;
To my heart they uttered a prophecy

Of the coming bliss that the months will bring,
When the rounded mountains, bleak and gray,
Shall be touched by the mystic robe of Spring,
Shall be crowned with the Summer's garlands gay,
And shall glow with the Autumn's purpled hue:
Such a vision came with the gray Curlew.

From the clear blue lift fell his weird notes shrill:
In these emblems bright of the growing year,
All my life I saw, as that distant trill
With its music sweet, woke an echo clear
Of the song of love, that is ever new—
Oh, rich are the notes of the wild Curlew! A. P.

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OUR WEATHER FORECASTS.

PUBLISHED weather forecasts are of two distinct kinds. We have those made fully a year in advance and embodied in *Zadkiel's Almanac* and similar publications; and we have the twenty-four hour forecasts which daily appear in the newspapers. Both find numerous believers, and both justify themselves by a certain percentage of successes. But it must not be supposed that both emanate from the same quarter, or are even based upon the same science. The former are founded upon the curious misconception that it is the moon and planets that regulate our weather—a surviving fragment of astrology; the latter have their origin in an application of the laws of meteorology as disclosed by weather-telegraphy.

We cannot at present enter into details regarding the systems adopted by the long-period or knack forecasters; but we have something to say about our daily weather-warnings, which concern us all pretty directly, seeing that we pay some fifteen thousand pounds a year for them. Our remarks may be conveniently arranged under three heads: (1) How the forecasts are made; (2) What degree of success has attended them hitherto; and (3) How they may be improved. We write for the unscientific. What follows, therefore, is not new, but is merely a popular summary of the various views and opinions that have been put forward from time to time within the last year or two.

First, then, how the forecasts are made. Everybody knows that the barometer is essentially an atmosphere-weigher. The envelope of air which incases our globe has weight, and consequently presses upon the earth's surface. Torricelli found that this pressure at the level of the sea is sufficient to force mercury up an empty tube—empty of air, that is—to a height of about thirty inches. In such a column of mercury, therefore, we have a constant index of the weight of the atmosphere. If we take it up a high mountain, it falls, because there is then less

air above us than when we are at the sea-level. If we take it down a deep mine, it rises, because the vertical height, and consequently the pressure, of air above us, is increased. But even at the sea-level the column, when it came to be attentively studied, was found to vary in height. Sometimes it rose, sometimes it fell. At one time it moved a very little; and at another, a great deal. The variation, too, was not regular or periodic—it did not agree with the rising and setting of the sun, nor coincide with the phases of the moon; it was quite erratic. But a little further observation showed a marked correspondence between these mysterious movements and the state of the weather. A great fall of the column, it was noticed, was invariably followed by rain or wind, or both; while a steady rise generally accompanied the clearing-up of the weather. Careful observation soon resulted in the deduction of rules, by means of which the probable weather might be inferred from its movements. And so originated the 'weather-glass.'

Why the movements of the barometer are related to the weather might never have been found out, had not the invention of the electric telegraph made a new departure possible to the meteorologist.

When the readings of the barometer—reduced to sea-level—at various places throughout the country are taken at the same hour of the day, and telegraphed to one man, say in London; when these synchronous readings are marked by him upon a chart of the British Isles, the figure for Edinburgh at the place of Edinburgh, that for Liverpool at the place of Liverpool, and so on; and when all the places at which the barometer was an equal height are connected by means of dotted lines—the result is not, as might almost be expected, a hopeless network of lines crossing and recrossing each other in all directions. It is always one of four diagrammatic figures. The dotted lines are called 'isobars,' and the figures which they form are the 'cyclone,' the 'anticyclone,' the area of wedge-shaped isobars, and the area of straight isobars. The two former are most

frequently met with in British weather; the two latter are somewhat rare.

The cyclone, when perfect, is a circular or oval area, the isobaric lines forming concentric circles. In the middle, the barometer is lowest; on the edge of the area, it is highest; and in the space between, the readings pass by slow or rapid gradation from the one to the other. Mark the variable gradation. Its importance will be seen directly. Now, the direction of the wind and the distribution of the weather throughout this area, are fixed and invariable. The wind circulates around the centre in the opposite direction to the hands of a watch. On the east side, the wind is southerly; on the west side, it is northerly; on the south side, it is westerly; and on the north side, it is easterly. There is a slight inward motion, however—the wind really blowing in a sort of spiral—which gives the easterly current on the north of the area a slight touch of the north, the southerly one on the east side a slight easterly direction, and so on. Then the force of the wind is regulated by the steepness of the gradient just alluded to. If the edge of the cyclone be forty miles from the centre, and the difference in pressure between the two about an inch of the barometer, the wind will be far stronger than if the distance be eighty miles and the difference in pressure the same, or the difference only half an inch and the distance the same. To make this a little clearer: suppose the barometer at Edinburgh to be 29.30 inches, and at Glasgow 28.30 inches, that would be a very steep gradient; indeed, and the gale might be expected to be severe; but if the barometer at Edinburgh were only twenty-nine inches, the gradient is not very steep, and the wind might not be violent. Thus, by looking at a chart on which the isobars are drawn and the barometrical readings marked, the meteorologist can tell with approximate correctness the direction of the wind and its force over the entire area of the cyclone. In the centre, as a rule, the air is calm, with fitful gusts.

Generally speaking, the weather on the eastern side of a cyclone is cloudy, warm, muggy, and subsequently wet; while on the west side it is clear, cool, and showery. Now, were the cyclone stationary, so far as a foreknowledge of the weather is concerned we should not gain very much by all this knowledge. We might gather from the chart that rain was falling here, and that it was showery there; but we could not have that knowledge before the rain or the showers had actually set in. As it happens, however, cyclones move. They pass over us generally from west to east, or south-west to north-east, and it is the fact of this motion that renders forecasting possible. We shall have occasion to return to this point presently.

Having so fully described the cyclone, we need only indicate the chief features of the other figures. In the anticyclone, which is stationary, the characteristics of the cyclone are exactly reversed. The barometer is highest in the centre,

and lowest at the edges, being abnormally high throughout the whole area. The wind circulates in the same direction as the hands of a watch, and with a slight outward motion. The weather throughout is calm and fine—frosty in winter, warm in summer, with local thunderstorms. The weather that accompanies wedge-shaped isobars is 'too fine to last,' being what is called a 'pet day' between a cyclone just passed and one approaching. Then lastly, the straight isobars—which invariably run east and west—mark a high barometer in the south with blue sky, and a low barometer in the north with feathery cirrus clouds—'gray-mares tails'—and sometimes blustering winds. This distribution of pressure is favourable to the passage of cyclones, and so it generally precedes storm and wet.

We may now see in a general way how the forecaster sets to work. Suppose that the returns from all the stations show a normal state of things, except those from the west of Ireland, where the barometer is reported to be falling, the temperature rising, the wind southerly and increasing in force, and dark masses of cloud rolling up. These indications mark unequivocally the approach of a cyclone. It has travelled across the Atlantic, and its 'front' has just reached Ireland. Now, we know well enough that as the disturbance crosses our islands a storm of wind and rain—of greater or less severity—marshes in the van, while showers and squalls with blinks of sunshine bring up the rear. The forecaster, therefore, has only to determine what part of the cyclone will be over a certain place by a certain time, in order to foretell the weather that will prevail at that place at that time. In order to do this, it is absolutely necessary that he know the size of the cyclone, its direction of motion, and its rate of progression. Unfortunately, these are particulars which our insular position renders it impossible to get. The disturbance is half over us before we know any one of these elements with certainty. So they have to be guessed. In the case of an anticyclone, guesswork holds a still more important place, for local weather is then allowed to assert itself, and of it the forecaster has no knowledge whatever. We thus see that although our forecasts are founded upon sound principles, the circumstance of our position renders them to a great extent mere guesses.

Of the success which has attended the daily weather-prophecies we have not very much to say, for so far as any practical benefit is concerned, they are provokingly unreliable. Until quite recently, the most conflicting opinions were held on the point. One person said he found them to be fairly accurate; another maintained that they were as often wrong as right. Gradually, however, the tide of opinion has turned against them. The official Reports, which may be assumed to put the best face on matters, show a percentage of successes very far from satisfactory or encouraging. Early in the year, Sir Edmund Beckett published a letter in the *Times*, in which, by a direct comparison of the forecasts and the actual weather for twenty-four days, he showed the prophecies to be ludicrously wide of the mark. And since then, the opinion has been generally expressed that they are little better than random guesses, and are practically useless. It seems, then, that one of two things must be done;

either the attempt to issue daily forecasts must be abandoned, or an effort must be made to effect an improvement. The ways in which the latter can be done, we purpose considering in a future paper.

ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOT.

CHAPTER XII.—IN REGENT STREET.

It was the noontide of London life, the time when idlers and toilers, the great and the gay, and those who are neither gay nor great, but none the less important members of the social hive, swarm abroad among the buzzing streets; while the dull, never-ceasing roar of wheels and tramping feet and human voices blend in the deep dissonant chorus that a great city sends forth, floating on the summer air. Before one of the well-known shops in a gay thoroughfare stood a carriage, on the panels of which gleamed the strawberry-leaves of a Marquis; but what attracted most notice was the exceeding beauty of its solitary occupant, a slender graceful girl, dressed in black, and whose bright hair flashed golden in the sunshine.

'Who is she?—Why, Hicks, my dear fellow, the very arms on the carriage-door might tell you that much,' said one self-sufficient loungeur, in answer to a whispered inquiry from a friend, new to London, who walked by his side, and who evidently regarded his town-bred Mentor as an oracle. 'That's young Lady Leominster, of course—the Marchioness, don't you know? so early left a widow. Pretty creature, isn't she? and enormously rich, as I happen to know. Saw something of them, the Leominsters, up the Nile; and came home, too, in the same ship with her, and a charming sister, Miss Carew, from Egypt; and I can assure you — And then the speaker, who was no other than little Ned Tattle, passed out of earshot; and the rest of his communications, accurate or fanciful, as to the circumstances characters and prospects of the Marchioness and her sister, reached no one save his companion.

The lady whose prospects were thus being discussed had not seen, or at least had not recognised, her former fellow-passenger Tattle; indeed, her beautiful eyes took little heed, in their dreamy gaze, as if into the far past or the farther future, of the passers-by. There was a sad and wistful expression in her face, and there was something almost touching, too, in the marked contrast between her listlessness and the proud position to which her rank and wealth and beauty gave her an undisputed claim. There was a very great income and vast hereditary influence at her disposal. She was young and noble; and she was free, as free as any girl, to give her hand where her heart should accompany the gift; or if she chose, to reign sole mistress of Castel Vavr and its wide domains.

It was plain that she had no personal interest in the fact that her baroness stood opposite to the renowned Regent Street shop, for her companion Lady Barham had just quitted the carriage to enter it. No obsequious male satellite of Messrs Show and Squanderdash came bustling deferentially to the carriage-door to exhibit shawls, or to hand in *écrins* of jewels likely to

tempt a customer so solvent. It was clearly not on her own account that the mistress of Leominster House and Castel Vavr remained a fixture in that crowded thoroughfare.

Presently, along the Regent Street pavement, there came, with measured tread, the figure of a young man, tall and manly and handsome, with a face browned by a hotter sun than that of Britain; no other, in fact, than Arthur Talbot of Oskdens in Hampshire. With a start of surprise, and a glad look in his thoughtful, steady eyes, Arthur Talbot came up to the carriage, lifting his hat as he did so. 'This is quite an unexpected pleasure to me,' he said, as his eyes met hers.

The young lady raised herself a little from her listless lounging attitude. A sudden change came over her face, and there was no softness in her eyes and no cordiality in her tone as she said coldly: 'Ah, Mr Talbot—you here—in London!' while at the same time she slowly surrendered her little hand to the young man's eager grasp.

A sort of chill, as if an icy wind had suddenly begun to blow, came over Arthur Talbot as he noted the coldness of his reception. What had he done, that his friend's young widow, his own girl-friend, to whom he had rendered many a willing service in far-off Egypt, should be thus frigid in her greeting? He had never transgressed on the strength of that old intimacy in a country where travelling Europeans are of necessity thrown much together, and had never forgotten the respect he owed to her grief and her unprotected state and poor Wilfred's memory. That she had never really loved, lovers love, the late Marquis, admirably as she had done her duty by him, and much as she mourned his loss, Arthur more than suspected; yet he deduced his conviction more from what his dead friend had told him, than from anything he had ever gleaned from the words or manner of his wife. How well he could remember that day, among the painted tombs of Luxor, when the sisters were away, under the charge of the voluble dragoman, and in Madame de Lalouve's company, among the storied wonders of the Sacred Isle, and he and the young dying lord sat together, looking out over the waters of the Nile!

'I was a selfish fool—yes, a selfish fool—to attach that poor child's fortunes to mine, as some skiff might be fastened to a sinking ship.' Such had been Wilfred's words, as he gazed with wan eyes over the great river. 'She never loved me, never learned to know what love is.'

'And yet'—Arthur Talbot had begun, deprecatingly, but in an embarrassed manner, for it was an awkward subject on which to talk.

'And yet she is not mercenary, you would say—did not, as the phrase is, marry me for my money, Arthur,' interrupted the young lord, a slight flush rising to his pale cheek. 'No, Talbot; I know that she did not. I doubt if she ever really understood how great, in a pounds, shillings, and pence point of view, was the prize which others envied her for drawing in the matrimonial lottery. But, poor child, she had a joyless home; and no mother, no elder sister, to counsel her; and was of a plastic nature; and so, I fear, said "Yes" to the first man of sufficient rank and

station who urged her—for I did urge her—to marry him. It was wrong of me—was it not? for even then I felt that I was doomed; but we are all very self-seeking and egotistical; and I feel, now that it is too late, as if I had done poor Clare a wrong.'

How strangely do such words, spoken by lips now silent for ever, recur to our recollection when we look upon the faces of those whom they concern! Arthur Talbot was too true and noble a gentleman to have divulged a syllable of his dead friend's confidence. And although he had come to learn that the widowed lady was inexpressibly dear to him, and though he had been presumptuous enough to think, now and again, that she did care for him—a little; yet a sense of delicacy and pity for her position had restrained any open declaration of love as unbecoming and unworthy. And yet, for all that, Arthur Talbot knew that he loved Clare of Leominster, and thought—though he was too sensible to be vain—that he was anything but indifferent to her. Now—now that they were away from Egypt and the ship, and the incidents of travel—now that they met in London, something in the lady's manner puzzled and saddened him. She was prouder, colder, more self-reliant than the girl-widow that he remembered so tenderly as clinging to his strong arm among the palm-trees and under the green-blue sky of the semi-tropic Nile Valley. They were on neutral ground now; and though their parting at Southampton was comparatively as yesterday, how changed did she appear—how very much more of the great lady, and how much less of the sweet young sorrowful thing that he had learned to love. And yet she looked sorrowful too, and her melancholy eyes rebuked him.

'I am waiting for Lady Barbara, who is making purchases in that shop—for Lady Barbara Montgomery, my aunt; or at least'—and here the fresh young voice faltered, but then went steadily on—'my husband's aunt, of whom, I think, Mr Talbot, you must have heard. She is a great comfort to me now. We live together.—You know her, perhaps?'

'Only by name and by report,' answered Talbot, smiling; 'as, I daresay, Lady Barbara may be acquainted, after a fashion, with my unworthy self.'

'Here she comes. I shall be glad to introduce you.'

Lady Barbara, when Arthur was presented to her, was gracious, and even cordial, in her grand Elizabethan fashion of grace and cordiality.

'Mr Talbot, I know your name so well, and have heard so much in your praise, from—from one to whom we were both attached, that I feel as if we were quite old friends; and as a friend, if you please, and no mere acquaintance, I shall persist, with your permission, in regarding you.' And the old aristocratic spinster spoke the words with such evident sincerity and such conscious dignity of demeanour, that Talbot could not help being impressed by them. Good manners, grand manners, are a fleeting inheritance of a past age, when more heed, perhaps, was attached to form than to substance, to the specious outside than to the soundness of the core. But Lady Barbara—as good and true-hearted a woman, prejudice apart, as ever trod the earth—had got them, and therefore was able to speak her mind weightily

when she pleased, without making herself ridiculous in the process.

'I, too, feel as if we were old friends, Lady Barbara,' said Arthur, in his deep frank voice, while his thoughtful eyes met those scrutinising ones that were bent on him; and Lady Barbara, a severe judge of women, but, what is rare among her sex, a harsh and Rhadamanthine censor of men, was satisfied by what she saw, pleased, too, by what she heard. It seemed to her, at anyrate, that her nephew had made a good choice in his friend—the friend of whom she had heard so much praise—and that the young Squire of Oakdene was neither a fool nor a fop. We know that Lady Barbara had regarded the late Marquis's love-match with no especial approbation. It had been, in her judgment, a piece of boyish caprice, the indulgence of an idle fancy, since no money and no aristocratic alliance had accrued to the House of Leominster in consequence of the marriage. In point of mere heraldry and genealogy, all was well, of course, for the Carews were of prehistoric descent; but Lady Barbara was not without the curious prejudice of many who are born to hereditary honours in these our islands, and who therefore consider the untitled, the 'commoners,' in short, as of a caste hopelessly inferior to the wearers of coronets. She had to reconcile herself to the inevitable, and she did her best to be a guardian angel to Clare of Leominster. To Arthur Talbot she was very gracious indeed.

'You must come home with us, Mr Talbot; we are going home now,' said the dignified spinster; 'unless any engagement prevents'—

'I have no engagement. Indeed, I have but few occupations here in London,' answered Arthur, frankly and pleasantly. 'But,' he added, as a shade came over his face, 'I am afraid of inflicting too much of my company on Lady Leominster.'

And indeed the young lady thus alluded to had been leaning back in her barouche, as cold, inert, and uninterested as a beautiful statue. She turned slowly towards him now, and a smile brightened her face for a moment, as she said gently: 'It would not be an infliction, Mr Talbot. I—we—should be very glad if you would go home with us.'

Arthur stepped at once into the carriage, and the order was given by the younger of the two ladies for 'Home'; but how coldly and carelessly she said it! How soon had the light faded out of the sweet blue eyes, and how rapidly had the lovely frozen image, for a moment thawed into warm, soft humanity, congealed into ice again! Before the barouche was well out of Regent Street, Arthur began to repent of having accepted Lady Barbara's invitation. His patience, however, was not put to a very severe test, for Mayfair distances are not as Belgravian ones, and Leominster House, with its great gates and its huge halls, and that sense of vastness which some palaces and most fortresses contrive to impress upon the stranger who has once been admitted, suggested a new train of thought. A grand, gloomy home—such were his meditations—for that most beautiful, most tender young thing, whom a strange chance of Fate had forced into a high position of exalted friendlessness. Arthur had known the mansion in his friend's short

reign; and he knew also that Wilfred had never liked his townhouse.

'It makes me shudder; I feel always as if I were entering a mausoleum,' the sickly young lord had said, once and again, to his best friend. There certainly was something oppressive about its very spaciousness, something portentous in the respectful grimness of the well-trained domestics. It was all very fine, decorous, and sad, as if a state funeral were going on—all, so Arthur thought, ungenial to the glibish mistress of so much dusky splendour.

THE AGEING OF THE EYE.

THE department of science which is busying itself with the production of a new light has of late made a great sensation in the world; while that branch of it which has to do with the marvellously delicate organ by which alone we are able to avail ourselves of any kind of light has attracted the attention of comparatively few beyond those who are professionally interested in it. Yet, if we look back over the past twenty years, or less, and attentively consider the progress that has been made in each, we may almost be inclined to doubt whether, after all, ophthalmic science has not made advances quite as wonderful in their way as those which have signalled the kindred science of light as produced by electricity.

The subject is far too wide a one to be dealt with as a whole within our limits here; but there are one or two points of special interest that may be touched upon; and we cannot do better, perhaps, than present them in their general outlines as given in a valuable publication, entitled *Eyesight Good and Bad*, written in a popular style by Mr Bradenell Carter, well known as a leading authority on ophthalmic science.

The chief features in the constitution of the eye are, we suppose, generally understood. In principle, says our author, it almost precisely resembles the common camera-obscura of the photographer, which, we may explain, is merely a dark box with an adjustment of lenses in the front of it, and a ground-glass screen at the back. The ball of the eye is the box of the camera. The transparent cornea in front is a bow-window admitting light into the box. The iris is a coloured curtain to be pulled back when too little light is entering, and to be drawn forward when there is too much. The pupil is the space surrounded by the curtain. It used, until quite a recent period, to be supposed that the blackness of the pupil and the darkness of the interior of the globe of the eye were due to a power of absorbing light possessed by its inner tunic. It was thought that none of the light passing into the eye was reflected, and hence it was supposed that the interior of the living eye could never be seen. This, however, was altogether a mistake. By means of a perforated mirror and an arrangement of lenses, the late Mr Charles Babbage discovered a means of rendering every detail of the interior of the eye visible. It was found that there was no such absorption of light by the interior of the eyeball as had been supposed; that light was in fact reflected, only the observer could not discover the fact without being himself right

in front of the pupil, and then, of course, he prevented the light going in. The writer of this had an opportunity the other day of making a minute inspection of the insides of the eyes of a patient at one of the large London hospitals, where—as everywhere else where ophthalmic surgery is practised—the 'ophthalmoscope' is so continually in use, that eye-doctors of the present day cannot but wonder how their predecessors could have got along without it. This simple and beautiful instrument—which, when Babbage invented it, singular to say, was thought to be of so little practical use that the idea was allowed to be lost, and had to be re-invented by another philosopher, Professor Helmholtz—has resulted in many most important discoveries connected with the mechanism and diseases of the eye.

The inside of the eyeball is filled by transparent liquids, in the midst of which is suspended a veritable crystalline lens, through which must pass all the light from the bow-window in front. This crystalline body, and the fluid before and behind it, may, for our present purpose, be considered to form one refracting medium—one lens—corresponding to the lens of the photographer's camera. This transparent medium, just as in the camera, throws upon a screen behind it an image of whatever is in front. The screen is the retina, which is simply the optic nerve—the nerve coming from the brain to the eye, and spreading over the inside of it like a very delicately sensitive lining.

Now, if we take a perfect human eye and a very accurately focused camera, both gazing out, so to speak, at some distant object, the two instruments will in principle exactly correspond with each other. In each case, parallel rays of light coming from that distant object will fall upon a convex lens, and will be refracted—that is, bent—towards each other, and will meet in a focus which falls exactly on the screen behind, where a clear, sharp picture of the object will be produced. In the case of the eye, the screen, as we have explained, will be the retina which will receive the picture, and will convey it to the brain, and the distant object will be clearly seen. Thus much has long been understood quite well. But here now is a remarkable difference between the two instruments—the eye and the camera. The eye may be taken from the distant object and turned upon the finger-nail or a book in the hand, and instantly this near object will be seen with perfect clearness. Turn the camera upon some near object, and nothing can be seen at all clearly till it has been refocused. How is this? If the camera requires readjustment, why does not the eye? The fact is the eye does require it. It is just as necessary that the eye shall be refocused, as it is that the camera shall be. That this is really the case, has long been recognised. Indeed, if we observe closely, we shall be quite conscious of some kind of readjustment taking place when we turn the eye from one object to another. The sight is almost instantaneously adapted to the fresh object; but until it has been adapted, we do not see the thing. 'If,' says our author, borrowing an illustration from Professor Donders, 'we take a piece of net and hold it between the eyes and a printed page, we may at pleasure see distinctly the fibres of the net or the printed letters on the page through the interstices of the net;

but we cannot clearly see both at once. When we are looking at the letters, we are only conscious of the net as a sort of intervening film of an uncertain character; and when we are looking at the net, we are only conscious of the page as a grayish background. In order to see first one and then the other, we are quite aware of a change which occurs in the adjustment of the eyes; and if the net is very near, and we look at it for any length of time, the maintenance of the effort of adjustment becomes fatiguing. The fact that some alteration in the eye, having the same effect as the refocusing of the camera, really does take place, was long ago clearly established; but the nature of the alteration and the mechanism by which it was effected are quite recent discoveries.

We mentioned just now a crystalline lens suspended in the midst of the transparent fluids which fill the globe of the eye. 'This,' says Mr Carter, 'is a solid body, which is inclosed in a delicate, transparent, and structureless membrane. In shape it resembles an ordinary bi-convex lens, except that it is less strongly curved in front than behind. In youth it is a soft or moderately firm and highly elastic body, perfectly transparent and colourless, and as bright as the brightest crystal.' This is now known to be the little focusing apparatus of the eye. Let us again look at that perfect eye gazing at a distant object. The eye is in repose; there is no strain upon it of any kind, and this lens is in its normal condition, and is held steady, so to speak, just inside the pupil by an elastic membrane radiating from it and attached to the wall of the eye. If, now, we suppose the gaze to be turned upon some near object, then the rays of light coming from that object, instead of being practically parallel, as they were before, will be divergent; and the lens in its normal condition will not be able to refract them sufficiently to bring them to a focus on the retina. Either the retina must be moved back a little, or some change in the refracting power of the eye must take place. Various theories have been propounded from time to time; but it has only been of late years that the real facts have been known. It is now certain that that little crystal lens has a marvellous power of changing its form. The moment the eye is taken from a distant object and turned upon a near one, a zone of muscle, hidden round the edge of the lens, pulls at the elastic membrane which holds it taut, as a sailor would say. The elastic membrane stretches a little, and the lens bulges out before and behind. It becomes more convex; and the more convex the lens, the greater will be its refracting power. Thus, the divergent rays from the near object will be brought to a focus in as short a space as the practically parallel rays from the distance. In other words, the eye has adapted itself to the altered distance, the image falls as before exactly on the retina, and the thing is again clearly seen.

If this simple and beautiful mechanism be understood—and after all, it is only the mere mechanism of the thing that we can pretend to any knowledge of—the power by which the muscle and membrane pull against each other with such a nicety of balance as to perfectly and instantly adjust the focus, is a mystery as profound as it ever was; but if we understand

this simple and beautiful mechanism, we shall be able to understand something of the changes in the power of vision which usually take place with advancing years. It is a common observation that short-sight has a tendency to improve as years go on—that it has a tendency to lengthen. It is usual also to speak of short-sight as an exceptionally strong sight. Both assumptions are pronounced to be erroneous, and it is easy to perceive where the error lies. The power of the eye never varies in its distant range—apart, of course, from disease. As we have said, a distant object is seen by rays that are practically parallel, and an image is formed on the retina merely by the passive reception of those rays. So long as the media of the eye remain transparent and the optic nerve unimpaired, the distant range of the eye will not vary, because it depends not upon any muscular power of accommodation—not upon any effort of the eye—but upon the natural formation of the eyeball and its merely passive power of refracting light, precisely as an ordinary glass lens does.

The sight of a near object, on the contrary, involves in the case of a normal eye an actual muscular effort. A near object is seen by rays that are more or less divergent, and which require to be more powerfully refracted than the parallel rays in order to bring them to a focus within the same space. We have seen how this refraction is brought about—by an alteration in the shape of the lens. In youth, this alteration is easy enough. Elastic membranes yield readily, muscles are vigorous, and above all, the lens itself is soft and highly elastic. But, as years go on, a gradual hardening process takes place in this crystalline body. It gradually loses its elasticity, and becomes more and more rigid, and the power of accommodation constantly diminishes. It is found on an average of observations, that at ten years of age the crystalline lens may be rendered so convex as to give a clear image of an object three inches from the eye. At twenty-one, it will only accommodate itself to an object four and a half inches from the eye. Anything nearer will be obscure, because the lens will not assume a form sufficiently convex to refract to a focus on the retina rays of light so divergent as any nearer object will radiate. At forty years of age, the 'near point' has reached to a distance of nine inches; and at fifty, to thirteen inches. At sixty years of age, the lens has so far lost its flexibility, and therefore its power of responding to the muscle, that it cannot ordinarily give a clear image of any object less than twenty-six inches from the eye. At seventy-five, the power of accommodation is wholly lost; light still passes through the eye, and is focused on the retina, but only when it comes in parallel rays. Parallel rays it can converge on the retina; but divergent rays require that extra refractive power which the aged eye has lost by the hardening of the lens.

Not as a matter of disease, then, but in the ordinary course of years, and in every eye alike, is the bodily sight gradually weaned from the scrutiny of near objects around, and permitted to turn a clear vision only upon things afar off.

When the eye has so far lost its power of assuming sufficient convexity to bring a clear

image to the retina, a pair of convex lenses in the shape of spectacles carefully adapted to individual requirements will make up the deficiency to a nicety; and one of the strongest impressions Mr Carter's book is calculated to leave on the mind of the reader is, that an immense amount of discomfort would be obviated, and many a good pair of eyes would be saved, by a reader resort to the aid of spectacles, provided only that they be selected under skillful advice.

THE MAN IN POSSESSION.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER IV.

We started off as for dear life. At first, the mare shied a little, and seemed inclined to be troublesome. But she found that it was a practised hand that held the reins, and resigned herself to obedience accordingly. Instead of driving down the avenue to the gate which led into the village, and which was only about three hundred yards from the house, I turned off sharply on leaving the yard, and chose the gravel-road which, leading to the principal entrance of the mansion, passed on through the entire breadth of the park to another gate on the far side of it, and which opened into the high-road. By adopting this course, the odds were considerably in my favour, for I hoped to reach the park gate and emerge into the high-road before any one could start in pursuit. Once fairly on the road, I would try the mettle of the mare. If, unfortunately, we should be overtaken, and it came to a close fight—which I scarcely doubted the farther we were from Buteleigh Hall the better, and the greater chance I should have of dividing our pursuers and grappling with them singly. Of one thing I was certain, and it rendered me sanguine of success—as Mr Wintock only kept two horses beside the mare, only two mounted horsemen could follow. He would not try a vehicle; for his others were heavier than the gig, and would place our pursuers at a great disadvantage.

'Soho, soho, lass!—steady!' as the mare, being fresh from the stable, began to lay her ears back and to address herself to her work. It was with difficulty that I could restrain her from dashing off at full speed. We should require her utmost by-and-by. I did not wish to wind my animal at starting, but to husband her strength for a long pull.

Steadily across the park at a sharp trot. The gate is reached. Throwing the reins to Miss Wintock, I leap down, unbar the gate, and lead the mare through. Up again and off, but rather faster than before, though I still held the mare in check, for I could see there was a heavy drag for her up a long steep hill a few miles distant. If we can only reach its summit, we will then be not more than a dozen miles from Raleigh station, whence we can reach the metropolis. It was rather a trying task for the mare; but she must and shall do it. Miss Wintock had scarcely spoken since our exit from the Hall, seeming as if fearful of distracting my attention, but evidently in a state of great excitement; and every sense is on the alert, for she looks back repeatedly and earnestly through the looming darkness, and starts nervous at the slightest sound.

The foot of the hill is gained. It is a much

heavier drag for the mare than I had anticipated; for the road on this part has lately been gravelled, and with a vehicle behind and two persons in it, no animal can fairly be expected to ascend it at full trot. Suddenly, Miss Wintock grasps my arm. 'Listen! They are already on our track!'

I turn my head. The sharp percussive ring of horses' hoofs strikes faintly on the ear. We are pursued, and by more than one person; there are at least two on our trail, and they are following us at full speed. No doubt the Wintocks have saddled the extra horse, and will leave untried no means, fair or foul, to regain their captive.

The mare toils and pants as the steep acclivity begins to tell upon her powers. It is brutal to give her the whip, but it must be done. She must strain every muscle to the utmost, even though I feel that I am doing the plucky animal a gross injustice.

We are more than halfway up the hill, and the remainder is not nearly so steep; in fact, simply a gentle rise. With a snort, a proud toss of her flowing mane, and a loud neigh of defiance, she pricks up her ears and increases her speed. She has caught the clatter of the rattling hoofs behind, and, with the instinct and emulation of all spirited animals, is determined not to be distanced. Gallant creature! Not another stroke with the whip, if I have to fight our battle out on foot on the road. Indeed, there is no occasion; on gaining the ridge of the hill she has bolted. The foam is frothing and dripping in fleeces from her bit; the wheels are whirling with a fierceness that renders us dizzy. I can hear and feel the strain upon the shafts as her iron-clad heels dash the sparks from the flints on the road, and every instant expect them to snap like rotten tow. Will the axes hold and the springs stand? The friction is enough to make tires and spokes fly asunder.

The moon is just rising above the horizon. By her light we can discern two mounted riders coming on behind at a great pace; one is considerably in advance of the other. No doubt they are the Wintocks. They are gaining rapidly upon us. Ah! the foremost is Mr George. I recognise the horse also; it is the swift supple bay he usually rides, and which is more than a match for the mare at any time, much more so with a vehicle and two persons behind her. There is no help for it, and we cannot escape an encounter.

How furiously our pursuers ride! George Wintock is within a hundred yards. I fancy I can see by the light of the moon that his visage is ghastly with passion. I can see his conadjutor strike the rowels fiercely into the flanks of his charger, in order to come up with him. The mare is getting over her pet, and is slackening her speed. I tighten my grasp of the reins and speak coaxingly to her. She is under command and well in hand. Shall we pull up at once and do battle? No; we will hold on till the last minute.

The foremost rider is close upon us; the second is not far behind. With loud imprecations, they shout to us to stop. I glance at my companion. The cool night-air and the hope of escape have wrought wonders; the stern, most fierce light on those lustrous dark eyes reassures me.

'Can you take the reins for a minute?'

She stretched out her delicate fingers by way of reply.

'Pull evenly and not too tightly. Keep her in the middle of the road, if you can. Be cool, and let her go her own pace.'

'Draw up, or you're a dead man!'

I turned. George Wintock was within a yard of me, his hunting-whip raised, the heavy handle about to descend upon my skull. Springing to my feet and balancing myself as best I might, I poised the gig-whip, parrying his blow and keeping him at bay. Finding that I had the longer weapon, he immediately changed his tactics for a dastardly mode of attack, of which no man, let alone a sportsman, who is supposed to love his horse, could ever possibly be guilty. Spurring his steed, he rode past me to the mare's head, and raising himself in the stirrups, aimed a crushing blow just behind the ears, intending to fell her to the ground, in which case we should in the mêlée have been at his mercy. It was well meant; but at the critical instant the animal swerved slightly, so as to evade its full force. It was, however, sufficiently powerful to make her stumble and sink almost upon her knees. But the ruffian had for once reckoned without his host. He was within reach of my whip-handle, and, as the mare rose, I wrought to a pitch of desperation by our position, and incensed by his cowardly and brutal act, swung the butt-end with resistless sweep, striking him on the side of the head, breaking the whip-handle into several pieces, and hurling him headlong against the bank by the roadside. I had the satisfaction of seeing his horse gallop riderless away.

A shriek burst from Miss Wintock, and I clutched the reins. It was high time, for the poor mare, mad with agony, was up on her hind-legs, fighting with her fore-feet in the air. For a second it seemed as if we should topple over; the next, she was staggering from side to side like a drunken man. Mechanically, I drew one of my small pistols—in my excitement, I had till that moment entirely forgotten them.

'Keep off, sir!—keep off, as you value your life!' I shouted to the elder Wintock, for he was close upon us.

His reply was a torrent of imprecations and threats.

'Give it to me!—You attend to the mare,' cried the heroic girl as she snatched the pistol quickly from my hand. 'I know how to use it, and will not be retaken alive!'

In truth, there was full occupation for both my hands, as momentarily I expected the poor animal to fall in her flurry. It was as much as I could do to keep her on her legs.

Encumbered with the mare, there was no chance of defending myself in the gig. I was about to pull up short, jump into the road, and face the enemy on foot, when a heavy blow from the butt-end of Mr Wintock's whip across the back of my head struck me from my seat. Had I not let go the reins with one hand and caught at the side of the gig, I should have fallen on the mare's back. As it was, I slipped sideways to the bottom of the gig, leaning powerless against the splashboard. The mare gave a lurch, and was nearly down, but with a struggle recovered

her footing. Mr Wintock's arm was raised to repeat the blow. I gave myself up for lost, for he struck with tremendous force. Suddenly there was a vivid flash and a loud report. Miss Wintock had fired straight at our assailant, who on the instant had pulled up short, so that the ball struck the animal instead of the man! Stung with the wound, alarmed at the noise, it uttered a loud snort, bounded aside, galloped a short distance, and then fell, Mr Wintock narrowly escaping being crushed as it stumbled and rolled upon the ground.

The report of the pistol startled the mare and seemed to arouse her failing energies. Pricking up her ears, she shook herself till the harness rattled again; then started forward at a brisk pace, though not nearly so fast as before. The Wintocks had got the worst of the encounter. Yet our plight was but a sorry one. I could scarcely keep my seat in the gig, from the effects of the blow, which had almost stunned me. My wound, too, bled profusely, saturating Miss Wintock's white korchief, which, as we rode along, she had contrived to bind around my head, in spite of her own nervous agitation.

We had gained the level road and our progress was easier. But the mare had been cruelly used, and it was evident would not stand a long journey without rest. The station was still many miles distant. In her present state, she must knock up long ere we could reach it. Indeed, I was far from feeling sure that I could myself hold out during such a journey. There was, too, just a chance that Mr Wintock, being well acquainted with the locality, might, by misrepresenting the case, or by bribery, or by an admixture of both, procure fresh horses and aid without returning to Britleigh Hall, and then recommence the pursuit. It was an ugly fact—I had literally stolen his mare and gig. I had also eloped with his ward; for so he might term it, though she was no longer a minor. These, on the face of things, were plausible pretexts by which he might almost command assistance from any reasonable person. Before us stretched a long dreary common, which we must cross. There might be other dangers, from tramps or from gangs of gipsies, who not unfrequently encamped in that locality. In my present state I could be but of little use to my fair companion as a defender.

Miss Wintock seemed to share my unspoken thoughts. Turning to me, she said: 'Mr Meredith, you have been brought into sad trouble on my account. It would have been better, perhaps, for you to have left me to my fate.'

'My dear young lady, do not pain me by indulging such a thought for a moment. If occasion demanded it, I would gladly do the same again. The risk to me is nothing. I only wish I could see my way clearly what next to do for the best. But I confess myself totally at a loss.' I spoke faintly and despondingly.

'Can we not seek shelter for a while, at least at the first inn we happen upon? Your wound could be looked to, and the mare might rest a little.'

'I fear that would not do. The Wintocks, knowing that we are on the high-road, will probably guess that we shall make all haste to the metropolis. Depend upon it, they will not part with you without another effort. It is now getting

very late. If we stop at all, we must put up till the morning; for I do not see how we could start again from a strange inn till early dawn. No doubt our pursuers will make every inquiry in following us, and will be quickly on our track. What if they should overtake us, and give me in charge to a constable for stealing the horse and gig? Not that I care for myself; but you would be left without a protector, and entirely at their mercy. And yet I fear that I could do but little in that way just now. Indeed, I am at my wits' end; for it is plain that we cannot travel much further in our present plight.

'Then why not leave the high-road at once? See! there are lights in that valley yonder to the left; and there is a turning a little farther on, which apparently leads that way. Let us try it. Possibly, we may find a safe refuge. They will not dream that we dare stay so near the Hall. If they hunt for us at all, it will be farther away.'

The suggestion struck me as a capital one; and in fact there seemed to be no alternative. 'Good!' I said; 'very good! A lady's wit excels a man's invention, any time.' So saying, I turned the mare's head, and leaving the high-road across the common, drove steadily down to the spot where the lights appeared.

At about two miles' distance we found a scattered village. The lights we had seen were reflected as from the windows of the only inn in the place. The house was just about to be closed for the night; for the one or two who always stay to the latest minute to drain an extra glass, were departing, some of them with rather an unsteady gait. Ringing the yard-bell, I gave the mare and gig into the sleepy hostler's keeping, and, with Miss Wintock on my arm, walked into the house. Boniface was seated in the bar-parlour, taking it very cosily. Making myself quite at home, I handed my companion to a chair and called for refreshments. While he was serving us, I said: 'Landlord, I want a sleeping apartment for this young lady.'

The fellow was a mere clod, sheepish, carrot-haired, and bloated; apparently a good-tempered kind of calf, yet sufficiently astute where his own interest was concerned. He eyed us both for a moment very suspiciously. Truly, neither of us at a very respectable figure. Miss Wintock in her plain dark dress, surmounted by old Martha's horribly antiquated bonnet and thread-bare shawl; and I with my wounded head bound up in a bloodstained handkerchief. There was sufficient reason for the man's distrust. 'Very sorry, sir!—very sorry, indeed! can't have it. Never let beds to strange folks this time o' night.'

'Well, but my good man, you see'—I commenced remonstrating.

He gruffly cut my speech short. 'Noa! I don't, and I don't want to. You can't have any beds here; and that's flat.'

Just then the landlady entered the room. She seemed to be rather a genteel sort of person compared with her spouse, and to be about retiring to rest. I at once appealed to her.

'Madam, I am requesting the landlord to oblige me with a night's accommodation for this young lady. We have been attacked on the

road, and compelled to turn out of our way; and we cannot possibly reach our destination to-night. I am agreeable to make any shift myself—a shakedown in your hayloft, or a stretch on the settle by the fire here. Put me anywhere you please, so that you make the lady comfortable. You have our mare in the stable and our gig in the yard; put them under lock and key as security, if you like. We are willing to pay to the full any reasonable charge as well, in advance. What more can you require?' As I spoke, I took out my purse, not very heavily lined, truly, but sufficiently so for present need. Money Miss Wintock had none.

The landlady glanced suspiciously at Miss Wintock. She could not make her out at all. Her costume was decidedly not that of a lady; but the word 'attacked' awakened her curiosity.

'Deary me! attacked by them tramps. I am glad they did not rob you, for I see you have still your purse. How did you manage to get away from them?' And then she hurriedly proceeded with a string of eager questions, scarcely waiting for a reply.

'She is really a lady born and bred,' I interrupted. 'You surely will not turn her out again into the road at this hour of the night?'

'But I cannot understand why a lady should come abroad in such a dress as that,' she replied sarcastically; while she spoke, an idea seemed to force its way into her mind, and she archily added, 'unless it is a runaway match. In that case, my husband and I would rather have nothing to do with it. We might get into trouble.'

'I shud think not—I shud think not! No runaway folks in Bob Simpson's house, if he knows it. Come, young people, you must go fudder; we can't have folks like you here,' blurted out the landlady, moving from the room, and calling to the hostler: 'Ben, putt that 'ere mare in agen; lady and gen'tman's-a-goin' on.'

I was about to remonstrate further and more strongly; but Miss Wintock rose indignantly to her feet. Hitherto, her natural shyness, combined with the false and very unpleasant position in which she was placed, had kept her silent. Unpinning the old shawl, and raising the hideous bonnet, she shook her glossy black hair until it hung down in clustering masses on her shoulders. 'Yes, landlord, I am a lady—though you seem to doubt it—and a very shamefully oppressed and injured one. I am not compelled to enlighten a stranger respecting my private affairs; but this gentleman has just risked his life in my service. You see he is not in a fit state to drive me on to the next town, even if it were not so late. I beg of you as a man—if you have any manhood in you—and for humanity's sake, to accede to his request. I pledge you my word, my honour as a lady,' she continued proudly and passionately, and with a short scornful laugh, 'that you incur no risk. We are not burglars, that you should dread us so.'

The moment Miss Wintock threw aside her bonnet and began to speak, the landlady fixed upon her an earnest scrutinising look, bending forward with parted lips and scanning her features narrowly. 'Why—surely—can it be?' she exclaimed in wonderment, eagerly seeing the young lady by both hands.—'Why, Bob, tis Miss Wintock, as I'm alive! Don't you remember my

dear young mistress, that used to be at the Hall?—Oh! my dear young lady, who could have dreamed of seeing you in such a pickle! Whatever has happened? Where have you been so long? They said you left the Hall and went abroad, after your poor pa's death.—Stay here! Yes; that you shall—for a twelvemonth if you like, and have the best bed in the house too.'

The sudden outburst of the landlady took Miss Wintock by surprise, and the warm-hearted creature rattled on in such voluble style as to admit of no reply.

Bob Simpson had returned to the bar-parlour, after bawling out his orders to the hostler from the passage, and had stood as if stupefied during Miss Wintock's transformation and passionate appeal. It was more than his very limited stock of brains could cope with. He had half turned away again, possibly with the intention of hastening the hostler's movements. But his wife's exclamations brought him to a sudden halt, and he remained staring and gaping with open mouth, as the mutual recognition took place, Mrs Simpson, in her delight, almost forcing Miss Wintock back into the chair from which she had risen.

'Eh! What? Bless me! Miss Wintock! Jump o' my wig, who'd ha' thought it!—How d'ye do, miss? Glad to see ye, and thank'ee kindly; and he took her tiny hand in both his great rough clumsy ones and moved it up and down, as if he were slowly plying a pump-handle. Off he started again into the passage and to the back-door which led into the yard. 'Ben!' he shouted, 'take that 'ere mare out agin. Gie her a rub down and feed her well. Lady and gen'lman ain't a-goin' on agin.'

It was a lucky hit our turning off from the high-road, for the landlady proved to have been an attached servant of Miss Wintock's parents, who had lived with them first when quite a girl, had grown to womanhood in their service, and afterwards married a comfortable though not very intellectual partner. The numerous kindnesses she had received from her dear young mistress, as she still fondly termed her, and whose special attendant she had been, now bore grateful fruit; and she was most assiduous in her kind attentions to us both, though it was evident that her curiosity was excited to the highest pitch by Miss Wintock's sudden appearance at such a time, alone, in such company as mine, and above all in such strange attire.

'Ye're safe housed for the rest o' this night, miss, at least,' said our host, as, poisoning his glass to drink the young lady's very good health, he glanced up at the old-fashioned blunderbuss suspended over the mantel-piece, and to which was appended a card with 'Loaded' inscribed upon it in legible characters. 'I shu'd like to see any little half-dozen on 'em try to git you out o' Bob Simpson's house! I'd make 'em—I'd make 'em'— But here the action of his brain did not keep pace with the warmth of his feelings, and he was at a loss for a simile. 'Ah!' he blurted out at last; 'I'd make every one on 'em grin like a monkey with his head on a choppin'-block.'

'Bravo! my worthy friend; you're a Briton to the bone,' I replied, grasping his hand. 'Once safe in London, we do not fear. It is

the getting there. I don't think it likely we shall be traced till daylight. Then no doubt the Wintocks will be on the alert, and scour the neighbourhood far and near. A thousand unlucky chances may happen to bring us together; or they may even now have procured fresh horses and proceeded to Raleigh, and intercept us when we arrive in the morning, as we enter the suburbs.'

'Now, listen to me a minute, Bob,' interrupted his better-half. 'It is only five miles across country by the byroads to Slowham station. [This I did not previously know.] The train passes through on its way to London about eight in the morning. I will lend Miss Wintock another dress and a bonnet and cloak. You let Mr Meredith have your loose gratescoat, and the broad-brimmed low-crowned hat you drive to market in. It is too large for him; but we can easily pad it. Ralph shall drive the pony and cart over with them the first thing in the morning, so as to be in good time. He needs to know nothing. As soon as they are fairly on the road, let Ben start with the mare and gig for Briteleigh Hall. It won't do for them to be found on our premises; that might get us into an awkward mess. Should he meet any of the Wintocks' people on the road, he can speak the truth, and say that a lady and gentleman left them here to-night, desiring them to be sent back in the morning. And if not, let him drive them on to the Hall, and leave them in the yard with the same message. To-morrow being market-day, he is sure to get a lift part of the way back at anyrate.'

Shortly after settling our plan of action, we retired to our several rooms, but only for a short space, for we were astir again before daylight. Bob and his spouse insisted upon giving up their bed to Miss Wintock; whilst I lay down in a spare one.

Punctual to the minute agreed upon, Ralph was at the inn-door with the pony and cart; and we took a grateful and affectionate leave of our host and hostess. We reached Slowham just in time to catch the train, and by noon we were safe within the precincts of the metropolis.

SNAKES AND SNAKE-LIFE.

THERE cannot be the shadow of a doubt that snakes form a group of animals which do not occupy a favourite or elevated place in the estimation of the public. Indeed, the reverse position, that which regards them as a series of unlovely and poisonous reptiles, more accords with the popular verdict regarding these animals. Poetry, too, has lent its aid and influence in instilling feelings of unfriendly character towards these reptiles. But we know that poetry is not always true to nature, and it may be sufficient to add that in the present instance poetry has simply followed the popular lead.

The appearance of a handsome volume—*Snakes; Curiosities and Wonders of Serpent-life*, by Catherine C. Hopley (Griffith and Farran, London)—devoted to an exposition of the wondrous ways and works of serpent-existence, and the fact that the volume

in question has been written by a *lady* who for many years has taken a deep and practical interest in snake-life, must together be viewed with a high degree of interest by naturalists and popular observers alike. It is of course an old adage that one man's meat may be another's poison; and of intellectual studies it may also be said that the dislike of one person may be the delight of another.

To zoologists, and to those who have learned something of the charm with which the observation of living nature is at all times surrounded, the family of snakes has always presented favourite objects for study. Hence we must be very careful of assuming that prevailing prejudices, or popular ideas regarding serpents, are to be esteemed correct. Indeed, so far is this from being the case, that even groups of animals and plants which to the popular or uninstructed eye would present no phases worthy of a moment's study, are found to teem with an interest that may absorb a lifetime. The fungi that grow by the wayside, the lichens on the wall, the animalcules that people our ponds and ditches—each and all of these and many allied groups of plants, have afforded intense delight to hundreds of observers who have learned the delights of nature-study. In a similar fashion do we learn to recognise that the despised snakes form a field of study, which, either in respect of its curious nature or of its interest, is second to none in the range of the naturalist's subjects. And Miss Hopley's volume only serves to render this latter assertion clear. Instead of being merely regarded as a group of uninteresting and venomous creatures, our authoress shows us that in the records of snake-life, there are features of the deepest interest to those who care to learn. It will therefore prove one of the most important results of the publication of this volume, if we may be enabled, by Miss Hopley's aid, to study some of the phases of snake-life, and to learn some of the zoological lessons which such a study is well calculated to teach.

A serpent is in reality a highly wondrous piece of natural mechanism. If we regard for a moment the lithe flexible spine, the ribs which end, not in a breastbone, but in the great scales of the lower surface of the body, the beautifully adjusted scaly covering, the poison-apparatus in those species in which it is developed, and the muscular layers through which serpent-movements are executed, we cannot fail to see that we are viewing one of nature's 'strange fellows' and one of the most modified of the children of life. Taking even the tongue of the snake, to the examination of which Miss Hopley devotes no fewer than three chapters of her book, it is astonishing to find the amount of popular misconception which prevails regarding the nature of that organ. Persons who see a snake in a reptile-house, are accustomed to regard the lithe, black, forked organ, which whips in and out of the snake's mouth as it moves about, as the 'fangs,' 'sting,' or 'poison-dart' of the animal—ignorant of the fact that no snake can sting. Now, we can only see the poison-fangs—which in all snakes that possess them are situated in the upper jaw—when the mouth of the snake

is opened wide. The forked organ that is continually passing out from the mouth and which is as rapidly withdrawn, is the animal's tongue. Yet hundreds of persons visit zoological gardens, and leave them, under the impression that they have seen the creature's 'sting.'

The tongue of the snake is in itself a very beautifully constructed organ. That it acts as an organ of touch, few, if any, zoologists deny; and from its soft sensitive structure, it would seem to be admirably adapted for this tactile office.

Situated near the tongue, is the *glottis* or opening of the windpipe of the snake. The windpipe, as every reader knows, is the road to the lungs. Snakes as a rule have only one of their two lungs well developed, the second lung remaining in a rudimentary condition. Miss Hopley tells us that on one occasion she was watching a large python at the Zoological Gardens swallowing a duck it had just killed, when she was struck 'by a singular something projecting or hanging from the side of the snake's mouth. It looked like a kind of tube or pipe, about an inch and a half or two inches of which were visible. The python had rather an awkward hold of the duck, having begun at the breast with the neck doubled back, the head forming some temporary impediment to the progress of the jaws upon the prey. So the strange protuberance gave one a "sort of turn" and a shudder. It looked as if it might be some part of the crushed bird, and then again it had the appearance of some internal arrangement; and another shudder crept over me as the idea suggested itself that the snake had ruptured its throat in some way.'

Pondering on the curious phenomenon which the feeding of the snake had brought to light, she recollected that in a goose, which she had seen, as a child, in process of being prepared by the cook, a similar structure was noticed. The remembrance of this fact assisted our authoress in her search after the cause of the phenomenon in question. The keeper informed her that he had often observed the structure which had excited Miss Hopley's attention. In parenthesis, let us express the regret that 'keepers' are not instructed in natural history, elementary anatomy, and physiology. The valuable nature of such an education would soon be felt in the number of interesting observations on the animals under their charge which keepers versed, even in the rudiments of natural science, would be enabled to make. So our authoress, consulting scientific books, soon found that the extension of the snake's windpipe in its upper part, was by no means an occurrence unknown to naturalists. Professor Owen remarks the fact, and all comparative anatomists know, that the tissues of the snake's windpipe, in its upper part, are so loosely connected, that this important breathing-tube can be made to project, and thus freely communicate with the lungs while the creature's mouth and throat are gorged with food. The incident we have quoted goes to show that Miss Hopley's observant powers are of a high order. Indeed, from such a love of observing nature and life, it may be said the best results in natural science often spring.

A perusal of the headings of the chapters in Miss Hopley's book serves to show how varied

are her studies of the serpent-tribes. She has a very curious chapter on the 'tails of snakes,' and shows us therein how different are the characters which the caudal region of serpents may exhibit. The popular reader will undoubtedly turn with great interest to read what Miss Hopley has to say about 'water-snakes' and 'sea-snakes' at large. In the Indian Ocean reside the curious sea-snakes which are highly venomous, and which possess flattened tails serving as a propelling apparatus. But many land-snakes swim with ease and grace. Adders are not unfrequently seen swimming from one island to another on our Scottish lakes. We have seen the common British Ringed Snake (*Tropidonotus natrix*) swim with rapidity after an unfortunate frog which had contrived to obtain a brief start, but which was seized and devoured in a very short space of time. Even the big pythons and anacondas, which crush their prey in their great coils, swim with apparent ease. Very curious must have been the experience of a Captain Pitfield of the steamship *Mexico*, who, as quoted by Miss Hopley from an American newspaper, stated that he had passed through 'a tangled mass of snakes' off the Tortuga Islands, at the entrance to the Gulf of Mexico. These snakes are described as having been 'of all sizes, from the ordinary green water-snake of two feet long, to monsters, genuine "sea-serpents" of fourteen to fifteen feet in length.' We are certainly inclined to agree with Miss Hopley that such a shoal of snakes must have consisted simply of a mass of these reptiles which had been drifted out to sea on brushwood by some river-flood or 'spate.'

The 'great sea-serpent,' whose annual appearances are chronicled with punctuality, receives full and complete justice from Miss Hopley. We are glad to find our authoress is on the side of those naturalists who maintain that there is no *a priori* impossibility in the declaration that giant marine snakes may and do exist. In giant species of marine snakes we may find the explanation of many of the marine appearances which have been authenticated by hosts of credible witnesses. Miss Hopley asks, after supposing this theory to be correct, 'How long would the poison-fang of such a reptile be?' But there seems no need to make the existence or absence of poisonous powers a question. What we desire to know is, 'What is the sea-serpent?' With the plain rule before us of endeavouring to find a natural solution of this query, before rushing into the clouds, it would seem that those zoologists who believe in the huge development of marine snakes, possess a distinct advantage over all other theorists. Giant cuttlefishes, some of which measure thirty or forty feet in length inclusive of their 'arms,' are now known in plenty. A few years ago, such animals were believed to have been evolved from the fertile brain of Victor Hugo, who makes a giant octopus the means of vengeance in his novel *The Toilers of the Sea*. It is not too much to say that with the evidence of new and recent discoveries in cuttlefish-life before us, we should at least be very cautious in denying the possibility and probability of giant sea-snakes being also numbered amongst the fauna of the ocean.

Only about one-fifth of all known species of snakes are possessed of poison-fangs, a topic with which Miss Hopley deals in a highly entertaining

manner; but though comparatively few snakes possess poison-fangs, some of the so-called 'harmless' species, such as the huge pythons and anacondas, become quite as dangerous from their power of crushing their prey by means of their huge and powerful bodies. Miss Hopley satisfactorily disposes of the old idea that these great snakes 'licked' their prey over before swallowing it. The tongue of a snake is never adapted for 'licking,' being, as we have seen, a lithic, rounded organ. The poison-glands of snakes are modified 'salivary glands'—that is to say, they are not new and special structures, but modifications of organs which other animals and reptiles possess. It is a notable fact, that as in a poisonous snake the secretion of these glands is permanently venomous, in a 'mad' dog the saliva becomes temporarily poisonous; and it is well known that the bite of an enraged human being may be most difficult of healing, owing to the apparently virulent character which the saliva acquires. We thus see that one and the same organ and secretion appears to become modified for poisoning properties and functions in very different groups of animals. The rationale of snake-poison in its action on other animals appears to consist in its paralysing effect upon the nervous system and in its effects on the aëration of the blood. It would appear that it acts by preventing the absorption into the blood of the oxygen gas we breathe, and which is a vital necessity for us and for all animals.

Armed with two poison-fangs in the upper jaw, the bite of certain foreign kinds is dangerous, and even fatal; in Great Britain, the viper or adder is happily the only venomous species. The remedies which have been proposed for snake-bite are of course very numerous; but Miss Hopley is probably right in following Dr Stradling when she asserts that, as the poisons of different snakes vary in their effects, it is hopeless to look for any one specific for their varied bites. But it is just possible that underlying the variations in the effects of the venom, there may exist a common type of virulence. For our own part, we should like to hear of Condy's Fluid (or permanganate of potash) having a wider trial in snake-bite than has yet been accorded it. Injected into the veins, this fluid appears to counteract the effects of the less deadly kinds of venom in a marvellous degree. Possibly it does so, because it throws off oxygen in large quantities, and may thus neutralise the effect of the snake-poison just noted. But the difficulties and dangers of research in such a field are numberless; and there are few persons who, like Dr Stradling, are bold enough to risk being bitten and to experiment in their own persons on the remedies they deem most effectual for snake-bite.

In Miss Hopley's pleasant pages, the general reader will find a mine of information regarding serpents and their literally wondrous history. Studies like these discussed in the volume before us, render good service to the cause of science, in so far as they encourage observation and train the faculties in the work of noting facts and of correlating ideas. Best of all, it is in the study of living nature that the purest enjoyment may be sought and found. What of poetry Wordsworth found in nature, and what of learning Kingsley discovered in his studies,

may be found in some degree at least by every earnest mind that approaches the fields of animal and plant life. A thousand wonders people the leaf; a museum of curiosities finds a home in the water-drop; and the pleasure derived from a search in nature's fields is one that no accident of life can mar, and no misfortune of existence take away.

THE STORY OF JOHNNIE ELLIOT, THE PEDLAR.

IN the lonely and rarely visited kirkyard of the parish known as Eskdalemuir, in Dumfriesshire, and among the bleak hills of that district, is a well-nigh forgotten grave, at the head of which stands a plain stone, on which may be read the following inscription:

'In Memory of JOHN ELLIOT, Pedlar, a young man of nineteen years of age, who came from the neighbourhood of Hexham, in Northumberland; and travelling in company with a man of the name of James Gordon, said to have come from Mayo, was barbarously murdered by him at Steel-bush-edge, on the farm of Upper Cassock, on the 14th day of November 1820.

'After the greatest exertions on the part of Sir Thomas Kilpatrick,* of Closeburn, Bart., Sheriff-depute of the county, the Honourable Captain William Napier of Thirlestane, and many others, the above-named James Gordon was apprehended at Nairn, and brought to Dumfries; where, after an interesting trial, he was condemned, and executed on the 6th day of June 1821.

'The inhabitants of Eskdalemuir, in order to convey to future ages their abhorrence of a crime which was attended with peculiar aggravations, and their veneration for those laws which pursue with equal solicitude the murderer of a poor friendless stranger as of a peer of the realm, have erected this stone, 1st of September 1821.'

Some years ago, the circumstances attending the murder of the lad Elliot, together with those which led to the capture, trial, and conviction of his murderer, were repeated to us by a gentleman intimately acquainted with the matter; and as these circumstances may not be generally known or remembered, we venture now to narrate the story.

John Elliot, whose remains lie buried in the old kirkyard of the wild and thinly populated parish of Eskdalemuir, was born at Hexham, near Newcastle-on-Tyne. His parents were poor, but respectable, and had previously lost by death one or more of their children. Their boy Johnnie was a sickly lad, weak in body as well as intellect; but good and gentle to his parents, to whom this double weakness seemed to have endeared him the more. As Johnnie advanced in years, his health did not improve; and his parents were advised by a neighbouring medical man to endeavour to obtain for him some out-of-door employment, which, without being too hard, would at the same time afford him plenty of fresh air.

The parents were very reluctant to part with their sickly child; but finding that the boy was

quite unfit for regular manual labour, and being told by the doctor that outdoor exercise would alone give him a chance of life, they finally resolved on purchasing and plenshing for Johnnie a small pack, and starting him as a pedlar or chapman. In those days, this business was much more common than at present; many of those engaged in it had their regular beats in the country districts, where the inhabitants not only depended almost entirely on the pedlars for their groceries, hardware, drapery, &c., but also for their supply of news and literature. John Elliot's parents did not anticipate that their boy would make such a fortune as many others had done in this trade; but they hoped that as an itinerant merchant he might in some measure lessen the expenses attendant on his wandering life.

Equipped with a small red-painted box containing necessaries of the humblest description, Johnnie had made several short journeys among the neighbouring hills, when, at the time of my story, he determined to penetrate the wilds of Eskdalemuir, and cross the hills to Moffat Water, intending to return home by Annandale.

On the 11th of November, the lad arrived at Woodhead, in the parish of Canonbie, where he was hospitably received by a farmer named Thomas Lamb. Scarcely had Elliot relieved himself of his pack and commenced to make himself comfortable in the farmer's warm kitchen, when there entered another wayfarer, also an applicant for shelter. This was unhesitatingly granted, in accordance with the custom of the time, a custom which would permit a refusal of hospitality to no one. The new-comer was an Irishman, who, from the description afterwards given of him, could not have been attractive in appearance. He was short in stature, possessed of but one eye, of which the sight was good, deeply pitted by the smallpox, and spoke with a remarkable stammer; peculiarities which do not serve to improve a man's personality, however they may serve to impress it upon others. In spite of these blemishes, the new arrival, who gave the name of Gordon, was made welcome to a share of the evening meal; and afterwards to plenty of clean dry straw in the byre or cowhouse, which latter place he shared as a sleeping-place with Johnnie Elliot. The next day being Sunday, both Elliot and Gordon remained at Woodhead, continuing their journey on the following Monday morning.

It had become evident, from the conversation on the Saturday night, that Elliot and Gordon were up to that time complete strangers to each other; and it was believed that during the halt on the Sunday, the Irishman had by some means ingratiated himself into the kindly heart of the weak pedlar boy; and that Gordon, under promise of showing the lad the most direct road to Eskdalemuir, had accompanied him on his journey on the Monday morning. These two companions, the man with the marked and unpleasant features, and the lad with the conspicuous red box slung across his shoulders, were met by several individuals on the road between Woodhead and Coat, at which latter place they arrived on the evening of Monday the 13th of November. Here they supped and slept, and started again together from Coat on Tuesday morning the 14th, apparently with the intention of finding their way across the hills to Moffat Water.

* Thus on the tombstone; though the Closeburn family name is usually written Kirkpatrick.

It is not known whether Gordon had from the first determined on the murder of his companion; it is perhaps more likely that, believing the red box to contain property of greater value than it in reality did—as a matter of fact the lad's stock-in-trade was not of more than a few shillings' value—Gordon determined to possess himself of it at any cost; and finding that secrecy was a very important factor in the robbery, he may have finally decided upon the murder of the boy. Under pretence that he knew a direct route across the hills by an unfrequented path, very much shorter than that usually followed, and which would take them past the house of a gentleman of the name of Napier, where they were sure of obtaining food and shelter for the night, Gordon persuaded the boy to accompany him to a spot called Steel-bush-edge, on the farm of Upper Cassock. What happened at that place can only be partly conjectured; but there, at all events, on the following Sunday, was found the body of poor Johnnie Elliot foully murdered. It was first discovered by William Glendinning, son of the tenant of the farm of Upper Cassock, who came upon it by the merest accident; for the body lay on a most unfrequented part of the moor, across which there did not even run so much as a footpath. On examination of the remains, it appeared there was a cut or contusion on the chin, a cut above the right eye, and a great many wounds about the back of the head. Both Glendinnings, father and son, recognised the body as that of a pedlar lad who, in company with a man, had visited the farm of Upper Cassock. They also noticed in the mud near where the boy's body was found the prints of heavy clogs strongly bound with iron, shod on the heels with the same metal, and with a peculiarity in the two heel-plate marks, that of the one clog being circular, whilst that of the other was horseshoe shaped. It further appeared that both father and son had noticed this peculiarity in the clogs worn by the man who had visited the farm of Upper Cassock in company with the pedlar boy.

The conclusion arrived at by the doctor and others in the neighbourhood was, that the poor lad had died from the effects of severe blows inflicted on the back of his head with some blunt instrument; and suspicion as to the perpetrator naturally attached itself to the Irishman Gordon, as being the last person seen in the boy's company.

On the day on which the body of John Elliot was interred in Eskdalemuir kirkyard, William Glendinning happened again, in company with a shepherd, to be in the vicinity of the scene of the murder, when they came upon a pair of clogs. These they did not remove, but at once returned to the farm and reported the matter to the elder Glendinning. Dr Graham was sent for; and he, in company with the elder Glendinning, proceeded to the spot, and brought away the clogs, which the latter recognised as those worn by the pedlar when he had visited the farm of Upper Cassock.

Information having been given to the sheriff, the body of Elliot was disinterred, and again examined by two surgeons. These gentlemen were both of opinion that the wounds on Elliot's head had been inflicted by an instrument not

very sharp, such as the iron hoop of a clog; and having applied the forepart of one of the clogs found to a semicircular wound on the back part of the head of the deceased, they found it to fit exactly. The clogs in question being those believed to be worn by the deceased pedlar, it was inferred that he may have sat down to remove, for some purpose or other, the clogs from his feet, when the murderer seized upon one of them as a weapon of assault. At least there remained little doubt that whoever had committed the murder, had held one of the ponderous clogs by the heel, and had beaten the poor boy on the head until life was extinct; that the murderer had then dropped the clogs on the spot where they were found, and after rifling the lad's box, and keeping it in his possession for a day or two, had flung it into a small stream on the road to Ettrick, where it was found a short time afterwards.

All the circumstances attending the boy's death seemed to point to the Irishman Gordon as the murderer, and an advertisement was published in a local paper describing Gordon's appearance and offering a reward for his apprehension.

Time wore on; no clue had been discovered which might lead to the murderer of Johnnie Elliot, nor had anything been heard of the Irishman Gordon, who, it was supposed, had left the country. The horrible death of the poor pedlar boy on Eskdalemuir was becoming an event of the past, which would in time be soon forgotten, when the remarkable capture of the criminal in the manner we are about to relate took place. An agent travelling for some firm in the south, happened to be in the town of Nairn on a pouring wet day. He had transacted his business, and was apparently at a loss how to get through the remainder of the dreary afternoon. The travellers' room in the inn at which the agent was staying, was up-stairs, and looked out on to the market-place. Ringing the bell, the agent in despair asked whether he could be supplied with any sort of book or newspaper; and after some delay, an old copy of the *Dumfries Courier*, which by chance had been left behind by some former traveller, was produced, and handed to the agent, who seated himself near the window and began to study the old, but to him in lack of a fresher, still interesting paper. Coming at last to the fourth page, the advertisement sheet, he read as follows:

DUMFRIES, December 12, 1820.

Whereas the dead body of a young man apparently about sixteen years of age, who had travelled the country as a chapman, was on Sunday afternoon, 26th day of November current, found about two miles to the north of Upper Cassock, and about one mile from Ettrick Pen, both in the parish of Eskdalemuir, in the county of Dumfries; and from the number of wounds upon his head, there is every reason to believe he had been murdered about eight days ago. The deceased wore a dark green corduroy jacket and waistcoat, dark jean trousers, and a buncet. The person who was last seen in company with the deceased, and who has not been heard of, spoke the Irish accent, was of low stature, middle age, dark complexion, much pitted with the smallpox,

wanting the sight of one of his eyes, and had a remarkable stammer in his speech.

Any person apprehending or giving information to FRANCIS SHORR, Procurator Fiscal of the Justice of Peace Court, as may lead to the discovery of the person before described, will be suitably rewarded.

The traveller, after carefully reading this advertisement, laid down the paper, and began soliloquising: 'How could any man possessed of so many peculiarities ever expect to be able to commit murder without being discovered? From that description of his person, I feel sure that I would recognise him at once were I to meet him.' Then turning his head, he looked out into the street and across the marketplace. Suddenly his eyes became fixed upon a man carelessly leaning against the opposite wall. 'Why, there stands the very man!' he cried, as, springing up and seizing his hat, he without hesitation rushed down-stairs, dashed across the street, and touching the man upon the shoulder, at once charged him with being the murderer of the pedlar boy on Eddelmir. The man was taken by surprise on being taxed so suddenly and unexpectedly, and without considering, replied: 'No—no—nobody saw me do it!'

A constable was at once procured; and the man's appearance having been verified by the description given in the advertisement, and confirmed by his own admission, he was taken into custody, and brought to Dumfries, where, after a lengthened trial, he was, by a chain of circumstantial evidence, convicted and hanged for the murder of the pedlar boy.

The peculiar circular shape of one of the heel-plates of the Irishman's clogs proved that he had been on the spot at the time of the murder; and altogether his whole general appearance was so marked, that we cannot but agree with the traveller, and wonder how a man possessed of so many peculiar features could ever have indulged in the hope of escaping recognition. Nevertheless, had it not been for the prompt and determined action of the traveller at Nairn, the murderer might have passed undetected, if not unrecognised, out of Nairn, and eventually escaped from the country.

Gordon, who was executed at Dumfries on the 6th of June 1821, does not seem ever to have confessed the crime brought against him, although, before his execution, he acknowledged tacitly the justice of his sentence.

The following is an extract from the *Dumfries Courier* published within a day or two after the execution. After describing the manner in which Gordon appeared on the scaffold, the paper goes on to say: 'What added unspeakable interest to this awful crisis, and gave it indeed the character of wild and appalling sublimity, was the remarkable circumstance, that the moment in which the prisoner took his place upon the drop was indicated by a vivid flash of lightning and a tremendous burst of thunder. A second peal of thunder seemed to announce his departure, and produced an impression not easily forgotten by the spectators, particularly as these were the only two peals heard during the day.'

One more extract from the same source and our

story will be ended: 'The deceased [speaking of the man executed] was the son of Michael Gordon of Ballyna, County Mayo, and had a peculiar cranium. Among other anomalies, his head presented one which will furnish curious matter of speculation for the phrenologist, one side of the head exhibiting the organ of destructiveness in distinguished prominence, whilst the corresponding region on the opposite side was flat and utterly unmeaning.'

THE LAST OF THE WESTMINSTER LAW-COURTS.

THE courts of justice at Westminster, the materials of which were sold by public auction, prior to their demolition, at the commencement of the present year, have been generally styled the 'old courts' almost since the project of building a central palace of justice was first mooted, now many years ago. But they deserved the title only in contradistinction to that newer and magnificent pile of buildings just completed in the Strand, from the designs of the late Mr Street, R.A., and generally spoken of as the 'New Law Courts,' though officially known as the Royal Courts of Justice. In fact, it is less than sixty years since the 'old' law-courts were built. Up to the accession of George IV, the judges used to sit in the great Hall of Westminster for the purpose of dispensing justice to the king's subjects; and it was only about the year 1835 that the accommodation then provided was found to be inadequate to deal with the rapidly growing mass of litigation which at that period resulted from our increasing prosperity and activity in trade.

The circumstances which led to the building of the old courts were shortly these. The original superior court of justice in England, the *curia regis*, appears to have been held in a room called—from the nature of its ornamentation—the Exchequer Chamber. It was in later times called the Star Chamber; but the name of our Court of Exchequer, which has only recently been superseded by the single designation given to all the Common Law Courts alike, namely, Courts of Queen's Bench, probably took its title from this chamber when King Edward III. is supposed to have presided over his Council for the levy of fines and amercements for his exchequer. In the reign of William Rufus was built the 'Hall of Westminster,' and we know that no long time afterwards this Hall became the accustomed seat of justice. Originally, the *curia regis* used to attend the king on his travels throughout the country; but it was soon found that the trial of causes thereby much delay and inconvenience. To remedy this, it was enacted by Magna Charta that the Common Pleas should sit *certo loco*; and accordingly that court sat thenceforward in Westminster Hall. About the time of Henry III., the King's Bench and Exchequer Courts were also located in the same place; but it was not until Henry VIII. ascended the throne that the Chancellors followed suit. From that time until towards the middle of the present century, both Common Law and Chancery Courts sat regularly in the grand old Hall of Rufus; which they continued to do until after the accession of George IV,

when the magnificent carved screen which separated the Chancery Court from the rest was removed.

The appearance presented by Westminster Hall, with the judges, arrayed in all the majesty of the law, sitting at its further end, along which was placed a marble bench, upon which the king in person occasionally took his seat, is well depicted in the well-known drawing by Gravelot, as well as in many another well-authenticated print. The scene was unique, and to our sense incongruous. All the courts were held at the upper end of the Hall, facing the great door, the Chancery Court, as we have stated, being partitioned off from the rest by a screen. Each court was covered by a canopy, and was curtained in at the sides. The rest of the Hall was a busy mart for the sale of books, fruit, flowers, and millinery, in which the vendors showed rivalry as keen as that of the opposing litigants higher up the Hall. By the increasing pressure of business, the courts were at last driven to seek better accommodation; and about sixty years ago, the buildings which have just been demolished were designed by Sir John Soane, and the judges shortly afterwards removed from the Hall with all the pomp and circumstance of law. As a market-place too, Westminster Hall has since that time gradually lost its glory; and at the commencement of the present year, the only signs remaining of its quondam use as such were two old-fashioned fruit-stalls presided over by two equally old-fashioned Hebes, whose occupation was to supply buns and ginger-beer.

And so the 'old courts' were built, and after centuries of legal and constitutional struggles in Westminster Hall, its history as a court of law was for ever closed. Sir John Soane's courts were at best little more than a makeshift. They were stuffy, badly arranged, hideously designed, and utterly inadequate for their purpose. They were the result of necessity, and were designed without any provision for the future. Very soon, new courts had to be built in Lincoln's Inn for the Chancery judges (who have since sat apart from their Common Law brethren) until they have again been brought together by the building of the new temple of justice opened a few weeks ago. Even after this migration, the courts at Westminster proved inadequate for the Common Law business, and within ten years from their building, an agitation arose, which waxed ever greater, until it culminated in the scheme for the bringing together of all the courts under one roof, which has since been carried out. The old courts have thus proved to be but a link between the glorious past legal history of Westminster Hall and the future of the Royal Courts of Justice. 'Rufus' Hall' has been for ever rendered famous by the judgments of such men as Brougham, Eldon, Mansfield, Coke, and Hale; as well as for such historical trials as those of Sir Thomas More, Wilkes, and Warren Hastings. The 'old courts' have also been later the scene of historical events, amongst which may be mentioned the remarkable Tichborne trial, which is still fresh in the memory, and of Arthur Orton's subsequent indictment for and conviction of perjury; and their short history only closed on last Christmas Eve with a trial of a nature unprecedented in more ways than one, a trial which converted the Court of

Exchequer into a sculpture-gallery, which lasted—including the vacation—from June till after the close of the Michaelmas sittings, and which resulted in the award of enormous damages in an action for libel.

With the demolition of the 'old courts' expire several of the old quaint customs, which, though of reasonable origin, have for long outlived their *raison d'être*. Amongst these are the offices of 'Tabman' and 'Postman,' held by two barristers, originally appointed by the Lord Chief Baron to their places in the Court of Exchequer, as presidents of the standard measures of capacity and length. For long, these offices have merely entitled their holders to pre-audience in the court, and now they have for ever disappeared. The old custom of 'fagot-chopping' was also in force in the old court. It was a symbolical performance in the same court by the senior alderman on the occasion of the presentation of the sheriffs of London and Middlesex. Gradually tending the way of other old customs, the clipping of a twig 'did service for the tenants' twenty years ago, and the custom has now altogether vanished. It remains to be seen whether another time-honoured custom—that of the Lord Mayor's visit to the courts ~~will~~ his retinue on each successive 9th of November ~~will~~ perish with the migration of the judges ~~on~~ the Strand; though it may be anticipated that the custom does survive, some alteration in the route of the 'show' will probably have to be made.

Thus, after a short history of less than sixty years' duration, have the 'old courts' utterly disappeared. They have served their purpose; and few people will regret the demolition of the unseemly buildings which, hideous in themselves, did much to obscure the beauty of the grand old Hall of Rufus. There is now a central place for the trial of all actions and matters brought before the High Court of Justice; and ere long, the old scene of legal strife at Westminster will have given place to the bloom of a London flower-garden!

A MODERN MADRIGAL.

Come, for the buds are burst in the warren,
And the lamb's first bleat is heard in the mead;
Come, be Phyllis, and I'll be Coryn,
Though flocks we have none to fold or feed.

Come for a ramble down through the dingle,
For Spring has taken the Earth to bride;
Leave the cricket to chirp by the ingle,
And forth with me to the rivulet-side.

Lo! how the land has put from off her
Her virgin raiment of Winter white,
And laughs in the eyes of the Spring, her lover,
Who flings her a garland of flowers and light.

Hark, how the lark in his first ascension
Fills heaven with love-songs, hovering on high;
Trust to us for the Spring's intention,
Trust to the morn for a stormless sky.

I know the meadow for daffodownillies,
And the haunt of the crocus purple and gold;
I'll be Coryn, and you'll be Phyllis:
Springs to-day are as sweet as of old.

F. WYVILL HOME.

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VENICE IN CARNIVAL.

OLD inhabitants had told us that the spirit of Carnival was as dead in Venice as were the magnificence and glories of the sad, lonely, old palaces on the brink of the Grand Canal, so that we were prepared to be disappointed in a sight of which we had heard and read so much all our lives.

'But,' said one of our informants—that fine-headed old fellow who during the summer months sits to scores of painters as an Apostle or a Doge, but who in winter-time is reduced to haunting the gondola-landing stage opposite Saint Mark's, pulling in the craft with his boat-hook, and holding forth his greasy old cap for coppers—"it may be better this year; for all the proceeds of the booths and shows are to go to the poor people who have been washed out of their homes by the inundations in the north."

At anyrate, we resolved to see what fun there was; and, as the evening gun boomed from the arsenal by the church of San Giorgio Maggiore, we landed.

If the efforts of man were to be disappointing, nature at least did her best to favour the course of events; for a cloudless, deep-blue, star-studded sky stretched overhead, and the 'Bora,' which had been blowing for some days, had given place to the gentlest of breezes, and a temperature very much milder than our own at home in early spring. Although the actual Carnival proceedings were not to commence until half-past eight, a very considerable crowd had assembled under the piazzas in the great square and about the open spaces surrounding the ancient Palace of the Doges. Yet it was not the Carnival crowd which we had pictured to ourselves. Wearers of motley were very few and far between, and by far the greater proportion of promenaders were ordinary citizens, soldiers, country-folk, peasant-women—painted and powdered hideously, as is the Venetian fashion from highest to lowest—and onlookers like ourselves.

For some days previous, the students, who seem to take the lead in all public festivities in Italian

towns, had been busily engaged in rigging up booths with wood supplied to them gratis by the government upon the condition that they should do all the carpenter-work themselves; and from an early hour of morning these booths had been doing a roaring trade.

As foreign visitors, we were in duty bound to patronise each and every show at the modest outlay of one penny per head for each; not to mention the risking of similar sums in lotteries, of which the principal feature seemed to be the tempting display of prizes obtainable and the very few prizes obtained; and the purchasing of all sorts of worthless gewgaws from voluble gentlemen in motley, who pounced upon us with eagle eyes, and who simply compelled us to buy by the process of thrusting the articles into our hands, and reminding us in pathetic tones that it was all for charity. As might have been expected, the penny-worths which we saw in the booths were very dear at the price; but even if it was only to reward the energetic gentlemen who raved and sung and danced and gesticulated on the platforms outside, it was worth the outlay. They were far more real curiosities in our eyes than the peepshows, the gymnastics, the collections of stuffed animals, the comic pictures, the broad-farce acting to be seen within. Only men with the restless, fervid warmth of the southern sun in their veins could have kept the game up as they did; and they were amply rewarded for their benevolent exertions by the crowds of chattering, laughing people who streamed in and out incessantly.

The Venetian portion of the public entered thoroughly into the fun of these exhibitions; but the stolid peasantry from the great poultry breeding-farms on the mainland did not at all seem to appreciate why they should pay a penny to look through a glass only to see the words 'Please, don't tell,' written on a card within; or why they should take the trouble to arrange themselves carefully in a chair to be photographed, and after much 'business,' be shown their own reflections in a piece of mirror.

Most assuredly, if there was little to be seen for a penny, there was plenty to be heard; for every booth had its big drum and French-horn and cymbals, to which penny whistles, speaking-trumpets, and Jew's-harps might in most cases be added. In fact, to make as much uproar as possible seemed to be the general object; and the more discordant the sounds, the better the public seemed to be pleased.

But the real fun of the fair was centred in the Place of Saint Mark; and as the quaint old illuminated clock showed the minutes gradually creeping along to the half-hour after eight, the booths began to be deserted, and the human tide set for the square. Here a large platform had been built for dancing, and all around it surged and swayed a dense crowd, a small proportion of which was fancifully dressed. As the great bell in the campanile tolled the half-hour, a hundred gas-jets were lighted as by magic; the crowd pressed to the entrances with their fifty contesimi in their hands; and a really fine orchestra, dressed in half-and-half red-and-white, struck up the famous and familiar *Carnovale di Venezia*. The dark masses of people seem to leap suddenly into party-coloured costume, and we begin to think that, after all, Carnival is not so dead as it is represented, especially when we notice that amongst the crowd of dancers there are very few who have not either a costume or a mask. Evidently, aristocratic Venice does not patronise the dancing platform; for although the time kept is admirable, the performance of the steps is rudimentary in the extreme, and one can scarcely associate the apparent pace and vigour with the refined drawing-rooms of such Venetian places as are not inhabited by Hebrew curio-sellers. There seems, too, to be a lack of ladies, although gentlemen in outrageous female costume are plentiful enough, so that the spectacle of two big fellows whirling round and round with the most lugubrious faces imaginable is very common.

Meanwhile, the strains of the band have tended to swell the outside crowd immensely, and it may be fairly supposed that the whole of plebeian Venice is here present. We are not very much struck with the style of fun prevalent; and the chief impression we carry away is one of marvel that men of presumably reasoning age can bring themselves down so nearly to the level of monkeys. The great joke seemed to be for a group of men or women—sometimes it was hard to tell which was which—to surround a harmless old woman or a stray boy, to gibber, jabber, and grimace, and to offer consolation in the shape of sweetmeats. Or they would invade the great cafés, the *Quadri*, or the *Aurora*, or *Florian's*, drinking up every one's beer, making free with stray hats and sticks, and generally turning things upside down. However, there was universal good-humour and happiness; and we rather cry-off instituting a comparison between their behaviour and that of an English crowd under similar circumstances. During the whole four evenings, and we were there until midnight upon each, we did not notice a single case of intoxication or misbehaviour, or hear a solitary angry expression used. Carnival levels all men, and actions which at other times would have produced fierce jabbering and possibly stiletto-work, were upon these evenings treated with good-humour. Stay—there were two excep-

tions to the general rule of good behaviour, and these were two firemen from an English ship in harbour, and they were just sober enough to be able to stand.

One very distinct evidence that Carnival is dying is that very few 'good' people don masks or play the fool. With the exception of a company of student Pierrots—of whom more anon—the disguised gentry seemed to be of very low degree; and this was palpable, not only from the trampery nature of the garments worn, but from their style of fun. A Venetian rough is probably more refined than an English rough; but if he is given license, he will come out in his true colours just as clearly as a man of any other country. Occasionally we came across a really good costume or saw a bit of genuinely comic acting; but upon the whole the Carnival fun of lively Venice was very inferior to what we subsequently saw at stolid, phlegmatic Basle. To talk in a sneaking falsetto, to take people by surprise by suddenly bawling into their ears, to jump and dance frantically about, to blow tin trumpets, and wind watchmen's rattles, seemed to comprise the notion of Carnival fun entertained by most of the maskers. Allegorical designs, political and patriotic processions and effigies, were conspicuous by their absence, probably on account of the want of wheeled vehicles in Venice.

The traditional Englishman with his yellow whiskers, his projecting teeth, his tall white hat with the green veil, his umbrella and opera-glasses, was of course represented, as was the English *mees*, a hideous being, outrageously dressed. A quack doctor with his apothecary, a party of men dressed as fiends, and some old ladies with huge coal-scuttle bonnets, created some amusement; but it seemed to us that the majority of spectators seemed to look upon the whole affair with pity and contempt, although it did afford them an excuse for taking many more turns round the piazza than they would ordinarily have done.

An Italian crowd is rather 'garlicky' and very hot; and as the ceaseless din was getting wearisome, we bethought ourselves of a certain German restaurant famous for its beer, situated some little way from the centre of action. We were somewhat surprised to find all the lanes and alleys leading out of the square crowded with maskers and spectators, and still more so to find that the restaurant itself was crammed to overflowing, and that such luxuries as a vacant table or chair had to be waited for and pounced upon when found. The waiter confidentially whispers to us that there will be fun presently. We are glad of this, and wait for it. At the expiration of ten minutes, there is a roar at the other end of the huge room, and a company of Pierrots, a dozen in number, make their way frantically up, chaffing right and left, tipping a hat off here, drinking up a glass of beer there, screeching through tin horns under the direction of an admirably got-up individual with a white silk standard. These men are of a better class; for their white suits are of fine flannel, they have white kid gloves, and their feet are incased in dainty pumps. One of them is evidently an acquaintance or relative of an old lady who is sitting with her family at a table next to us. She beckons to him and whispers something in his

ear, nodding significantly towards us. The young fellow starts a screech in his horn, and immediately the whole troupe, jumping over tables and chairs, surround us, jabbering away in horrible French and worse English, gesticulating and expressing burlesque delight at seeing us. The result is that we are laden with bonbons and souvenir cards, and shake hands affectionately with each one. We could not help wondering whether solitary foreigners in the midst of a festive excited assembly of English students would have been treated with similarly marked courtesy and politeness.

From us they proceeded about the room, playing all sorts of jokes and antics, and creating roars of laughter wherever they went; and when they left the room, other groups of maskers came in, and the same scenes were repeated, until the noise became so deafening, and the atmosphere so powerful, that we cleared out into the comparatively fresh air.

At midnight, when we gradually made our way towards the landing-place, the fun was at its height; and long after we were ensconced in our berths we could hear the sounds of shouting and music wafted across the water.

For four days this buffoonery was kept up. Upon the last day, Sunday, the first bicycle races that had ever been held in Venice took place round the square. Although the riding was ludicrous in the extreme—and the performers were members of the considered-to-be crack Milan Club—the excitement of the English mob upon Epsom Downs during the race for the Derby is but as the effervescence of a ginger-beer bottle when compared with the excitement of the good people of Venice over these races. Men tore their hair, and cried and embraced, and shouted themselves hoarse over the various events, the winners of which seemed to be regarded as popular heroes for the time being; the nearest parallel to it which the writer can recall being the scene at Kennington Oval after the victory of the Australian cricket team over England last year.

Thus ended the Venice Carnival of 1883. We saw very similar scenes enacted subsequently at Padua, Verona, and Milan; but not until we arrived at Basle did we get a fair idea of a continental Carnival. Basle, however, does not come within the scope of this paper, so the writer may conclude, merely stating that although disappointed, we were enabled to see the Italian people under conditions not very frequently witnessed by English travellers, who, as a rule, choose the summer and autumn months for their exploration of the fascinating 'Queen of the Adriatic.'

ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOT.

CHAPTER XIII.—ANOTHER VISITOR.

LADY BARBARA was really pleased to see her nephew's dearest friend beneath the roof that she had learned to think her own. Technically, of course, and in a legal point of view, it was the widow's, at least for life; and would then be at the disposal of the objectionable Dolly Montgomery, newly inducted into the Marquisate

of the elder branch, and keeping up his new honour as best he might on the strictly entailed revenue of the inalienable Lincolnshire estates. But the Lady Barbara had been born at Leominster House, had reigned there as Lady Purmount during the latter years of her invalid father, and might be excused for regarding herself, the typical Montgomery, as mistress of the big, melancholy mansion that had been once so full of life and light, and colour and noise and revelry. She made Arthur welcome, then, with an urbanity that she rarely displayed, talking, pleasantly enough, of Egypt, that she had never seen, and London, of which she really did not know very much; regarding the society of that capital as she had ever done, as from the topmost pinnacle of an iceberg, and listening affably to whatever Talbot had to say.

The other lady's behaviour was perplexing to Arthur, and would have been so to Lady Barbara, had that dignified damsel been able to study her companion's present demeanour by the light of previous experience. For a while she would be listless, haughty, cold; and then, by a swift transition, the same sweet girl that he could remember her, when the flush came so quickly to her beautiful face, and her eye would brighten or grow sad at a word. He recollected well how kind she had been to the poor tawny natives of the country that was her temporary home, and how he had seen her, with large-eyed Egyptian children clustering timidly about her knee, and how strangely the little heathen bantlings had seemed to love the noble lady from Frangistan. His own feelings, where she was concerned, were a thing apart. But he had begun, before Egypt was left behind, to feel that Clare was very dear to him, and he had hoped that she might one day be his wife. As for the pomp and state that surrounded her, he hated it, as one might dislike to see a lovely rose begirt by heavy settings of gold and jewels. But now, what a change had come over her!

'Her sister—Miss Cora Carew—is the cause of all,' said Lady Barbara, in a lowered voice, when the other lady was seated at a distant side-table, writing a letter, which she had craved leave to write, according to the dictates of ordinary politeness. When a hostess cares much for a guest, she does not ask his leave to indicate an epistle to somebody else; but Arthur was almost reconciled to the perplexing demeanour of her whom he loved, when there seemed to be a valid reason for the change. He, like others, had been struck by the astonishing likeness between the twin sisters, who now, for the first time in their young lives, had been sundered. To him there had appeared, always, a marked difference in character. Clare had been her own noble self, and Cora Carew a charming, sweet-natured girl. 'How very great was the puzzle now!

'You were saying, Lady Barbara?' for the aristocratic spinster had sunk into a reverie, during which she knit her black brows closely, and looked like a maiden edition of Lady Macbeth, her shrewd narrow mind manifestly absorbed in some train of deep thought as to the honour or dishonour to accrue to the ancient House of Montgomery.

She responded to Talbot's words as the war-

horse to the trumpet-call. 'Yes; I was speaking of Miss Carew—whom you may remember, I daresay.'

'I knew Miss Carew very well; she was always with her sister, Lady Leominster. I only wondered not to see her here to-day,' replied Arthur.

'You will never see her here,' was the austere answer of Lady Barbara—'never, unless she repents of her sinful scheme; or, unless, as I sometimes fear, her sister's weak indulgence.'

'But, Lady Barbara,' broke in Arthur Talbot hotly, 'you forget—a thousand pardons for interrupting you—that I am in total ignorance as to whatever may have occurred, or to what you allude. Can it be possible that Miss Cora Carew has—'

'Sir Pagan Carew!' announced the soft-treading, sonorous-voiced person in solemn black whose duty it was to usher in visitors; and the strong-limbed, swarthy young baronet made his awkward entry.

'Forgotten me, I'm afraid, Lady Mar—no, Lady Barbara, that's it,' he said, in his rough flurried way, as he touched Lady Barbara's cold fingers.—'Clare, dear, so glad—of course. What an age it seems!' And the baronet bestowed a more fervent hand-shake on his sister, and would have kissed her, for there was genuine brotherly kindness in his tone and in his eye; but he was too shy to do it before company. 'What an age it seems!' repeated Sir Pagan, seeming to hug the expression, for lack of another to succeed it; and then, catching sight of Talbot, whom he knew well, he made a dash at his hand too, muttering: 'Didn't know you had got back from Egypt—awfully pleased to see you, old man!' And Sir Pagan really did seem glad to see Arthur, whom he liked, and with whom he felt at home, for he was more comfortable in the society of men than of women.

'So good of you to come to me, Pagan,' said his sister, seating herself near the dark, shy, young guest.

'Umph!' muttered the baronet, looking askance at Lady Barbara, who had done her very best to smile during the interview, and who now said, blandly enough: 'Indeed, Sir Pagan, you are very welcome here, and I have—we have—always wished to see you. I trust we shall persuade you to regard this as a second home, and to spare us some of your idle hours, on your sister's account.—By-the-bye, I hope you bring good news of Miss Carew.'

The baronet flushed pink to his very ears. 'I don't quite understand; she is pretty well,' he made answer.

Sir Pagan Carew was excessively embarrassed. He was one of those well-born gentlemen of whom Thackeray said, long ago, that they never enter a lady's drawing-room. The number of these young men augments very much in these modern days, when London tends more and more to become no single town, but a vast agglomeration of many Londons, an immense catherine-wheel revolving with more or less of sparkle and glitter. There was much of good soil lying fallow, if the metaphor may be pardoned, in that rugged, honest nature. He was very true, too, to the ties of kindred; and it was on his sister's account that he had

ventured now to so formidable a palace as Leominster House, known to be the den of so terrific a social dragon as Lady Barbara Montgomery.

'My sister is pretty well; dull for her, though, in Bruton Street, shut up there,' said Sir Pagan; and he really spoke as if he had been the humane but stolid keeper of a private lunatic asylum, of which that sister of his had the misfortune to be an inmate.

'My darling—if I had her with me here!' was the low rejoinder of the mistress of Castel Vawr; and Sir Pagan, who thought such an arrangement an eminently desirable one, glanced furtively at Lady Barbara, to see whether that dragon of old-fashioned aristocracy sanctioned the suggestion.

But Lady Barbara looked exceedingly grim. 'There is something to be retracted, and—excuse me, Sir Pagan—something to be repented, before Miss Carew can be a welcome guest here.'

'Oh, upon my word, Lady Barbara,' blurted out the baronet, for the whole affair was a pain and a bewilderment to him.

'Of course, if you side with her'—Lady Barbara began, in her slow dignified way.

'But I don't, begging your Ladyship's pardon,' interrupted the wretched Sir Pagan; 'I don't side with anybody; and I wish with all my heart'—But here the baronet noticed that Arthur Talbot—who probably felt uncomfortable in his present position as an auditor—had risen, hat in hand, and was about to take his leave. The dread of being left unprotected to the tender mercies of the awful Lady Barbara, overpowered Sir Pagan. Had he been a modern Andromeda, he could not have shown more panic fear of the dragon. 'I must be going too,' he exclaimed nervously, as he scrambled from his chair.—'Good-bye, Clare.'

'I have seen nothing of you, brother,' returned the sister, with soft reproach, as she took his proffered hand.

'I'll come again; yes, very soon—see you often, now you are in town,' ejaculated the baronet, prodigal of promises, now that he saw a chance of escape from his present penance.—'Good-bye, Lady Barbara—so glad!' And it was with a sense of rare relief that Sir Pagan passed out at the gates. 'I should have a fit of some kind soon, if I lived in that—jail,' said the baronet bluntly to Talbot, as the two walked on side by side.

'These very great and grand houses, without company to enliven them, are melancholy abodes, I daresay,' answered Arthur, smiling at the baronet's vehemence.

'Melancholy! My own poor old barrack at Carew is a jovial place in comparison; and as for your house—Oakdene—it's a perfect bower of bliss and snugness; whereas at Leominster, what d'ye call it, I had an ugly sensation of being buried before my time,' said Sir Pagan, who had hunted much in the New Forest, and had thus come to know Talbot, as a hospitable esquire of small means and good manners, fairly well.—'Do you know, Talbot, I used to envy my sister her stroke of good luck—to hook a Marquis *was* luck. But I pity her now, almost as I do the other poor girl that lives with me in that bachelor den of mine.'

Arthur Talbot was full of curiosity; but you cannot much more easily ask questions as to a man's sisters than you can propound them as to a man's wife.

They were in Picaresque by this time, amidst the roar of voices and the roll of wheels, and all the myriad sounds that go to make up the hum of London.

'I am only at a West End hotel, the *Cavendish*, for a few days,' Arthur said, in answer to an inquiry on his companion's part. 'You, I think, are in Bruton Street still, Carew. I'll look you up, there.'

'Come to-morrow—to dinner, I mean—if you're not engaged.—Awfully glad you're not. Meet some men. It's not often I ask any one; at home, I mean; but one *must* keep up one's old friends.—This your way—this is mine. Don't forget, old man—Bruton Street, half-past eight.'

(To be continued.)

ACTING ANIMALS.

WHEN a tragedian of the old school, starring in a country town, complained of playing to quarter-houses, a sympathising friend lamented that Mr Irving should happen to be there at the same time. 'Irving!' exclaimed the tragedian. 'I'll star against him anywhere; but who can star against twelve performing elephants?' Biped actors naturally have the same enmity for their four-footed rivals as painter Haydon felt for General Tom Thumb. One popular player, however, owns to having good reason for entertaining kinder feelings for them. 'One memorable night,' says Mr Toole, 'I was destined to take part in a performance at Astley's for the benefit of the veteran equestrian Cooke; and while waiting for my turn, I took to wandering at the back of the stage, to pass away the time. All was darkness and gloom. I heard the distant tramp of the horses below, but I could see nothing, and eventually lost my way. In trying to retrace my steps and to avoid a pitfall, I came across a wooden partition, which I thought would guide me to a safe retreat. Presently I found the ground beneath me slightly moving. I seized the edge of the partition, or I must have fallen heavily—I knew not where. Suddenly there came a flash of light from a passing lamp—a glimmer of hope to me—and I realised my position. I was standing on the back of a performing elephant, placed under the hayloft, into which I had wandered, and from which, but for the gentle creature, I must have fallen some fifteen or twenty feet into the open area below, probably never to rise again.'

The sight-loving public have always taken so kindly to performing animals, that we may be sure the amusement-seekers of Queen Anne's time fully appreciated the little marmoset, from the East Indies, that danced the Cheshire Rounds and performed several other pretty fancies; and very much applauded the playing horse, which, being told there was a warrant come to press him into the service of the French king, fell so lame he could hardly set one foot before another; and thereupon learning he must go if alive, threw himself down, with his legs stretched out stiff, and his tongue hanging out of his mouth, lying as if he were dead, until told to

rise and serve Queen Anne, when he jumped on his feet, and became 'extraordinary brisk and cheerful.'

Animal performers, be their parts ever so simple, are not always to be depended upon. An effect never contemplated by the composer of *Tannhäuser* was produced one night at Covent Garden, thanks to a couple of animal apers. With the first note of the gauthier's song, the two goats tethered to the rock began to bleat most piteously; and in her own interest, Mademoiselle Cottino hastened to set them free. One made a hasty and undignified exit; but the other, less bashful, made its way to the foot-lights, and insisted upon delivering itself of a ludicrous solo, as unmelodious as the most ardent admirer of the music of the future could hope to hear.

Determined to put the *Forty Thieves* upon the stage in as realistic a manner as possible, an enterprising Nevada manager provided Ali Baba with a real live mule to carry off the proceeds of his raid on the robbers' cave. Either from lack of proper instruction, or from the perversity of his nature, that animal behaved as though the sole purpose of his presence was to prove he was no 'property' mule; for no sooner was he on the stage than he put his fore-feet down firmly and kicked, as only a mule knows how to do—sending the prompter into the orchestra, the callboy into the flies, and causing a general excent without any regard to the stage directions. Having the stage to himself, he exercised his heels until he had kicked the cavern, the jars of oil, and an expanse of forest, far into space, and utterly wrecked the *mise en scène*. That mule's first appearance was his last; although the spectators were so delighted with his spirited performance, that they wanted him to take a benefit; but the manager declined to give him a night.

According to the *Denver Tribune*, a parrot lately distinguished itself at the Opera House there, the manager of which had borrowed it from a restaurant-keeper. During the first act of *Old Shipmates*, the bird was quiet enough; but as soon as it had become accustomed to its novel surroundings, commenced to display its accomplishments, to the amusement of the audience and the dismay of the actors. 'Lamb chops or breaded veal?' screamed Poll, bringing forth a loud 's-sh,' to which the bird responded with: 'Shut up; you make me tired!' Quit kissing the cook! and a volley of oaths. An actress pushed the cage to the wings of the stage, to be seized by the manager, and carried to the property-room—the voice of the indignant parrot gradually dying away in the distance, until the slamming of the door shut it out altogether, but not before the offender Poll had revenged its removal by nipping the captor in the leg. A little later, the manager thus addressed his treasurer: 'Mr Morse, let it be understood once for all that hereafter no living wild beasts will be introduced on our stage.'

Perfect in their behaviour on the boards of the Wallner Theatre, Berlin, were two fine rams introduced in a spectacular piece at that house. When the drama had run its course, the manager took the rams home with him, and placed them in the kitchen for the night. It was his custom

to indulge in an early cup of coffee in bed, the duty of bringing it to him devolving upon his cook. Performing her usual office on the morning after the coming home of the rams, that functionary, forgetting all about them, left the kitchen door open behind her, and the curious creatures followed close upon her heels, until they passed into the drawing-room, where they elected to stay. One side of the room was adorned with a splendid mirror reaching from floor to ceiling, and seeing themselves reflected therein, the rams lowered their horns and dashed at their fancied foes. Then came a crash, followed by another, as the startled woman dropped her tray with a shriek, which brought the manager on the scene in double-quick time, to vent useless anathemas on the heads of the unconscious offenders.

'Romeo,' a clever elephant attached to Robinson's Circus, proved a very troublesome customer when a passenger on board the *Golden Crown* steamer. For the first two days he was kept chained on the fore-castle, and amused himself with the boxes and bales within reach of his trunk, tumbling them about without any consideration for the possible fragility of their contents; then, being removed out of harm's way, he turned his attention to some heavy cedar-logs, finding great amusement in raising one up and letting it fall again, shaking the boat from stem to stern. To spoil his fun, Romeo was taken from the fore-castle to the interior of the boat; but he soon found mischief to do, jerking the bell-wires running from the pilot-house to the engine-room. The first time he worked the wire, the engineer stopped the vessel. 'What's the matter?' asked the pilot, through the speaking-tube. 'Nothing,' responded the engineer. 'What did you stop her for, then?' shouted the pilot. 'Because you rang the bell.' 'I didn't ring.' As he spoke, the bell sounded again, and the bothered engineer caught Romeo in the act of jerking the wire; but there was no way of preventing him so amusing himself, and he kept up the tinnitulation day and night; compelling the pilot to signal the engineer through the speaking-tube for the remainder of the trip.

Animals have now and again appeared on the stage without any arrangement for their so doing. Bonnel Thornton saw a tragedy monarch disturbed in his last moments, as he lay expiring on the carpet, by a discerning critic of King Charles's black breed, who, jumping out of the stage-box and fastening upon the hero's periwig, brought it off in his mouth, and deposited it safely on his mistress's lap. When Charles Kean was playing Richard III. at Exeter, just as he was getting the worst of the combat with his rival, his Newfoundland dog, watching the mimic fray from the wings, thinking his master in danger, rushed on the stage, and dashing fiercely at the dismayed Richmond, put him to sudden and ignominious flight, and brought the tragedy to an unlooked-for end.

In Nessler's opera *The Ratcatcher of Hameln*, the most effective scene is that wherein the rats, in obedience to the tuneful spell, make their exodus from Hameln. On the first representation of *The Ratcatcher* at the Dresden Opera House, this was so well managed, that the old cat of the establishment, lazily regarding pro-

ceedings from her favourite corner at the side of the stage, was startled out of her placidity by the sudden appearance of a host of her natural enemies upon her own territory. Suddenly she sprang on the stage, and went for the army of 'property' rodents with a will, not to be daunted by overwhelming numbers. Her teeth, however, soon showed her what they were made of, and she retired majestically from the scene; but, in obedience to an uproarious recall from the delighted audience, was brought back in the arms of a super, to receive the tribute of applause her courageous conduct deserved.

Manager Davidge did not scruple at supping off the pig that had helped to fill the Surrey treasury; but M. Tanty, the proprietor of an educated pig, exceedingly popular in Moscow, had more gratitude in his composition. Three rich merchants, determined upon enjoying an unusually expensive dish, offered M. Tanty three thousand roubles for his 'learned pig;' and after some demur, he handed the animal over and pocketed the money. The poor pig was intrusted to the handling of an eminent *chef*, and duly devoured. Next day, however, the walls of Moscow bore the familiar invitation to go and see Tanty's 'learned pig;' and that worthy was waited upon for an explanation. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'at the last moment, I heard that you wanted the pig for dinner. I thought it very unconscionable in me to take so large a sum for a tough old porker; so I got the very best that money could procure, and substituted it for the bad one.'

However much such clever creatures may be valued by their owners, they are very liable to come to an untimely end. Barnum lost a rope-dancing, organ-turning elephant very suddenly, the sad news being conveyed to him in a letter from one of his men, running: 'Mr Barnum, one of the elephants is dead. He dyed of enformation of the brane.' 'Well,' was the showman's commentary, 'we mustn't teach elephants so much. Giving this animal such a stock of "enformation" has cost me ten thousand dollars; but Sam must have a few lessons in orthography; he wants "enformation on the brane."'

An infant porker, in training for appearing as a 'learned pig,' happening to irritate the learned bear belonging to the Brooklyn Dime Museum, by his continuous squealing, was torn limb from limb, before any one could rescue him from bruin's clutches.—A trained donkey was devoured by the bloodhounds of an Uncle Tom Combination—probably the one which a Western critic said 'presented the finest bloodhounds and jack-asses ever collected in a single cast.'

A donkey, a pig, and a goose once achieved great success at Birmingham in a pantomime, which, mainly by their admirable performance, ran until June. The season over, the manager took his company to Wolverhampton, and when he found business slackening there, sent for his animal actors. They arrived two days before they were announced to appear, and were quartered underneath the stage; the donkey being tethered at the foot of a staircase, and the pig and goose allowed to run loose. Next morning the goose was missing; all that his porcine comrade had left of him being a few feathers. The following morning the donkey was found

dead. From teeth-marks on his hoofs and hocks, it was surmised that the depraved pig had tormented him until he could endure its attentions no longer, when he had climbed the stairs, mounted to the small landing at the top, and fallen over on the other side. The rope by which he was tethered holding firmly, the poor ass was strangled. It was too late to change the piece. The "posters" had achieved their end, and in the evening an expectant crowd assembled. The pig and the clown did their best; but at last the donkey and goose were called for; and the manager was compelled to come forward and tell the sad story of their untoward demise. Unfortunately, the gods would not accept the disappointment with a good grace. They were offered their money back; but nothing would content them but tearing up the benches and flinging them into the pit. A free fight followed; the pig ran squealing off the stage; and the curtain fell, not to rise again that night.

We will conclude these notes with a homely rhyme which has been sent us by Mr Davis of Dublin, relating to the exploits of a donkey who can do some acting on his own account, and teach his tricks to a companion as well:

When you call me an Ass, then you say I've no sense;
But I fail to discover where lies the pretence.
And can show you a Donkey, whose deeds must surprise,
Giving proof he's no fool, but both cunning and wise.
To a farm in the County Kilkenny I bring
All who question my statements—the place Silverspring;
And the owner, E. Bowers, my brother-in-law,
Who will vouch all is true, and that he himself saw—
And not only he, many others as well—
The Donkey repeatedly ring the farm-bell
For amusement. Yet shall I omit to relate
With what skill he removes all that fastens the gate,
To let himself thro'. There is yet something more—
With his mouth he was seen to unlock the barn-door.
Greatest wonder of all, and which shows him no doer,
He is teaching his tricks to his chum, a young colt,
Which has proved an apt pupil, and no doubt in time
Will rival his tutor. So ends my short rhyme,
Which I forward to *Chambers*; mayhap they will see
There is merit to warrant publicity.

THE MAN IN POSSESSION.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CONCLUSION.

ONCE safe in London, I speedily sought out and engaged a temporary lodging for Miss Wintock. Next, I proceeded to wait upon my chief, to whom I rendered a faithful account of what had transpired; and who, far from blaming me, was pleased to commend my conduct highly. I knew the solicitor who always transacted his law business.

'Do you think, sir,' I asked respectfully, 'that I had better go to Mr Wrightly, or can you advise me of any one better?'

'Wait on old Wrightly at once,' was his reply, highly pleased at my asking his counsel. 'He is as sharp as a ferret and as persistent as a leech.'

Jumping into the first cab I met, another half-hour saw me in Mr Wrightly's office.

I need not detail the steps which eventually led to the recovery of the greater part of Miss Wintock's property. Sufficient to state that the astute old lawyer at once undertook her case, conducting it with a perseverance and skill

seldom surpassed; and that also, while matters were in progress, he very kindly and thoughtfully provided her with a safe retreat, by receiving her into his own house and family. At first, the Wintocks threatened proceedings against me on account of the mare and gig; but these they were soon glad to forego, for the shrewd old practitioner at once commenced the battle, and they had much more important interests to engage their attention. It was, however, about two years before things were finally settled. During the early part of that time, I called once or twice, at her own request, to see Miss Wintock, and she had by degrees drawn from me much of my past history.

Long before the expiration of the two years alluded to I had, however, bidden farewell to my occupation as a bailiff, for one morning my chief called me aside. 'Meredith,' said he, 'here is a note from Mr Wrightly, requesting me to send you to him immediately.'

'Good-morning, Mr Meredith,' said the latter, as I entered the little private room at his chambers in which he usually sat to receive clients. 'Take a chair. I want a word or two with you. I have been given to understand that you were formerly employed in the law. Is it so?'

I began to blush and stammer, for I could not for the life of me guess what was coming.

'Ah, well! I see; committed yourself. Never mind. Do you like your present vocation, eh?—Not particularly enthusiastic in it?' he continued, in his sharp shrewd way of speaking. 'Very good. Glad of it!'

I bowed, for I had literally nothing to reply.

'Now, young man,' and he fixed his keen gray eyes searchingly upon me, 'I can perfectly comprehend a hot-brained inexperienced youth sowing his wild-oats, and afterwards reaping the bitter crop, too often throughout his after-life. But your conduct in Waverley's affair has given me a favorable impression of your character and disposition; and I am induced to hope that with the energy you evidently possess, you may yet accomplish better things.—Stay!' he said, raising his hand, seeing that I was about to answer. 'Hear me out. I conclude, from the few scraps of your history which I have heard, that you have received a genteel education. Indeed, your manners indicate that you have not always occupied your present position in society. Had you the opportunity of regaining your former status among your fellow-men—on your word as a man, would you do your best to retain it?'

His words fell upon my ears clear, cold, and calm, yet melodious as the ring of a silver bell. I sprang to my feet. The gorgeous sunshine was gleaming with golden rays through the narrow window of that little room, tinting with hues of gladness even the piles of musty deeds that lay ranged upon its shelves. I felt its loving warmth strike to my inmost heart, as I stood erect before him with quivering lip, vainly struggling to force out the glad words of thanks that would not come, for my emotion was too deep for utterance. Could it really be that there was yet one more chance for me of hope in life? for my present existence, passed in a low and degrading occupation, that I thoroughly hated, could not be termed *living*.

Mr Wrightly perceived my agitation. 'Enough!' said he with a smile, and waving his hand. 'Sit down again, and compose yourself. Actions shall speak for you in the future; I like them better than words.—There is just at this time a vacancy in my office; the post is open to your acceptance. Fill it worthily; it is the first step on the ladder. In due time you may rise to competence at least, if not to eminence. Uprightness, energy, and perseverance—you know the rest.—There; no thanks. I owe you some recompense for bringing me a good client.'

How my heart bounded within me as I left Mr Wrightly's presence! I could not resist the conclusion that Miss Wintock's representations had influenced him. Doubtless, she wished to repay me in some way for my services. What nobler offering could she present me than the opportunity of redeeming myself, and regaining my former social status.

'And John Meredith will prove himself not unworthy of her kindness!' I exclaimed, as I threw myself upon my couch for the night, to dream of the past, present, and improbable future, mingled in inextricable confusion; for amid the tempest of conflicting emotions, a second hope had flashed momentarily, like a brilliant meteor, upon my unhinged mind. I dared not breathe it even to myself, far less encourage it. Vainly I tried to banish the remembrance of Miss Wintock from my senses. Mr Wrightly's residence was some distance from his chambers. Sometimes I had to wait upon him there, and occasionally saw her for an instant. Her kindly grasp of the hand, with occasionally a few words of friendly interest, had served to feed and fan the flame that was smouldering in my breast; and yet I felt that my case was utterly hopeless, because of the gap between our relative social positions.

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Mr Wrightly perceived my agitation. 'Enough!' said he with a smile, and waving his hand. 'Sit down again, and compose yourself. Actions shall speak for you in the future; I like them better than words.—There is just at this time a vacancy in my office; the post is open to your acceptance. Fill it worthily; it is the first step on the ladder. In due time you may rise to competence at least, if not to eminence. Uprightness, energy, and perseverance—you know the rest.—There; no thanks. I owe you some recompense for bringing me a good client.'

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overground wires, while their capacity for carrying messages is only one-fourth.

There are at present in the Atlantic Ocean, nine cables in working order, and it is worthy of notice, as bearing upon the perfection attained in such work, that the most recent cable was laid last year in twelve days without hitch or stoppage. With Mr Preece's wondrous assemblage of facts and figures in our minds, it is curious to turn back to the year 1816, when Sir Francis Ronalds demonstrated the possibility of a telegraph worked by electricity to supersede the cumbrous semaphore system then in use, a system dependent upon sight at long ranges, and which was rendered utterly futile at night and during foggy weather. Sir Francis (then Mr) Ronalds tried to induce the government to take up his ideas; and the reply which he received to his application is worth reproducing. It is dated from the Admiralty Office, August 5, in the year named above: 'Mr Barrow presents his compliments to Mr Ronalds, and acquaints him, with reference to his note of the third instant, that telegraphs of any kind are now wholly unnecessary, and that no other than the one now in use will be adopted.'

An interesting demonstration of the adaptability of the lime-light for teaching purposes was lately given before the University of Durham Medical Society. The 'magic lantern' was rightly long regarded as a toy; but of late years, in an improved form, and under the more sensible name of optical lantern, it has grown into a most valuable educational instrument. In a modified form it can be made to project the image of opaque objects, so that a diagram from an ordinary book can be shown in an enlarged form to a class of students. All kinds of histological preparations, crystals and minerals, moths and beetles, can be thus shown; whilst by the attachment of proper lenses, the instrument can readily be turned into a projecting microscope. In this form, ordinary microscopic slides can be enlarged so that a whole class can view the image, and can be instructed thereon, instead of gazing upon diagrams of the usual uninteresting kind. We may confidently look forward to the time when every school will possess its optical lantern, and we feel confident that both teachers and pupils will appreciate it as a great help to their joint labours.

During the months of April and May the Lecture Theatre at South Kensington Museum will, under the auspices of the Institute of Agriculture, continue, as during March, to be the scene of a series of lectures addressed to students of agriculture. The subjects include Land-drainage, Farm-seeds and their Adulteration, Natural and Artificial Grasses, Dairy Management, Chemical Changes in the Soil, Farm-crops, Insect Pests, Poultry Management, and many other matters pertaining to farming pursuits. A less ambitious programme was carried out in the same theatre last year, when seven thousand students availed themselves of the advantages offered. This success has induced the Institute to enlarge the scope of its labours; and this year, students are not only taught, but those in need of such help are given free tickets and assisted in the matter of railway expenses. A Committee of ladies will secure lodgings for

female students, and everything seems to have been provided to promote the comfort of all. High-class technical education of this kind has for a long time been enjoyed by tenant farmers of many continental countries, and also in the United States. We may feel sure that now England has followed suit, the work will be carried out in a thoroughly practical manner. The movement is one of national importance.

Although the ingenious Chinese are credited with the use of the printing-press many centuries before that instrument came to be reinvented by Caxton, there has always been some difficulty in the dissemination of Chinese literature. The types required are so numerous that the cleverest compositor is appalled. If this difficulty exists in the Celestial Empire itself, how much more must it be felt in foreign countries where the Chinese have formed populous colonies. In New York a paper has just been started called the *Chinese American*, and the typographical difficulty has been overcome by employing a photographic process. The copy is first of all traced by Chinese clerks in bold Indian-ink characters; it is then photographed, and by a well-known process, transferred to the lithographic stone, when as many copies can be taken as are required. The first edition of this unique newspaper obtained among the Chinese population of New York a circulation of eight thousand copies.

Herr Emil Herbringer has made some important archaeological discoveries at Mitla, a village in Mexico. Here he has found remains of ancient palaces and tombs, the walls of which are embellished with stone mosaics, and the roofs supported by columns, a style of architecture which seems to be common to the district. The explorer was not permitted to excavate the sites; but he obtained measurements and photographs. During these operations he and his Indian attendants used the tombs as sleeping apartments, until the latter discovered that they were haunted, and refused to occupy them any longer. The traveller intends to publish a book upon the subject of these discoveries, which will be illustrated by photographs.

The name *Schuldensteine* has been given by the people of Switzerland to certain smooth flat stones, hand-polished, and covered with dots, lines, circles, and semicircles, which have often been found in different parts of the country, and which have given rise to many conjectures as to their origin and meaning. Many have regarded them as charms or amulets, whilst others have seen in them an ancient mode of commemorating the dead; but in any case the markings upon them have represented undecipherable hieroglyphics. Herr Rödiger, who has made a large collection of these curious stones, has recently shown that they are simply charts of the districts in which they are found. The dots represent the towns and villages; and the lines indicate the roads, fairs, and mountain passes. In his collection he is able to piece together a stone map of the entire canton in which he resides. These stones would indicate the existence of large populations in prehistoric times, and many of the villages indicated by these stone-cut dots must be far older than the Christian era. Herr Rödiger compares the *Schuldensteine* to similar stones found in Germany, Scandinavia, India, and Asia, and considers that they add

another proof of the great antiquity of the Indo-Germanic races. He also considers that they furnish evidence of civilised habits, organised trade, and culture among these races at an indefinitely remote period.

An interesting collection of Cairo woodwork has recently been exhibited in London, and may possibly represent the first steps towards one of those manias for a particular style of decoration which from time to time attack civilised humanity. Here we have quaint little windows, perforated screens, all in native woodwork, and about five hundred years old. Despite its age, wood and workmanship are in excellent condition, and look as if they would well stand for another five centuries. If its effect be considered too sombre for English tastes, the latticed work can be gilded and painted to accord with the decorations of modern rooms; but it is never so treated in its native home. The arrival of this collection of Eastern relics has been followed by a protest from the Secretary of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings. He asserts that the beautiful city of Cairo is suffering from wholesale removal of woodwork, inlaid marbles, tiles, and other objects. These have been exported in large quantities to enrich museums and private collections, and have now acquired such a commercial value, that the owners are naturally tempted to part with them. It is very difficult to see how they can be prevented from doing so.

The taste for wood-carving we are glad to see revived in any form. In the present age there is far too much of the stucco element. Compounds of various kinds pressed into moulds take the place of the beautiful woodwork valued by our forefathers, and the sham strives to imitate the real. An effort to counteract this state of things is seen in the free studentships which are offered for wood-carving by the School of Art, Royal Albert Hall, South Kensington, in connection with the technical Institute of the City and guilds of London. Day and evening classes are open to all who wish to earn their livelihood by wood-carving, and the sole qualification is that candidates must have passed a simple examination in freehand drawing. Forms of application and prospectus can be obtained by application to the manager of the school.

Mr Edison will perhaps look upon it as an honour that his system of electric lighting has been selected for the illumination of the corridors and passages of the British House of Commons. The House itself is not yet to be lighted by electricity, for gas is found to answer every requirement; but the approaches to it are many of them so gloomy and dark, that a better mode of lighting has been found to be indispensable. In this connection we may note the interest which has been naturally manifested in the life of those little incandescent lamps, the type of which is represented by the Edison system of lighting. A carbon thread rendered white-hot for many hours every evening, although protected in a vacuum, does not seem to be a very stable arrangement, and many have imagined that the expense of replacing the lamps by new ones at short intervals of time must condemn the system. In the Savoy Theatre, London, which is wholly lighted by this type

of lamp—that of Swan—the little carbon threads have now held out for nearly four thousand hours, and we are told that there seems no reason why their lives should not extend to double that period.

The preparations for the International Fisheries Exhibition at South Kensington go on apace, and nearly twenty-three acres of ground are covered by the nearly-finished buildings which have been erected. Every foot of space has now been allotted to different nations, including ten thousand feet in answer to a somewhat late application from Russia. All kinds of apparatus will be exhibited, such as fishing-boats, nets, full-sized fish-markets, refrigerating vans for fish-conveyance, fisherman's cottages, steam-dredgers, and fog-horns. In addition to these, there will be salt and fresh water tanks, in which the fish can be seen in a living state. A notable feature of the Exhibition will be a daily demonstration by the National Training School of Cookery of the fact that coarser kinds of fish, which are not considered worth while sending to the London market, and which are frequently used for manure, can be made into palatable and nutritious food. The Exhibition will be ready by May-day, and it is hoped that Her Majesty will open it in person.

That much-d disliked creature the black beetle—which, however, is not quite black, neither is it a beetle—is more useful than is commonly imagined. We know that it is a good scavenger, eating up impartially every kind of refuse. But it is not in this connection that we must in future regard the value of the cockroach. In Russia, it is used as a medicine—a diuretic in certain diseases; and it is also not unknown in European practice as a relieving remedy in that distressing malady known as Bright's disease. The Professor in Jefferson's College, Philadelphia, tells us that physicians there prescribe the remedy, and he extols the virtues of cockroach tea. Its properties resemble those of cantharides, an insect of the same class, and having a more disagreeable smell than the cockroach. A solution of 'fat female cockroaches in whisky' has not a pleasant sound; but under a technical name the tincture would pass muster, and after all, would not be nastier in idea than many things which form part of our chosen diet—such, for instance, as over-ripe cheese.

The disinfecting apparatus of Schimmel & Co., Chemnitz, is now in use in many German hospitals, and is found to be thoroughly effective in purifying all kinds of clothing, the operation occupying about one hour and a half. The apparatus consists of a closed case with double walls of metal, between which is a packing of non-conducting material. The clothes to be treated are placed in linen bags and hung upon a kind of wagon, which is wheeled into the case. By the aid of steam-pipes the contents are submitted to a heat of a hundred and ten degrees centigrade for a certain time, after which the steam is allowed to act directly for a short period. The heating is once more applied, and the operation is complete.

We are glad to see that a movement is on foot for the establishment of a permanent meteorological station on Ben Nevis. We have more than once alluded to Mr Wragg's noble efforts to obtain records from the instruments provisionally

placed there, and how in all weathers he has faced the difficulties and perils of the ascent. His observations have indicated how useful a purpose a permanent station would fulfil; indeed, it is considered that Ben Nevis would hold the first place among the higher level stations of Europe. The sum required to build and equip a proper observatory on that mountain is five thousand pounds, an amount which will doubtless ere long be subscribed.

The New York silk exchange has received a consignment of twenty million Japanese silkworm eggs by direct importation *via* San Francisco. It is intended to distribute these eggs gratuitously throughout the country; and judging from the number of applications for them, the demand will be in excess of the supply. The eggs are fastened to cards about twelve inches square, and are in first-rate condition, many cultivators having already succeeded with them admirably.

Within the last year or two, sericulture (silk) has seen a great revival in France, and many people believe that it will once more rise to the position of a great industry there. The reasons for its declension are not far to seek. First of all came the competition of Japan, which was stimulated by the introduction of European methods of culture into that country. Italy also became a serious rival, principally on account of a better and more economical system of working. Then the French manufacturers helped the downward movement by the production of goods made from Eastern silks. Finally came the silkworm disease, and the trade was all but destroyed. The nature of this disease has been studied by the indefatigable M. Pasteur, who has pointed out a method whereby the moths can be examined, and the sound eggs separated from those which are infected. So the trade is being revived. But there are difficulties in the way of food, for many mulberry-trees have been devoted to fire-wood; and also in the matter of efficient help, for the hands trained to the work have naturally sought other employments. But both these are only temporary obstacles to the revival of an industry which only requires time for its development.

We last year called attention to some curious subsidences of earth at Blackheath, forming holes which at the time gave rise to much speculation. In many parts of Essex and Kent such pits are found, and they generally take the form of a shaft about fifty feet deep, and perhaps a couple of feet in width, terminating below in a hollowed-out chamber of considerable size. Such pits occur in the chalk, and are known as *dene*-holes. Mr James Hatch of Lenham, Kent, upon whose land several of these holes occur, has lately pointed out that they were formed long before the introduction of modern manures for agricultural purposes, and were doubtless made in order to reach the pure chalk. This chalk a few centuries ago was the best top-dressing for the land which was known, and in conjunction with farmyard manure, was the only fertiliser used.

A Company has been formed to construct a ship-canal across the upper end of the peninsula of Florida. Like the greater scheme of Panama, the beds of two rivers, one on each side of the peninsula, will be utilised as part of the projected

waterway, and no locks will be required. This uninterrupted channel will resemble that of Suez, but the cost of construction will be little more than a fourth of the latter. The amount of shipping which will pass through the new passage is estimated by the New York Board of Trade at a very large figure; and the large annual loss by wreckage on the southern coast of Florida will be avoided. The projectors claim that eight hundred miles of the most dangerous navigation in the world will be obviated by their enterprise, and that insurance upon cargoes will be so reduced as to effect a great saving in that item alone. We do not hear much of the Panama Canal just now, but the work continues to progress. We learn that many labourers from Jamaica are seeking the Isthmus, and are encouraged to remain when they get there. They stand the climate well, are good workers with pick and shovel, earn good wages, and are in most respects better off than they are at home.

Recent fatalities at sea have once more brought into prominence the urgent necessity for some improved means of signalling in foggy weather. Fog-signals on railways are simple enough; but on the trackless ocean something far more efficient must be employed. Powerful horns, whose notes can be arranged into short and long blasts, so as to speak a kind of Morse code, have long ago been devised. By such means a ship is able to indicate the course which she is steering. *Verb. sup.*

The care of the voice formed the subject of a recent lecture by Signor Alberto Bach. He said that while catarrhal affections of the larynx were of frequent occurrence among vocalists, singers were but very seldom attacked by bronchitis. Very few vocalists died of consumption. Singing being, as it were, a gymnastic exercise of the lungs, was an excellent prophylactic for those who had a tendency to disease of the lungs. Referring to the importance of breathing through the nostrils, which had never been sufficiently recognised, he said that vocalists ought in the morning, immediately after rising, to bestow particular attention to their nostrils. He was in the habit of using every morning, as a nose-bath, a large tumblerful of tepid water in which was dissolved a tablespoonful of table-salt. This water was gently drawn through the nostrils four or five times in succession; and he could earnestly recommend this process to every vocalist. By this means all foreign substances were removed, the air-passages were cleared, and it was a truly agreeable sensation to be able at once in the morning to inhale freely through the nostrils the fresh air. He further stated that hot spiced dishes, strong drink, and heavy tobacco injured the voice; and he took occasion to enter a most decided protest against the fashion of singing immediately after dinner. While we are on the subject, we may remind our readers that the habit of breathing through the nose, *with the mouth shut*, is useful when encountering draughts or malarious odours. In the one case the cold air is warmed before reaching the windpipe, while in the other the germs of disease may be arrested by the delicate hairs in the nostrils.

From facts just published, it would appear that London is not by any means the only place in the world where an aldermanic love of turble prevails. New York, we are told, receives every

year from a hundred and fifty to a hundred and eighty thousand pounds-weight of that delicious delicacy. Philadelphia and Baltimore consume together about fifty thousand pounds annually; but the most remarkable statement in the statistics is that the consumption of turtle in the large city of Boston amounts to only two thousand pounds-weight per year. Turtles are most plentiful during the summer; and when, as may happen at that season, the supply at New York is larger than the demand, they are kept afloat, and given cabbages, lettuce, celery-tops, and water-melon rinds, the last-named article of diet being the most highly prized. A temperature below forty degrees kills turtles, which, it may be mentioned, vary in size from a few pounds to over a quarter of a ton, the largest ever brought to New York having weighed five hundred and sixty pounds. The customers are almost invariably hotel and restaurant keepers.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

IS THE ELEPHANT DOOMED TO EXTINCTION?

At the recent sales of ivory in London there were a hundred and twenty-nine tons offered, almost all of which consisted of elephants' tusks, brought from various parts of Africa. The quality of the ivory offered at these sales was rather inferior, yet it brought seven hundred and fifty pounds per ton. Sheffield cutters and cutlery manufacturers were the chief purchasers. Dr C. B. Webster, the American consul at Sheffield, in a recent Report presented to his government, directed attention to the large proportion of very small tusks brought to market. This, of course, indicates how many elephants are destroyed in early youth. To show to what size many of these might have attained, Messrs Joseph Rodgers & Sons, of Sheffield, exhibit at their show-rooms an African elephant's tusk nine feet long, twenty-one inches in girth, and weighing a hundred and sixty pounds. This is among the largest tusks on record. Its present value is one hundred and thirty pounds. Dr Webster remarks that an animal large and strong enough to carry such a pair of incisors would attract more attention than Jumbo. It is estimated that the five thousand tons of ivory which enter Great Britain during the nine years from 1873 to 1881 inclusive represent two hundred and ninety-six thousand and sixteen pairs of tusks, and, consequently, the same number of elephants that have died or been slaughtered to supply the demands of luxury for the past nine years. At this rate of destruction, it is clear that the noble elephant must rapidly disappear, and ivory become a thing of the past, unless the traveller of the future should reveal fresh sources of supply on a vast scale, or manufacturers be content to use some kind of artificial ivory for many of the purposes to which real ivory is at present unnecessarily applied.

HOW WORKMEN ARE TRAINED ABROAD.

Mr Swire Smith, one of the Royal Commissioners on Technical Education, has made public some interesting facts relating to the system in use in Belgium for the training of artisans. The

Commissioners visited the gigantic iron and steel works of the Cockerill Company at Seraing, near Liège, founded in 1817 by John Cockerill, a Lancashire man. In the several departments of mining, smelting, forging, and machine-making, about ten thousand operatives are employed, with engines working at twelve thousand horse-power, while the wages paid amount to four hundred thousand pounds a year. The whole establishment is a marvel of completeness, efficiency, and labour-saving appliances. About a hundred draughtsmen are employed, of whom twenty-five are Germans and Swiss from the polytechnic schools of those countries; but there are no English. There are free night-schools attended by boys and adults from the works, numbering nearly two thousand; an industrial or technical school attended by about eighty fitters, boiler-makers, and the clever young men in all the departments; and a mining school with two hundred students. The director of the steel department informed the visitors that he requires all young men under eighteen in his department to attend the night-school; a monthly register is furnished to him, and he even punishes by expulsion from the works those who wilfully absent themselves without sufficient reason. Such is his faith in the industrial value of education. A similar state of things exists at the great zinc-works near Liège, the Vieille Montagne, where seven thousand five hundred men are employed, and where intelligence in all the operations is so much insisted on that the apprentices are required to attend evening-schools. Time-breaking through drink at these establishments is almost unknown. These facts cannot fail to be of interest in this country; and clearly point out the direction in which the education of our skilled workmen must tend, if we are to hold our own against continental nations.

BLACK RAIN.

On the 4th of May last year, a thunderstorm passed over the east of Berwickshire, accompanied by heavy showers of rain; and over an area of three or four miles in diameter, in the parish of Edrom, the rain was observed to be of a dark sooty colour. The streamlets into which the water flowed became dark in colour; and the rain left in pools, tubs, and sheep-boxes, was also dark-coloured. Clothes hanging out during the storm were so blackened that they required to be re-washed; and some of the water left in a basin deposited particles of black sediment on the sides of the vessel. On the same afternoon, a heavy shower of rain fell in the parish of Ashkirk, distant probably not less than thirty miles in a direct line from Edrom, and there also the water had an 'inky' or 'sooty' aspect.

An intelligent gentleman resident in the latter parish had his attention directed to the subject, and lifted, from a pool in a grass field distant from any house, a few ounces of the dark-coloured water. This quantity of water, he said, 'when viewed in body by transmitted artificial light, was of a neutral gray tint. The colouring matter, under a magnification of about ten diameters, was seen to be very finely diffused, and showed little tendency to "settle." Under a high magnification, the most conspicuous objects were numerous spore-case looking bodies, elliptical

in shape, and very dark in colour. These were not measured micrometrically, but their size would be about one five-hundredth of an inch in length, by rather less than half that in breadth. With a power of five hundred diameters, their contents were very distinctly granular. There were also many particles of granular matter, which had every appearance of being the discharged contents of the larger bodies.

Two samples of the Berwickshire 'black rain,' collected by Mr George Young, farmer, Blackadder, West Side, Chirnside, were sent in bottles to an analytical chemist in Edinburgh, who reported that both waters were dark in colour owing to the presence of organic and carbonaceous particles in mechanical suspension.

The waters otherwise possessed different proportions of various ingredients, due apparently to the places from which they were obtained. Both waters, however, were impregnated with spores and germs and infusorial organisms, which largely contributed to the organic matters. The tub from which one of the samples was taken was perfectly clean, so that the water taken from it was unpolluted by contact with any extraneous organic substances. Moreover, many credible witnesses testify to the blackness of the water quite away from dwellings or other polluting influences. All pools in the fields were black; sheep-boxes were filled with black water; the rivulets ran black; the river suddenly came down in a black flood; and clothes on hedges were in several instances so blackened that they required to be washed again. Taking the chemical analysis referred to as our basis, it may be calculated that a large quantity of solid matter must have fallen in the course of the shower. The rainfall was probably an inch and a half, and as each imperial gallon, according to the chemist, contained 43.56 grains of solid matter, this gives ten tons of solid matter for every hundred acres, or sixty tons to every square mile on which the 'black rain' fell.

Some curious questions are suggested by the fall of 'black rain,' including that of the agricultural value of the spores, germs, infusorial organisms, and ammonia. Showers of black rain are not unprecedented in the same locality, and one at least was observed in Roxburghshire in the summer of 1846, a year of great thunderstorms, and the year in which the potato disease became serious. The phenomenon is curious, and deserves some scientific investigation.

THE WEATHER AS IT AFFECTS THE SEA AND RIVER FISHERIES.

According to the *Scotsman*, the Council of the Scottish Meteorological Society has for some years been carrying on observations as to the relation which exists between the state of the weather and the catches of fish during the fishing season. Twenty sea thermometers were used daily for nine years in twenty fishing districts on the east coast of Scotland, and the results carefully registered. These results show a close relation between the fluctuations of the catches and changes of temperature, wind, sunshine, cloud, thunder, and other weather phenomena. Thus the observations show, for the six years ending with 1878, that a low tempera-

ture is attended with large catches, and a high temperature with small catches. Good catches are also had when the temperature registers about the average; high temperatures, if of short continuance, scarcely diminish the catches. So far as the results of observations have gone, it appears that the maximum catches are made when the temperature of the sea is about 55 degrees, but this point requires further investigation. Thunderstorms, if widespread, are followed for some days by small catches over the region covered by them. The Council has hitherto been unable, from want of funds, to follow up the observations already made, and to carry on certain investigations in physics and in natural history which are essential to this inquiry. Of the physical investigations may be mentioned the heating power of the sun's rays at different depths of the sea, which appears to have important bearings, directly and indirectly, on the depth at which herrings are caught.

About the same time the Society began to investigate the relation to meteorology of the salmon and trout fishings. Mr G. L. Pauline, of Berwick, noted for some years the daily catch on the lower Tweed and its mouth, and the temperature of the river above tide-mark. The results showed direct and important relations between the temperature of the river and the catch of sea-trout and grilse; and, as regards the catch of salmon, it was found that other influences than temperature of the water were required to be taken into account, such as floods, and the temperature of the sea into which the river falls. In 1878, Mr Archibald Young, Scottish Fishery Commissioner, suggested that the earliness or lateness of salmon rivers was probably due to the difference between the temperature of rivers and that of the sea at their mouths. The Council took the idea into consideration, and as the observations required to determine the point were of a novel character, special thermometers, and special boxes for their protection, were designed by Mr T. Stevenson, honorary secretary—these thermometers showing the maximum and minimum temperature each day on the river and the sea.

The desiderata at present requiring to be supplied in carrying on the investigation of sea and river fishings are:—(1) Fuller and more exact observations of the temperature of the sea at the surface, and at different depths, by the fishermen at the fishing grounds; (2) the resumption of continuous maximum and minimum temperature observations at Peterhead, and the establishment of similar observations at other points round the coast; (3) the observation of maximum and minimum temperatures in the more important salmon rivers; (4) daily temperature of the sea, by boat at some distance from land, at about six selected places; (5) the discussion of past observations, particularly of the herring fishings; (6) assistance of specialists in carrying on investigations into the food of the herring, and into the heating power of the sun's rays at different depths.

Fortunately, the pecuniary success of the Fisheries Exhibition held in Edinburgh in the spring of last year has enabled the Exhibition Committee to hand over to the Meteorological Society a fair surplus fund, to be devoted by that Society to the elucidation of the above

questions; and in connection with this, the Council of the Society propose to spend the whole of the funds in the furtherance of their inquiries as to sea and river fishing; and for this purpose, numerous stations are to be formed, at which skilful observers will take note of the points to which the Society's efforts are directed. In order to increase the staff of efficient observers, Mr Buchan, the Secretary of the Society, and other qualified gentlemen, will from time to time visit the several fishing stations, and impart to the fishermen such instruction as will enable them to make accurate use of the instruments required in the observations. The scheme has much promise in it.

NEW Piscicultural Establishment for the TAY DISTRICT.

From the *Field*, we learn that the desirability of an extension of the piscicultural establishment at Stormontfield, or the formation of a new one on an improved system in another locality, was long under the consideration of the Tay Fishery Board, and at length a new hatchery for salmon ova has been constructed at Newmill, on the Earl of Kinnoull's grounds at Dupplin, which overlook the lower valley of the Earn. The plan is entirely different from that of Stormontfield, and has been adopted from the fish-hatcheries at Howietoun, near Stirling, belonging to Sir James Gibson-Maitland; the principle being that the ova are deposited in boxes covered-in from the weather, and the fry transferred to the rivers soon after hatching, and without being artificially fed. The Newmill hatchery is built into the breast of a bane or eminence; the walls are of timber and concrete, and the roof lathed and plastered, with skylights at each end, and perforated zinc ventilators. The house is forty-five feet in length by fifteen feet broad. The breeding-boxes are twenty in number, each being seven feet long by nineteen inches broad, and six inches deep, churred inside, to prevent the growth of fungi. They are arranged in four rows—a double row in the centre of the place, and a row along each of the side-walls. The boxes are oblong-shaped, each divided into two longitudinal sections, across which are placed small glass tubes—called tubular glass grills—resting at a little distance from the bottom, but so as to be completely submerged, and on these tubes the ova are to be placed. Carefully filtered water will be supplied from a couple of springs, as, according to the new principle, spring-water is considered the most favorable for the hatching; but when that stage is completed, lock-water from the loch at Dupplin Castle will be substituted, as being the best for the fry. The water will flow in a steady even stream over the boxes to a depth of three and a-half inches; and when the ova are hatched, the glass tubes will be removed, that the fry may swim about.

One advantage of the system is, that all the ova will be distinctly seen, and those found to be decaying can be easily removed. Each box will be stocked with fifteen thousand ova, so that the whole will contain three hundred thousand ova. It is held that this system will in its results prove much superior to that in operation at Stormontfield, where only from ten to twenty per cent.

of the ova, it is believed, come to maturity; while Sir James Gibson-Maitland estimates that on the new plan about ninety or ninety-five per cent. of the ova will be hatched. Finally, the fry will be carried to the Tay and other rivers with perfect safety, in large kettles, capable of containing from eight to ten thousand young fish.

HOW TO GET RID OF RATS.

The plague which rats are in many places renders justifiable almost any means of getting rid of them. A correspondent who has had practical experience, writes to a contemporary stating that caustic soda is the best and speediest means of getting rid of them. 'Cream caustic soda, seventy degrees in strength, costs,' he says, 'nine pounds per ton, but can be purchased in tin kegs from any drysalter at about ten shillings per hundredweight. It is in a solid state, and can be easily broken up in small pieces large enough to push into a rat-hole. I proceed to use it thus: Melt some in an iron or stoneware vessel, and pour it into the holes so that the ground around may be saturated with it; then jam one or two pieces into the holes, so that the rats may not undermine and scratch them away. When the rats come to the mouth of the hole and smell the soda, they will begin to scratch under to remove it; but the fluid soda has wet the soil or stones around, and their feet will get blistered, and they cannot remove the solid pieces. Exposure to the air keeps the surface of the soda always wet; but long before the pieces are entirely melted away, the rats will have forsaken that hole. As to dogs or poultry suffering by its use, care should be taken to keep them from touching it. Where the ground is undermined by a series of holes, I would insert pieces of wood covered with soda into the holes, and slowly pour a quantity of the melted soda on the ground around, giving time for it to dry in. Rats are exceedingly cunning; and if they find themselves constantly liable to get themselves severely burned when running about their favourite haunts, they will entirely forsake the premises. As to handling caustic soda, it should not be touched with the ungloved hand, and care should be used when breaking it not to let it spark on the face or eyes; and I think, with these instructions and a little perseverance, the man must be careless who cannot free his house or buildings from rats.'

INDIAN PICTURE-WRITING.

When James Nasmyth, the inventor of the steam-hammer, was travelling abroad, and at a loss for the language, he almost invariably had recourse to his pencil, and on one occasion illustrated the dinner he wanted; and being obliged to start early next morning, he sketched a vehicle standing at the door at sunrise, much to the amusement of his host and hostess. This is an example of modern picture-writing; but that of the ancients is a great deal harder to interpret. We have heard a great deal about the hieroglyphics of Egypt and Arabia, but not so much about the rude picture-writing of the western Indian tribes. On the coarse granitic rocks of several rivers in British Guiana are various curious carvings, which have been a puzzle to all who

have looked upon them. The Indians of Guiana—a harmless and peaceable race, fast becoming extinct before the advances of the white man—know nothing of their origin, and credit these rock-pictures to their great spirit Maknainina.

A pamphlet (price two shillings) has been written by Mr A. Winter entitled *Indian Pictured Rocks of Guiana* (published by Judd & Co., of Doctors' Commons, London), with illustrations, from which it appears that these scratchings are of two kinds, deep and shallow. We give the author's interpretations of a few of these hieroglyphics, which, while leaving room for difference of opinion, have the merit of being suggestive and ingenious. He traces a resemblance in some of these mystic figures to the idolatries of the East. One example on the Rio Negro shows two ships on a detached rock and a group of thirteen men in a row, dancing. One of the ships is apparently being built, the other is being launched. Mr Winter hazards the conjecture that these dancing figures may mark the arrival in that region, in 1540, of Gonzalo Pizarro, brother of the conqueror of Peru, who also built a brigantine when in the country. The impression made upon the native mind by the building of a boat in their midst is thus recorded upon the rock.

A very common representation on these rocks is that of a knotted cord, evidently an Indian way of marking the time, like the present method of a string of beads. At Waraputa Falls, on the Essequibo, there is the representation of a group of small crosses in a confused mass like a cluster of stars. The symbol occurs on the figure of Thaloe, the Mexican rain-god, and Mr Winter concludes that this may be the record of some catastrophe attendant on a great storm. Other curious astronomical figures might be the record of the appearance of a comet. Some shallow-cut carvings on the Berbice and Corentyne rivers are supposed to be the work of sun-worshippers. This may be so, if the figures are to be understood as representing the sun, the luminary being tied by a 'rope' to the earth to keep it within its orbit. This little book has been issued with the view of raising funds for the Indian Mission in the Upper Potaro district, British Guiana.

THE NEGLECT OF OIL.

During the tempest which raged on Tuesday the 6th of March, the *Navarre*, a powerful steamer, went down in the North Sea, and, with the exception of sixteen persons who were saved, all her passengers and crew, together numbering about eighty, went down with her. Two smacks which happened to be near at hand rendered some assistance to the unfortunates who happened to be on board the sinking vessel, several of whom were after a severe struggle rescued and taken ashore. From all the accounts we have read of this direful catastrophe, we see no mention of Oil having been even thought of as a means of endeavouring to calm the billows which we are told broke on board, swept all before them, flooded the hold and engine-room, and sent the ill-fated craft to the bottom.

In the present Part of this *Journal* we have given another instance (one of many already cited

in our pages) of a ship, the *Glamorganshire*, having been saved by the timely use of oil; and with such examples on record, we are amazed to note the apathy with which this simple life-saving appliance is still regarded. Ship-captains and sailors of every class must now be quite cognisant of the fact that oil, cast overboard, will prevent even the highest waves from breaking, and that almost any craft will ride-out a billowy but unbroken sea.

Ships that leave port unfurnished with oil in case of emergency, are defrauded of one of their chief elements of safety; and those who own and command them ought to be held criminally responsible.

AN EASTER THOUGHT.

SIXES the thrush from branches budding
In the first fresh April green;
Gleams the yellow cowslip, studding
All the meads with ruddy sheen;
And the bee in rapture settles,
There the fragrant store to find;
And the wind-flower spreads its petals
To the sunny southern wind.

Oh, while all things are awaking
In this busy world around,
Say, must hearts alone be breaking
For the bliss they have not found?
And must blighted souls' affliction
Like dead leaves be cast aside—
Shall it have no resurrection
In a heavenly Easter-tide?

Surely, He whose power can waken
Life within the leafless tree,
And to woodlands, flower-forsaken,
Bring again the bird and bee—
He can wake to life and duty
Human souls enchain'd by sin,
And bring forth the hidden beauty
Of His Image stamp'd within.

Oh, when broods the dark December
Over blighted tree and flower,
Hopefully we will remember
Beauties waked by sun and shower;
And when mists of shame and sorrow,
And thick darkness, round us roll,
We will look for God's To-morrow,
Bringing Easter to the soul!

J. H.

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SHETLAND AND ITS INDUSTRIES.

BY SHERIFF RAMPIN.

IN TWO PARTS.—I. INLAND INDUSTRIES.

WITHIN the last few years, and particularly within the last decade, 'the naked melancholy isles of farthest Thule' have been attracting a considerable amount of public attention, from the extraordinary progress which they have made, and are still making, in the development of their resources, and in the intellectual and social advancement of their inhabitants. Not the least remarkable feature in this progress is the manifestation of an energetic and intelligent public spirit, which is probably the best guarantee for their increasing prosperity, and which is already showing good results in every department of social life. It is not so long ago that the grievances of the oppressed inhabitants of Zetland were a fruitful topic of discussion amongst all interested in these remote islands. So late as the year 1873, a pamphlet was published under the title of 'Semi-serfdom in the Shetland Islands,' in which the unhappy condition of the Shetland peasant was set forth with considerable force and no less considerable warmth in a letter to a Member of Parliament. If there was a certain amount of exaggeration in depicting the Shetland fisherman and crofter as an hereditary bondsman, cowed, apathetic, insufficiently fed, miserably housed, destitute of medical aid, totally uneducated either in spiritual or in secular instruction—the Report of the Truck Commission in 1872 lent at least some weight to the assertion, and disclosed certain abuses of which he undoubtedly had good right to complain.

But it is satisfactory to think that these are in a great measure things of the past, and that the Shetland peasant of to-day, as well as those above him in the social scale—fishcurers and landlords alike—is as devout a believer in the new social gospel of co-operation, energy, industry, and thrift, as his most ardent well-wishers may for the present desire. Traces, it

must be admitted, of the old heaven still exist; the old spirit of monopoly and class interest is not yet wholly extinct. But it is powerless to withstand the increasing force of public opinion; and soon the capital, and with it the influence of the islands, will be in the hands of those to whom it was for centuries denied, and who, if present indications are not deceitful, may be trusted to employ it in promoting the best interests of their sea-girt home. At the present day, there is probably no more contented a peasantry within the whole of Her Majesty's dominions than that of Shetland. The relations between landlord and tenant, between fisherman and curer, are of the most amicable description; and if the remarkable increase in certain branches of the industries of the islands has for the moment operated in effecting a modification of the condition under which business is transacted between these last two, this is a matter which cannot fail to right itself without the slightest friction and at no distant date. The worst office that could possibly be done to the Shetland fisherman and crofter would be to instillate a suspicion that the oppressions of the last generation are being perpetuated in this.

To those to whom the rise of a hitherto obscure community is a subject of interest, as well as to those who are anxious to see the last vestiges of a condition of social manners, customs, and habits of thought which is fast disappearing from our midst, we can confidently recommend a visit to Shetland. Only fifty years ago, such an excursion would have to be made by sailing-vessel, and the time occupied on the voyage would probably have been a week at the least. But the powerful and comfortable steamers of the North of Scotland, Orkney and Shetland Steam Navigation Company, now make the run of two hundred and fifty miles from Leith in thirty-six hours; and with mails thrice a week in summer and twice in winter, a trip to Thule has been brought within the fast-enlarging circle of ordinary holiday tours.

Nor need the discomforts of the voyage deter

the stranger. Such crucial passages as the entrance to the Moray Firth, the crossing of the Pentland Firth and the Roost of Sum-burgh may, in the ordinary case, be traversed in summer without the slightest discomfort. It is otherwise, no doubt, during the boisterous gales of spring and autumn. But at such seasons—if for no other reason than that Shet-land is not then seen at its best—the tra-veller had better stay at home. The cold gray skies, the tearing winds, the thick fogs which occasionally visit the islands, are apt to exercise a depressing effect upon his imagination, and lead him to think of Shetland as a desert of peat-hag and weathered rock—of ‘mosses and mount and wilderness, guhairin are divers great wateris.’ No impression could be more unjust. If the hundred islands, holms, and skerries which go to make up the Shetland archipelago are destitute of the soft graces which mountain and river, tree and stream, confer upon more southerly regions, they are not without a beauty of their own. Apart from their unequalled rock-scenery—their iron-bound cliffs, their insulated stacks, their penetrating caves, their deeply-indented creeks and voes and gyoies—they can show many a green valley, many a solitary loch, many a gravelly beach covered with fishermen’s cottages, and with heaps of cod and tusk and ling drying in the sun, which would form no unworthy subject for the artist’s pencil. Alike in landscape and seascape their charms attract a yearly increasing crowd of summer tourists; and the two excellent hotels and the numerous lodging-houses of Lerwick are taxed to their utmost to supply the accommodation which so large an influx of strangers demands.

It is in Lerwick, the capital of the islands, and a town of about four thousand inhabitants, that this blending of the old and the new to which we have already referred as being so characteristic of modern Shetland, is principally observable. Of comparatively modern erection—its first house was built only two hundred years ago—it has already an old and a new town. The old is still the business part of the town. It consists of a single paved street, following the outline of the bay, and so narrow in some places that a four-wheeled vehicle can with difficulty thread its way through. It is distinguished by its old-fashioned small-windowed houses, whose gray gables abut into the sea, to facilitate, it is said, the landing in olden times of many a pipe of Rhenish wine and many a ‘graybeard’ of Hollands which never paid toll to His Majesty’s Exchequer. From this single street, steep lanes or *trances*, crowded with mean dwellings, lead up to the ridge called the Hillhead, on which the new town is situated. On this ridge—of which Fort Charlotte and the Anderson Institute, an important educational establishment, form respectively the northern and southern extremities—are to be found the seven churches of which Lerwick can boast, the

county buildings, the handsome town-hall and municipal buildings now in course of erection, the public and infant schools, and the villas and cottages of the richer class of citizens. The whole of this new town has sprung up within the last fifteen or sixteen years. The first feu was allotted in the year 1866; and if building proceeds at the same rate as at present, before another fifteen years have expired, the over-crowding which is the main drawback to the prosperity of Lerwick may be expected to be a thing of the past.

At present, the municipal authorities experience great difficulty in enforcing the statutory provisions as to lodging-house accommodation. Since the establishment of the Royal Naval Reserve force in 1859, Lerwick has steadily advanced, until it is now one of the principal stations in the kingdom. During the six months from 1st October to 31st March, the town receives annually an influx of about eleven hundred men. The course of instruction lasts for twenty-eight days, and the average number of men on drill daily is one hundred and ninety-eight. To provide lodgings for so many fisher-men and seamen severely taxes the resources of the town, as the number of its inhabited houses is as yet only nine hundred and sixty-seven. But as each first-class Reserve man receives one guinea per week when on drill and six pounds retaining fee, and each second-class man nineteen shillings and threepence drill-pay and two pounds twelve shillings retaining fee, whereby a large sum of money is brought annually into Shetland, the local authorities are obliged to shut their eyes to a state of things of which they seriously disapprove, rather than lose the benefit which so great an increase of wealth must necessarily produce to a poor country like Zetland.

In respect of lighting, water, and sewerage, Lerwick, though its sanitary condition is not yet ideally perfect, has made great strides within the last few years. Gas was introduced in the spring of 1856 by a Company, which—taking the average of the last ten years, and with gas at the almost prohibitory rate of from eleven shillings and sixpence to nine shillings and twopence per thousand cubic feet—already pays a dividend of six per cent. The elaborate system of water-supply and sewerage, carried out by the Messrs Leslie, C.E. of Edinburgh, at a cost of four thousand four hundred and fifty pounds for water, and two thousand three hundred and sixty-five pounds for sewerage, was established in 1871. The new Cemetery, on the steep promontory ending in the conical stack called the Knaab, to the south of the town, and beyond its actual limits, was opened in 1874. Altogether, it only needs a public hospital, a combination poorhouse, and a commodious covered-in market—all of which will doubtless come in due time—to make Lerwick one of the best equipped towns in the whole of the north of Scotland.

Of the public works presently in progress, the most important are the town-hall—of which the foundation stone was laid by the Duke of Edinburgh, on the 24th January 1882—and the harbour-works. The former is being erected by a limited Company, from the designs of Mr Alexander Ross, the eminent architect of Inverness Cathedral; and looking to the very numerous gifts

of stained-glass windows, stone carvings, ornamental mantel-pieces, and other decorations with which it is being enriched, it bids fair to be one of the most interesting buildings of its kind in the kingdom. Besides a spacious and handsome Hall for public meetings and entertainments, a Burgh Court Room, police cells, and Town Clerk's office, it will provide accommodation for the Customs and Inland Revenue, for one of the two Masonic lodges in Lerwick, for the Good Templars, and for the Shetland Club. The harbour-works consist of a stone and iron pier, and a spacious esplanade extending almost the whole length of the town, and which it is expected will relieve to a great extent the plethora of traffic which at times renders Commercial Street inconveniently crowded. The cost of these works is estimated at fifteen thousand pounds.

In all those minor matters which conduce to the amenities of life, the inhabitants of Lerwick show a praiseworthy energy. A Reading-room with daily telegrams has recently been established by the Shetland Literary and Scientific Society, whose Library and Book-club form the sole means of recreation which the Shetlanders at present possess. For the last three years, the regatta of the Lerwick Boating Club has been the means of providing the Lerwegians with an annual holiday, which is much appreciated. Within the last few months, a Horticultural Society has been instituted to encourage the cultivation and distribution of flowers, principally amongst the poorer classes. Besides this, Lerwick possesses football, cricket, and swimming clubs; a choral society which gives two or three concerts annually; and lawn-tennis finds in the far North some of its most diligent votaries.

It speaks volumes for the law-abiding character of the Shetlanders that the whole police force in the islands consists of only two men—a county and a burgh superintendent. Serious crime is all but unknown. Drunkenness, even during the festivities of Yuletide, is almost entirely absent from the streets. During the first fortnight of January of this year, six hundred persons donned the Blue Ribbon, and of these upwards of four hundred took the pledge.

Nothing strikes the stranger so forcibly on his first visit to Lerwick as the essentially Norse character of the town and its inhabitants. The names on the shop-doors, the *patois* of the lower classes, the street scenes, the physical appearance of the people, all remind one of Scandinavia. The scandalised peat-women, carrying home their winter fuel in straw baskets, called 'keyshies,' on their backs, from the Stony Hill, knitting assiduously as they tramp along; the blue-eyed fishermen with their circular piltock nets over their shoulders; the panniered ponies, laden with geese and fowl and other country produce; the long fish-spears lunging up outside every cottage door; the paucity of carts and carriages—give Lerwick a foreign complexion which is both picturesque and unique. And when, in early summer, the 'booms' and luggers of the Dutch fishing-fleet crowd its landlocked harbours, and petticoated, red-shirted, 'clumper'-shod Hollanders, smoking luffpenny cigars, through its streets, the visitor may well rub his eyes, and wonder if he has not mistaken his destination, and landed in some sea-faring place of the Netherlands or Sweden,

instead of the Scottish port for which his ticket had been taken.

If perchance he penetrates into the country districts of the islands, this feeling will be intensified. The Shetland 'toun,' with its straw-thatched cottages, its peat-stacks, its flocks of errant geese, and its patches of *runrig** cultivation, is unlike any Scotch or English hamlet. Beyond its turf-dikes is the 'sextail' or common, in which each cottager has a right of property in proportion to the extent of meek-lands† he holds within the 'toun.' Here the peasant depastures his stock—his flocks of black, white, brown, and moor-coloured (a brownish red) sheep; his herds of shaggy wild-eyed ponies; and during the day at least, his short-legged, small-horned, handsome little kine. Here he cuts his peats for the winter, using for that purpose a spade-like instrument called a 'tuskor,' which lifts each peat entire. Here he collects his store of manure for the farmwork of his little croft, 'scalping' the turf for that purpose, to the no small detriment, it must be confessed, of the beauty of the landscape. And here, in some sheltered spot, where the soil is rich and dry, he establishes his 'plantative' or kail-yard, surrounding it with a dry-stone dike, to prevent the intrusion of sheep.

Notwithstanding the considerable advance that has been made within the last thirty or forty years, agriculture in Shetland—probably for the very good reason that Shetland is a grazing rather than an arable county—is still in a backward condition. The old wooden hand-plough, still to be seen in some parts of Norway, and once universal, has almost entirely disappeared. But the harrow with wooden teeth, and the small sharp spear-shaped spade with a wooden foot-piece, which is always worked down-hill, are yet in common use. Manure is carried in straw baskets, chiefly on the backs of women. The sickle is used in reaping, the scythe being seldom employed except for mowing the meadows. In the 'ben'-end of almost every cottage—for the poorest has its 'but' and its 'ben'—is a rude kiln for drying corn. "This kiln, of an oblong form, is called a 'ciny,' is furnished with ribs of wood, and covered with oat-straw called 'gloy,' and the grain is laid on the top. In an opening about one foot square in the end of the kiln, a gentle peat-fire is kept up; till the corn is sufficiently dried. The grain is then taken off, put into a straw basket called a 'akeb,' and rubbed while warm under the feet, to detach the beard and dust. It is next winnowed between two doors where there is a current of wind, or in the open air; put into another straw basket called a 'buddy,' and carried to the mill to be ground. But the old Shetland mill, spanning a mountain stream, with its wooden horizontal water-wheel and its primitive machinery, is now scarcely ever seen in use.

* *Runrig*, a term applied to a kind of cultivation once common throughout Scotland, in which the alternate patches or ridges of a field belonged to different proprietors or tenants.

† *Meek-lands* is another term, once common to all Scotland, and now generally obsolete. The extent of land so designated from the number of meeks—a meek representing one shilling and a penny sterling—which the holder annually paid by way of tax to the sovereign or superior from whom the lands were held.

Bere—a coarse kind of barley—and oats are the principal grains cultivated. The 'voat' or seed-time does not commence till the end of March.

Most of the work on the crofts of the peasantry is done by the weaker sex; for here, as in other essentially fishing communities, 'the woman is the better man.' But judging from present appearances, the days of the Shetland crofter are numbered, as every year greater attention is being paid to fishing. Such a result would undoubtedly be a benefit to Shetland. Large farms, properly drained, with thrashing-machines, reaping-machines, and a regular rotation of crops, such as those which already exist and prosper in some parts of the islands, would supplant the slovenly and wasteful *petite culture* which at present too exclusively prevails; and the Shetland peasant, freed from a labour for which he is unfitted, would reap his harvest from the sea, which is his peculiar, and after all his richest freehold, and the various aspects of which we shall consider in our next paper.

ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOT.

BY JOHN R. HAWWOOD.

CHAPTER XIV.—HALF AN HOUR TOO SOON.

AN invitation to dinner may mean much or little. There are some such biddings which are of the nature of those gold medals of honour conferred at Exhibitions, whereof advertising firms make capital so excusably; whereas others are the mere small coin or unconsidered counters of every-day social existence. To be chronicled in the *Morning Post* as a diner at Macbeth House is a valuable certificate for a young man who has his way to make in society or the professions. To be registered among the feasters at Maudeville House confers a certain celebrity, less solid, but more brilliant. To be the guest of such an entertainer as Sir Pagan Carew would, to the wary and veteran diner-out of London, have suggested nothing but the certainty of bad cookery and dubious vintages, and the still worse probability of making those queer acquaintances whom it is so proverbially difficult to cold-shoulder or to shake off. Yet Arthur Talbot went cheerfully enough to keep his appointment in Bruton Street. He knew the baronet, and liked him well, although there was a wide gulf, as to culture and tone of thought, between the two men. And then Sir Pagan was Clare's brother; albeit Clare herself was probably quite as much of an enigma to her kith and kin as she was becoming to himself. Could it be that prosperity and pomp, and splendour and power, were combining to spoil that fine nature, and that the delicate sweet young girl, who had grown up like a wild blossom amidst the dark Devon moors, was now becoming cold and egotistical in the proud solitude of her high position! He feared so; and yet—

Bruton Street at last; not that the way had seemed long to Arthur, wrapped in meditation as he was; and he laid his hand upon the rusty knocker and awoke the echoes within. A man, in shirt-sleeves and very hot, with a white cravat and black garments, but with 'greengrocer' plainly written on his ingenuous countenance,

came bustling to the door, and admitted the guest, with an air of manifest disappointment that he was not some emissary from florist or pastrycook. Another man, Sir Pagan's nondescript servant in livery, more groom than footman, then appeared, hastily shaking himself into his bright-buttoned coat. The narrow hall was dimly lighted, and littered with trays and wine-baskets; and from the dining-room itself there came a portentous hum and clatter of preparation. Arthur was hurriedly ushered up the darkling staircase, and into the faded drawing-room, where the gas was blazing brightly enough. The room had only one occupant, a slender girl, dressed in black, who was arranging some fresh-cut flowers in a great porcelain vase that stood in the centre of an old-fashioned loo-table. She started, and turned round like a frightened fawn at the sound of the opening door and the muttered announcement of the visitor's name. There was no mistaking the beautiful young face, crowned by golden hair.

'Mr Talbot' said the girl timidly, and then held out her hand in sign of greeting. She had let the tiny basket which she held drop upon the floor, and one or two of the blossoms and a tuft of moss were strewn over the carpet.

Arthur stooped to pick them up. 'I startled you, I fear,' he said, smiling. 'I am here by your brother's invitation; and from the terms of it, I did not expect'—

'To see me,' answered she to whom he spoke, as he hesitated. 'I suppose not; and I, too, was quite taken by surprise, though you are an old friend, Mr Talbot. This is one of Pagan's bachelor parties; and I was trying to be useful, and was afraid that, like Cinderella at the ball, I had overstayed my time, and that it was more than half-past eight, and my brother's guests arriving.'

'Mine was a verbal invitation—I thought it was for eight o'clock,' said Talbot, half amused and half annoyed at his own inadvertence, as he glanced at the gilt clock on the chimney-piece, of chipped but massive marble. 'I begin to see what a blunder I have made, and that I have come half an hour too soon. I only hope that you will forgive my rustic awkwardness, and not let me banish you from the drawing-room. It would be fitter if I, as the trespasser, were to take flight. Perhaps you will let me help you with the flowers, or, at anyrate hold the basket. I think I might be capable of that.'

His host's sister accepted his assistance readily enough, as, with patient care, she put the final touches to the arrangement of the flowers in the vase; but her face was averted, and her slender white fingers trembled very much, so that the process was a slow one. Arthur himself felt embarrassed at a meeting so wholly unexpected. How well, in Egypt, had he known the two sisters. Then, they had appeared all but inseparable; now something, he could not conjecture what, had occurred to occasion an estrangement between them. Talbot was far from grasping the key of the enigma. Lady Barbara's oracular utterances had implied that the blame for this sudden separation lay at the door of the sister now before him; but then, of what imaginable fault could she have been guilty? and was it possible that some feminine quarrel, some silly

ebullition of temper, had been misconstrued and magnified, perhaps by the injudicious partisanship of the dignified aunt of the late Marquis, and had thus brought about a severance between those who had seemed indissolubly united?

'I was at Leominster House yesterday,' said Arthur, who felt it incumbent on him to change the subject. 'I should not have called—not yet, at least; but Lady Barbara, who was most gracious, insisted on my doing so; and the Marchioness'—

As if a wisp had stung her, the girl started from him, and all the colour faded from her face, while her eyes dilated, and she gazed at him with a sort of horror that was to him perplexing and painful withal. 'You have been there—been to her?' she asked, as if incredulous.

'There must be some mistake,' said Talbot gently. 'I merely mentioned my visit, at Lady Barbara Montgomery's express wish, at Leominster House, and that the Marchioness, your sister'—

'The Marchioness!—my sister!' interrupted the girl, with a long quivering cry of anger.—'Is it possible—can it be, that you have not heard!'—

'Hear! what?' asked Talbot, with pitying softness in his tone, for he could mark her grief and agitation, while he could not, had his very life depended on it, divine its cause.

'I thought,' answered the girl piteously, 'that Pagan—that my brother would have told you—and he and he are friends—so were we two, not long ago, in that country that now seems so far away. But he has, it seems, left it to me to tell you, if I can, the dreadful truth.—Mr Talbot, I added, looking him full in the face, though her blue eyes swam with tears, and her voice was tremulous and broken, 'who am I? For whom do you take me?'

Never had Arthur been asked so bewildering a question. 'Really—Miss Carew,' he began; when his hesitating speech was interrupted by a passionate outburst of sobs, and, covering her face with her hands, his entertainer's sister rushed from the room, the quicker, perhaps, because at that moment there was the unmistakable sound of feet and voices on the staircase; and soon the door of the drawing-room was flung open, and 'Sir Thomas Jenks,' 'Captain Spurrier,' 'Mr Beamish,' were announced in rapid succession by the footman.

Three gentlemen came in. The first was old Sir Thomas Jenks—a very aged baronet, not too well off. Well-meaning, dull Sir Thomas had a wife and daughters at home, and was by far too domestic a character to be a frequent diner-out *en garçon*. But he had a high traditional regard for the decayed House of Carew, and would have felt a pang had he refused the invitation of his brother baronet.

Of a very different mould was gallant Captain Spurrier, once, in India and on the Afghan frontier, reputed a dashing officer of light cavalry, and who had only needed the opportunity of a protracted European war to win renown with his sword. As it was, he was out of the army long ago, and lived and won laurels such as they were, by risking his neck fearlessly on any horse a pituitous chose to offer, on any steeple-

chase course in all Europe. His new career was far more dangerous than his old one, since life and limb were perpetually in peril, and fraught with the temptations that beset the gentleman rider even more than the humbly-born jockey. But, 'as honest as Spurrier' was a proverb on the racecourse, and a good deal of his desperately won earnings found its way to a quiet villa on the seacoast near Whitby, where an old mother and two spinster sisters had much cause to pray for his life.

Of another mould, too, though a meaner one, was glib Mr Beamish, the rattling Irish barrister, whose two great ambitions were to win an English wife noble and well endowed, and a British borough, by the strength of his fluent tongue and facile gesticulation; and who really seemed, in an epoch like our own, when blatant charlatans find only too many ears open to their audacious assertions, likely to succeed in both of these modest aspirations. Envious Irishmen, lower down the ladder of social life, averred that 'Patsy Beamish's' father had been a waiter in a Cork hotel, and that 'Patsy' himself had been errand-boy, boot's deputy, and winner of other gossens' halfpence at pitch-and-toss on the quays, long before his papa's savings sent him up to become a student of Trinity College and a bewigged ornament of the Irish bar. A clever fellow, unquestionably, and a rising man, as some newspapers protested, was Mr Beamish from Ireland.

Then came bursting in Sir Pagan, the host, hot and flustered, after his scamper home in a hansom, and his hurried toilet, apologising to his guests, individually, as he wrung their hands in turn, for his own non-appearance to receive them. 'So sorry, Sir Thomas—business engagement—hope I didn't keep you long.'—'Beg pardon, Mr Beamish; couldn't get away.'—'Talbot, you'll forgive my being so rude as'—'Sorry, Spurrier; but I was kept, ten miles from London, about a horse that Cockermouth—that fellow in the Launcers—wants to sell. He's a grand horse to look at.' These last sentences were uttered in a low and semi-confidential tone.

'Ah, a horse; did you buy him?' asked the Captain, puckering up his clear dark eyes, as was his wont when he scanned an ugly place in the fence towards which he was, professionally, riding hard in silken jacket. Never had he himself pocketed a wrongful sixpence; but he knew how slippery are the paths on which those who deal in horses, whether to buy, sell, or bet, must travel, and how hard it is to be concerned about those noble, all-enduring animals without degenerating into knave or dupe.

'No, I didn't,' retorted the baronet expressively, as if he had been saved from a great danger; and then he turned to welcome 'Mr Fulford,' 'Colonel Prideaux,' and one or two more honest Devon gentlemen, who had stretched a point to avail themselves of the invitation of a Carew of Carew. Then in came the two or three other guests, mere London diners-out, clubmen of no especial note; and then dinner was announced, and there was a shambling progress down-stairs, made especially awkward by old Sir Thomas Jenks, who, with his antiquated politeness, turned to apologise to his followers for preceding them down the narrow staircase, and caused more than

one clumsy stoppage before the banqueting hall was reached.

It was a bad dinner. It could scarcely be otherwise, given as it was in Bruton Street, by a bachelor baronet on the verge of bankruptcy, and whose straitened circumstances did not permit him to secure the services of that *rara avis* of domesticity, a good cook. Some of the battered old Carew plate had as yet escaped the melting-pot of the silversmith; and with the aid of fresh flowers and hothouse fruit, it made as brave a show as it could; but the waiting was bad, the made-dishes were as indigestible compounds as the perversity of a pastrycook could well contrive; and while some of the wine was good, much of it was execrable. Nor was the conversation such as might atone for the shortcomings of viands and vintages. Mr Beamish, with his oily Cork brogue and easy flow of words, took the lion's share in it; while the only other talker was Colonel Prideaux, who commanded a militia battalion somewhere in the western counties, and was more ostentatiously 'pipeclay' in his discourse than the smartest martinet in the regular army. Captain Spurrier, finding himself in ungenial company, said very little. Sir Thomas, after a vain attempt to interest his neighbours at table in his usual topics, petty-sessions, poachers, and tarnpike trusts, became as mute as a fish; and Sir Pagan, as a silent host, found himself unable to dispel the general dullness. He had never learned the truth, that dinner-giving is a branch of the fine arts, and that to assort the company is to the full as necessary to enjoyment as it is to provide for the commissariat. He was himself a shy, moody man, painfully conscious of his narrow education and scanty reading, and ill at ease when not among those of his own set. The giving of this particular dinner he looked upon as an act of duty, if not of actual penance, and was on thorns until the whole affair should be over, and he himself free to resume the interrupted thread of his habitual life.

One member of the party, Sir Pagan felt, had disappointed the hopes which his host had secretly entertained concerning his demeanour at the festive board. He had always had a high opinion of Arthur Talbot, not merely as an honourable gentleman, but as, what the sporting baronet admired as humbly as French warriors, when Louis XIV. was king, admired French wits—'a clever fellow.' He had looked on him as a counterpoise to Beamish the Corkigan barrister, whose too voluble discourse was unrelieved save by the didactic prosiness of the militia colonel; whereas Talbot, fresh from Egypt too, and with a memory presumably stored with travellers' tales, did not so much as enliven the dreariness by a single allusion to dragomans and dahabeahs, and contributed nothing more to the debate than did heavy Squire Fulford, whose thoughts were of oilcake and drain-tiles and shorthorns. The truth was, that Arthur's thoughts were far away from the immediate purpose of the social gathering. He was unconscious of the exceeding badness of the ill-cooked *entrées*; and as for the wine, it mattered little to him whether the sherry came from Hamburg or Cadiz, the champagne from Epemay or Cetta. Even the dozen or so of sound claret

that Sir Pagan had brought up reluctantly from his father's depenished cellar, did not, so far as his modest share of it went, make itself any more noticed by its velvet smoothness than did the acrid heat of the Elbe counterfeit of golden Anontillado. He cared nothing for the blatant talk and circuit jokes of the rising Irish barrister, and was not even aware how very stupid and wearisome the party was.

The truth was that Arthur Talbot now felt that a riddle which it might have puzzled Œdipus to solve, had suddenly been set before him. What was the real cause of the quarrel or the estrangement between those twin sisters, Clare and Cora, the one so highly placed in the world's hierarchy, the other as richly endowed, in spite of her poverty, with the gifts of nature's giving? He had seen enough of both—or thought he had—to feel convinced that their sisterly love for one another was no mere thing of habit, and that it must have taken some deep-lying motive, some violent wrench, to bring about the scandal of the separation. He had seen but yesterday the one sister in the solemn stateliness of her late husband's home. That evening he had spoken with the other beneath her brother's roof. Each had received him with embarrassed coldness. Each had seemed to be smarting under some sense of undeserved wrong. What was it that had befallen both? The utterances which he had heard had been so enigmatical that they observed rather than enlightened his intelligence. It is not surprising that he was reckoned as among the dummies of the party.

The dinner was over at last; and coffee and cigars and curaçoa and other liqueurs, from which Sir Thomas Jenks, heedful of the warnings of his doctor, recoiled as from a rattlesnake, being slowly disposed of; and this not being one of those repasts that are followed by card-playing as surely as the thunder-roll succeeds to the lurid glare of the lightning, it came to be time to say 'good-night.' Highly respectable Sir Thomas was the first to take a ceremonious leave of the wearied host, and his example was eagerly imitated by the other banqueters. Arthur Talbot, who had been the first to come, was in effect the last to go; and he lingered, half unconscious of his motive, in the vague hope that Sir Pagan might say something to elucidate the mystery that brooded over the present relations of the two sisters. But nothing was farther from Sir Pagan's thoughts.

'Awfully kind of you to come, Talbot, at such short notice,' said the baronet, looking ruefully around him, and surveying, with a sort of ingenuous disgust, the ruins of the feast, in the shape of cigar-ends, glasses huddled together, and dessert dishes in confusion. 'And a dreadful bore, I should think, you found it, old man. I know I did! Thought it would never be over. The fact is, dear boy, I'm not the man to do this sort of thing, any more than I am to be Lord Chamberlain or Astronomer-royal. At the club, it's different.—Light another cigar?—No!—Then good-night.'

And so they parted; Arthur walking home to his hotel, chewing the cud of his own involved thoughts. And at last sleep came to him, and he dreamed that he was in Egypt again, the old Egypt, not the new, one of a trembling

crowd gathered around the awful beauty of the colossal Sphinx, and in the stern, solemn face, as it turned towards him with inscrutable eyes, he recognised the features of Madame de Lalouve.

THE DRAMA IN TATTERS.

To begin at the beginning, is an axiom of mine which I am never tired of repeating; and why should I not, in mentioning the theatricals of to-day, begin with the 'gaff'!—Anghie's penny theatre, that time-honoured institution which was at once the solace and amusement of my boyish days—for the enjoyment of which I have frequently sacrificed the gross amount of the last 'tip.' Of course, my frequent visits to the 'Temple of Variety' were made in secret, an additional ingredient to the stolen delights. To preserve my credit as a faithful chronicler, I must admit that the entrances to these temporary 'abodes of bliss' were almost invariably up a court or at the end of a yard, in the innermost recesses of which, adjoining a gaping entry, a long bill and a strong bill—painted by hand in all the colours of the rainbow—was exhibited.

Gifted with the wisdom of the serpent, the lessee of the show spared no pains to coerce the nimble penny. The performances were pronounced to be unique, and notes of admiration were typographically scattered in every available space. The most important item was of course the announcement of the title of the play for the evening. For be it known that the proprietor of the 'Temple'—the which particular establishment I have now under notice—was a most liberal man, at least as far as 'bold advertisement' doth go. He gave us an entire change of performance every evening, and assumed, moreover, the office of 'guide, philosopher, and friend,' by investing with a distinctive epithet the name of each actor and actress in the programme, as 'the bold,' 'the comic,' 'the pert,' 'the lovely.' Now, as the company numbered only six persons—four males and two females—this perhaps was no difficult matter, and may be regarded as superfluous; still, it saved the audience a world of trouble. You were not called upon to investigate or criticise the conduct of the entertainment, but, like the clay in the potter's hand, you were moulded to the proper form ere you were consigned to the oven above. I use the word 'oven' advisedly, for when packed to repletion—as frequently happened—it was hot! 'To conclude with a Connie Song! Admission One Penny!! Vivat Regia!!!' in capitals three inches high.

'That delicious touch of 'Vivat Regina.' Every reader of the flaming placard repeated the words; but no one ever attempted an interpretation of them. The nightly bill of fare was subject to continual alterations, but we kept our 'Vivat Regina' to the last. I have endeavoured thus far to present the reader with an accurate account of the condition of things on the outside of the 'Temple.' We will now, if you please, step within.

Having contributed the necessary admission fee to a gentleman at the door, who is balancing himself on a wooden leg, we go up a flight of very steep steps, at the top of which we encounter another gentleman, known by the name of

'Fishy,' from his presumed avocation as a retail dealer in the finny tribe. You could scent him a long while before you saw him. In spite, however, of this drawback, he was a general favourite with the frequenters, from his kindly manner and genial flow of humour. Passing through the folds of a remnant of old sailcloth, I find myself in the corner of a large loft—partly covering a row of stables—stables unmistakably, from the occasional clumps of tired horses, and the fragrant odour which proceeds therefrom—a little below the level of the footlights, and on the far side of the stage. There are no reserved seats whatever. From the raised platform to the outer walls are a number of rough planks ranged longitudinally, rising one above another as in an ordinary gallery. In the topmost corner on the right hand is a small inclosure with a counter, devoted to the sale of 'oranges, apples, and ginger-beer.'

The arrangements behind the curtain are primitive and simple: there are four tolerably well-painted scenes slung upon rollers, comprising an exterior, an interior, a wood, and a street. The brickwork at the back of the stage is coloured to represent a landscape. Wings there are none; but the proscenium—three feet wide on each side—being fixed parallel with the seats, offers some slight protection to the actors in their entrances and exits. The musical element was sparsely represented; one instrument only—a violin—constituted the entire orchestra. Gas, of course, was unavailable, and candles were too insignificant; the authorities therefore resorted to the use of a fearful compound of grease and oil, the fumes of which were suffocating. Five pans, in shape like huge garden snucers, were filled with this precious liquid, and placed at intervals along the edge of the platform, to do duty as 'floats.' Sometimes the business of the drama required a night effect; this was managed by means of a long slip of deal, fastened to the stage by hinges, but lying flat thereon, until the appearance of the bloodstained spectre or the pallid ghost called for darkness, when, by the aid of a cord attached to each end, it was raised, and the necessary result followed.

It should be mentioned that there are three 'houses' or performances nightly, each of which lasts about an hour. The reader is supposed to be present at the first of these, say at seven o'clock. By this time the audience has increased in number to at least three hundred, and the noise they make is deafening. 'Stop it, old catgut!' 'Pull up the rag!' 'Now then, look alive!' &c. Before the curtain rises, however, it may be as well to mention a little peculiarity attaching to the dramas enacted here. To-night we are to have *The Highland Cateran*; to-morrow, perhaps *The Outlaw*; and the night following, *The Freebooter*. Thus with variations—harping on the same old string—we at last arrive at *Rob Roy*! so that in reality the 'change every evening' is a delusion and a snare. The bell rings. 'Order, order, or-der!' is vociferated loudly as the curtain rises, and we are supposed to be transported to Bonnie Scotland. The prison scene in the Tolbooth is represented by a cottage interior. Instead of the 'practicable' door hung with chains, we have a latticed window liberally garnished with flowering shrubs.

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It was very clear to me that if the Cateran did not quickly dispose of his enemy, the violent exercise necessarily entailed in the accomplishment of that desirable object would be too much for him. A truce, therefore, was tacitly agreed upon until sufficient breath should be recovered to continue the fight. They glared at each other from opposite corners. Jack's contortions, owing to the wound he had received, were terrible to witness. We incline to the belief that it would be a mercy to finish him out-of-hand, and so end his sufferings. But it is not to be—yet. Ossa must be piled upon Pelion. The Mac, I could plainly see, was sick and tired of the whole thing; he knew that this exhilarating amusement would have to be repeated three times during the night, and he wanted to get off and rest. Yet so Jack's delight was Mac's pain, and Jack knew it! The stage was in his possession now. Was he to forego some of his finest efforts because Rob, forsooth, was not so strong in the arm as he was? The fates forbid!

During this short interval, Jack had managed by some occult means to whiten his face and place thereon some additional marks of the bloody fray. Once more do the combatants approach each other. Jack, through sheer weakness, falls on one knee, looking as vicious as a wounded rat. Slow music, Rob, in whose breast a wealth of manliness lies hidden, declining to take a mean advantage of a fallen foe, descends to the same level. The contest now continues languidly for a minute or two in this position—each on one knee. Vociferous applause shakes the roof-tree as Jack, with quickened energies, makes a superhuman effort to rise to his feet. This movement he accomplishes after a severe struggle. Standing erect, he shouts 'Come on!' This invitation is responded to with alacrity by the Magregor, who 'comes on' with vigour, and at once, without more ado, tenders him another stab, which apparently goes clean through his body, as we descry the end of the blade at his back. This thrust so deftly given settles our friend's little business for a period, and he falls prone upon his face in the centre of the stage. The remainder of the characters, male and female, now enter from each side; and the entire scene is glorified by a blaze of red-fire as the curtain descends slowly to the tuneful melody of *Auld Langsyne*. Jack is 'called' to receive the unanimous plaudits of the entire house; these he

accepts with a ghastly smile as the hero of the evening, and retires to enjoy a whiff of the fragrant weed and a draught of beer.

Thus ends a chronicle of the Drama in Tatters.

OUR NEW MANAGER.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

A SHORT half-hour's walk from Sandsmouth—a large seaport on the southern English coast—lies the secluded village of Bithfield. It is but a small place, and may fairly be described as secluded; for although so near a large town, yet lying on a cross-road between two other roads—which themselves were never of great importance, and are now shorn even of that by the railways—Bithfield seems to have grown lonelier and quieter than ever.

A little outside of the village, and between it and the town, stood Fernlow Cottage, the residence of Mrs Vallens. This at least was the title by which she was known to the few persons—her tradesmen chiefly—who had occasion to speak of her; but it was given principally on account of her mature age, for she was past middle life; and as a sort of compliment, rather than as implying the existence, past or present, of a Mr Vallens. She lived a retired, solitary life, and was so reserved in her manner as to repel the few residents of Bithfield who had sought her acquaintance. So reserved was she, that no foot save that of her own servants crossed her threshold month after month; but at the opening of our story, an incident occurred which changed this monotony in some degree.

When Mrs Vallens walked out, she usually selected the least-frequented paths; and with her deep double veil screening her face, her features were almost invisible to the few persons whom she encountered. One afternoon she was following a bypath which led across some fields to a farmhouse and cottages, when she came suddenly upon a spectacle which startled her. At the foot of a large tree knelt a girl of some eighteen or nineteen years, supporting a boy, a mere child, clad in the commonest rustic garb of the neighbourhood. He was evidently insensible; and as the dress of the girl was stained with blood, and the face of the boy was also marked, it was clear that he had received some injury.

The girl was holding a small scent-bottle to his nostrils, and on hearing a step, looked up. 'Oh, I am so glad some one has come!' she exclaimed. 'I saw this poor little fellow fall from this tree; and when I came up, his forehead was covered with blood, and he was quite senseless. What can we do?'

The mysterious lady of Fernlow Cottage immediately dropped on one knee by the side of the nurse and her patient; then with dexterous and gentle touch, examined into the injuries the boy had sustained. 'He is not very seriously hurt, I think,' she said; 'and if you will hold him until I bring some water—there is a spring just here—he will recover.—You are not afraid?'

'N—no,' said the girl. 'It is very dreadful

to look at all this blood, and to see him looking like death; but I will hold him.'

Without another word, the elder lady disappeared, but returned almost immediately with her bonnet filled with water—greatly to the younger lady's horror; for she, after the manner of her sex, had noted the costly materials of which the article was composed. The water was sprinkled over the boy's face. He almost immediately sighed and opened his eyes. The elder lady drew out her handkerchief, with which she bathed his brow and washed away the clotted blood, then bound it carefully round an ugly cut which this process had rendered plainly visible.

By this time the lad could speak; then with an effort he stood upright, and was able to explain that he lived in one of the cottages by the farmhouse; that he had been bird-nesting. The rest the ladies knew more about than himself. By their assistance, the lad was enabled to walk slowly towards the farmhouse, until the party met a labourer who knew him, and kindly took him in charge.

Relieved of this care, the younger nurse had an opportunity to contemplate and bewail the really unsightly blotches on her light-coloured dress; the beholding of which, or the reaction natural after her excitement, affected her to tears, which had in them a strong suspicion of hysterics.

'Come to my house, my dear child,' said Mrs Vallens, speaking with a softness and tenderness for which few of her neighbours would have given her credit. 'It is close by; and as I must send a servant into the town to ask Dr Wright to come out to the farm and see the boy, she shall call upon your friends and bring another dress for you; or I can lend you one; whichever you please.'

'But your bonnet is spoiled,' said the girl, through her tears; 'and such a beautiful bonnet too!' Then remembering that a question had been asked or implied, continued: 'I should feel glad if you could send word; and yet it would frighten my mother so much! No; I had better go home. I live in Bithfield, in the Lower Down Road; my name is Darnett—Marian Darnett, and'—

'I know you, Miss Darnett,' interrupted her companion with a quiet smile; 'although you perhaps do not know me; and as we are now close to my house, we had better go in and decide upon our plans.'

This was the beginning of an intimacy between the reclusive proprietress of Fernlow Cottage and Miss Marian Darnett, two beings as opposite in their appearance and, one would have supposed, in their tastes as could easily be found. For Marian was rather shy and timid, yet frank and cheerful within. She had heard too, by local gossip, of Mrs Vallens, and held her in the same dislike, almost dread, as did most of her neighbours. She found, however, that while Mrs Vallens still held the same repellent front to all others, she was so kind and gentle to her, and welcomed her so cheerfully to her home—though never could she be induced to return the visit—that Marian felt sure she had been secretly pining for companionship, and was thankful for the chance which threw them together.

Solitary and secluded as had been her residence at Fernlow Cottage, Mrs Vallens must have exercised the proverbial quickness and closeness of a woman's observation; for Marian soon found—greatly to her confusion at first—that this lady was fully acquainted with her intimacy with a certain good-looking young fellow, Phil Hartleby, a clerk in the shipping and general mercantile firm of More, Keelby, & Co., one of the principal houses in Sandsmouth. When Mrs Vallens had shown how far her knowledge extended, and her kindly manner had won Marian's confidence, she was evidently pleased to lead the latter to speak freely and to receive the little confidences the girl had to impart.

Having commenced our story as it were in the middle, we are debarred from making the usual detailed explanations in regard to the positions and antecedents of our characters; for this the reader should be thankful. We shall merely say, in reference to Marian's friends, that they were in a respectable although not extensive way of business in the town, living, as being cheaper and pleasanter, in the suburbs. Of Mr Philip Hartleby, Mrs Vallens had a pretty accurate knowledge. He was the son of a surgeon who had owned one of the best practices in Sandsmouth; but he—the surgeon—was an easy-going, careless fellow, clever enough in his profession, but not in much else besides; so, when he died, at the age of forty or so, his only son found himself with no profession and no property. He was, however, a clever, energetic young fellow, by no means disposed to eat the bread of idleness. Having, by the help of friends, obtained a clerkship in the house of More, Keelby, & Co., he worked with such a will, that he soon obtained promotion, and was now looked upon as the most rising man in the establishment.

The proprietress of Fernlow Cottage encouraged Marian to speak of the young man, and took pleasure in her little history. Prosaic and commonplace as such a history would have seemed to many, yet there is a halo of romance inseparable from the plainest love-story, which is dear to woman, even when she is reserved and hermit-like, as was Mrs Vallens. Not that Marian would now ever allow that there was anything in the least degree harsh or repellent in the temperament of her new friend. It was only manner, the young lady contended—the effect, she was certain, of some early sorrow. Perhaps, Marian used to think, and sometimes say to Philip, perhaps she had once loved as they loved, and had been less happy; thus, in her turn, weaving something of romance about the lady.

One evening, some months after the incidents just related, when spring had grown to summer, and summer was fading into autumn, Phil Hartleby called at Mr Darnett's house, in the Lower Down Road. This was no unusual circumstance with him; but on this particular evening he was to take Marian to a schoolroom hard by, where was to be held a rehearsal for a certain local concert, at which the young lady was to sing. She had a voice at once sweet and powerful, and which had been well trained. Although she made no claim to be a finished vocalist of the operatic pattern, nevertheless in ballads and songs she was very attractive; and as it turned out, this concert became something like a turning-

point in her hitherto quiet and unobtrusive life.

On this night, too, Phil was full of news; the changes which had been spoken of so long in the great house of More, Keelby, & Co. had at last taken place; the style of the firm would be preserved as hitherto, but old Mr More—would retire, and a new partner would come in—had come in, he understood. This was Mr Pike, a gentleman of immense capital, and still more immense business capacity and energy; so Phil was informed. He was to be the managing partner; the ruling spirit; everything, in fact; and under his sway, the firm might possibly grow to tenfold its present extent. Then, when Marian was walking by his side to the rehearsal, Phil added a fancy sketch to these particulars, which he had not deemed necessary to draw before the family circle. This sketch had reference to the wider field opened to the staff of the firm by the change; their bettered positions; their early, and of course always happy marriages, and the possibility of some one of the number being selected to take charge of the accounts at the London branch of the house. If this were so, the delights of living in the metropolis might fall to the lot of Mr Phil Hartleby, and his wife—that would be; and they, like all residents in the provinces, thought of London very much as we are told their predecessors thought of it in Whittington's time.

Much of the information, apart from this sketch, which, as we have explained, was reserved for a select listener, was earnestly discussed by Mr Darnett, to whom it was as interesting as to Philip himself, as the former did what was, for him, a large business with the firm, and it was of importance that he should know whether certain facilities for transacting this business would be increased or diminished by the change. Philip took a very sanguine view, basing his conclusions upon the character which had preceded the new partner, who was said to have no old-fashioned notions which would cramp and restrict the business, such as Mr More sometimes laboured under. No; he was one who liked the customers to 'go ahead'; the faster and farther the better. These were evidently agreeable tidings to Mr Darnett, and he was as thoroughly prepared as Philip himself to rejoice in the coming of Mr Pike.

Both before and after the rehearsal, which was but of short duration, this kind of conversation prevailed, and Philip having seen Marian to her father's house, left in even higher spirits than he came, at the prospect which the advent of the new partner opened to himself and his friends.

Phil's home was in Sandsmouth; and as he entered a suburb of the town, he heard the sound of angry voices, and, turning a sharp angle of the road, came in sight of the speakers. A gentleman on horseback was engaged in altercation with a man at the roadside; the latter was holding some object in his arms; in the darkness, Philip could not at first accurately make out what this was. Two or three men from a neighbouring beerhouse had come out at the sound of the voices, and stood looking on and smoking, with but a languid interest, as no chance of a personal conflict seemed likely to be evolved.

The man on the footpath was a low-looking, shabbily dressed fellow, not of the rustic or labouring type, but rather of the 'flash' townsman order, being indeed just the man upon whom a police officer's eyes would turn by instinct.

'That's a lie, and you know it,' he said bitterly, in continuation of some earlier argument. 'The dog was trying to get out of your way, till you lit him with your whip and drove the poor brute under your horse's feet. I wish I had you off your horse out on the Downs here, I would give you something to remember him by.'

'Why, I have seen you before!' exclaimed the gentleman. 'Now you move into the light, I recollect you.' The man shrank back a pace or two here, so as to avoid the rays of a gaslight which shone from the neighbouring beerhouse. 'Oh! you need not slink back,' continued the horseman; 'I know you! I saw you on the race-course yesterday. You are a thimbleigger; a three-card man; and a pickpocket into the bargain, I have no doubt. If I could see the police sergeant now, I would have you locked up at once.'

A murmur from the lookers-on implied that this was not fair fighting, and had nothing to do with the points under discussion.

'Look here, sir,' said the man, encouraged probably by this token of sympathy, and turning to Philip as the most important member of his audience; 'you see this poor dog'—he opened his arms as he spoke, and showed that what he held was a little brown dog; dying or dead, so Philip judged from the helpless manner in which it was lying.

'Poor fellow!' said Phil, in the pitying tone one instinctively falls into on seeing a suffering dumb animal.

'Are you one of the gang?' demanded the rider, who was clearly not distinguished for good temper.

Phil looked rather angrily up at the speaker, and met his eye. He was a man of middle age, dark complexion, and with remarkably glossy whiskers, while his eyes were keen unfeeling eyes—so thought Phil, as he noted them in a single glance by the gaslight. 'I know no more of a gang than yourself,' retorted Phil. 'I am only sorry to see the poor little dog in such a state. The man seems fond of him, and you cannot wonder if he feels its loss.'

'He should feel something else, if I had my will,' returned the horseman; 'and if you are not one of the gang, you had better be careful how you pick your companions, for if I meet a policeman, I will come back with him; so you had better clear off.' With this he put spurs to his horse and was out of sight directly.

'What made him so terribly out of temper with you?' said Phil. 'Had you had much of a quarrel before I came up?'

'Yes; we just about did have a row,' said the man. 'He killed poor Tiny, and he did it on purpose. If we had been in a quieter place, out on the Downs, for instance, I would have put him'—The man did not finish his sentence.

'What made him say you were a cardsharpener and so on?' asked Phil, who regretted the indiscreet question the moment he had asked it.

'What made him say it?' echoed the man.

'Why, because I am one, that's why. I have been working the race-meeting down here, but with bitter bad luck. I have tried the cards; I have tried the purse-trick; I have tried all I know, but couldn't draw a coin from the sly chawbacons about here. I lost every shilling I put on the horses; and now me and Tiny was on the tramp; and this pipe of tobacco what I was smoking was the last I had got, and neither me nor Tiny knew where to get our supper to-night nor our breakfast in the morning. But we had been in such a fix before this; and I would have gone without a meal for myself—and have done it, mister—before Tiny should have gone without his; and now he's dead. I always had a friend while he was alive, and now'—The tramp, for such he clearly was, faltered in his speech here, and under pretence of pushing back his ragged hair, Philip saw him draw the cuff of his sleeve across his eyes.

The young man hesitated a moment, then drawing half-a-crown from his pocket, offered it to the other. 'This is not a great deal,' said Phil; 'but it will help you to get a lodging for to-night, and to-morrow something may turn up.'

'Well!' exclaimed the tramp, 'after a pause of astonishment; 'I didn't expect this, mister—I didn't indeed. I'm very much obliged to you for it; but if you think I was working the oracle for this, in telling you what I did, I'm blessed if I want it. I don't, really. Sleeping in a barn is nothing fresh to me; and I shouldn't like you to think, though I am a thimbleigger, that'—

'O nonsense!' said Phil; 'I give it to you for poor Tiny's sake. I am fond of dogs myself, so I quite understand your sorrow at his death.'

'Thank you, mister; I thank you kindly for this half-crown,' said the man. 'But though you've got a feeling heart, you can't understand what I feel at losing this dumb creature. But if ever I get a chance of squaring it with that fellow'—

'Come! don't talk such dangerous nonsense,' said Phil. 'I daresay he has forgotten all about you by this time; at anyrate he did not come back with the police. You know you ought not to talk like that.'

'He's a bad one—a rank bad one, spite of his horse and his swell clothes,' retorted the other; 'and always was.'

'Always was!' repeated Phil. 'Have you ever seen him before?'

The man looked at Phil with a curious smile before replying, then said: 'Did you see me move out of the light when he said he knew me?—You did. Well, I didn't want him to recollect too much. P'raps he did see me on the racecourse; for, I tell you freely, I have been there with the cards; but p'raps he did not. It's just as likely he only thought he did. Directly I spoke to him and told him my opinion, before you was there, you know, I saw a look come upon his face, as if he was trying to recall something he had seen or heard a good while ago.'

'Well, good-night,' said Phil; 'I wish you better luck and a better trade. Get out of Sandsmouth anyhow.'

'Good-night, mister, and good-luck to you,' said the tramp. 'As to my trade, it's pretty near all that is left to me. I think I saw you in a certain warehouse to-day; and if I am right, you will find there are people in other trades quite as bad as me. But you've got a kind heart, mister; and if ever I can do you a good turn, I will.' And with this, they parted.

A CHINESE FUNERAL.

I WAS disturbed one day during my mid-day meal at Hong-kong by a commotion in a street adjoining the one in which I was residing, caused by a Chinese funeral of more than the usual pretensions. As very little is known among foreigners, even those residing in China, in regard to 'celestial' obsequies and their meanings, I took some trouble to gather information regarding the strange pageantry which I that day witnessed.

It is the general custom in China, when a man is about to die, for the eldest son to remove him from the bed to the floor of the principal room of the house, where he is laid with his feet to the door. The inhabitants of the province of Fuh-keen are in the habit of placing a piece of silver in the mouth of the dying person—with which he may pay his fare into the next world—and carefully stopping up his nose and ears. In certain cases they make a hole in the roof, to facilitate the exit of the spirits proceeding from his body; their belief being that each person possesses seven animal senses, which die with him; and three souls, one of which enters Elysium and receives judgment; another abides with the tablet which is prepared to enunciate the deceased; and the third dwells in his tomb.

Whether all these practices are observed in Hong-kong, I am unable to say; probably the setting open of the windows and doors is regarded as a preferable proceeding to making a hole in the roof, more especially when the death happens to occur in the lowest room of a three-storied house. Here, however, as elsewhere, the intelligence of the death of the head of a family is communicated as speedily as possible to all his relatives, and the household is dressed in white—the mourning colour of China. Priests and women hired to mourn are sent for at the same time; and on their arrival, a table is set out with meats, fruits, lighted candles and joss-sticks, for the delectation of the souls of the deceased; and the wailing and weeping by the mourning-women is relieved at intervals by the intoned prayers of the priest or the discordant 'tom-tomming' of 'musicians' who have also been called to assist in the ceremonies. The women weep and lament with an energy and dolefulness which, if genuine, would be highly commendable; but ungenerous 'barbarians' of extensive acquaintance with the Chinese assert that this apparently overwhelming grief is, at least in the majority of cases, mere sham. In regard to the nearest relatives of the deceased, it would be uncharitable to presume there is not a considerable amount of real grief beneath all this weeping and wailing; but hired mourners, who are usually the most demonstrative on these occasions, can hardly be expected to launch every

other day into convulsive lamentations of a genuine nature over the death of individuals they hardly know by name. As it is, the priest usually directs these emotional demonstrations much in the same way as a conductor controls the performance of a band of musicians: now there are a few irregular wails; then a burst of them, relieved in turn by a few nasal notes from the priest; the intervals being filled up by the 'tom-toms,' and an occasional litter from the latest comers.

One of the strangest features in the obsequies I witnessed was the erection of a structure in front of the house in which the death occurred, to enable the coffined body to be brought down to the roadway from the room in which it was lying. The house being a three-storied one, and the body lying in one of the topmost rooms, the erection, which furnished a sloping footway of planks from the room to the road, and a landing at the top, had necessarily not only to be lofty but substantial. Communication was of course had with the room through the window. These structures are, I believe, erected for two reasons—first, because strange families in a house object, on superstitious grounds, to a corpse being taken through their rooms; and secondly, because it is almost impracticable to get a heavy Chinese coffin down the narrow tortuous stairs of many of the native houses. For a similar reason, no body in course of transportation from one part of China to another for the purpose of internment is allowed to pass through any walled town. No corpse, either, is ever allowed to be carried across a landing-place or to pass through a gateway which can in any way be construed as pertaining to the Emperor. The Chinese are indeed so superstitious in regard to death as seldom to mention that word itself, preferring to take refuge in a circumlocution, such, for instance, as 'having become immortal.'

What may be particularised as the public obsequies of the deceased, on the special occasion I refer to, were commenced by a procession issuing from the house on the mission known as 'buying the water' wherewith to wash the body of the deceased. First came the 'musicians' (save the word); then a priest, wearing a long robe of a dark-red colour and a sort of college cap; and lastly, the white-clad mourners. On the mainland, the procession would probably have repaired to the nearest river, well, or even the wet ditch of the city, for the water; but these antiquated conveniences being scarce in Hong-kong, the sorrowful cortege on this occasion was compelled to wend its steps to the government hydrant at the end of the street! The leading actor in this ceremony of 'buying the water' was, as usual, the eldest son of the deceased, a boy about seven or eight years of age. Notwithstanding his youth, however, his part was performed with an exactness that must have resulted from a considerable amount of previous instruction. Bearing in his hand a wand covered with white indented paper, supported on each side by a female relative, and bending nearly double in token of his intense grief, this young scion of the deceased proceeded slowly and gravely in the direction of the hydrant, the 'band' meanwhile doing their best with the tom-toms and that close imitation of the Scotch bagpipe, the

Chinese pipe. Arrived at the hydrant, the party knelt around that useful apparatus; the 'musicians' redoubled their exertions, and the priest his prayers; more incense was burned, and a tremendous burst of wailing and lamentation went up from the mourners. While these performances were in operation, the youth to whom I have just referred drew, with the requisite prostrations and solemnity, a basin of water from the hydrant, and then scattered a few coins on the ground by way of payment. It is essential in this ceremony that the water should be paid for. The procession thereafter returned to the house, where doubtless the body of the deceased was washed by the boy, in compliance with the custom of his country.

After the body of the deceased is washed in this manner, it is dressed in the best clothes which belonged to the man in his lifetime, a hat being placed on his head, a fan in his hand, and shoes on his feet, the idea being that he will be clothed in these habiliments in Elysium, and consequently that he must appear there as a respectable and superior member of society. At intervals during these and subsequent ceremonies, gilt and silvered paper in the shape of coins and sycee bars is burned, in the belief that it will also pass into the invisible world, where it will be recoined into solid cash; and clothes, sedan-chairs, furniture, buffaloes and horses, made of paper, are transferred on the same principle to the 'better land' for the benefit of the dead.

The body was now brought through the window and placed in the coffin on the stage at the top of the temporary wooden structure. It is the practice with the richer Chinese to keep the coffined bodies of their relatives in their houses for long periods, sometimes for years. This custom was not followed on this occasion, for the funeral took place immediately after the ceremony of 'buying the water.' Large sums of money are expended on coffins by the 'celestials,' and a dutiful son will see that his parents are provided with those melancholy receptacles sometimes many years before their death. They are made of heavy boards four or five inches in thickness, and rounded at the outer joints, and appear to invariably take the form, in this colony, of the polished trunk of a tree. Inside, they appear to be lined with a sort of mortar; the joints are all carefully closed with a similar substance; but a small hole is drilled through the coffin over the face of the deceased, so as to leave a channel of escape and entrance for the spirits.

It was a work of some difficulty to bring the coffined body down the steep footway from the window to the road; but the task was finally accomplished without mishap, amidst the renewed wailings of the mourning-women, the shrieks of the pipe, and the belabouring of the tom-toms. Awaiting the arrival of the coffin in the street were some twenty elaborately carved and lavishly gilded sedan-chairs, constructed especially for use on such occasions. These chairs contained meats, fruits, and cakes—real and artificial—in profusion. Among other articles displayed were two excellently cooked sucking-pigs. Two or three altarpieces, emblazoned with the name and age of the deceased, were also carried in the procession;

also banners, the deceased's tablet and photograph, and other articles—the bearers all being dressed more or less in mourning costume. Before the procession started for the burial-ground at Mount Davis, there was more wailing, more incense burned, more shrieks from the 'gusty pipe,' and more prayers from the priest. One of the last acts of the mourners was to walk round the coffin; and then the procession moved off, the coffin taking the last place in the cortege.

At Mount Davis the body was consigned to the earth with much lamentation, incense-burning, and praying. There was, however, apparently but little difference between the ceremonies engaged in at the grave, so far as the priest, the mourners, and especially the 'musicians' were concerned, and those earlier in the day. The deceased's tablet is carried back in procession to the house, and there set up in a room specially reserved for such purposes, with other tablets of the family. Before these tablets, incense is daily burned and prayers offered. The food carried in the procession is, we believe, commonly distributed among the poor; sometimes, however, a portion of it is consumed in the house.

The burial-places are sometimes selected by necromancers; and if the family be rich, this selection is often made a matter of considerable difficulty and expense. A good view for the entombed spirit is one of the chief requirements for a grave. The side of a hill overlooking water, a copse, or a ravine near a hill-top, are highly favoured spots. About the 5th April in each year, the population of the country may be seen trooping out to their tombs to repair and sweep them and make offerings. A Chinese tomb in the south of China seems invariably, so far as the outline on the ground is concerned, to take the form of the Greek letter Omega (Ω); and when raised to any height, it usually much resembles a huge armchair with a round back, the coffin being placed in the seat.

'D A N D Y.'

THE late Charles Dickens somewhere describes the relationship existing between dogs and the persons with whom they reside as of two kinds. In the one case, the owner may be said, in ordinary phrase, to keep the dog; in the other, the dog, being allowed its own way and much more, may be said to keep its reputed owner. Our own experience furnishes a third instance, in which no actual ownership existed expressed or understood—nothing but a tacit agreement or sufferance on either side.

It was late on a wintry evening that the animal of which we write first attracted our notice. During our many years of sojourn in the Scottish metropolis, we had no previous acquaintance with him, and it is probable that he made choice of our particular doorstep as a place of refuge in distress, for no other reason than that ours was the last house in the row, and because his strength did not suffice to carry him any farther. There, at all events, we found him, crouched as far out of sight as possible behind

one of the porch-pillars, a filthy and shivering animal, apparently in the last stage of exhaustion. Hunger and cold had weakened him to such an extent that he was unable to do what he would otherwise have done, namely, to beat a retreat on being discovered. Too much accustomed to the brutalities of street-boys, he at first resented our friendly advances, but in a feeble manner; and it was not until we opened the door and admitted him to warmth and shelter, that he seemed reassured. Like the dog which Robinson Crusoe fetched from the wreck, he would speedily have ended himself, had we permitted him, with the food he so evidently needed; but after a time he began to recover; and a prolonged series of ablutions—to which he apparently objected on principle—at last revealed him, literally, in his true colours. He stood confessed as a small and bandy-legged animal, which it were gross flattery to call a terrier, in the accepted sense of the term; but he was of that size, and had the broken and wiry yellow hair of the Scotch variety. For the credit of that famous breed, it must be added that he was, every inch of him, a cur of low degree, from the defective muzzle and the tattered ears to a nondescript tail docked to some two inches in length—a plebeian animal, and most probably a homeless outcast.

We had no dog of our own at the time; but nevertheless we were disinclined to adopt this ungainly specimen. In the past, we had been particularly fond of our terriers; they were uniformly animals of aristocratic appearance and faultless pedigree. Putting aside the chance of this one being claimed—not a very strong one, we instinctively felt—it was impossible, considering our traditions, that we could be associated, publicly at all events, with a dog of this degraded type. It was an understood thing, also, from the time that the long dynasty of dogs in our house came to an end, that none were to succeed them. The successive deaths of our former pets had so deeply affected the younger members of the household, that the elders had registered a mental vow that we were not to have any more dogs. We had thus no vacancy, and yet we were reluctant to set this poor wanderer again adrift. At last it was agreed, as a compromise, that he should be kept for a few days, in order that his description might be advertised. Notice was accordingly handed in at the nearest police station, and an advertisement of his points—they were painfully weak—inserted in the newspapers for several days. It must have been, we think, our low estimate of his market value which prevented us from giving the customary warning that he would be sold to pay expenses if not claimed. We did not, at all events, employ this threat. It is extremely doubtful, even if we had found a purchaser, if the price would have repaid us for the cost of one of the advertisement.

Perhaps it was the dog's own delicacy of feeling at causing so much irrecoverable outlay, perhaps it was only his restlessness, but, in any case, while in course of being advertised, he suddenly disappeared. Taking advantage of an open door, he had, we were told by an eye-witness, fled precipitately. We were rather relieved by his

departure than otherwise. After some weeks, and when we had quite forgotten him, he suddenly reappeared, a shade less dirty, but as exhausted as before. Giving him one more chance, he remained three days with us, made another short sally out, returned next evening, and then stayed with us—he evidently found he could not do better—for eight years and seven months. We called him Dandy.

Apart from his natural inability to tell us of his antecedents, he was in many ways a puzzle to us for a long time. It was difficult to say in what sphere of life he had been brought up, or if he had been trained at all. It must have been only in a superficial manner. His single accomplishment—very imperfectly performed—consisted in standing erect on his hind-legs for a few seconds at a time, an attitude which became him so wretchedly ill, that most people, not dog-lovers, viewing his ungainly proportions, would have pronounced him, on the instant, a low-bred whelp; while others, more discerning, would have added confirmed outcast and irreclaimable thief. Very probably, any thievish propensities on his part were, however, with us prevented by anticipation, as, through the mistaken kindness of our domestics, he invariably had far too much to eat. He was a gourmand rather than a gourmet, so he had little temptation. But we would not have trusted him if hungry, believing that from lack of early training he had no great depth of moral principle.

There were profound depths in him, nevertheless. As the result, we believe, of having had to fight his own way from an early age, he was, in the vulgar acceptance of the term, "deep"—principally shown in a surprising acquaintance with the ways of town-life generally, and an easy familiarity with the thoroughfares in particular. Take him from one extremity of Edinburgh to the other, contrive to lose him in the most out-of-the-way-streets, and in all probability he was home before you by some short-cut of his own. But as a rule, he preferred to ramble alone, and did so habitually. He always showed, however, a fine discernment as to returning for the dinner-hour. We think we see him, yet, setting up the street, with his characteristic "yok, yok" marked by a slight limp, ever on guard against message-boys who threw their empty baskets at him, and watchful for street Arabs who might have designs against his life; for this reason, affecting, when practicable, the roadway rather than the pavement; generally a dog about town, and not to be taken in with its snares and pitfalls. He did not make friends abroad, was utterly deaf to the addresses of strangers, and had a custom, when meeting errand-lads in the street, of making a cautious *détour* to avoid them, which was a sight to behold. Such was his outdoor temperament.

But—to use a stereotyped biographical phrase—it was in the family circle that his amiability shone forth; for he was deep in his affection also. Of all the dogs we ever possessed, he was by far the most human. Instinctively, he divined the character of those living in the house, knew well those who liked him, and those who were cold to him; and won, with all his plainness—and it was not little—the hearts of all the servants. To those attached to him, he showed

himself sympathetic with dog-sympathy, and had the most uncouthly winning ways, which were irresistible. To those who know what dog-companionship is, it may suffice to say that he was a true and loving friend. Remembering his amiable traits, we cannot forget that his whimsicalities were endless. A love for strong tea, apparently with him a familiar stimulant; much futile pretence of searching for rats, of which he never caught one; a rooted aversion to hearing any one reading aloud, are amongst the list. For the last reason, he systematically absented himself from family prayers, reappearing at their conclusion in the highest possible spirits, as in regard to a matter finally disposed of.

To the reader, it may appear singular that a dog so evidently well acquainted with the city, if he really belonged to any household within its boundaries, should not succeed in finding his home. Our own conclusion was that his owner, if he really had one, must have left the locality, otherwise his dog in his many wanderings would soon have discovered him. This proved to be the case; for we obtained latterly one inkling, but only one, as to the dog's former career. It happened in this way. Taking a walk one day along a country road in the outskirts—with Dandy at our heels, for a wonder—we happened to exchange a few remarks with a working-man walking in the same direction. He seemed to eye our dog with some curiosity, and at last inquired how we became possessed of him. We told him the circumstances. He laughed, and remarked: 'I've seen that one before. He's a well-known dog that, sir, on the line.'—'On the line?' we echoed inquiringly.—'Yes,' he replied; 'on the North British Railway. They'll know that dog about the loco-sheds at the Waverley Station and St Margaret's, I expect, if you were to take him there. Why, he was an engine-dog that!' So it seemed, indeed; for our informant went on to tell us that our Dandy had formerly been the companion of an engine-driver, and that—a common enough thing—the dog used to ride with him on his trips. Further, that the man had for some reason or other quitted the North British Railway and the town, and, curiously enough, left the dog behind him. 'He is a sharp dog that, sir,' ended the narrator—'an old-fashioned character!'

That was all we ever heard about Dandy's former life. It was probably true enough. The estimate of his abilities was assuredly correct. One thing is certain—a dog accustomed to find his way in the maze of the station traffic, and to play hide-and-seek between the wagon-wheels, would be but inconvenienced with a lengthy tail. It might get him into mischief, and be in the way generally. It was probably on this account—if not as the result of an accident—that our Dandy had been prudently docked. This mode of life would also explain much of the dog's habitual restlessness. From a daily ride on a locomotive—no one can say for how long—to a settled town residence, must have been a great change.

There is little more to be told; but what remains is as mysterious as the beginning. Our dog grew old. Changes which might not formerly have affected him, now seemed to distress him. He grew strongly conservative; and when we

changed our town residence, Dandy never took to the new house, and went back to inflict himself on the tenants of our former one. Through old age or ill-temper, or both, he would not be comforted at home. One day he went out, which was nothing unusual, and never returned, which was quite unlike him, as he was essentially of a recurrent type. What befell him, we never knew. We advertised his description widely, and mourned for him not a little. As he came, so he went, and he returns no more. We prefer, as he was old and partially blind, not to speculate as to his end. We shall not readily forget him. These to his memory. We have never had a dog since.

THE BLIND BOY TO HIS SISTER.

My Sister, pray, what is Light?
I oft hear you say, as you speak of the day,
'Tis beautiful, 'tis bright;
And methinks I might be as happy as thou,
Could I know aught of Light.

Is it like or allied to Sound?
Does it warble along with the sweetness of song,
Or spring on high with a bound,
Like the swell of a chorus, throwing o'er us
Music's enchantment profound?

Oh, Sound is a heavenly thing,
A limitless measure of varied pleasure;
Of joy a perpetual spring;
The soul of devotion, rapture, emotion,
Rising for ever on viewless wing.

It rings in the children's voices,
Like the carol on high of the lark in the sky,
When the young glad heart rejoices;
It bids hence care, whisks hope to despair,
And speaks through myriad voices.

Or is Light like the song of birds,
When they chant their loves 'mid the depths of the
groves,
In melody sweet without words?
Or the ripple of the rill, when the winds are still,
O'er the pebbles that pave the fords?

Ah! vain are my fancies, I see,
With that inward sight, in my endless night,
Which tells me, my Sister, of thee.
But I know Light is real, though you cannot reveal
Its gorgeous nature to me.

You say 'tis ineffably bright,
But its glory and glow I never can know
Till God shall endue me with sight;
And you pray this may be, when together we
Shall enter His realms of light.

You I love as I loved my mother,
Whose spirit has flown, and left us alone
To bless and console each other:
And how good you must be, to pray for me,
Your loving, but poor, blind brother.

J. W.

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EXPLOSIVES.

THE numerous outrages which have of recent years been committed by means of explosive compounds, as well as the many accidents which have taken place in their manufacture, conveyance, and use, have produced a general, though probably an undefined feeling of uneasiness in the public mind regarding such compounds. We believe nothing will conduce so much to allay this feeling of danger in the legitimate use of these explosive compounds, as a knowledge of what they really are; and we purpose, therefore, in the present article to notice very shortly the preparation, composition, and chemical and physical properties of the more important of them. Explosive compounds, though very numerous, are but limited in their origin; that is to say, the oxidising or explosive tendency of one or two substances is so modified or increased in various ways, and by means of various mixtures of what may be called secondary substances, as to produce the almost endless variety of explosive compounds known at the present time.

For our immediate purpose, it will be sufficient that we divide these various compounds into two classes—namely, those explosive mixtures obtained by combining nitrate or chlorate of potash with different combustibles; and those explosive chemicals obtained by the action of nitric acid upon substances of organic origin. Of course, outside of either class are many explosive compounds, known chiefly in the laboratory of the chemist, such as the iodides and chlorides of nitrogen and the fulminates of mercury—used for priming percussion caps—and silver; but none of these, or others which might be mentioned, are known commercially; and certainly the majority of them have never been applied to any useful purpose, nor have they ever been named, so far as we are aware, in connection with any recent accident or outrage, so that we may dismiss them from the category of ordinary explosives. Many of these chemicals are, however, very explosive, the chloride of nitrogen,

for example, exploding with fearful violence at ordinary temperatures if it comes into contact with almost any combustible, particularly of a fatty nature; while fulminate of silver, for instance, explodes even when in the moist state on the least friction; and when dry, the touch of a feather is said to be sufficient to set it off. Practically, this very susceptibility to decomposition places such chemicals beyond the possibility of using them for any of the ordinary purposes for which explosive agents are generally required, and this of itself puts a bar upon their manufacture, even where the risks are very much less than in the cases mentioned. There is, moreover, another element which operates, though probably in a less degree, to keep the majority of such dangerous chemicals within the confines of the laboratory—namely, the cost of their production. Compared with those which we are about to consider, they, in short, present all the disadvantages of extra risk and cost in their manufacture, without a single compensating advantage in return.

When nitrate of potash or chlorate of potash is intimately incorporated with such substances as the prussiates of potash, or sugar, or starch, or flour, &c., a species of gunpowder is produced. Some of the substances named, probably all of them, when in a minute state of subdivision, and the particles suspended in the atmosphere, form an explosive element if they come into contact with an open flame. This, in fact, finds illustration in the way in which sheet-lightning is frequently simulated in our theatres, where lycopodium powder—the fine spores of a species of moss—is thrown into the air, and made to burn with a bright flash; and probably also accounts for many an explosion in flour-mills and factories. Such substances, however, it will readily be understood, are not in the mass explosive. They may be subjected to any amount of friction or concussion, or a lighted match may be applied to them, without any result whatever. When mixed, however, with either of the potash salts mentioned, and particularly the

chlorate, a compound is obtained, violently explosive under friction, concussion, and heat. Such compounds have frequently been named white gunpowder, German gunpowder, and other fanciful names, according to the various ingredients, or the relative proportions in which the ingredients are made to enter into the compound.

It would be tedious, and would, besides, answer no useful purpose, to enter into a description of all the potash compounds which have from time to time been manufactured or suggested. Much ingenuity has been expended in attempts to produce mixtures combining the maximum of explosive force with the minimum of risk. In addition to the substances already mentioned, they have been combined with spent tan, with sawdust, with resin, and with various other substances; and they have also been produced in a variety of forms, such as in pellets, discs, and cylindrical balls; but in every case with questionable advantage. They are at the best a hazardous set of compounds, being liable in many cases to spontaneous combustion, exploding with the least friction or concussion; and in the case of the chlorate of potash compounds, unable to resist the decomposing effect of the slightest trace of free acid. Ordinary gunpowder, it need scarcely be mentioned, belongs to this class of compounds, the charcoal entering into this compound supplying the place of the combustibles in the mixtures just referred to. In this case, next to the proper apportioning of the three ingredients entering into its composition, very much depends on their intimate trituration in the moist state, and subsequent granulation; for obtaining the maximum explosive effect. Chlorate of potash cannot be substituted for the nitrate in a mixture of this kind, as it forms a dangerously explosive compound with sulphur. This may be shown by briskly trituring a small quantity of each in a mortar, when the probability will be that they will explode in the process.

The second class of explosive agents mentioned—namely, that obtained by the action of nitric acid upon substances of organic origin—are a much more important class, not only because they are now in several cases extensively employed as invaluable aids to mining, blasting, and other operations of a similar kind, but also because they are in many cases largely used in the arts and sciences. They are all closely connected in their chemical constitution, though differing very materially in their physical characters. Picric acid, for example, one of the first discovered products of this kind known to possess explosive properties, occurs in crystals of a beautiful light yellow colour, and is now extensively used as a cheap but useful yellow dye. It was originally obtained by the action of nitric acid on indigo; but is now commercially manufactured either from coal-tar oils or impure phenol, a coal-tar product better known as carbolic acid. When nitric acid is added to impure carbolic acid, a very violent reaction immediately takes place. On this first action ceasing, more nitric acid is added, and the mixture this time heated, to quicken the process of decomposition. On cooling and washing with water, to remove excess of acid, a yellow, intensely bitter mass is obtained, consisting of impure picric acid, known also as carbozotic

acid. This substance is explosive on percussion; but if mixed with nitrate and particularly with chlorate of potash, an exceedingly explosive compound is obtained, approaching in violence some of the more powerful explosive agents afterwards to be mentioned. This acid forms salts, such as picrate of potash and picrate of ammonia, which are also explosive, but which form much safer compounds with the potash salts named than the acid itself. Indeed, Professor Abel recommends a compound of picrate of ammonia and nitrate of potash as one of the safest explosive mixtures of the more violent kind yet discovered; and the same substance has frequently replaced nitrate of potash in continental gunpowders. Picrate of ammonia also enters largely into many pyrotechnic compounds.

Gun-cotton—technically known as pyroxylin—is probably the best known of all this class of compounds. It is prepared by immersing cotton in a mixture of weaker nitric and sulphuric acids, if a soluble cotton is desired; or of stronger nitric and sulphuric acids, if an explosive cotton is wanted, and afterwards washing it thoroughly in water. The former preparation, dissolved in ether and alcohol, is largely employed in surgery and photography; the latter is extensively used for blasting purposes and for gunnery. Cotton after its treatment with the acids, and subsequent washing and drying, to all appearance has undergone little external change. It has still all the appearance of ordinary cotton, although the regularity of its structure is lost to a considerable extent, and it has acquired a crisp heavy feeling which cotton does not possess. In the air, it burns with a flash, while ordinary cotton burns slowly. When exploded in a confined space, its force is variously estimated to range from two to eight times that of ordinary gunpowder, according as the substance operated upon forms a more or less resisting medium to its disruptive influence, and according also as it has been prepared with stronger or weaker acids, which materially affects its explosive properties. With several minor disadvantages, among which this variation in the explosive force of the gun-cotton is probably the most important, it certainly possesses many advantages over most other explosives, and particularly in this, that it may be stored in the wet state, in which condition it is practically harmless. Its exploding point in the dry state under given increments of heat varies; but it is seldom under two hundred and fifty degrees Fahrenheit. This it may be stated is considerably under gunpowder; but a gun-cotton explosive at this temperature is probably the exception, and three hundred degrees Fahrenheit may be considered as nearer the average.

Nitro-glycerine (also known as blasting oil), one of the most important, and one of the most powerful and dangerous compounds of this class, is produced by treating glycerine with a mixture of strong nitric and sulphuric acids at a low temperature. It is a heavy, yellowish, oily-looking liquid, freezing at a temperature between fifty and fifty-five degrees Fahrenheit, is powerfully explosive under all circumstances on the least friction or concussion, and is said to have a destructive power at least ten times that of an equal weight of gunpowder. The extraordinary disruptive force which it exerts

makes it well adapted for blasting purposes in mines and quarries; but its extreme susceptibility to explosion from friction, and spontaneous decomposition, cause its employment to be attended with considerable danger. In fact, not a few serious accidents, involving great loss of life and property, have occurred from its use, and under no circumstances can it be said to be free from danger in its commercial form. The very freezing of the compound, which, as we have mentioned, takes place at an unusually high temperature, is said to form one of the greatest sources of danger, from the fact, that the friction of the crystals in process of transport is sufficient of itself to cause explosion of the mass.

One peculiar feature of this substance is, that explosion of the mass will only take place on the application of heat in the event of the heat producing some chemical decomposition within the mass. A light may be applied to the surface of the nitro-glycerine, and it will burn with a flickering flame; the probability being that the flame would go out if the light was withdrawn. If the light, on the other hand, is inserted into the mass, or if it is applied so as to cause any disturbing or decomposing influence, not on the surface, but in the body of the mass, explosion will ensue. Nitro-glycerine has been known chemically for a considerable period; but it is only so recent as 1864 that Nobel, a Swedish engineer, first applied it to mining purposes. Since then, it has come extensively into use, and has been much identified with Mr Nobel's name. He discovered that by mixing it with wood-spirit it might be safely stored, being thus rendered non-explosive either by percussion or heat. From the spirit, it can again be recovered by the addition of water, which precipitates the nitro-glycerine. In 1867, Mr Nobel made the further important discovery, that its explosive tendency and powers were not reduced by adding to it other substances in themselves quite inert, while the addition of such substances in several respects made it safer for transport and use. This at once led him to produce a new compound, which he named dynamite.

Dynamite, it will be understood from this, is nothing more or less than nitro-glycerine with a certain amount of inert matter added, which changes somewhat its physical appearance, but not its chemical or explosive properties. Various substances have been added to nitro-glycerine, and fanciful names given to the mixture; but the substance originally added to it in the production of dynamite, and which has in every respect proved the best adapted for the purpose, is a kind of porous silicious earth, known in Germany as *Kieselguhr*. This substance absorbs the nitro-glycerine, so that when in the proportion usually adopted in its production—namely seventy-five parts of nitro-glycerine to twenty-five parts of *Kieselguhr*—the consistency and appearance of the dynamite approach that of newly kneaded flour without the adhesive properties. In short, this earthy substance does to the nitro-glycerine what blotting-paper does to ink; but inasmuch as the nitro-glycerine is of an oily nature, and requires to be in considerable excess, it was found that with increase of temperature, and under other circumstances, such as slight pressure, the nitro-glycerine was apt to exude from

the compound. To obviate this, dynamite has latterly been supplied in the form of cartridges, the formation of which permits a certain amount of pressure in their production, so that any excess of nitro-glycerine can be avoided, and the risk of explosion from the presence of free nitro-glycerine reduced to a minimum.

Mr Nobel imputes nearly all the calamities which have taken place from nitro-glycerine to leakage, it being almost impossible to prevent this, however perfect the cases are in which it is transported, the substance being so oily and penetrating; and he cites as an analogous case that of gunpowder being transported in cases dropping out continually part of their contents. This probably has something to do with many of the terrible catastrophes which have had to be narrated from time to time; but we are inclined to think that many of them have also been produced by the careless handling of a substance the dangerous nature of which was at least in the first instance but imperfectly understood. In this as in many other things, experience had to be gained, though unfortunately at a terrible cost; and the very fact that few accidents have occurred in the process of its manufacture compared with those in its transit and use, bears us out in this opinion.

Mr Nobel, in a paper read before the British Association shortly after the introduction of dynamite, gives some very interesting information regarding both it and nitro-glycerine. We do not intend to review this paper, but we may be excused referring to several experiments publicly made with dynamite, to show that the opinion expressed in the paper of the comparative safety of dynamite as an explosive agent was fully justified. A box containing eight pounds of dynamite—equal to eighty pounds of gunpowder—was placed over a fire where it slowly burned away. Another box containing the same quantity was hurled from a height of more than sixty feet on a rock below, and no explosion ensued from the concussion. A still more severe test was that of dropping a weight of two hundred pounds from a height of twenty feet on a box of dynamite, smashing the box, and yet not exploding the dynamite. It is difficult to reconcile these experiments with the opinion popularly held regarding dynamite. We do not think we are exaggerating when we say that it is generally esteemed the embodiment of all that is dangerous and evil in such compounds. The truth lies probably midway between the two extremes. Dynamite it is certain will not always stand the extreme tests here stated; and from whatever cause, it must be admitted erratic results frequently have happened in the process of handling and using. On the other hand, that it is not so readily exploded as is currently supposed, may be granted, although we would hesitate to enforce this opinion, considering that public safety lies altogether in the former belief.

Both nitro-glycerine and dynamite are now extensively employed in mining and other operations of a similar kind; and owing to certain peculiar characteristics which we have not as yet mentioned, they are well adapted for all such purposes. When nitro-glycerine or dynamite, or any other compound having nitro-glycerine for its basis, is exploded, unlike gunpowder or the majority of other explosives, the effect of the

explosion is expended in the direction of those points in actual contact with the compound. Thus, if gunpowder was exploded on an iron plate in the open air, the disruptive effects would be nil; but if nitro-glycerine or dynamite was exploded under the same circumstances, the effects would be the indenting or shattering of the iron plate *downwards*. In the same way, a gun fired with nitro-glycerine would almost certainly burst, even though the quantity employed was not greater than that of an ordinary charge of gunpowder.

It will thus be seen how valuable this characteristic of the nitro compounds is when applied to blasting operations, and it will also at once explain how the tedious process known to miners as 'tamping' is rendered unnecessary. Tamping is simply the filling-up of the hole bored in the rock after the gunpowder has been introduced, so as to produce as much resistance as possible to the disruptive power of the gunpowder. The hole is filled with pieces of rock, sand, clay, and the like, and the whole beaten firmly together. In the case of nitro-glycerine or dynamite, however, tamping is not necessary; simple contact with the bottom and sides of the bore-hole being sufficient to produce the maximum disruptive effects. The mode of firing the compounds is exceedingly simple. They are introduced into the blast-holes in suitable cases; and a fuse, having a small charge of gunpowder at its extremity, is fixed immediately on the top of the compound, and the concussion produced by the exploding gunpowder explodes the nitro compound. The ordinary fuse or the 'straw' used in some blasting operations would be uncertain in its results, owing to the non-explodibility of the compounds under the application of an open flame.

Government have wisely set strict regulations upon the manufacture, sale, storing, and transport of all the explosives named, as well as the numerous compounds which they are made to form when mixed with each other. Recent events may necessitate regulations even more stringent. No government regulation can, however, secure freedom from carelessness, and this forms one of the principal causes of the majority of accidents. It cannot be too widely known that friction or concussion is in all these compounds to be avoided, and that the great majority of explosives are rendered positively harmless if placed in water.

ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOX.

CHAPTER XV.—SEEKING LEGAL AID.

'If you will do it, my dear, of course you will,' said Sir Pagan to his sister, two days after the dinner in Bruton Street. He spoke impatiently, and perhaps roughly; but his heart was not a hard one; and his mood changed at once as he heard a low stifled sob in response to his petulant retort.

'I will do it. It is my duty and my right; and at any cost, I mean to carry it out,' was the slowly spoken answer of the golden-haired girl, whose face was half averted from him. 'Right is right, brother, even though you, too, turn against me.'

'I'd have given a thousand pounds'—blurted

out Sir Pagan, and then struck fast in his unfinished speech, and blushed darkly red as he realised two facts—one the patent truth, that he had not a thousand pounds at his command; the other, that his hasty words might sound unkind. 'I, for one, won't turn against you; hang me, if I do!' said the baronet sturdily.

'And yet, Pagan, you never would really listen to me, never would be, as I had hoped you would, my champion and my friend, helping me—as you should—in the struggle, and'—

'Now, my dear, don't!' was Sir Pagan's almost piteous protest. 'Between you and—her'—he made a great effort here to suppress the word Clare, that was trembling at his gates of speech—'I'm not fit to be umpire. And yet, my girl, I mean to be kind, as a brother should. I'll speak to,' he added desperately, 'anybody. If Lady Barbara'—

'Lady Barbara will never acknowledge my right, until the strong hand of the law enforces it,' exclaimed the girl, with a sudden flush in her pale cheek. 'You mean well, brother; but I see that I must steer my own bark through these troubled waters.'

Sir Pagan was silent.

'I shall go, then, in the first case to Mr Pontifex, as I said,' she continued.

'Why not, if you must go to a lawyer at all, go to my man, as I advised?' asked Sir Pagan, with some sense of injury. 'Wickett isn't dear—for a lawyer, I mean—and gives a good deal for his six-and-eight, or his thirteen-and-four, in the bill of costs; whereas Pounce and Pontifex are people I should no more go to, if in trouble, than I should ask old Sir Joseph Doublefleck, the Queen's physician, to feel my pulse. And Wickett is so sharp! If you have a chance with a jury—I mean in horse-cases and that—he'll take you up, and retain Beamish or some such shrewd dog, and get you a verdict, likely as not. But if you haven't a leg to stand upon'—

'I'm afraid, Pagan dear, I must manage my own matters in my own way,' was the mild, resolute reply; and Sir Pagan pulled out his watch.

'I'll tell James to have the brougham ready when you like to go out, C—sister,' blundered out the baronet, who had with difficulty enforced on himself the rule to call his nearly related visitor by no name, thereby preserving his own attitude of judicial impartiality, and also in the hope of avoiding a scene.

It was not very likely that he would return until it should be time to dress for dinner—should it be worth his while to dress, for his bachelor meal—at his club or elsewhere. Few men get less of good or comfort out of the houses for which they pay, grudgingly, ground-rent, rates, and taxes, and the bills of slaters and plumbers, than did Sir Pagan. But he had a dim consciousness that a baronet's house, like the tenement of the proverbial Englishman, is his castle, and stands him in as good stead as does the shell of the crab to its crustacean owner. Had he given it up, and gone to dwell in chambers, or St James's Street lodgings, his credit would have gone down to County Court pitch, and the Society Journals, so-called, would

have earned a pennyworth by scoffing at the fallen glories of the broken-down House of Carew.

As it was, Sir Pagan departed; and an hour later, or less, Sir Pagan's shabby brougham, with the Red Hand of Ulster blushing on its ill-painted panels, conveyed Sir Pagan's sister to the classic parlours of Lincoln's Inn. She had the address of Messrs Pounce and Pontifex by heart; and entering the stony court, and passing under the low-browed doorway, which frowned down upon her as it had frowned on many another pilgrim—on none, surely, so lovely as she was—limbly mounted the black oaken stair, and rang the bell appertaining to the legal lair of those illustrious magi of British, or at least English domestic law, of settlements, entails, wills, and remainders, Messrs Pounce and Pontifex. At very civil, decent sort of clerk, bald as a billiard ball, came to respond to her summons.

'Is Mr Pontifex within, or Mr Pounce?' faltered out the applicant for admission.

The clerk was an experienced clerk, and knew a lady when he saw one; but had Sir Pagan's sister been the poorest and most bewildered old woman who ever travelled by parliamentary train to London to prove her husband's will, good-natured Mr Jupper would have been patient and forbearing with her. 'Mr Pounce is not in chambers now, madam,' said the clerk, as indeed he might have said with perfect truth at most hours of every working-day, for the visits of old Mr Pounce to Lincoln's Inn were as rare as those of angels. 'Mr Pontifex, I am afraid, is engaged; but— What name might I mention?'

'Lady Leonminster. Mr Pontifex knows me. I am staying with my brother, Sir Pagan Carew, in Bruton Street; and I have come here this morning to consult Mr Pontifex on business.' This was said in the dull mechanical tone of one who repeats a lesson learned by heart, but of which the learner is weary.

Wortley Jupper, the confidential clerk, screwed up his lips and arched his eyebrows, and then coughed. Clerks of the confidential variety are seldom slow in getting to learn the last intelligence as to the more important of their employers' hereditary clients, and Mr Jupper had heard something, and guessed more, as to the singular estrangement between the well-endowed widow of the deceased Marquis and her penniless sister. The mention of Bruton Street and of Sir Pagan's name made it plain to him which of the two it was who craved an audience with his principal.

'If—your Ladyship—would please to come in,' said Mr Jupper hesitantly, after a moment's hesitation, and perhaps agreeing with the lawyer in the *Bride of Lammermoor*, that nothing was lost by conceding a title of courtesy, 'I will let Mr Pontifex know.—This is the way,' he added, pioneering the visitor through the clerks' office, where pens scratched steadily over paper, and into a neat dull ante-chamber; and then, after a minute's delay, into the presence of Mr Pontifex, who had risen from his seat at the writing-table, and who came forward with an urbane bow to receive the newcomer.

The girl meekly took the armchair offered her, and threw one glance around the room, with its shelves crammed with law-books, and other shelves

that supported jammed deed-boxes, gold-lettered with the names of very distinguished clients indeed. The apartment itself was not ill-furnished, with its thick old Turkey carpet and thick red curtains; but it had a gloomy look; and the light poured in by a subdued fashion, even on that summer's day, through the begimed windows. Then she turned her blue eyes full on the lawyer's face as he sat opposite, watching her, with something of pity in his gaze.

'You know me, Mr Pontifex, and my history,' she said, in a voice that had strangely lost its music, and that sounded almost harshly in the speaker's ears; 'who better, since you were at Castel Vawr when?'

'When the unfortunate misunderstanding arose,' suggested the attorney smoothly, as he rubbed his hands together.

'Say, rather, when the cruel wrong was done!' flashed out the visitor with a sudden and passionate energy that made the lawyer wince. 'I have come here to-day to ask if you will help me. Will you?'

'Most willingly, if it be in my power—consistently, of course, with my engagements and my duty,' was the guarded answer of Mr Pontifex. He was sorry to have to be guarded in his reply to such a one. A good man was the eminent family solicitor, and a good father. His daughters, at their luxurious Meida Hill villa, would have held as high-treason the notion that any possible papa could be as good and kind and dear as was their papa. And he had a very fatherly, sorrowful feeling towards this poor young thing, so beautiful and so misled. But there was something in her bearing that chilled him. What must be—so he thought, in sorrow, not in anger—the heart of one who could persist so steadfastly, so fiercely, it might be said, in a detestable course of self-convicted imposture!

'I am not aware, sir, of the nature of your engagements, or of what your duty may consist,' was the hasty reply. 'Are you in the pay of my enemy?' And as she spoke, she half rose from the great armchair, and her eyes glittered with angry excitement.

Mr Pontifex was struck speechless. Never, in the whole course of his professional career, had he been asked such a question. It took a woman to ask it. It took, also, a woman at bay. Men, at least educated men, are more circumspect. But when a lady is driven out of her narrow conventional vocabulary of lady-like prettinesses and platitudes, she is apt to say things that astonish conventional listeners. The experienced family solicitor pained for a while.

'Of what enemy, my dear young lady, do you speak?' he said gently, when he had had time to reflect.

'Of her who dwells in my dead husband's house, who usurps his honours and his wealth, and thanks to whom I am an outcast, suspected by all,' was the wrathful answer; and this time the girl sprang to her feet, lithe, flushed, almost terrible in her anger.

Nothing could have done her greater harm, in the judgment of so experienced a man of the world as cool, kindly Mr Pontifex, who had had to do, professionally, with bad natures as well as good ones—who had been intrusted with the mission of coaxing rash Lady Mauds, or obstinate Honourable

Floras, into giving up a compromising correspondence with scampish suitors, and who had talked more than one dogged lady's-maid into resignation of 'that di'mond necklace, which I know no more of it than the babe in the nursery,' sooner than prosaic police should be sent for, and horrid commitments be made out for the county jail. He was very much vexed now.

'We had better be calm,' he said, more cheerfully than he felt; 'and indeed, in law-matters—and you are in a lawyer's chambers, recollect—if we are not calm, we are sure to get into the wrong box. We, Pounce and Pontifex, have acted for the Marquis of Leominster—I speak, of course, of successive holders of the title—for seventy years. We act now for the late lord's widow, for his executors, and for the Lady Barbara Montgomery, who is an old and a valued client; but of enemies we know nothing. You, young lady, are certainly not classed in that category by us. And—here his tone changed to one of persuasion—'it would be one of the happiest days in my life if I could contrive to reconcile—'

'Never!' The word was hissed out rather than spoken. 'I want my own—my rights. There is a law in England; let it do me justice. Then I could forgive her—not till then. I came to you, sir, in hopes that you might aid me; but you will not. Castel Vawr, Leominster House, the great income—all are mine, and yet you will not befriend me.' Her voice sank almost into a wail here; and Mr Pontifex looked at her, as she hid her face between her gloved hands and bowed her fair head, with sincere compassion. All his previous knowledge was at fault here. He had no fathom-line wherewith to gauge the depths of a disposition so strange to his worldly lore. That her conduct merited, not sympathy, but punishment, he was certain. And yet it was pity of her. What evil influence could have warped from the path of common honesty a creature so lovely and so innocent! He had heard mention of that Madame de Laloue whose malignant counsels were deemed to have been the primary cause of the mischief. Mr Pontifex had himself no very good opinion of itinerant countesses of foreign birth and ubiquitous habits. He shook his head as he remembered the little he had heard of Countess Louise.

'I am an old man—old enough to be your father, young lady,' said Mr Pontifex, not without a sort of dignity, such as earnestness and an honest purpose seldom fail to impart; 'and I do assure you that it would be very pleasant to me to see your sister and yourself on friendly terms again; and that I do venture to advise you, as I would advise my own daughter, to give up this hopeless undertaking. I will not, as some lawyers would, set before you as a scarecrow the enormous cost and the tedious length of legal proceedings. Believe me, a long lawsuit is like a long war. It breaks the health, and spoils the nature, and ruins the hopes of many who are innocent of any active share in it. It is even worse for the principals. I know many a rich and titled gentleman who groans over the struggle that pride and prejudice, and the Englishman's stubborn resolve not to be beaten, have made him carry on, amidst demurrers and rebutments, changes of venue, notices of motion, prayers

for new trials, appeals to superior courts, and eventually to the House of Lords. If I were you, my dear young friend, I would take an old man's advice, and accept once more the bright and becoming position in the world for which no one could be more qualified. Your sister's influence would?—'

'My sister! I cannot listen with patience, Mr Pontifex, kindly as you mean, to such advice as you would force upon me. I have made up my mind, after much thought and much self-communing, and I am not to be turned aside by fear or by persuasion from my destined path in life. I gather from what you have said, Mr Pontifex, though you have been very good to me, that I must look for help elsewhere. I must seek it, then, where I can. Unhappily, I know very little of London, and still less of the world,' said the visitor, as she rose to go.

There was a sort of civilian chivalry in Mr Pontifex that would not let her leave him thus. He, personally, could not help her. He had indeed the worst opinion of her cause; and besides, he was pledged to the Marchioness of Leominster *de facto*, and to her imperious relative Lady Barbara; but he did not like to see her depart solitary, sad, and forlorn, like some damsel of the mediæval times who could find no champion to break a lance for her in the lists.

'One moment,' said the lawyer. 'I will write a note to some colleagues of ours, if I may say so, with whom we have frequent communication—solicitors of the very highest repute—Messrs Hawke and Heronshaw, of Brick Court, Temple—able men and honourable men.—Excuse me;' and he penned a few lines, inclosed them in an envelope, sealed it, and almost forced it into the little gloved hand that took it timidly.

'You think?'—she said hesitatingly.

'I am sure,' resumed the lawyer, with perfect conviction, 'that if Messrs Hawke and Heronshaw can see their way to help you, they will do so. They are free from the ties that hamper ourselves; and if they see the case as I most reluctantly am compelled to see it, you may perhaps be induced to—to think it over again before a decided scandal occurs, which I, as an old well-wisher to the family, should be the first to deplore.—Mr Jupper!'

Escorted by Mr Jupper, the visitor got away from the legal premises of Pounce and Pontifex, and back to her carriage, which presently conveyed her to the chambers of Messrs Hawke and Heronshaw.

THE MAN WITH THE MONKEY.

THE Man and the Monkey is not to be confounded with Man and the Ape. The one subject belongs to Mr Darwin and his antagonists; the other belongs to ourselves and to the British public—particularly to the public that congregates at area railings and peeps down from nursery windows. Therefore, though Man and the Monkey is a large subject, we prefer to distinguish our own property jealously as the Man *with* the Monkey. He is commonly a man with dark hair, darkened visage, and a woe-begone smile—a mercenary smile, that appears the moment you look anywhere within five yards of him. The smile is accompanied by mutterings in Mediterranean French

or Italian; and both unite with the monkey in begging for coppers more plainly than plain English.

The man is a shabby individual. He wears a broad soft Savoyan hat; a velvet coat, with what Dickens used to call small-tracks along the seams; corduroy continuations; and dusty boots, the strongest of the strong. The organ strapped on his back gives him a stooping gait when he walks; and in cold weather, his partner in business travels snugly hidden inside the old velvet coat. It has been facetiously given as an illustration of Darwinism that the organ of the street musician develops to a large size when the player has to rely upon its use alone; and that when he uses something else as well in gaining his livelihood, the disused organ dwindles away. *Vide*, it is said, the musician with a monkey on his barrel-organ and the musician without.

The music is certainly not the chief attraction in the case of our friend with the old velvet coat. The tunes are out of date and the mechanism wheezy. The very dullness of the melodious whine gives the signal for the scramble to the nursery windows when 'a monkey-organ is coming.' The chief attraction is the quieter partner in the business, poor Jacko!—though he is by no means the sleeping partner. The characteristics of the monkey are his flaunting shabbiness, his injured air, and his beseeching looks. How the flaunting shabbiness is put together we are unable to say; it is as indescribable in its way as a Parisian bonnet. We have come across the advertisement of a fashion-book professing to give 'the latest fashions for children and pet dogs at Drignton;' but the 'fashions for monkeys' we have never heard of, nor found any hint as to their laws of dress or the whereabouts of their *costumiers*. Our impression of monkey costume is a cocked-hat, which makes the poor thing doubly unhappy till it is lost in the mud; a dirty red jacket; and a red skirt inclining to black, regulated in shape by the presence of two nimble brown legs and a tail that curls out from under it.

The monkey's injured air, combined with his beseeching looks, are as peculiar to his tribe as the pink-palmed hands, the jacket, or the curled-tipped tail. The performing dogs never have it, nor has Toby; nor can the canaries express it, when they are ready to tell the fortune of any lady or gentleman for a penny. The pair of boxing cats show the nearest approach to it in their natural moments, before they lay back their ears and rear up for another soft-pawed encounter. The injured aspect of the monkey is shrinking and cringing, not indignant. He looks so cunning, that one can hardly pity him; but for all that, he is protesting that he is out of his place; that he feels ill at ease in the jacket of tinsel and scarlet; that arena railings make mean climbing for him when he remembers his freaks in his native forests, holding on by the rope-like creepers or by the tails of his brethren. All this he expresses with his eyes, which acquire a complaining and beseeching, if not an ill-tempered look. It may be his human ears of flesh—it may be the redness of his eyes, peering from under hair that makes an unattractively shaggy fringe of lashes—it may be the ugliness of his nose and mouth, contrasted with his old-man's air of thinking and observing—it may be the clutching mischief-hinting restlessness of his hairy hands—it may be the inconvenient possession of a tail by a creature who wears a jacket—but somehow, as he sits up, chained to his master's organ, it has always struck us that the performing monkey has the air of an unspish thing constrained to unsuitable service, and of a conscious ill-favoured creature, quite aware that it is a marvel of ugliness in contrast with the humankind it is made to ape.

When Mr Mayhew was writing his book on *London Labour and London Poor*, he did not forget to interview and question one of the owners of performing monkeys. The man gave information freely in broken English and French, but somewhat timidly, as he had a frightened impression that in the streets of the town the monkey was 'defended' (meaning *defendus*, forbidden), and that his information might get him into trouble. He never did 'play do monkey' in town, he said; he went out 'vare dere is so many donkey up a top at dat village.' He stated that performing monkeys were becoming scarce; there were not a dozen 'wot play in Angleterre' for the reason that 'monkey is "defended" in the streets.' He himself was making about twelve shillings a week, sometimes three shillings a day, sometimes sixpence, sometimes nothing. He had had his monkey three months, having bought him for thirty-five shillings.

'I did teach a him all he know. I teach a him vid do kindness, do you see. I must look rough for tree or four times, but not to beat him. I musn't feed him ven I am teaching him. Sometimes I buy a haphorth of nuts, to give him after he has done wot I want him to do.'

Then he alluded mournfully to this monkey's accomplished predecessor, who could use the sword, dance, and play the drum and the fiddle. 'Aht but he don't play do fiddle like de Christian, you know, but like do monkey!' On this prodigy of a monkey he had lavished his care and affection, teaching him to waltz with time and step regulated by jerks of the string, and rewarding him with 'biled raisins.' But just as the *artiste* was conquering the difficulties of the waltz, he indulged in an imprudent meal of red paint, and, as the old epitaphs say, 'physicians were in vain,' and he and his tricks came to an end.

Probably this man, like all his Italian fellow-travellers in London, looked forward to saving up a small sum even out of such scanty earnings and some day going back to Italy. It is true that there are other ambitions—to become a *pauvre*, sending out other men with his unmusical instruments hired by the day; or to open a small shop—one of the many dingy low-ceiled shops with more dust than stock-in-trade, such as abound among the London Italian colony. But for the most part, the ice-vendor and the macaroni-maker, the exhibitor of a couple of guinea-pigs or of a monkey, and the doleful organ-grinder—all look to a future, when with a little money saved—very little will be sufficient—they can depart from the land of foreigners and fogs to the land of sunshine, home-language, and *dolce far niente*, and there buying a scrap of ground and sweetly doing nothing, help occasionally in the vintage or the harvest to replenish their purse. How men ever

accomplish this by selling ices at a penny each to the street children, is one of the mysteries of poor folk's economy; but it is certain that many of them do accomplish it, and triumphantly pack their goods in a bundle, and take ship for Italy with the wife of their bosom and the *bambino*. So this also, let us hope, is the destiny of the man with the monkey.

But he has rough uphill work while he is scraping his pence together. His board is meagre; the knife hidden in his belt is his protection against his associates; and he knows they have the same protection against him in the slightest difference of opinion, whether it be about earnings or about some suspicion of cheating in the game—the ancient classic game—of showing up fingers and counting them while they flash. As for his lodging, it is little better than that of his hiremate partner in business. It is sure to be not far from Holborn, somewhere about Hatton Wall or old Saffron Hill. There, within a stone's throw of the spot where once were the strawberry gardens of the Bishop of Ely, lies the abode of the Italian colony, in many courts, circuitous lanes, and dismal little streets, widened here and there with traces of recent demolition of untenable overcrowded houses. Here, far later than the days of strawberry gardens near Holborn Hill, abounded not many years ago residences of such gentlemen as Fagin the Jew and his pupil the Artful Dodger; here were thieves' kitchens; streets impassable by night, and courts and alleys where human beings were piteously crowded together, with crime and poverty and sickness as inevitable miseries to be shared. Those bad old times have passed. The neighbourhood has been thinned and improved, though not yet as transformed as it ought to be; and in the improved state of things, with enough of dismal courts and pent-up lodgings to form a dark background, the poor Italians of London have settled down.

The owner of the monkey belongs to that colony, as we guess from his costume, and from his Italian broken words, or his French of the north Italian frontier. He lives, perhaps, down one of those courts that are entered by a bricked passage like a bottle-neck. He pays a pittance for his share in one of the houses that lodge a numberless community on each side of the long, narrow, flagged court. His share is a very small one. The basement cellars—rooms of these houses, down into which one may look through a grating near the steps, are odorous of greasy cookery and macaroni-making; and countless strings of macaroni hang drying on their wires above the tables and benches that form the only furniture. This is the kitchen, larder, and dining-room, where the monkey *minus* the organ has released his tricks for a laughing good-tempered crowd, and where the man eats his nightly supper among his fellow-countrymen. Up-stairs there are rooms, floor above floor, each furnished with an army of beds and nothing more; and our Italian, for his daily payment, gets his share of a couch with one or two more of his musical (?) brethren. The musical instruments and the animals are lodged together, either in a room apart or in a shed in the yard at the back. What a strange spectacle this shed must present! Piano-organs and barrel-organs, and all the amazing varieties of

hurly-gurdy, are come to a dead stop there for a night's peace, like those 'happy families' that under certain conditions can agree in concord in a cage, though any two of their members have never agreed for five minutes elsewhere. There also dwells the monkey in private life, disburdened of the red jacket that held his arms as in a strait-waistcoat, and the skirt that interfered with the brandishing of his tail. There in their cage are the white mice; and perhaps the canaries that tell fortunes, the timid guinea-pigs of the Italian boy, and the noisy performing dogs, are lodged in the shed next door with the amicable assembly of barrel-organs belonging to another padrone.

There is another kind of little creature that is carried out with barrel-organs in London; its lot is thoughtlessly made far worse than that of the monkeys; yet we know its nightly rest is not in the shed, but in the kitchen where the macaroni hangs, where the men smoke by the hearth, where the women gossip in Italian, taking off their flat linen head-dresses, and hugging their babes against skirts and short bodices bright as a rainbow. One subject of our anxiety is the organ-baby. Who that walks through London streets has not seen it lying like an inanimate bundle upon the top of the organ, or a little older, crowing from the basket on the haul-cart at the end of the iron-lugged piano-organ! Where are its brains? Will it grow up deaf, or will it shout, haunted all life long by an atmosphere of noise? Has custom become a second nature to those that hear organs all day? Has the baby, strapped on the organ top, an inherited knack of not eaving? Will it grow up to hear and understand and sleep like other children? Or will it grow up at all? We can conceive the monkey going mad, and tearing the organ and scattering the crowd, if he were condemned to lie with his head against it all day? But what can the baby do?

Why there should be a baby with an organ, is a query outside our subject; but we may ask why there should be a monkey? Some ignorant, ugly, awkward, cunning, tricksome likeness to humankind there is in this poor creature, that sits up with eager hands and listening, fleshy ears. The likeness, the cunning, and the freaks, are the reason of his servitude; and it is beyond doubt that he pleases the spectators up in the nursery, however much his presence may annoy the older spectators that put money in his hairy hand to have him taken away. Just in the same manner, though the mechanical barrel music may be the pest of one neighbourhood, there are others where it must not be denied, because it is a boon, and where, as the only music of the poor, it sets the girls whirling on the pavement, and the children dancing an infantile war-dance for glee. We believe, despite the complaints of men of nerve and brain, and despite laws enacted, the man with the organ has a firm foothold, because thousands of small households are enlivened by him—instead of being driven to depths of melancholy and despair, as more cultured ears may be. But the man with the monkey has not a firm foothold; he and the monkey are slipping away. He is following the long train of revelry that has played out its day. He is in the wake of the Maypoles and

the man with the dancing bear; and the trained monkey will follow the performing bear, first becoming, like bruin, an astounding rarity, and then an extinct species, to be found no more in civilised life.

OUR NEW MANAGER.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

THERE was excitement in the warehouses, the counting-house, and the whole of the realms under the sway of Messrs More, Keelby, & Co.; for on the day following the incidents with which our last chapter closed, it was understood that the new partner—the capitalist—would enter upon the management. None of the clerks had seen him save old Mr Scanler, the head-clerk, who had met him at Mr More's to give certain explanations as to the working of the business; so the staff were all agog to catch the first glimpse of the new enierpor.

He was punctual, arriving exactly at the time indicated; but it so happened that Phil had gone round to the docks at the moment, so he did not see the triumphal procession—as one of his comrades called it—through the offices. His curiosity, however, if he felt any, was not long unsatisfied; for through the speaking-tube which led from the private room to the counting-house, there came a message desiring Mr Hardleby to attend.

The young man, who had expected some such notice in connection with his visit to the docks, went promptly in, and found all three of the old firm present, with a strange gentleman, and old Mr Scanler in attendance. 'This is Mr Philip Hardleby, one of the best of our young people,' said Mr More to the strange gentleman. Then addressing Phil, he continued: 'As this will be the last time I shall be in this room, on business at anyrate, Mr Hardleby, I feel great pleasure in introducing you to Mr Pike, and telling him that he will find in you a valuable servant.'

At this, of course Phil bowed to the strange gentleman, and would have said a few words fitting to the occasion, but that he had been utterly taken aback by what he saw immediately upon entering the room. The new partner, Mr Pike, was the horseman who had held the 'angry parls' with the tramp on the previous evening, and who had been within an ace of forcing a quarrel upon Phil himself.

Mr Pike, who raised his head and bowed in return, met the eye of the young clerk for an instant in full; it was but for an instant, and the dark stern features of the stranger were as unmoved as so much marble, yet an ominous feeling possessed Phil, and he could not help fearing that he was recognised, as certainly as he had recognised Mr Pike. Yet there was a good deal to make this unlikely, for he had been on foot in the shade, and his voice had only once or twice been heard by the horseman; while the latter was far more conspicuous from being mounted and sitting in the direct line of the gaslight, and from having spoken a good deal. Although Phil stole several glances at the new

partner during the interview, he could not detect the slightest approach to an expression of remembrance; nevertheless, he quitted the apartment with a very uncomfortable feeling, and a hearty regret that he should have stopped to listen to a road-side quarrel on the previous evening.

Of course there was a great deal of talk in the counting-house about the new master during the day; and the general opinion was that he would be a tight hand, a screw, a tartar, with divers other uncomplimentary epithets all tending to the same description of character. A few days passed on, during which Phil saw or heard nothing to make him suppose that he had been recognised by Mr Pike, so the ominous feeling referred to gradually faded, though it did not quite disappear.

The night for the concert arrived; and it need hardly be said that Phil was early in attendance at the Lower Down Road in order to convey Miss Marian and her sisters—for two younger members of the family were to assist in the choruses—to the schoolroom. For this concert was by no means a grand affair, being purely a local, even a parochial display. Not but that it was of gigantic importance to the 'artists' engaged, all of whom, including Miss Darnett, had been nervous and excited for some weeks preceding. Marian had tried very hard to persuade Mrs Vullens to come and hear the music; but although that lady took a great interest in her young friend's success, and was pleased to hear every little detail in connection with the concert, her reclusive-like habit could not be broken through, and she would not give the promise.

The description of the concert may be comprised in a line—it was highly successful. The *Sandwich Gazette* managed to fill nearly a column and a half with it, criticising—or rather eulogising without criticism—every singer and player in every effort; while the *Sandwich Chronicle*, having a quarrel with the chief promoter of the concert, was content to give exactly six and a half lines to the affair.

To the delight of Phil, the honours of the evening were unquestionably carried off by Marian. Her good looks and attractive manner may have had something to do with this—too often it is so; but in any case, she was the star of the night. A less pleasurable feature was the presence of Mr Pike, who, to the surprise of Phil, entered with a group of the most influential patrons of the concert. He seemed to be greatly interested in the various items, taking a lead also in the applause which was so liberally awarded to Miss Darnett.

After the performance, the clergyman who presided introduced Mr Pike and another stranger to one or two of the principal artists—of course including Miss Darnett—inentioning at the same time that Mr Pike was a gentleman who had just become a resident in his parish, and being an enthusiastic admirer of music, wished to have an opportunity of saying how much he had been delighted by the admirable execution.—Our readers can supply the remainder of the worthy pastor's harangue.

The compliments which Mr Pike uttered so easily and fluently, confused Miss Darnett, who blushed, but did not look any the less pretty while doing so.

'Had I dreamed of hearing anything half so charming,' continued Mr Pike, 'I should certainly have come provided with the orthodox bouquet to throw to the prima-donna; but I must make up for the omission on a future occasion.'

More embarrassed than before, Marian at last retreated from her prominent position, and was then surprised to learn that the gentleman who had been so complimentary was no other than Philip's new chief.

Much conversation during the homeward walk was devoted to this incident, which had to be retold and respeated upon for the benefit of Mr and Mrs Darnett; the good lady, who prided herself upon her far-seeing powers, expressing her belief that a better thing for Philip and Marian could not have occurred. 'And mark my words,' concluded the good lady; 'you will both often look back to this night—very often. Now, remember what I say.'

Philip tried to feel the same confidence in this fortunate omen, but was scarcely successful. Perhaps it was the unpleasant character of his introduction to Mr Pike which influenced him, but he felt an immovable dislike to that gentleman, a dislike which was almost akin to dread. He disliked his voice, his face, his whiskers, and above all, his eyes. Yet he tried to share Mrs Darnett's sanguine views of the future, in which her daughter at any rate was an unhesitating believer.

Some days passed without any incident of great note. The staff of Messrs More, Keelby, & Co. felt even thus early that the anticipations which had heralded the approach of Mr Pike were likely to be fully realised, and that the business would receive an impetus from his coming such as it never before had felt. There was an immediate and ceaseless activity in every department, and rumours were rife of huge contracts being undertaken in quarters hitherto quite outside their sphere of operation.

Among others who were affected by the energy of the new partner was Mr Darnett, who was invited by letter to call at the office on a certain morning; and he did so, although with some trepidation and doubt as to what his visit might result in; for Mr Darnett was 'on the books' of the firm to an extent which, although small to them, was serious to himself; and owing to the unfortunate issue of one or two pieces of business he had lately undertaken, he had not preserved that regularity in his payments which is expected in mercantile transactions. So he was filled with depressing anticipations, which, however, were all agreeably dispelled.

His interview was with Mr Pike alone; and he found the new manager to be quick, decided, imperative indeed, in his manner; and the first half-dozen sentences he uttered showed to Mr Darnett that he was thoroughly *au courant* with all the bearings of that customer's account. This did not appear like a favourable commencement; but, to the surprise and delight of Mr Darnett, the conversation took an unlooked-for turn, and Mr Pike pointed out how much better it would be if he made more extensive purchases and went in for larger operations. Not only would he buy cheaper, but such petty losses as he had lately met with—Darnett winced as

the other accurately catalogued these—would only affect the percentage of profit, not, as now, determine success or failure.

Mr Darnett began, rather stammeringly, to explain that he should much prefer to do thus, but—

'But, you mean to say,' interrupted Mr Pike, 'that this requires either capital or credit. Of course it does; and as More, Keelby, & Co. intend to throw off the sleepy old-fashioned way in which their business has hitherto been conducted, I can offer you, on our best terms, all the credit you are likely to require. So, let us see how *you* can go to work, Mr Darnett, and you shall not find our house backward in assisting you.'

There was of course a little more conversation after this, but all to the same effect; and Darnett went home elevated to the seventh heaven of delight, and filled with visions of such a fairyland as an elderly struggling man of business would be likely to picture.

This delight was certainly reflected and heightened in the minds of his wife and eldest daughter; and when the head of the house had driven out to visit a village where he believed some business was to be done—he was a timber-dealer, whose chief connection was among small builders—mother and daughter sat down to some needlework in the front-parlour, in order to have a long and undisturbed chat over the great announcement of the day. Naturally, much of what they said was in praise of the new partner, his generosity, his delightful manner; how fortunate it was that he had come into the firm, and what an excellent thing it would be for Philip.

In this way the theme was sustained and varied, until Marian, chancing to look up, uttered an exclamation which attracted her mother's attention; and on looking up in turn, Mrs Darnett also uttered an ejaculation; for there was Mr Pike himself in the act of dismounting from his horse at the garden-gate, bearing in his hand a most lovely bouquet, the very sight of which at once coloured Marian's cheeks and brow with the brightest scarlet, and caused a meaning look to pass between her mother and herself.

The expected knock was heard; the servant—'How lucky that Betsy has got her afternoon frock on,' whispered Mrs Darnett, who shuddered to think in what a dress their only servitor might have confronted the magnate—the servant, we say, announced Mr Pike, and that gentleman entered. He had taken a seat, apologised for his intrusion, and put Mrs Darnett entirely at her ease within one minute of his entrance.

'I daresay,' he continued, 'that Miss Darnett has considered me, ever since the night of the concert, as the most faithless of mortals.—Is it not so?'

'I—I did not—I am sure,' faltered out Miss Marian, quite confused by this sudden appeal; 'I never!'

'Why! Did I not promise to make up for my remissness in not coming provided with a bouquet?' said he. 'Well, here is the best I could get; for having to wake up the seven sleepers, or rather seventy, at our drowsy place, and having to be in a dozen different departments at once, all day long, I really have not had time to see about so small, yet so essential a matter until to-day.' So saying, he banded to Marian

the 'lovely bouquet' already admired. The quick eyes of both his listeners saw that it was clasped by an elegant silver holder.

After one or two ejaculations of surprise and pleasure from both, Marian managed to say: 'But this is far too beautiful and—and—costly for me! Only great singers ought to have such offerings, Mr Pike. I ought to refuse it, I am sure.'

'Well, if you think it too much as a gift, the only thing left is for you to purchase it, Miss Darnett,' continued the visitor; 'and that can be done at once, by your singing me another song. I had not sufficient courage to ask such a thing at first; but I confess that I took advantage of my first leisure hour to ride over in the hope of hearing one.'

This was more overpowering still; yet it was impossible to refuse anything to so potent and generous a patron; so Marian sang, nervously at first, Mr Pike offering to do his best as accompanist. His best appeared to be about as good as it was possible to be, for he was a master of the instrument, and then he showed that he was an admirable singer. In a splendid baritone voice he gave songs from the operas of which Marian had only read, so delighting her, that when she owned she had never heard an opera, he declared that it was cruelty to allow her to be pleased with such a paltry imitation, and that he would see that Mrs Darnett had tickets sent her every night during the approaching visit to Sandsmouth of a great opera troupe. After this promise, he departed, resisting Mrs Darnett's invitation to partake of a cup of tea—at which refusal that lady, hospitable as she really was, was secretly rejoiced, distrusting her resources upon so short a notice—and leaving his hostess and her daughter bewildered and delighted beyond all precedent.

This pleasing excitement had not subsided by the time Phil paid his customary evening visit, when all particulars had to be rehearsed to him, and all sorts of variations rung in praise of the new partner. Phil was much astonished at hearing all this.

'He does not seem that sort of man to me,' was his comment. 'I cannot say that he has done anything at all harsh or out of the way in the warehouse, yet I am quite sure there is not a man in the place who likes him now, or who does not feel afraid of him.'

'Well, Phil, dear, you at anyrate will never have cause to feel afraid of him,' said Marian, logically following up her impressions; 'for if he takes such interest in my father, and shows such kindness to my mother and myself, he will be sure to think a great deal more of you, who are such a help to him. I should not wonder if he made you head-clerk, when old Mr Scamler retires.'

Phil shook his head, as though he scarcely indorsed this summary; and then, after a moment's hesitation said: 'I never told you, Marian, of a quarrel which I saw one evening between a gentleman and a tramp, and in which, indeed, I was almost say I took a part.'

'No, of course you never did!' said the young lady. 'What was it, Phil?'

In reply, Mr Hartleby gave a detailed account of the adventure, in which Marian was greatly

interested; and when she heard of the identification of Mr Pike with the horseman, her look changed to a very serious one.

'I hope he does not remember you, Phil!' she exclaimed. 'I should not think he did—should you?'

'I should not think so,' returned Philip oracularly; 'only, that whatever ought not to happen, and whatever you don't want to happen, is exactly what always does happen. Yet I must own that he has never dropped a word which could lead me to think he recollects me; and but for something in his eyes when I first met them—in the office, I mean—I should feel pretty certain that he had forgotten me. But only think, Marian!—I saw that very tramp to-night, as I was coming here.'

'I hope he will not get into any more quarrels, and involve you,' said Marian. 'Why does he not go away somewhere else? He ought to do so, you know, if he is a tramp.'

'I think it is because he does not know where else to go,' replied Phil, with a laugh. 'I saw him at the circus, which has recently come to Sandsmouth, and which is likely to stay there a long time, I hear. I did not know him; I merely saw there was a shabby man, who was leaning against the woodwork by the side of the building and smoking a pipe; but as I passed, the man nodded and said: "Hope you are well, sir?" Of course I looked closer at him then, and recollected where I had seen him. He told me that he had got work at the circus. I was not particularly glad to hear this, for I have a kind of instinct which makes me wish him quite out of my way. To my surprise, he asked me how I liked my new "governor," showing that he knew who Mr Pike was; and then I remembered some odd words he had used on the night of the quarrel, which I paid no attention to at the time, but which I now see had the same meaning. I laughed, and advised him to keep out of Mr Pike's way. He laughed too, but in a very unpleasant style, and said: "You bet I shall. I have been doing it for a good while; and it will be just as well for him to keep out of mine."'

'What could he mean by his strange language about Mr Pike?' said Marian, going straight to the point which had impressed her most. 'Do you think he can be mad? Ought we not to tell Mr Pike about him?'

'No; I do not think he is mad in the least,' replied Hartleby; 'and from what little I have seen of Mr Pike, I doubt if that gentleman would approve of my zeal in repeating such a conversation. But we will not talk of my friend the tramp any longer.—What do you think I heard to-day, Marian?'

To this query Miss Darnett was obliged to return a reply declaring that she could not guess; and Phil then told her that a rumour of Mr Scamler's speedy retirement was rife in the office, and, as a matter of course, speculations as to the changes consequent thereon were rife also. As these speculations included the promotion of Mr Philip Hartleby, and as his promotion involved a larger salary, and as a larger salary would justify his immediate marriage, it will at once be seen that the fresh line of conversation suggested was sufficiently engrossing in its interest to banish all recollection of minor subjects, and

to supply an ample stock of materials for castle-building, with visions of fairyland in general, for the remainder of the walk, on which, according to custom, they now started.

THE MOON'S ROTATION.

BY PROFESSOR PIAZZI SMITH, ASTRONOMER-ROYAL FOR SCOTLAND.

OF all the permanent heavenly orbs, there is none that is so near us, is seen under so large an angle—or, if you prefer it, of so large an apparent size—and is at the same time so gently illuminated as to permit men to gaze at it uninterruptedly, and is so abundantly marked with diverse figurings of brighter and darker parts all over its surface, as the Moon.

The well-known changes in general form of the luminous part of the disc or sphere, known as the *phases* of the moon, arising from the different manner in which it is illuminated by the sun in the course of the month as seen by us on the earth, and resulting in the popular names of New Moon, First Quarter, Full Moon, Third Quarter, and New Moon again—slightly interfere with the regular observations of the minute markings and details of the surface above alluded to. But the phase-effects are easily allowed for; and then there comes out this conclusion, or statement, in which all observers both past and present agree—namely, that the moon always turns the same face of itself towards the earth, during the whole time of every monthly revolution she makes around it.* Hence also comes the equally undisputed fact, that mankind is acquainted with only one side of the moon, and never will, in the ordinary course of nature, know what markings or features, say of sea or land, plains or mountains, there may be on the other side.

How this effect comes about, and by what physical means it is kept up, not only throughout the revolution of a single lunar month, but for tens of thousands of such periods, in fact throughout all history—is an interesting branch in the physical astronomy of modern times; but not for us to enter into now, for we have a preliminary question given to us as our present task—namely, with regard to the general and indubitably observed fact above alluded to; and which question may be formulated thus: What are we to say or believe as to 'the rotation of the moon, after having ascertained that it keeps one face steadily towards the earth, during the whole of a monthly revolution around it?'

The answer ought not to be difficult; and indeed so early an authority as Berosus, a Chaldean astronomer in the fourth century before

Christ, is recorded to have come to the true judgment; for he announced that the moon rotates once on its axis in the same time that it revolves once round the earth; and that opinion has been held by every practical astronomer, mathematician, and scientist since the time at least of Francis Bacon.

But these three titles, or professions, by no means include all men, even of education; for some are occasionally violent on the other side. 'It is curious,' said one of our latest and most brilliant of mathematical philosophers, Clerk Maxwell, 'to see how speculators are led by their neglect of the exact sciences, to put themselves in opposition to them, when they have not the slightest point of contact with their systems.' And it has always been so. Whence we find that in the sixth century A.D., a logician named Simplicius must needs come out to oppose Berosus and the astronomers by declaring that the observed fact of the moon always keeping the same face to the earth during a revolution around it, showed that it, the moon, did not rotate on an axis at all.

Now, if Simplicius had meant that he was only speaking with regard to what may be termed 'apparent astronomy,' he would have been excusable enough, so far as that mere temporary stepping-stone of apparent, in place of real and absolute, astronomy is concerned. But, unhappily, he did not mean that. He wished, on the contrary, to express what he believed to be an outrageous blunder of the astronomers at the very beginning of their own science; and to have the honour himself of teaching the world his own discovery, by a truer interpretation of the observed and concealed facts of observation, that the moon in space does not rotate, or turn on an axis at all.

It is strange, wrote the astronomer Arago, in the beginning of the century, that this class of men cannot see, that if the moon did *not* turn on its axis, and *did* keep one part of its face always pointed to one particular direction in space, that we, on the earth, would then necessarily behold one side of the moon in one half of its monthly revolution round the earth, and the other side of the moon, through the remaining half. But that class of men, who exist still, are obstinate in not seeing or understanding the case in this way, and hence they rush into the open to declare astronomers mad.

Thus, at the Bath meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science there was quite a noisy and abusive interruption of these men, pronouncing that the idea of the moon rotating on an axis, when it always presented the same face to the earth, was folly. Although, too, they were admirably answered then by the learned Master of Trinity, Dr Whewell, they came out again soon after at the Royal Astronomical Society in London. One of the party, too, produced there an absurd child's toy, hoping to make his opponents look ridiculous. For he had therein set up a doll dressed as a military general in the centre, and put a figure of a soldier, with his face to the general, on the end of a lathe revolving around that centre; when, of course, the soldier kept his face obediently towards his chief during the whole of a revolution around him. And then said party showed that the

* In an article, 'Is the Sun Wasting?' in a recent number of this *Journal* (No. 995), the words were used: 'That the moon does not rotate is manifest from the fact that it always presents the same face to the earth.' This has led to some misconception, which would have been avoided had we said, 'That the moon does not apparently rotate,' &c.

soldier having been firmly fixed by two nails to the lath, could not possibly have turned on an axis at all. 'No, not with regard to the lath,' said a Cambridge man; 'but as you continue to revolve him by means of the lath, he rotates round my finger,' as he held that down over the little soldier's head from above and from outside all the doll machinery; or as from a region representing infinite space, where directions, as of the cardinal points, are everything.

In other words, if one celestial body revolves round another, keeping the same face always to it, the former *must* change its faces at the same time with respect to circumambient outside space; and in such space, which is astronomical space, a body rotates on an axis, when it changes its surface directions continually towards any fixed point in such outside and infinitely removed circumference; equally, too, whether the said body be in general movement through space or not; that is, revolving round another, or not. Whence we may draw the happy final conclusion for the rising and learning generation, that all the known text-books on astronomy by astronomers in every country are perfectly correct when they state, in spite of logicians of the school of Simplicity, that the moon rotates on its axis once in each of its revolutions round the earth.

HOW PIRATE GOW WAS CAPTURED.

A STORY TOLD MANY YEARS AGO.

Yes, sir; I am, as you say, of a good old age—ninety-two come August, and hale and hearty for my years. I've gone through a deal of tear and wear in my time, sir, served my king and country by land and sea under the immortal Nelson, and remember Trafalgar as though it were yesterday.—Do I come of a long-lived race? Well, father he was drowned when a young man; but grandfather lived to be ninety-eight.—Did grandfather know anything about Gow the Pirate? That he did; wasn't he servant to Mr James Fea of Eday, who captured the buccaneer? I wish I had a crown for every time old grand-dad told me the story of the capture.—Will I tell you the story? Gladly, your honour; but if you'll allow me, I've got the whole account as written by grandfather himself; here it is, and you can read it for yourself:

I was born in 1703, in a little outhouse in the island of Eday, in the Orkneys. We were fisher-folks, my father being a tenant of Mr Fea, who owned part of the island. The young laird—Mr James, we called him—was fond of fishing; and when living at Carrick House—his father's residence in Eday—used often to go out in the boat with father and me. I dearly loved Mr James. He was a gentleman every inch of him; open-handed and handsome, brave as a lion, with the sunniest smile you ever saw. Such was the young master ere his troubles came upon him. It was a proud day for me when he asked if I should care to be his servant. Of course I cared. I remember telling him I would willingly follow

him to the world's end. He laughed in his pleasant way, remarking that at present all he required of me was to follow him to Carrick House. Those were happy days! I loved my master dearly, and small blame to me, for he paid liberally, and what I valued far more, talked to me sometimes as though I were a friend, rather than a servant.

The master liked society, and usually spent the winter months in Kirkwall and Stromness, often riding from one town to the other, fair weather or foul, when a ball was afoot; and back again next day to another dance at the place he had left. In each of these places Mr James had rooms of his own, and a spare wardrobe.

Mr James had never been in love—seriously, I mean; though of course he had had his passing fancies, like most young gentlemen. But the time drew near when he was to know what real love meant. It was the Yule of 1724; and my master had been invited to a ball at Stromness, given by a gentleman whose daughter had just returned from France. You see, the young ladies of those days were educated in French convents, and were sent home with quite grand airs.

I remember Mr James remarking, as we rode together through the blinding snow, scarce able to keep the track, so dark was the afternoon—'Ned,' says he, with a laugh, 'there's a saying, the Monnsseers are half-monkey half-tiger; but I hope they have made Miss Hilda neither the one nor the other. She was such a dear little thing before she crossed the Channel!'

I said I believed Miss Hilda was far too sweet a young lady to be spoiled by the Monnsseers. The master laughed, clapped spurs to his horse; and away we went, dashing past farmhouses where the good folks held high festival; until presently we were clattering through the streets of Stromness, and had pulled up at the little hostelry.

I don't think Mr James ever showed to greater advantage than he did that evening, entering the ballroom with the air of a lord. He looked so noble, his eyes the colour of the blue ribbon confining the golden love-locks which strayed over his velvet coat, on the breast of which bloomed the white rose, emblem of the exiled king. With sword on thigh and head uncovered, he walked to the end of the room to greet the host and hostess, and renew his acquaintance with Miss Hilda. From the door where I had posted myself I could see the master's every movement—how, when his glance rested on the young lady, he started, blushed, and then such a light came into his eyes, as made me feel a sort of pain at the heart, which I believe was a foreboding of the evil days to come. The next thing I saw was my young master leading out Miss Hilda to the minuet. Quite a buzz of admiration arose as they paced through the courtly dance; she, fair as a lily, dainty and sweet; he, grand and handsome, like the sea-kings whose blood flowed in his veins.

Mr James had intended returning to Kirkwall the day after the ball; but he lingered for many weeks in Stromness; and wherever Miss Hilda

went, there my master was sure to be; they had so much in common—beauty, youth, and health, besides an ardent attachment to the Stuarts; for the lady also wore the white rose.

Time passed, and my master's passion for this lovely young lady continued to increase. But though she liked his society and accepted his homage, she did not altogether return his love. Mr James was blind; he could not see that the love was mostly all on his side; yet he shrunk from putting his fate to the test.—All this I gathered from my dear master's behaviour.

One day there came a letter from his lawyer, begging him to ride at once to Kirkwall to settle some business matters. He stood twisting the letter about in his hands, and I heard him mutter: 'I will eat the coward no longer!' Then observing me: 'Ha, Ned, lad, are you there? 'Tis a case of mount and ride; so bring the horses to the door within the hour;' and as he spoke, he strode from the room, and I saw him pass down the street in the direction of Miss Hilda's home.

It was with a heavy heart that I saddled the horses and brought them round, for I expected to see Mr James returning the picture of despair. But no; in a few minutes he returned all smiles, joked me about my lugubrious face, sprung into the saddle, and cantered gaily down the street. I followed, wondering what had wrought this sudden change in his behaviour; but the mystery was solved when I saw Miss Hilda at her window kissing her hand to my gullant master, who doffed his hat to the lady with such a glad light in his eyes as I had not seen for many a day.

So we fared merrily to Kirkwall, Mr James singing a gay French song. Presently, he laughed, and said: 'Well, Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance, how goes it with you now? Ah, I'm pleased to see a smile on your grim visage, the rather that I have pleasant news for you. I'm the happiest man in Orkney, Ned. Miss Hilda has promised to be my wife. I am not worthy of her; but, please God, I shall try my best to become a better man.' And as if thinking on the past and the future, he fell into a reverie, which lasted till we rode into Kirkwall town.

'Happy is the wooing that isn't long adoring,' so runs the proverb; and had the master had his way, Miss Hilda would have been the young mistress of Carrick House before midsummer. But she always put off the wedding on various pretexts.

In the autumn, my master was obliged to go to Caithness on business; and I, as usual, accompanied him. We were only absent a fortnight; but on our return to Stromness found great changes had taken place in the interval. The war-ship *Revenge* lay in the harbour; her crew paraded the streets or thronged the taverns; and Mr James found Miss Hilda surrounded by a group of officers, conspicuous amongst whom was the commander of the *Revenge*, Captain Gow.*

Had you searched the world over, you could not have found a greater contrast to my master than the captain. The former was fair, with a countenance open as the day; the latter, dark, black-bearded, and swarthy. He was indeed

handsome after a fashion, and always dressed richly, usually wearing a crimson velvet coat lined with gold, and the finest ruffles. But there was something uncanny about the man; he always appeared to be acting a part. Probably, Mr James felt this, for he gave him but a curt welcome when introduced by Miss Hilda. (It was the fashion at this time to rave about the handsome commander of the *Revenge*—my master alone denied him his friendship.) And Miss Hilda? She seemed glaucoured by the bold sea-rovers, yet she was kind as ever to her betrothed. He could not shut his eyes, however, to the fact of her evident preference for Captain Gow, with whom he would have picked a quarrel, had not the lady, divining the thought, made him promise to keep the peace for her dear sake.

I knew Mr James was racking his brains to devise some plan to get rid of Gow, and it occurred to me I might help him. Hitherto, I had kept aloof from the crew of the *Revenge*; but now I resolved to mix with them, and try if—when the drink was in and the wit out—I could not hear something which might serve my master; for I hardly believed Captain Gow's statement that he was a post-captain in His Majesty's navy. My investigations were successful. I learned from one of the crew, in a fit of drunken confidence, that his commander was what he called a Free Lance, a sort of sea Ishmael.

I made haste to impart this information to my master, who exclaimed: 'Ah! a felon, is he?' adding: 'But he shall not be condemned without evidence. I shall write to a friend in London, and ask if Gow's name appears in the Navy List.'

The letter was despatched; and in the meantime Mr James bore as well as he could the rover's openly expressed admiration for his betrothed.

My master received an answer to his letter in due course. No such name as Gow, wrote his correspondent, appeared in the Navy List; but all Europe was ringing with tales of the atrocities perpetrated on the high seas by one John Gow, a pirate commanding a ship called the *Revenge*.

Mr James was greatly agitated after reading the letter. He paced the floor hurriedly, and presently remarking that the room was close, snatched up his hat and quitted the house. After leaving the inn, he hurried to the Lookout, an eminence about half a mile from Stromness, where he came unexpectedly upon Miss Hilda and Gow. The lady's hand was clasped by the pirate, who whispered words of love into the willing ears of his companion. Stung to the quick, my master confronted the lovers, poured a torrent of reproaches on the head of the faithless lady, and in no measured terms informed her of the character and calling of the man she had admitted to such intimacy.

Miss Hilda refused to credit the statement, upbraiding him for defaming the name of a better man than himself. Mr James dared the pirate to deny the accusation; but Gow only laughed mockingly. He did not consider it necessary to vindicate his honour to a jealous love-sick boy, he said. Maddened by the taunt, my master drew his rapier, calling upon the pirate to defend himself, which he was not slow to do. They crossed swords; but here Miss Hilda interposed, commanding them to forbear. She spoke

* For another episode in the career of Gow, see *Chambers's Journal*, No. 990.

bitterly to Mr James—said she should never forgive the words he had spoken; their engagement was at an end, and her troth would be plighted to the man he had so shamefully traduced. Then she told him to begone; and he went, after telling his rival to look to himself when next they met.

I was in the stable when my master appeared at the door looking pale and disturbed.

'Saddle the horses, Ned—quick!' said he; 'we must be in Kirkwall within two hours.'

Mr James called a meeting of gentlemen at Kirkwall, and laid before them the letter he had received. There was great consternation; but nobody seemed disposed to assume the offensive. They would watch the course of events and do nothing rashly. Meantime, Mr Fea might devise some plan for the capture of the buccaners, and he was always sure of their warmest co-operation in any feasible scheme, &c. My master laughed bitterly when he related the result of the meeting to me. 'It's the old story, Ned,' said he; 'nobody wishes to bell the cat; but mark me, I will!'

We went to Eday next day. The master immediately assembled the tenants, apprised them of the danger they ran of being harried out of house and holding, inviting them to muster daily at Carriek House for instruction in sword-exercise, so that they might not be quite defenceless in the event of an invasion by the pirates. Spies were despatched to Stromness to watch Gow's movements, and report accordingly. Meantime the young laird of Eday laboured night and day perfecting the country-folk in the use of their weapons.

News came thick and fast. Gow had thrown off the mask, and was marauding far and wide. Why he spared us, I know not; perhaps Miss Ifrida had something to say to it.

For some days there had been no news. The master could not rest, he was in the saddle all day, galloping over the island, or sweeping the offing with his glass in search of a sail. I think even then the conviction was strong upon him that sooner or later he should meet his hated rival.

It was a day never to be forgotten, when, one foggy Saturday morning, the tenants came hurrying in from all parts of the island with the astounding intelligence that the *Revenge* was ashore not very far from Carriek House and breaking up rapidly. The disaster had occurred owing to the stubbornness of Captain Gow. This we learned later. An Eday lad who had shipped aboard the *Revenge* at Stromness warned him of the danger—the rocks on which the vessel struck were sunken ones—but he laughed him to scorn. He had steered his ship for the last twenty years, weathering dangers of all sorts, and was not going to stir an inch from his course because a puling land-lubber prated of sunken shoals. Such were the words of the boaster; and five minutes after, the vessel struck.

Our young master received the news of the shipwreck with apparent coolness. Addressing the farmers and fishermen, he impressed upon them the need of prompt action, courage, and above all, obedience to orders. He then divided his men into three bodies—one, consisting of a dozen stout fellows, armed with muskets, garrisoned Carriek House, the second of some fifty lads, commanded by a smart young fisherman,

received instructions to patrol the island and arrest in the king's name all stragglers from the wreck. Our master himself commanded the third and strongest body of men, who were well armed, tolerably drilled, and in high spirits at the prospect of a fight. I had the honour of being in the front rank. Mounting his horse, Mr James put himself at the head of his followers, gave the word 'Quick, march!' and away we went at a swinging pace.

Arrived upon the scene of the disaster, we found the utmost confusion prevailing. Boats plied between the ship and shore, carrying off provisions and valuables from the vessel, for the *Revenge* was rapidly breaking up. Captain Gow stood on the beach directing operations. Round him were grouped his officers and the majority of the crew, all armed. At our approach, they raised a shout and levelled their muskets, but our young master rode forward fearlessly, calling upon Gow to surrender in the king's name. The pirate laughed scornfully; he would surrender to no man, he said. At this moment, a shot from one of the sailors' muskets brought our leader's horse to the ground. Disentangling himself from the dying animal, he waved his sword, shouting 'Charge!'

We exchanged shots with the pirates, then, led by the young laird, rushed upon them. After firing our muskets, most of us clubbed them and began dealing blows right and left. Our gallant leader fought his way to where Gow stood, and again summoned him to surrender. For answer, his antagonist snapped a pistol in his face, which happily missed fire, and then attacked him with his sword. But at the instant a stray shot struck the pirate's up-lifted arm, causing it to drop powerless by his side. The sailors and officers perceiving the condition of their chief, threw down their arms in token of submission; and Gow, recognising the folly of further resistance, silently surrendered himself. We formed a hollow square; the prisoners were placed inside, and in this order marched to Carriek House, where they were accommodated with lodgings in the barn—their Chief being locked up in the strong-room. Before night, all the stragglers from the wreck were brought in by the patrols and sent to join their friends in the barn. Sentries were posted round the building, to prevent escape; and all through that Saturday night and Sunday the smiths laboured incessantly forging fetters for the pirates. On Monday morning, boats were got ready to convey them to Kirkwall; and linked together two by two, they were marched down to the shore and placed on board the boats. Their chief frowned darkly when he passed my master on the beach, but he did not speak, and preserved a moody silence all the way to Kirkwall.

After lying for some time in the county jail, the pirates were sent to London to stand their trial; and Mr James and I followed to give evidence. Some of the crew were pardoned, also one of the lieutenants; but Gow was sentenced to be hanged.

I went to see the execution. The pirate appeared on the scaffold dressed in a scarlet coat laced with gold, looking so gallant, that the people cheered him. As he glanced around, his eye rested on me, and he scowled. With a mocking smile, he resigned himself to the

executioner. I covered my face with my hands, for my nerves gave way, and I never looked up till I heard the crowd dispersing.

Two days after the execution, as I sauntered along the Strand, a closely veiled lady approached, put a letter into my hand, and before I could speak, disappeared among the crowd. I recognised her even in her disguise; it was poor Miss Hilda. The letter was addressed to Mr James. Later, I learned how the poor lady had come to London, hoping to see her lover. She was too late; he had been executed the day before her arrival. It is said he left a letter in which he begged her to pray for the repose of his soul; and that, in compliance with his last wish, she proceeded to France, where she entered a convent and took the veil. Whether such was her fate, I know not; for from the time I saw her in the Strand, she disappeared utterly, and I could never learn any tidings of her.

I blame Miss Hilda's letter for a very serious illness contracted by Mr James at this time. He fell ill very soon after reading it, and in his delirium raved about her cruelty in calling him a murderer. I suppose the poor lady, distracted at the dreadful fate of her lover, and consequently seeing things in a distorted light, had accused my master of being his destroyer.

I was glad when Mr James recovered sufficiently to return to Orkney. His native breezes quite restored his strength; but he never entirely recovered his spirits. Misfortune dogged his footsteps—bad harvests and interminable lawsuits wasted his patrimony, and made an old man of him before his time. After some years, he married a sweet, gentle, little lady, who worshipped him; children were born to them; and had it not been for pecuniary anxieties, his life would have been a very happy one.

My story is nearly done. Mr James was out in the 'Forty-five, and I shared with him the glories of the campaign, ay, and the defeats too. I weep when I think of Culloden, and the gallant young Prince wandering homeless and unfed, hunted like a wild beast in the land of his forefathers.

I lived to see my dear master laid in the grave, and his estates pass into the hands of strangers. Then I went to Portsmouth, to live with my boy Charley; for Orkney was never the same to me after Mr James was gone.

* * * * *

Well, your honour, you've got through a tough yarn. You see grandfather was a bit of a scholar, read plays and such-like, and he picked his words more like a gentleman than a common man. I often heard him tell it by word of mouth; and he never ended but with tears in his eyes; for my grandfather was as tender as he was true.

STRAW AS FUEL.

In Russia, Wallachia, and many other districts, straw is so abundant, corn being so largely grown, that it is a perfect drug in the market, and has to be burnt in large stacks, merely to get rid of it. There are now engines made, more particularly the portable steam-engines used largely for farming purposes, which are so arranged that straw can be used as fuel for generating steam,

without the employment of either wood or coal. The arrangement that is found most favourable is the engine on Head and Schemieth's patent—constructed by Messrs Ransomes, Head, and Jefferies, Ipswich—in which the straw is automatically fed into the furnace by means of toothed rollers, very similar in action to a chaff-cutting machine. To enable our readers to further understand the advantages of such an invention, we should add that in addition to straw, almost every other description of vegetable refuse may be burnt; for instance, cotton and maize stalks, gorse, jungle-grass, &c.; and by simply removing the patent feeding apparatus, the furnace can also be fired with coal and wood in the ordinary manner. It is hardly necessary to point out that by means of this invention, steam-power can now be introduced into distant countries, which, on account of the absence of coal or other suitable fuel, have been hitherto debarred from its many advantages.

THE IDEAL WIFE.

Somewhere in the world must be
She that I have prayed to see,
She that Love assigns to me.

Somewhere Love, her lord and king,
Over her is scattering
Fragrance from his purple wing.

By the brink of summer streams
I have dreamed delicious dreams;
What I will, my sweet one seems.

In the sheen of autumn skies
I have pictured sunny eyes,
Till the thought too quickly dies.

When the winter fire burns low,
Lovely faces come and go
As the dying ashes glow.

'Tis her voice I hear so oft
In the music low and soft
That the western breezes waft.

Tell her, Love, that years fly fast,
Bid her come to me at last,
Ere her golden days are past.

Shall we ever, ever meet?
Shall I find in thee, my sweet,
Visions true and life complete?

Whisper low to Love apart,
Whisper, darling, where thou art,
Perfect wife and noble heart.

J. WILLIAMS.

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PHILOMEL.

It is late on a fine night in early May. I am alone. Yet why should I say so, when for me at least there is no loneliness? Various books strew the table; others look down on me from the shelves, ready at any moment to hold sweet converse with me. From the walls, the semblance of the Venus de Milo is smiling on me; and that view of Lough Esk in far-away Donegal speaks to me of long-vanished days. I throw open the window to enjoy for a few minutes the fresh and perfumed air, and to look out on the starry sky. When, hark!—what is that 'long entrancing note' that breaks on the stillness? It stops. Again, what a tempestuous burst of melody! Another brief pause; and then, those low, sweet notes, long drawn and sad, in a few moments breaking once more into loud song, in which the tones of challenge, mockery, defiance, mingle with 'pity-pleading strains'—the whole marked from time to time with such a vehemence of utterance as to suggest the workings of an imagination whose creations are so rapid that hardly even the feathered performer's wonderful organ of expression can keep pace with them. It is the song of the nightingale—the Philomel of the poets—and as I listen, Keats's lines come to mind:

Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!

Six weeks had passed; and once more, as on that May evening, I opened the window for a last look-out before going to rest. The sky, as before, was brilliant with stars; the soft air of a June midnight breathed its sweetness on me; but the song of the nightingale—that song which so lately had heightened the charm of the forenoons, and filled the darkness with its melody—where was it? Even already with the past! Thus early some of the charm of summer had departed, and the song and the season had alike become the emblems of life's vicissitude.

Vicissitude! The word summarises half of all the sensations born of the conditions under which we find ourselves in the world. In the course of the seasons alone, as they wax and wane—as the flowers brighten and fade, as the birds break into song and relapse into silence—this transitoriness is set for ever before our eyes. Hardly has winter melted in the embrace of spring, than the young verdure of the latter season is overwhelmed in the voluptuous foliage of summer; and hardly have we rejoiced in the developed exuberance of summer, than its ardent suns begin to mark it with the tintings of decay. So, too, in the world of animal life, more visibly in bird-life than elsewhere, all continually testifies to the same reluctant law, the unfaultering with which vicissitude twines itself round and makes its own of all things so soon as they come into existence or commence their course. The cessation of the nightingale's song is one of the earliest signs that the summer is already on the wane. Other generations than ours, and with as varying sensations, have listened to that song:

Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn.

These generations, moreover, may have discussed, as we still do, whether that song is to be considered melancholy or glad; each section of debaters finding the data of their respective conclusions not in the song itself alone, but in the varying temperaments and as varying imaginative capacities of themselves while listening to it.

Some men are grave of mood, others gay; some highly sensitive, others hardly so at all. To some, the wondrous creations of their own imagination are half, or far more than half, of the world they live and move in. To others, imagination yields little or nothing at all, and these plod on their unvarying way through the realms of dullness. Some men are for the time being lifted by music into a world in which earth has no part; while for other men, that world of intense and exalted joy has no existence.

Moreover, between each of these extremes there are countless gradations. In short, as regards variety of temperament and imaginative capacity, men may be compared to the strings of an instrument, any one of which vibrates if its own note be struck on another instrument tuned in unison with it; but to no other note, be it sounded ever so loudly, makes any response. Not only is it not strange, therefore, but quite as might be expected, that we have very diverse accounts of the nightingale's song. It makes different impressions on different individuals, and each one with equal truthfulness records his own. So is it that Izaak Walton declares that the song 'might make mankind think miracles are not ceased,' and that those who hear it 'might well be lifted above earth and say: "Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth." On the other hand, Portia (or Shakespeare) was of opinion that

The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren;

while Mr Haweis strangely describes the song as 'a single but not unpleasantly loud whistle,' which on the whole it would probably be true to regard as 'dull, monotonous, and unmeaning.'

Certain features of the song, however, are not mere matters of subjective truth or falsity. For instance, the very common notion that the nightingale sings only at night, is entirely at variance with fact. On this point, Portia's words in her remark to Nerissa, already quoted, show that Shakespeare accepted the common notion. But let any one take a ramble in the nightingale districts—say, the copses on Lord Bolton's property, a little north of Kingsclere, in Hampshire, or those lying between Bradfield and Ashampstead, in Berkshire—about ten o'clock in the forenoon or four in the afternoon during the singing season, and he will learn how groundless is the notion, and also satisfy himself that, evening or morning, the nightingale as soon as heard distances all other competitors, while Portia's 'wren' is nowhere. Again, it is difficult to see how the epithet 'monotonous' can have been used with reference to the song, by any one who has ever heard it. Indeed, the hurrying rush of melody at one moment; then the perfect trill; then the low sad questioning notes dropped singly out; then the loud exulting tones that suddenly fill the night-air far and near—the adagio, the presto; the forte, the piano; the mesto, the vivace, which in turns mark its style—not only give it exceptional variety, but seem to bring the varied impulses which find vent in the song almost within the category of human sentiment and human pathos.

On a further point—the difficulty of teaching the nightingale any other airs than its own, or rather of getting it away from its own inspirations—it would seem that, like a true poet, it must utter what its own *daimon* bids it, or nothing. Comparing it with the canary in this respect, Buffon says: 'If the nightingale is the songster of the woods, the canary is the chamber musician. The first holds wholly by nature; the second seeks the aid of art. . . . The nightingale, prouder

of its own gifts, seems as though it would rather preserve them in their purity; at least he seems to set so little value on our teachings that it is with difficulty he can be taught some of our airs. The canary can talk and whistle; the nightingale despises talking and whistling alike, and reverts continually to its brilliant warblings. His throat, its powers for ever new, is a *chef-d'œuvre* of nature which human art cannot clunge or improve.' In an amusing fable told in *Method and Genius*, an apologue by Diderot, the nightingale itself is represented as insisting on this characteristic of its singing. In the woods one day—so runs the fable—a dispute arose between a nightingale and a cuckoo on the merits of their respective songs. 'What bird,' said the cuckoo, 'has a song so easy, so simple, so measured as mine?'

Nightingale. 'What bird has a song sweeter, more varied, more brilliant, more touching than mine?'

Cuckoo. 'I say few things; but they are things of weight and of order, and people retain them.'

Nightingale. 'I love to use my voice freely; I am always fresh, and I never weary; I enchant the woods. But as for the cuckoo, he makes them dismal by his monotony. He is so wedded to the lessons of his mother, that he never ventures on a single note that he has not been taught by her. Now, for my part, I recognise no master; I laugh at rules; and what comparison is there between the cuckoo's pedantic method and my glorious bursts?'

After a good deal more talk on both sides, they agreed to refer the matter in dispute to a third party; but where were they to find this arbitrator, equally competent and impartial? After much thought and flying here and there, just as they crossed a meadow, they spied an ass.

'Ah,' said the cuckoo, 'our luck is excellent. Our quarrel is a matter of ears. Here is our judge; providence doubtless made him for the very purpose.'

As there seemed nothing else for it, the nightingale, despite some misgivings, assented; and they applied to the ass accordingly. He took no notice of them. The birds persisted. Still he went on browsing. At last, his hunger being appeased, the ass turned to them with the air of a chief-justice crossing Westminster Hall, stretched himself flat on the ground, and said: 'Begin; the court listens.'

Each of the birds gave several specimens of its style. Carried away by enthusiasm, the nightingale would have been singing still; but the ass, who had already yawned more than once, stopped him and said: 'I suspect that all you have been singing there is uncommonly fine, but I don't understand a word of it. It strikes me as bizarre, incoherent, and confused. It may be that you have more genius than your rival; but he is more methodic than you, and for my part I am for method.'

The question as to whether the song is to be regarded as sad or joyous, is twofold. In the first place, it may refer to the sensations of the bird itself while singing; and if it be that he sings with the deep thorn in his breast, as was of old imagined, he is in this respect closely symbolic of those great human singers who 'learn in suffering what they teach in song.' This point, however, must remain wholly a speculation, since we can

have no knowledge of the nightingale's feelings.
As Miss Rossetti puts it:

We call it love and pain,
The passion of her strain;
And yet we little understand or know
Why should it not be rather joy that so
Thrills in each throbbing vein.

In the second place, the question of the sad or joyous nature of the song may be referable to the effect produced on the listener himself. One probable ground of the diversity of opinion among those writers who have described the song has already been mentioned, namely, the state of mind of the listener himself. Abundant opportunity of hearing the song both by night and day confirms me, however, in the belief that a certain amount of the discrepancy means also this: that while some describe it from actual experience, others speak of it merely from their knowledge of the conventional traditions regarding it.

Wordsworth's account of the nightingale's song is peculiar, in so far as he does not give us the impressions directly communicated to his mind by that song, but rather gives us these impressions in contrast with those produced upon him by a bird of very different voice, namely, the wood-pigeon. With the soft cooing of the latter still in his mind, he draws a comparison between it and the strong fiery outburst, the unrestrained passion, of the solitary midnight singer:

O Nightingale, thou surely art
A creature of a 'fiery heart';
Those notes of thine—they pierce and pierce;
Thou'st naught of harmony and fierce!
Thou sing'st as if the god of wine
Had helped thee to a Valentine;
A song in mockery and derision,
Of shades, and dews, and silent night,
And steady bliss, and all the loves
Now sleeping in these peaceful groves.

The prominent idea suggested by these lines does not refer to any question of cheerfulness or the reverse in the song itself; it refers rather to the strange intrusion upon the quiet of sleeping nature of this nocturnal songster revelling, as if inspired with wine, in the delight of his own melody. This view is forced upon the poet by his still having upon his mind the remembrance, as already stated, of what he in the next stanza so beautifully describes, regarding the wood-pigeon:

I heard a Stockdove sing or say
His homely tale, this very day:
His voice was hushed among trees,
Yet to be come-at by the breeze:
He did not cease; but cooed—and cooed;
And somewhat pensively he wooed:
He sang of love, with quiet blending,
Slow to begin, and never ending;
Of serious faith, and inward gleo;
That was the song—the song for me!

The question here raised is therefore not one of musical preference; indeed, it would be absurd to think that Wordsworth could, in the matter of musical ability, give the palm to the wood-pigeon. The question is one relating to the power of association only; and it is not hazardous much to say that few who have listened on a summer's evening to the plaintive voice of the dove coming dreamily forth from the cool recesses of its leafy retreat, and have felt the associations which the

sound awakens in the mind, but will sympathise more or less heartily in Wordsworth's preference.

Coming back, therefore, to the song itself, the description which beyond all others perhaps bears surest testimony to familiarity with it, is Coleridge's:

'Tis the merry nightingale
That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates
With fast thick warble his delicious notes,
As he were fearful that an April night
Would be too short for him to utter forth
His love-dream, and disburthen his full soul
Of all its music!

He, it is clear, must have heard the song in all its marvellous variety—listened night after night to the songsters in their native haunts. That song, as has been already pointed out, was heard and described by Wordsworth while under quite other thoughts than those that dominated the description of Coleridge; yet when we find this difference in two poets, both of whom, however diverse otherwise, were genuine lovers of the sights and sounds of nature, it will be all the more readily admitted that the question of the predominance of joy or sadness in the song is in the main subjective—depends on the differing casts of mind of those who listen to it, and even on the varying moods of mind, due to varying circumstances, in which the same individual may listen to it at different times. Coleridge, in the exquisite poem already adverted to, after quoting Milton's description of the nightingale's song, from *Il Penseroso* ('The Melancholy Man'), as 'most musical, most melancholy,' exclaims:

In nature there is nothing melancholy.
But some night-wandering swan whose heart was
pierced
With the remembrance of a grievous wrong,
Or slow dismember, or neglected love
(And so, poor wretch! filled all things with himself,
And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale
Of his own sorrow), he, and such as he
First named these notes a melancholy strain.

A similar explanation is given by Shakespeare, in the night-scene in the *Merchant of Venice*, already referred to. Portia coming up towards the house hears music within, and says to Nerissa:

Nothing is good, I see, without respect;
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

And on Nerissa remarking that 'silence bestows that virtue on it,' Portia refers to the nightingale's song heard at night in the stillness, and adds:

How many things by season seasoned are
To their right praise and true perfection!

This is so. The times when and the circumstances under which we know or see things, hear music, songs, voices, give a colour or a tone to them, which is indeed something over and above any qualities in these things themselves, yet becomes for us a real and inseparable part of them in all the sentiments of pleasure or sadness with which memory hereafter may recall them to our thoughts. It is thus that a word, a flower, a song, anything nearly, may be transformed in the laboratory of our minds into a medium for

the recall of scenes and events with which it has of itself no connection.

But it has been maintained by some that there is no music at all in the nightingale's song, on the ground that there is no music anywhere in nature, neither harmony nor melody; that the poets have ever tried to throw dust in our eyes in this matter; and that if the truth were told, it would be that music is altogether the creation of man. If all this be so, then rather for me let Truth in this matter still lie at the bottom of her well. Why, in a world not overburdened with joy, should we have for ever pressed on us in all directions so much of the

Wisdom ever on the watch to rob
Joy of its alchemy?

The impression of that music, be it of art or of nature, which touches our feelings most deeply, is not one always merely of delight. Is the truth not rather that the more intense the pleasure it excites, the more surely, too, does sadness mingle with the pleasure? Deep retired in the recesses of our nature there seems to be some common ground on which the apparently irreconcilable passions of joy and sorrow, under certain conditions, meet—some spot where, far sundered as are their ordinary spheres, they do at times rush together as to a secret tryst. Moreover, the wondrous song of the nightingale, that transitory visitant of our English groves, may well compel a sigh while we listen to its music, and think how fleeting, as with other bright and lovely things, is this song-bird of night and its passionate melody.

ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOT.

CHAPTER XVI.—BRICK COURT, TEMPLE.

THE chambers or offices of H. and H., as irreverent young clerks dubbed those alliteratively named lights of the law, Messrs Hawke and Heronshaw, were larger, handsomer, better lighted, and furnished in a more modern style than were those of Pounce and Pontifex. There were not, possibly, quite so many japanned deed-boxes inscribed with the names of so many illustrious families; but for all that, Hawke and Heronshaw had a great connection, and must have netted a large income for many a year past. Mr Hawke himself, a big florid man, with shaggy eyebrows and a trick of rattling his massive watch-chain, received the fair applicant with politeness, expressed his wish to do his best for a lady recommended by his esteemed friends Pounce and Pontifex, and was dexterous and delicate in the questioning necessary to elucidate the points not touched upon in Mr Pontifex's brief note. Altogether, Mr Hawke had very much the look and manner of a consulting surgeon in great practice, and who has come to look on his fellow-creatures as very brittle organisms, sure to have a flaw somewhere. He was very careful and skilful in the diagnosis, so to speak, of this particular case; but when he had made it out, he knit his beetling brows and shook his head discouragingly. 'The thing can't be done, madam,' he said civilly, but with authority. 'I, for one, should recommend you to give up the hopeless attempt, and to effect

a reconciliation with Lady—with your sister—as speedily as possible. Nothing but distress of mind, annoyance, and waste of money, can accrue from the course of conduct which you now seem inclined to pursue. And I suspect that Mr Pontifex has used much the same language as I have held it my duty to use.'

So he had, and so the client felt; but there had been a difference in the modes of expression of these two distinguished legal practitioners. Mr Pontifex, a family lawyer of the innermost circle of legal Brahmins, had never ceased to feel a human interest in those for whom he caused acres of parchment inscribed with the time-honoured jargon of the profession to be fairly engrossed, and had cherished a well-spring of sentiment in the midst of that arid desert of grim technicalities wherein he plied his trade. With Mr Hawke it was quite otherwise. He resembled one of those superhuman surgeons who care no more for a patient than the vivisectionist cares for the poor dog that has fallen into his scientific clutches, and who yet care a great deal for the chance of a cure. With him, law was a game, just as chess and whist, and golf and cricket, are games. The clients represented the balls, or the pawns, or the pieces of painted pasteboard; while the players were the legal advisers. But an honest whist-player will not employ the marked cards which form the sharper's stock-in-trade, and Hawke and Heronshaw would as soon have stood in the pillory at once, as have undertaken the conduct of a cause likely to make their names a byword with press and public.

'You will not help me, then; I must go elsewhere,' said the claimant of the Leominster honours; and as she spoke, her head drooped despondingly forward between her small hands. A sunbeam—Mr Hawke's windows were cleaner than those of Mr Pontifex—streamed through the nearest pane, as the sun broke through the fleecy summer clouds, and fell on that beautiful head, down-bent by sorrow. Mr Hawke never forgot that picture, and never could think of it in after-life without a twinge of something like regret. So lovely a creature did seem to deserve a champion.

Presently the visitor raised her face and rose from her chair. The blue eyes were hard and tearless now. 'I have trespassed already on your time, sir, and have only to thank you for your advice—well intended, I am sure, but which I cannot follow,' she said coldly.

Mr Hawke was very sorry, so he said, and so he felt, for the moment. He had dealt with obstinate clients before, bent on their own ruin, doggedly resolved to fight it out to the last sixpence under the banner of a hopeless cause. But these had been bull-necked, choleric men, or, more rarely, gaunt, thin-lipped spinsters, soured by some family feud, and eager to pursue the legal vendetta to the bitter end. He had never known a mere girl to persist so stubbornly; and while, like Mr Pontifex, he thought the worse of her for being obdurate to his counsels, he grieved for her too, for he thought he saw better than she could do, the shoals and quicksands that lay before her.

'Law is a very expensive pastime,' he said with a pitying smile.

'I thought the very poorest—and I, until I get my own, am poor indeed—might have justice, here in our own England,' answered the rejected client with sudden spirit.

'Heaven forbid it should be otherwise!' said Mr Hawke hastily. 'No, no; this is no oriental country, where the cadi decides for the suitor who can offer the heaviest bribe. With a very clear case, you may go into court with empty pockets and win. But—excuse me, young lady—not one case out of a thousand is quite of that transparent clearness that it appears to be in the excited eyes of parties themselves. A long purse is as useful in a lawsuit as it is in actual warfare, securing as it does the best talent, and enabling, as it does, evidence to be hunted up from every nook and corner. It is the truest kindness to tell you the unwelcome truth at once. No solicitor of standing would take up this case of yours without a guarantee for heavy costs, and many, like ourselves, would feel compelled to decline it, even were that guarantee forthcoming.'

Again in her brougham, or rather in her brother's brougham, rattling through the weary, unsympathetic streets, all filled with people jostling and hurrying along on their separate errands, towards Brinton Street, the fair applicant for legal assistance threw herself back in a corner of the shabby little carriage and sobbed aloud. But not for long. She raised her head again, and shook off in an instant every semblance of emotion. 'Shall I give it up?' she said, with a strange little smile. 'After all, perhaps I should' be happier. But no; never, never, never! No turning back, now. I will go on with it till I die!'

The servant who admitted her when she reached her brother's house, told her that a lady, a foreign lady, as he thought, had called, and would take no denial, and was awaiting her return, in the drawing-room. For a moment she hesitated, but then ascended the stairs, and after another pause of hesitation, opened the door of the drawing-room and found herself, as she had expected, in the presence of Madame de Laloue.

CASTLE-BUILDING.

BEFORE the rearing of that ancient tower upon a plain in the land of Shinar—before the days of Corinthian or Gothic architecture—there existed, and shall to all time exist, one species of building requiring not stone or mortar or sound of the workman's tool. The architect only is needed. On the boundless plain of his imagination he sketches his mighty plan; spontaneously come stones and mortar to the foundation he has fixed upon; up rise the walls, sometimes slowly, at other times with mighty speed. And now the edifice is roofed, the stately pillars support the proud portico, the pinnacles and tower are added; and lo! a castle, the most beautiful that can be conceived by its author. Many a vacant moment has seen its castle reared. By day and night, in sickness and health, is the building going on. Architects differ; the castle of each seems to him the most perfect. At one time he raises a structure for himself, at another for a friend. How unhappy

would a man's life be if he could not pass some of his time in castle-building! He is depressed by the cares of business; but this art carries him far beyond the trammels of his office. He sees the day when he will rise superior to these cares; he will have a splendid house, with magnificent furniture, numerous domestics, extensive stables. Perhaps he will be a bankrupt in twelve months. Never mind that now. He is happy as he contemplates his improved circumstances. He sees his wife happy, his children enjoying themselves with the costly amusements he has provided. Peace be with him! Time enough to-morrow when the castle falls; let him in this brief moment enjoy to the full his fancy's child.

Every age—childhood, youth, manhood, old age, builds its castles. The child pictures to himself that happy time when he shall be as superior to a child as the schoolboy is to him; and the schoolboy is anxious to realise the important individuality of the undergraduate in his cap and gown. The undergraduate sees himself a Professor, earning fame in the literary world; the Professor paints an old man who has retired into private life to live on the reputation he has gained by the publication of those works which cost so many hours of anxious thought.

Supposing that these dreams were to end only in a start, would the dreamers thank you for waking them to say their castles were but the effects of a mental mirage, the idols of a disordered imagination? No; a thousand times would they rather suffer their masonry to be razed by the ravages of time or shattered by the bolts of experience, only to be rebuilt with more splendid appendages, than that you should by your foreboding, as a sudden frost nips the opening bud, hinder the progress of the work.

All castles are not built, however, only to be pulled down again, unless the phrase castle-building necessarily means only the forming of those projects which shall have no reality, and may not be applied to the visions which seem only remote, but not impossible. Think you, did Homer not look for some of that fame which bids fair to outlast time itself? Did Æschylus think his gorgeous tragedies would sweep in accepted pall past no other onlookers than those of the Athenian theatre? Did Cicero only speak for his client, and had he no visions of the posterity that should wonder with admiration at that eloquence which could move the state? Or can we think that Alexander and Napoleon ventured on their careers of daring without any thought but that of present glory, without any hope of leaving a name 'which posterity would not willingly let die'?

Perhaps children in their thoughtful moments build more castles than any of those whom time has taught to be less imaginative. The boys look forward to the day when they shall have a watch, a pony, or a boat, and fancy themselves as important among their fellows then as the happy possessors of those treasures now appear

to them. Little girls, as a rule, have a morbid craving to arrive at an age when some Prince of their imagination shall come and wed them. Many an invitation have we had, sixteen or eighteen years beforehand, to 'come to my wedding.' Again, some little mother in embryo sees herself in the mental mirror taking her young family out in her carriage, as her mother now takes her, or bidding them good-night when they are trotting off to bed, and she has been exalted to the dignity of going out to dinner. How happy the little men and women feel in these blissful moments! Unfettered by care, ignorant of the storms which shall shake and overturn their pretty structures, they build on and on, piling story on story, flooring and roofing and furnishing those castles, in which the bright eye of childhood beholds such strength, but which the more experienced gaze of age sees to be weaker even than cards. Bless them! Though we know better, we cannot choose but let the little owners take our hands and lead us through those halls so spacious, those rooms hung round with the pictures in richly gilded frames, those gardens full of Nature's sweetest offerings. And you, little fairy, with your dark hair and lustrous blue eyes, your ringing laugh and loving smile, how will your castle stand? Will you be the happy mother you fancy yourself, with all the comforts which you think riches can bring? Or will you be the child of adversity, compelled to go out early and come home late, slaving your young life away to earn that scanty pittance which even the smile of contentment can hardly make sufficient to support your ailing mother? Or will the kindly Reaper gather you amongst his sheaves, transporting you from the toils and the sorrows of a sinful world to that heavenly choir whose anthem is swelled by the sweet voices of the little children? Who knows? God bless you, my dears! It is your innocent gaiety that brightens the dismal lot of many a struggling traveller over the stony highway of life.

And, Schoolboy, what plan have you drawn out? Are you going to win the prize every term? Are you to be lifted up over the heads of boys older than yourself? Will you after two or three years more be the 'primus,' the dux amongst your fellows? Will you deliver the Greek oration on Speech-day, walk proudly up to receive your last prize, be a practical proof, as Captain of the Eleven, that the best at work is often the best at play, and take your leave of the little world in which you have passed the best years of your life—ay, the very best—almost before the sounds of *Auld Langsyne* and 'Three cheers for Primus!' have died away? Will you carry off the first scholarship at Trinity or Balliol, and proudly ask the 'dear old Doctor' to give the college a holiday in your honour? Will you, while reading hard, win your 'blas' in boating, cricket, or athletics, and then luxuriate in 'all the decent things the fellows at school' will say of you? And at degree-time will you be Senior Wrangler or get a Double First, and so perpetuate your memory among the schoolboy generations which are following you? My dear boy, I hope you will do all this and more; but remember that every one cannot be head of the school; that there are very few who can take those scholarships you

are striving for; that not more than eleven can uphold their cricketer reputation against the sister 'varsity'; that there can be only one Senior Wrangler. Build the castles by all means. Such labour is not only natural but inspiring; and if you strengthen every joint with hard and honest work, it will not be your fault if the walls do not hold together.

And you, Man of Business, who have not seen a brilliant career at the university, what castle are you building? Is it one which is rising slowly, but every stone of which is carefully laid, every aperture thoroughly stopped, every joist firmly secured? Or is it one which, to look magnificent, rises quickly, and apparently just as firmly as the other, but to the careful eye shows signs of scamping and bad work here and there and yonder? The fortune which is not honestly acquired will not make you happy. To be lasting, your castle must be of the former kind.

And you, Old Man, what are you planning as you sit in your armchair before the fire? Are you picturing yourself almost young again, recovered from that hacking cough, or able to see through those half-sightless eyes? Or have you given up all hope of recovery, and seem to see in that fire your children in the enjoyment of a happy old age, secured from want by the early labours of their father? Do you see a daughter coming with loving hands to plant on a hallowed grave some few flowers, a small token of her love for him who has gone before? Do not such visions seem almost to reconcile you to your invalided life?

How should we be without our castles? Without them we should be dull at every moment when no pressure was upon our minds. Small would be our pleasure in children if we could not go building for them. We could not sympathise with our boys and girls unless we are able to remember that when we were boys or girls stately edifices rose in our imagination—only to fall perhaps; their ruins, however, forming the materials for a stronger and more compact fortress.

What a slave to castle-building must be the literary man! How rudely have some of the fabrics which our poets raised been trampled upon by the world, until, after their creator's death, they were raised anew, and now stand secure! That wonderful success which Milton hoped for his long-contemplated epic was for many years little more than an empty vision, until at last, from what seemed almost a profitless heap of ruins, there arose that castle built by the master-brain of the old Puritan, having its battlement garrisoned with all the heroes of antiquity.

How many a struggling young doctor or briefless young barrister has been sustained only by the building of castles for his future!

But how many live only by this amusement, omitting to put their shoulders to the wheel of life, but going on from day to day dreaming that there is a better time coming! Such can never prosper. Their experience teaches them, apparently, nothing more than to build on the ruins of the old house, which was itself originally on the sand; and when the rains of adversity descend, and the floods of pecuniary misfortune come, those walls will be entirely swept away; and the builders will then perhaps realise the

fact, that castle-building, if one of the pleasantest employments of life, is but a poor trade by which to obtain the wherewithal for filling the hungry with good things.

OUR NEW MANAGER.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

THE weeks rolled by, the year waned to its close, and in the interval the new managing partner in the firm of Messrs More, Keelby, & Co. had quite justified the rumours which had preceded him respecting his energy and dash, as well as his severity in the matter of discipline. Two or three of the oldest servants in the firm had been dismissed for what, in their comrades' eyes at all events, were but minor faults; their places were supplied by strangers, all evidently devoted to Mr Pike, and, as a natural consequence, the whole of the staff felt nervous and insecure.

Among others, Philip Hartleby felt that he was by no means making way with the new manager, of whom he saw very little. So rarely did he come into contact with him, that he began to think this was the effect of some deliberate arrangement, an idea by no means pleasant. And he was reminded by occasional meetings that the cirens had not yet left the town, and that his friend the trump was still engaged thereat.

Many other things of interest to our characters had happened since the close of our last chapter; but upon these we cannot now dwell.

The wind was howling loudly over the Downs, as it blew in from the sea, and intermittent showers of cold rain were driven before it, rendering the short dark afternoon towards the end of November shorter and darker still. The heavy clouds which drove from time to time before the gale darkened the landscape, as though the coming twilight were already there; while the rain was heard beating fiercely against the windows of Fernlow Cottage, in the front parlour of which sat Mrs Vallens and Miss Darnett. The latter had evidently just arrived for the hostess was saying: 'I began to think I should never see my young friend again, it is so long since you were here; but I certainly did not expect to see you on such a day. You were brave, indeed, my dear, to venture out.'

'It did not rain when I started,' replied the girl; 'and I felt that I must come and see you, and so'—

'Well, my dear Marian, whatever the cause, I am very glad you had the courage to come,' said Mrs Vallens, as her visitor faltered and paused in her speech; 'and now you have to tell me all the news.—Is Mr Philip made chief clerk yet?'

'N—no,' returned the girl.

'Well, then, has your new manager displayed any fresh excellences?' resumed Mrs Vallens, after a glance expressive of some surprise at the unwonted brevity of her visitor's speech; 'or has he— But, my dear child! you are ill!—or there is something disturbing you. Has any trouble brought you out to me on such a day?'

It might have been a momentary brightening of

the gloomy sky which enabled her to see her visitor's face more clearly, or there might have been a change in the face; but Mrs Vallens rose as she spoke, and went close to the girl, touching her brow with a tender and sympathetic hand as she did so. 'This touch was all that was needed to make the waters burst forth, for Marian leaned her head against her friend's breast and broke into a fit of hysterical sobbing.

'Oh, I am so unhappy!' exclaimed the girl at last. 'I am so wretched and miserable, that I came over this afternoon on purpose to tell you all, and to ask your advice. I did not mean to behave so foolishly,' she continued, with another effort to smile; 'and I am so sorry I went on so.'

'Surely you have not quarrelled with Philip?' began Mrs Vallens.

But the girl interrupted her passionately. 'Oh, no, no! My dear Philip is as despairing as myself,' she exclaimed. 'It is all through that wicked, cruel man whom we thought so good— that Mr Pike.'

'Mr Pike!' echoed the elder lady. 'I thought that he'—

'So did we,' cried Marian, anticipating the remark. 'But oh! he is so wicked and so cruel. You know how he helped my father to enlarge his business; and you know how he came over after that concert. Well, he never would settle the terms upon which my father was to have all this timber, and so forth; he always turned every discussion off with a jest, so that father believed he could settle on his own terms. Then he came over to our house three or four times a week, almost every day indeed; and now all at once he demands large payments from us, and says he must employ a solicitor. If he does, it will quite ruin us, as father has sold all these goods on long credit. We expect to have a suit served on us at once, perhaps this very day, unless—unless'—here the girl wept so bitterly, that she was obliged to pause. Mrs Vallens did not speak; but her stern frown and tightly closed lips seemed to tell that she already guessed the story she was about to hear.—'unless I will give up Philip, and marry him,' said the girl at last. 'Philip knows of it in some way from the people at the office, and he is half frantic. One of the principal men advised him to leave, as he was sure Mr Pike was bent upon his ruin.'

'But Philip will never give you up, I am sure,' began the elder lady; 'he had better resign.'

'He would resign, to-morrow,' exclaimed the girl; 'he so dreads and detests this man. But what is my father to do?'

Mrs Vallens tried to soothe the excited girl, though unable herself to suggest any real consolation, especially as further questions showed, so far as Marian understood the business, that her father's position was extremely hazardous. The lady had decision enough, however, to advise the girl not to sacrifice herself on any account, believing, as she told her, that her father would regret it as much as herself, in time to come.

Marian promised to adopt this advice, which was of course in accordance with her own wishes; but her friend could see that this resolve was qualified by the natural horror of being accessory to the distress and downfall of her father.

After this conversation, Marian declared she

must go home, having promised to return early. 'You cannot think of returning at present, my dear!' exclaimed Mrs Vallens. 'Listen, how the wind shakes the windows, and how the rain is beating against them! It is quite dark now, so you will gain nothing by hurrying.'

But this would not satisfy Marian; she had promised to go home; and so earnest was she, that Mrs Vallens dreaded to excite her further, and so was fain to allow her to set forth.

Mrs Vallens accompanied Marian to the front-door, which she opened. The night was nearly dark; not quite so black as it would become in a short half-hour, but the two ladies could only just distinguish the dull gray road, and the outlines of the trees as they were bent by the blast, which raved past in furious gusts. They could not see the rain, but they could hear it.

'It is a fearful night, my child,' said Mrs Vallens; 'and you will—— Ah! there is a carriage!' As she spoke, a vehicle turned an angle of the road and approached the cottage, evidently on its way to Bithfield.

Mrs Vallens waved her hand and called to the driver. Her call was probably not heard, in the howling of the wind; but there was a light behind her in the hall, and her gesture was seen. The wheels slackened, the vehicle stopped before the gate; and the driver, shining in his streaming oilskin cape, came towards them.

'Are you empty?' asked Mrs Vallens. 'Can you take a fare to Sandsmouth?'

The man did not reply for a few seconds; and thinking he had not understood her, Mrs Vallens was about to repeat the question, when he said: 'Do you want to go into the town, ma'am?'

'No; it is this young lady,' returned Mrs Vallens, 'who wishes to go to the Lower Down Road. You can take her, I hope?'

'It is Miss Darnett, I see,' said the man, touching his hat. 'I have the honour of knowing her friends, so will take her, although I am not on regular business now. I drive only now and then,' he continued. Nobody had expressed any desire for further detail; but he went on: 'I am employed at the circus; but they have taken out a driver's license for me; and I was going to bring a lady and some children from Bithfield.'

Mrs Vallens at first had frowned at this loquacity; but an idea struck her as to its cause, which changed the frown into a smile, and calling to her servant, she desired her to bring brandy-and-water into the hall.

'You can drink a glass of something, before you start, coachman, I daresay?' she said.

'Well, yes, ma'am,' replied the driver, who had a curious way of eying the person to whom he spoke so closely as to be rather unpleasant. 'Not that I am given much to drink. I have not drunk more than would do me good at any time for this four years.'

'I am glad to hear it, coachman,' said the elder lady, as he paused. 'Here is your brandy-and-water; but do not drink it now, if you have any objection.'

'No objection in the world, ma'am,' returned the man, taking the tumbler; 'and here are my best respects to you, ma'am, and the young lady.' The curious searching look was very strong upon him as he spoke. 'But as I was saying, ma'am,

I left off drinking in consequence of my nearly having a fatal accident. Ah! it must be five years ago, now I come to recollect. I was abroad at the time.'

As he paused here to take a second draught, Mrs Vallens said: 'Now, my dear!' to Marian. But the driver's narrative was not quite finished.

'Yes, ma'am,' he resumed; 'I was in Gibraltar at the time'——

'In Gibraltar!' exclaimed Mrs Vallens, with more of interest and surprise in her tone than she had yet shown.

'Yes, ma'am. I suppose you've heard of the Rock of Gibraltar?—You have! Perhaps you've seen it, ma'am?' continued the driver.

'Yes; I have. But my young friend is in haste to get home, and I must ask you not to delay,' said Mrs Vallens. Her latter words were spoken rather sharply, as if she were vexed with herself for having been led to admit anything to such a man. The driver took the hint; and touching his soaked hat again, led the way to the fly and opened the door, Marian following and entering the vehicle.

As they drove off, Mrs Vallens said to Margaret, who was an old familiar servant: 'I almost dreaded to let Miss Darnett go with that man; his manner was so strange.'

'Lor bless you, ma'am!' exclaimed the attendant; 'he is all right, ma'am; it's only his way. I know he belongs to the circus, as he says, for I have seen him about the doors every time I have gone into Sandsmouth, for months past.'

This was to a certain extent reassuring; but the features of the man and the sound of his voice haunted the lady in a most unaccountable manner.

Had Mrs Vallens, or any one else indeed, been desirous of testing the correctness of Miss Darnett's story, no great trouble need have been taken to prove its perfect truth; for, as it happens to most men who fall in love when past the heyday of life, Mr Pike displayed more earnestness in pressing his suit with the girl of whom he had so suddenly become fascinated, than would have been shown by many a mere lad, who had the hot blood and inexperience of youth to excuse him. He may have intended to be guarded at first; but the opposition it met with irritated the torrent it was intended to check; and while half Sandsmouth was aware of his suit, the whole of his establishment made common discourse of his infatuation.

Possibly Mr Darnett had been too communicative amongst his friends; perhaps it was merely official watchfulness which gave an inkling of the secret; but certain it was that several of the staff in Mr Pike's offices were very well informed of the position of affairs—as Philip Hartley found. He had received several plain hints, and some well-meant advice; while the distress of Marian, and the ominous silence of her father, showed that those who took the gloomiest view of Mr Pike's tactics were likely to be right; but he had never received such detailed and definite information as was given to him on one particular afternoon, just as he was leaving the office. He happened to be the last who left on this occasion, and as he closed the office-door after him, he found, standing outside, a clerk whom he had

seen go out fully five minutes before. With a friendly nod and word of greeting, Phil was passing on, when the clerk stepped close to him, and said in a low tone: 'I was waiting to see you, Mr Hartleby. I will walk a little way with you, if you have no objection.'

Phil was rather surprised at this mysterious commencement, but expressed his willingness to have the young fellow's company.

The latter continued: 'I hope you will not think me intrusive, or as meddling with what does not concern me, Mr Hartleby, if I tell you that I have learned something about Mr Darnett and his family.'

Phil started visibly upon hearing this, but did not speak.

'I have no doubt you know,' continued the clerk, 'that what the governor wants, and will have by fair means or foul, is to get Mr Darnett's daughter to marry him!'

Hartleby could not repress a slight groan in reply.

The young man looked at him for an instant with an air of commiseration, as though he thoroughly sympathised with him, and then hurriedly proceeded: 'He will have her too, sir, if it is to be done. I know that some of the men who have bought from old Darnett cannot meet their bills, which were given on the express understanding that they should be renewed; but—and here comes in the worst—Pike's solicitor has got them from the man who discounted them—of course you can judge who set him to work—and he will not renew. The consequence is, there will be a smash, and poor old Darnett will go first. I am afraid you can't do much, Mr Hartleby; but although it was hardly business-like for me to mention what I had heard, I could not help giving you a chance to see if anything could be done.'

Hartleby wrung the young fellow's hand and thanked him briefly; but as the other disappeared, his heart sank to think how truly his informant had spoken when he said he feared Philip could not do much. What could he do? If he held Marian to her engagement, he believed she would be true to him, although she died in the struggle. She must suffer, while her father would be ruined, and his gray hair indeed be brought with sorrow to the grave. That he himself would suffer also, was certain; but he was manly and resolute enough to care comparatively little about this, even although he had reason to think his dismissal with disgrace was included in the programme.

In this depressed mood, he felt no inclination to go home, but walked aimlessly about the town until—when he had quite forgotten where he was—he turned a corner, and came suddenly upon the great circus, now just bursting out into a blaze of gas, preparatory to the opening of its doors for the evening. As Philip crossed, to pass down the by-street along which the side of the circus ran, he heard his name pronounced aloud; and looking round, saw, somewhat to his vexation, the man who had been engaged in the quarrel with Mr Pike. At the moment, he would have preferred seeing almost any one to this man; so, with a brief answer, he was hurrying on, when the other called to him again.

'What do you want?' returned Phil, with a touch of irritation in his voice.

'Why, I want you,' was the answer. 'I've been trying to get round to your place all the afternoon. Can you see me after the show? We close at a quarter after eleven.'

'What for?' was the natural inquiry of Philip.

'What for?' echoed the other, with an expression of contempt. 'Why, if I had got time to tell you now, do you think I should want you to come round then? It is on your business, not on mine, that I want you; and the question is, will you be here at a quarter after eleven, or won't you? Just say yes or no, for I've got to dress and be in the ring in half an hour.'

'Yes,' said Philip, who was impressed by the man's earnestness.

'All right, mister,' said the man. 'I will be there too; and your time won't be thrown away.' With this, he vanished behind the canvas door at which he had been standing.

During the remainder of that evening, Phil kept up an incessant speculation as to the reason of this extraordinary appointment. Sometimes he almost made up his mind to disregard it, as founded on the invitation of a worthless vagrant; but ere this resolution was fairly framed in his mind, the remembrance of the man and his strange earnestness utterly banished it, and left instead something like alarm, and a dread of some yet more unwelcome revelations.

He did not, however, fail to keep his appointment; and stood in the shade of the circus walls just as the nearest church clock chimed the quarter. He had met the crowd, which flowed like a tide from its gates, as he arrived, showing that the performances were concluded; his associate was not long behind him.

'Here you are then, mister!' exclaimed the latter, as he emerged from the circus, huddling on his shabby greatcoat as he came. 'That's all right! Now, I won't keep you long. Just come into the *Fisherman's Arms*, for it is precious cold here, and I will get to business in a minute.'

The circus-man—Phil did not know his name—ordered some ale and then, and making sure the door was carefully closed, said: 'Look here, Mr Hartleby! I told you I would do you a good turn whenever I could, and I am going to do it now. I've knocked about the world a good deal, and I never knew any one do a kinder thing than you did when you gave me that half-crown on the night when poor Tiny was killed. Says I: "That young fellow is a good un, and I'll see after him if I can."

'You were quite welcome'—began Philip.

'Of course! I saw that,' exclaimed the other. 'But don't you interrupt me. Now I know just how affairs are with you and that pretty girl in the Lower Down Road, who used to be so smiling when I first came here, but who droops so much now. Not that there is anything wonderful in my knowing it, for I believe all the town knows. One of my friends—as friends go, you know—is a lawyer's clerk here, and he owes me a little money. As you know what I have been, I don't mind telling you that I won it at cards. Well, I have heard a little from him. I let him off easy, on account of his giving

me the straight tip. I knew he could do it, if any one could, because his master is the lawyer employed by your precious Mr Pike. I know Pike. I go here under the name of Jenn Whittaker, which I no more my name than it is yours; but it is as much my name, as Pike is his.

'Indeed!' exclaimed Philip.

'I did not want him to get a good sight of me on that night, because—well, for the same reason which keeps me from coming forward now,' resumed Mr Whittaker. 'If I wasn't going on in advance for our people in a couple of days, I don't think I should like to interfere in the matter at all. Now, I want you to promise me to do something—will you give me that promise?'

'I will, if I can, do anything reasonable to serve you,' said Philip, after a moment's hesitation.

'Serve me! Why, it's *you* that is to be served!' exclaimed Mr Whittaker. 'Now, listen. Speak to that pretty girl, and tell her to get her friend from Fernlow Cottage to be at her house to-morrow.'

'What! Mrs Vallens?' cried Philip. 'Why her—and why to-morrow?'

'Mrs Vallens, I daresay it is,' returned the other. 'Anyhow, we'll say so. To-morrow, I can tell you, from my friend, Mr Pike will call at the house in Lower Down Road for his answer; and he will have it, one way or the other. Now, mind you tell Miss Darnett to have Mrs Vallens present at the interview; just to act as her friend, that's all. Without her, the girl will be crushed and frightened into saying anything; but I know Mrs Vallens's influence with the family will save her. Do you promise?'

'I will,' said Philip firmly.

'That's enough,' said the other. 'I am off now. You won't see much more of me; but you may hear from me. You will soon know whether my information is good or not. If you don't get the sack from your place to-morrow, put me down as a duffer. If you do, you will know I have had the straight tip. I have paid you back your half-crown now, and returned your kind feeling for poor Tiny.' He went out at once; and Philip, finding no further reason for delaying, followed his example.

LONDON AT SUNRISE.

On a bright May morning, one may claim pardon for touching upon a theme which, old and well-worn though it be, is not threadbare, and can never lack novelty, even though its novelty arises only from want of familiarity, on the part of the vast majority of Londoners, with the great city under its most favourable aspect. Big Ben has already tolled the hour of three A.M., but the light in the clock-tower shows that the House has not yet finished its night's work. A crowd of hansoms and a few carriages surround the door of Westminster Hall, their drivers looking fagged and weary in the gray twilight, yet waking up into momentary activity on the approach of a pedestrian. 'Cab, sir?' comes from numerous lips as we emerge into Palace Yard; but 'the air bites

shrewdly,' and a brisk walk along the Embankment will be more agreeable this morning than facing the east wind over the door of a hansom. So, crossing Bridge Street, and lighting a consolatory cigar for companionship's sake, we choose the river-side of the great London boulevard, and set our faces eastward.

The Thames is at its best, the tide almost at full flood, and daylight still dim enough to conceal the muddy hue of the stream, and the floating refuse which experience tells us is scattered over its surface. The gas-lamps on Charing Cross and Waterloo Bridges show pale against the eastern sky, and are scarcely reflected in the water, which is already assuming the cold steely tint of the coming dawn. Half-a-dozen heavy sombre-looking barges are lazily floating up abreast the tide in mid-stream, their occupants idly smoking their pipes on the deck, and occasionally taking a pull at the sweeps, to guide their craft safely beneath the dark arches. From under the Surrey shore comes the puffing of an officious river-tug, which, in its fussy bustling method of proceeding, seems to claim for itself an undue share of credit for being up and doing at this early hour. A few carriages pass us, bowling silently over the gravel road, on their way home from some City Company's ball; but the pedestrian element is awaiting, save for the blue-coated policemen, whose presence in unusual numbers, coupled with that of three or four mounted patrols, calls to mind the evil notoriety which the Embankment has recently acquired.

Daylight is asserting itself boldly by the time we reach the railway bridge at Charing Cross, and as an early morning train enters the terminus, there is no longer sufficient friendly twilight to hide the deficiencies of the comfortless boxes which the railway Company consider good enough accommodation for their heavily mulcted passengers. And now the finest scene which the Thames in London can afford lies open before us. In the foreground is the rippling surface of the stream, spanned by the handsome arches of the finest of the metropolitan bridges. Rising apparently from the very centre of the bridge is Sir Christopher Wren's massive masterpiece, the cathedral dome of St Paul's. On the far shore rises the lofty Shot Tower, looking quite picturesque in the half-light, which does not yet reveal its unpicturesque surroundings; while on our own side the gray façade of Somerset House appears to the best advantage, set off by the young foliage of the Embankment gardens between us and it. Through one of the arches we can catch a glimpse of the Temple; and beyond it, of the fresh white frontage of the new City of London School; while in the distance, Blackfriars Bridge shows a line of glimmering lamps, and mercifully conceals the unsightly iron span of the Chatham and Dover Railway beyond. Three or four heavily laden market-carts, piled high with green-stuff for Covent Garden, crossing Waterloo Bridge, and a smart crew of the river-police, making their boat jump through the ripples, serve to give life to the scene; while the sky is already putting off its gray mantle, and shows blue enough for Italy herself, promising a summer-like noon, and at present dappling the clear surface of the river with spots of shadow from the fleecy

cloudlets which drift westward before the rising breeze.

But Somerset House and the river-front of King's College are already passed, and our route takes us up the steep ascent of Arundel Street into the busy Strand, busy even at this abnormal hour with the unresting traffic of the great city. Hansoms crawl lazily along in languid expectation of a belated fare; but there is a ceaseless rattle of hoofs and wheels, as the red carts—each bearing the legend 'W. H. Smith & Sons,' some with one horse, some with a pair, and all piled high with bales of newspapers, the driver sitting half buried amid the records of the events of the last twenty-four hours—hasten about their business. One stream sets westward, coming fresh from the printing-houses to the headquarters of the firm. Others are already starting for the railway termini, to deliver up their loads in time for the newspaper trains. Boys labouring under portentous loads of papers push and struggle along the pavement with supplies for less enterprising news-vendors; and the investment of a penny enables us to read at Temple Bar the telegram despatched a short hour or two since from New York, as well as the speech delivered an hour ago at Westminster. But the newspaper will keep till breakfast-time, and must not be allowed to interfere with the unwonted opportunity of studying the Strand itself.

Few of those whose daily occupations lead them to traverse the London thoroughfares could give the slightest description of the buildings they pass. Time is too precious, and the necessity for keeping a sharp look-out on all sides too urgent, to allow the eyes to wander many feet above the pavement; and it is only at these quiet hours of the morning that the wayfarer can look about him with impunity. There is something peculiarly quaint about the architectural features of the Strand, and the three-quarters of a mile which separates Charing Cross from the Griffin form—perhaps the most irregularly built street in the whole of the metropolitan area. The houses seem rather to have dropped into their places accidentally than to have been built with any design, and the churches of St Mary and St Clement have an equally inconsequential appearance. But it is only the eastern end of the river-street which concerns us now; and of it so much has recently been, or is at present in process of being, rebuilt, that its quaint character is almost a thing of the past, and we find a difficulty in realising the tower of St Clement's crowned with cannon to overawe the turbulent Earl of Essex in his mansion at the corner of Essex Street; or in more recent times, the meetings of the town-wits at George's Coffee-house, now the *George Hotel*, and the adjournment of the hot-headed disputants from the *Grecian* into Devereux Court, in order to settle their differences as to the etymology of a Greek word by an appeal to the sword. The *Grecian* is now let out in chambers; and Devereux Court is an orderly thoroughfare. Temple Bar has resigned in favour of a monstrosity; and the famous *Cock*, though its sign still stood resplendent over the doorway, until burglariously removed from thence one night during the last year, is shorn of its former glories. Dick's Coffee-house survives only in name and in the pages of the *Tatler*; and the *soi-disant* Palace of

Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey is a hair-dresser's shop.

From these scenes of past glory we turn through the Temple gate into the quiet sleep-bound precincts of the law, undisturbed as yet by the foalfall of the matutinal 'laundress,' or the shrill whistle with which the boy-clerks will make noontide hideous in the course of a few more hours. We pass the vacant space where a short while ago stood the ancient dwelling-place of Oliver Goldsmith and Sir William Blackstone; and as the clock of the Middle Temple Hall strikes four, we pass beneath the archway and look down over the well-kept grass plot and as yet empty flower-beds of the Inner Temple. The air is full of the chirping and twittering of innumerable sparrows, which make their haunt in the Temple plane-trees, and seem to be striving to delude themselves and their audience into the belief that they can vie in vocalism with the best of country birds. Nest-building is progressing rapidly under the sheltered window-ledges, and even as we glance upwards comes a valiant cock-sparrow bearing in his beak a most unwieldy straw, a very beam for his modest building purposes. He alights on the ledge, and with the aid of his mate, strives to accommodate his prize to the purpose for which he brought it; but it proves too much for his powers, and as, in an unwary moment, he looses his hold, it floats gently to the ground. Undaunted by his failure, he instantly follows it to earth; but a rival claimant is already in the field; another watchful gentleman of the same tribe has seized the treasure, and at once a battle-rival ensues for its possession. Fluttering, pecking, screaming, they wheel round and round the bone of contention, growing at last so eager for the settlement of their rival claims, that neither notices how a light gust of wind has stolen round the corner and swept away the subject of their dispute. Al, foolish birds! not to recollect, even in the very sanctuary of the law, how frequently the substance of litigation passes from the would-be grasp of both litigants into the hands of the third party who steps in to settle the dispute!

The quarrel thus decided, we climb to our domicile, to experience, as the first who enters a room in the morning must always feel, how cold and cheerless the familiar spot looks in the morning light, with empty grate, and all the litter of the previous day as yet untidied away. Books and papers look less inviting than usual under such circumstances, and we turn all the more readily to one more glimpse of the outer world. It is a scene not to be forgotten. The clear blue sky is unclouded by the smoke and sombre hues of London noontide. Here and there, a streak of pure white steam marks the spot where the busy press is still panting and throbbing forth its mighty message to the world. The spire of St Bride's peers over the red-tiled roofs of King's Bench Walk, looking like a Gargantuan telescope which some dead-and-gone astronomer has forgotten to close and put away; while above the slates of Paper Buildings rises, solemn and stately, the majestic cathedral dome, tinged already with the coming brightness of day, its golden ball shining like a mimic sun and the cross above it standing out in bold relief against the sky. Five minutes more, and the grandeur of the scene is complete, as the sun rises into sight

directly behind the cathedral, flooding with light every shadowy corner of the time-honoured buildings around us, and showing that the very city itself can appear picturesque, and even beautiful, when divested of its ordinary busy crowds of toil-worn, anxious-gaited men.

A DRAWING-ROOM COMEDY.

MR THOMAS BILBURY is the junior partner in the great firm of Bilbury, Blackthorne, & Co., tea-merchants, of Calcutta and London. The senior partner is Mr Joseph Bilbury, his father, who has a very nice house at Kew; and until within a year or two ago, there was a third member of the firm in the person of Thomas's uncle, Mr Babbington Blackthorne, the Calcutta representative of the establishment. But, unfortunately, Mr Blackthorne, like many Englishmen who live in India, drank too much Scotch whisky and Bass's ale, and ate too much curry and too many 'Bombay ducks;' the result being that at the age of fifty-five his liver declined to bear the strain put upon it, and collapsed, leaving its owner so weak and ill, that he had barely time ere he died to telegraph to his partners in England a brief notice of his impending fate. This alarming despatch arrived at a particularly inopportune moment. Mr Thomas Bilbury had on the day previous married a very charming young lady, Lydia Lappies by name; and the intelligence of his uncle's sad condition necessitated that the newly made husband—who, by the way, had only become acquainted with his bride about six weeks before marriage—should without a moment's delay take the train for Dover, cross to Calais, and thence go by the quickest route to Calcutta. The affair was pressing. Mr Blackthorne's death would certainly throw the business into confusion, and any hesitation on the part of the English partners might imperil the future of the firm.

'Go at once, my dear boy,' wrote Mr Joseph Bilbury to his son, who was in the Isle of Wight, 'and send your wife to me. I will take care of her, and see her settled in your new home at Richmond. I would go myself, but my gout won't allow me. And above all things, take care of your liver.'

There was no help for it. Mr Bilbury, junior, felt that he must go; so go he did, putting the best face on the matter, and bidding a very long and tender good-bye to his poor little wife. He escorted her across to Portsmouth, put her into a London train, kissed her, saw her off, and then took the next train for Dover.

She settled down in her new home on Richmond Hill; and he for many months afterwards worked hard at his desk in Calcutta, arranging the worldly affairs of his dead uncle, and from time to time sending home reports of his progress, and love-letters to Lydia.

Two years, in fact, elapsed ere he was able to return to England; and then he returned, as

he had gone out, at a moment's notice. Unforeseen circumstances suddenly left him free; and, unwilling to lose a day, he took the first homeward bound steamer, which, so it happened, was also taking to Richmond a letter, written a few days earlier, in which Mr Bilbury, among other matters, regretted to his wife that the pressure of business would not leave him at liberty for at least a month.

He travelled home without adventure, landed in due course at Dover, arrived in London late at night, and, without having written a word of warning to Lydia, hurried on next morning to Richmond Hill. Why he did not write or telegraph, we cannot say; perhaps he thought his sudden appearance would agreeably surprise his wife; or perhaps he was too excited to be able to think at all. But in any case, he neither wrote nor telegraphed a single word of preparation.

It was a fine sunny morning in summer; Mr Thomas Bilbury had scarcely seen his new home, which he had taken in a hurry immediately before his wedding; and he was walking eagerly up the short carriage-drive leading to the house, when, happening to cast his gaze towards the upper windows, he caught sight of a fair, white-draped figure, which was watering some flowering-plants that stood in a row on the sill. He at once recognised the figure as that of his wife, and was about to utter a cry of salutation, when he suddenly became conscious that she did not recognise him; for, with graceful modesty, she withdrew from the window and disappeared as soon as she became conscious that he was watching her. An idea struck him. It was a foolish, but not wholly unnatural one. He would pretend to be some one else—a friend, say, of her husband's, and would ask to see her as such. Of course she would at once recognise his voice; but then the surprise, and the consequent pleasure, would be the more complete if he thus deferred them. He knocked, therefore, at the door; and to the servant who appeared, announced that he had just returned from India and desired to see Mrs Bilbury. He gave no name; but he was admitted, and shown into the drawing-room, where, in some perturbation of mind, he awaited the advent of the wife from whom he had been so long and so cruelly separated.

'I suppose that she will know me,' he reflected, as he stood with his back to the window; 'but it is true that I have grown a tolerably big beard since I went away, and that I have become considerably tanned. However, the beard ought to make no great difference. I suppose that she would know me if she saw me in my shirt-sleeves, or with both legs cut off at the knees. On the other hand, she thinks that I am still at Calcutta, for she must have had my last letter this morning. I hope my sudden appearance here won't upset her. I must be careful.'

Here his thoughts were switched aside by the unmistakable sound of rustling skirts in the

passage without; and as the door opened, he involuntarily turned and gazed into the garden, at the same time coughing nervously.

'May I offer you a chair? I am afraid that you find the open window too much for you,' said a soft voice behind him.

'O no; not at all!' he returned, facing his wife for an instant, and then hastily resuming his survey of the garden.

Mrs Bilbury did not in the least recognise her husband. 'Do let me order a fire to be lighted,' she urged.

'O no; not for worlds!' ejaculated Tom, as he turned slowly round, conscious at last that even his nervousness was no excuse for his rudeness. 'But the fact is, Mrs'—

'My name is Mrs Bilbury!'

'Oh! thank you—yes! The fact is, Mrs Bilbury, that I am not yet entirely reconciled to this abominable English climate. I—ah—that is to say, a man who has existed in groves of mango—ah—and has lived on curry and chutnee—ah—with the thermometer standing doggedly at a hundred and two in the shade, is—ah; but I daresay you understand.'

'Oh, perfectly, Mr—— I think I have not the pleasure of knowing your name.'

'Who am I?' thought Mr Thomas Bilbury.

'My name,' he said, after a slight pause, 'is Tilbury.'

'What a curious similarity!' said his wife.—'Yes; I can readily believe that people coming home from India find this climate very trying at first, even in summer. My husband writes that the heat in Calcutta has been excessive. Possibly, Mr Tilbury, you may have called to give me some news of him? I hope so. I thought that his last letter was not written in very good spirits.'

'That is satisfactory,' thought Mr Bilbury. 'The lapse of two years has not altered her love for me.'

'Yes,' he said aloud; 'I can give you some news of him, for, a month ago, I was at Calcutta.'

'Indeed? How delightful!—Do sit down, Mr Tilbury. It is very pleasant to meet any one who has seen my husband so recently; for I gather from what you say that you have seen him. How was he?'

Mr Bilbury was by this time much exercised in his mind as to what to say next. On the one hand, he was afraid to declare himself, for fear of frightening his wife; on the other, he rather enjoyed the situation. He therefore determined, for the present, to retain his incognito.

'He was,' he said with deliberate hesitation, 'as well as could be expected.'

'As well as could be expected?' repeated Mrs Bilbury with alarm. 'Do you mean that he has been ill?'

'Well, not exactly ill,' prevaricated Tom, who had not yet quite made up his mind as to what he should say.

'But I do not understand you. Tell me, please. What has happened to him?'

Mr Bilbury wondered what the end would be. He heartily wished that his wife would recognise him and settle the difficulty by throwing her arms round his neck.

'Nothing very serious,' he said. 'I daresay he has told you that he has become very fond of tiger-shooting?'

'Ah, tigers! Tell me, Mr Tilbury, tell me!'

'Well, he went out tiger-shooting one day as usual—ah—he was accompanied only by his servant. They entered the jungle! Suddenly, and without warning, a huge female tiger sprang upon your husband and bore him to the earth. The native fled for assistance; help arrived; and the victim was found faint from loss of blood, with his right arm torn out at the socket, his left eye destroyed, and the calf of his left leg—ah—deeply scored by the cruel claws of the ferocious monster.'

'Dear me, how alarming!' commented Mrs Bilbury; and the exclamations seemed so out of proportion to the gravity of the story, that Mr Bilbury felt seriously disappointed. 'That fully accounts,' continued Lydia, 'for his bad spirits. His right arm'—

'Yes; torn out at the socket, Mrs Bilbury. He has learned to write with his left hand.'

'Ah! dreadful. And his left eye destroyed?'

'Yes; he wears a glass eye, poor fellow.'

'It must be agony. And the calf of his leg deeply scored by the cruel claws of the ferocious monster! Terrible misfortune! And when you left him, Mr Tilbury, how was he? Will he survive?'

A new light seemed to break upon Mr Bilbury. Did his wife want him to survive? He felt by no means sure of it.

'It is impossible to say with certainty,' he said; 'but you must hope for the best. Let me beg of you, my dear Mrs Bilbury, to keep up your spirits.'

'Oh, Mr Tilbury, I don't see why I should be miserable. There is very pleasant society down here at Richmond; and, you know, there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it.'

Tom's worst suspicions were by this time more than confirmed. 'The heartless woman!' he thought. 'This is how she receives the news of my being mangled and disfigured! But still, unwilling to give up hope, he continued aloud: 'Poor fellow! I assure you that in his delirium your name was very often on his lips.'

'Indeed! Then he had not quite forgotten me.'

'Forgotten you?' repeated Tom, his feelings for an instant getting the better of him. 'O no! I think that it is the lot of but few women to have a husband so utterly devoted to her.'

'And of but few men to have a wife'—

'So charming,' said Mr Bilbury, finishing the sentence.

'Oh, Mr Tilbury!—But excuse me. Of course you will stay to luncheon. Do; to please me! You know that a woman hates solitude little less than smallpox.—One moment. I will just go and give the necessary orders.' And Mrs Bilbury rose and quitted the room.

'Well, this is awful!' reflected her husband as soon as he was left alone. 'She doesn't recognise me; and apparently she doesn't seem to care for me much. She reminds me that there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it. That, I suppose, means that if I would only die and

liberate her, she would promptly marry some one else. A nice instance of the faithlessness of women! Perhaps I should do well to leave her at once, and never let her know the truth; but I can't do that. I love her still; indeed, I'm afraid I love her more than I ever did. No; I will see this affair to the end. If she is unfaithful, I will find her out, and then—

His meditations were cut short by the return of his wife, who informed him that she had ordered some luncheon, and that he must meanwhile do his best to amuse her, as there was no one else in the house except the servants. This style of conversation made Tom more and more reckless; and at once he launched out into an account of an imaginary moonlight picnic at Aden, where—so he let it appear—he had broken the hearts of several charming girls, and upon the whole had behaved in a highly reprehensible manner.

'It must have been very delightful,' said Mrs. Bilbury. 'I wish I had been there! Sometimes we have very pleasant evenings here. Of course, I know every one in the neighbourhood; and, as a married woman, I ask whom I like to my house. You must come one night, Mr. Tilbury; and sup with us afterwards.'

By this time Tom was perfectly frantic. 'I'm afraid I shan't be here for long,' he said bitterly. 'I am going abroad. I cannot rest anywhere.'

'You are worried, I see,' said Mrs. Bilbury. 'I can sympathise with you.'

'Yes, family matters and disappointments, you know.'

'Disappointments! But you are young; and, if you will excuse me, not bad-looking. Perhaps you have merely lost your heart to one of the young ladies at Aden.'

'O no,' he replied. 'And, to tell the truth, I am doubtful whether any woman would be worth worrying about.'

'Don't be cynical,' said Mrs. Bilbury with a smile. 'Perhaps you expect too much from women.'

'I expect sympathy, fidelity, and consideration,' answered Mr. Bilbury gravely.

'But, let me ask you, do you yourself indulge in those virtues? Ah! men are very inconsistent, I fear. However, I hope that you do not believe that women are bad as a rule.'

'Well, I know to my cost that some are bad. Yes; some even betray their husbands.'

'And in such cases I'm afraid that the husbands are also to blame.'

'I don't think so,' said Tom curtly.

'But you are worrying yourself, I see, although you try to affect indifference. What is it?'

'Worrying myself? Not a bit!' cried Mr. Bilbury.

'I am glad to hear you say so,' returned his wife. 'I don't worry myself. Cosy suppers and—'

'But the probable death of your husband!' intercalated Mr. Bilbury.

'Oh, I am philosophical. We only lived together for two days; we only knew each other for a few weeks. What am I to him? What is he to me? Life is still before me.'

'That is rather plain speaking,' thought Tom. 'I wonder whether she would like to get up a flirtation with me. I will draw her on a little.'

'Ah!' he said aloud, 'you have happiness within your grasp, and you can make another happy. It is not every man who is so fortunate as to meet with a woman like you. Now, I confess that I have been unfortunate in my experience. But if I thought that I might hope for your sympathy'—

'Surely, Mr. Tilbury; it would be unwomanly of me to refuse it.'

Tom drew his chair nearer to that of his wife and continued: 'Oh, if I might hope for your sympathy, and look for your regard and pity, my dear Mrs. Bilbury, life, I assure you, would soon assume a new complexion to my eyes. Let us be plain. Can you not make me happy, and bestow your sympathy, your love, and your pity upon one who will value such gifts at their true worth?'

Mrs. Bilbury, evidently agitated, rose. 'Really,' she exclaimed, 'I was not prepared for all this. I feel the need of love, love such as yours; but'— And she buried her face in her hands.

'This,' thought Mr. Bilbury to himself, 'is my faithful and devoted wife!' yet he was unable to refrain from seating himself beside Lydia and putting his arm round her waist. 'Dear Mrs. Bilbury,' he said, 'I love you! Do you, can you love me?'

She gave a scarcely perceptible gesture of assent; and Tom, now thoroughly convinced of his wife's untrustworthiness, sprang up and confronted her.

'Mrs. Bilbury,' he said, 'what would your husband say to this? You have disgraced him!'

She looked up, and held out her hands imploringly.

'You are a vicious woman!' he continued unrelentingly.

'Then why, just now, did you ask for my love?' she demanded.

'Because I wanted to assure myself that you were as vicious and worthless as I now know you to be. As for loving you—I despise you! Ah! if you were only a good woman!' And he approached her and took her by the hand. For an instant he stood thus; then he raised the hand and kissed it; and finally he kissed his wife on the cheek.

'Are you going, Mr. Tilbury?' she asked.

'Yes; I had better go; it is for the best. We could not be happy. Good-bye!' He kissed her again, and then moved slowly away to the door, where he stood, painfully regarding her.

'Good-bye!' she echoed.—'But,' she continued in another voice, 'Tom!'

'Tom!' repeated Mr. Bilbury, starting and colouring. 'Who told you my name was Tom?'

'You did, you foolish fellow, about two years ago.'

'And you know me, Lydia?' he cried, as he quickly returned to her. 'You have known me all along!'

'No; I did not know you until you told me that tremendous story about the tiger. There was no mistaking you, then!'

By this time Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bilbury were embracing each other so affectionately that the conversation was rendered very fragmentary and disjointed. It is therefore almost impossible

to chronicle what they said ; but it is certain that they forgave each other, and it is a matter of notoriety that there has since been no happier couple on Richmond Hill.

ON RESTRICTING THE OUTPUT OF COAL.

A few years ago, the coal industries of this country were in a state of unprecedented prosperity, employer and employed receiving the highest remuneration ever known. A variety of causes, however, brought about a decline, and this decline continued until at last the coal industries and the wages paid to coal employes sank to their former condition. During the continuance of the 'good times,' neither the miners' leaders nor the miners themselves gave a due amount of thought to the cause of the prosperity they enjoyed. But when the decline came, and they found themselves enjoying grand wages no longer, they began to inquire into the cause of the decline. This was easily found. The remuneration obtained by miner and mine-owner at the acme of prosperity served as a lure to other labourers and capitalists, one class going into the mines, the other becoming mine-owners. This influx of capital and labour into the coal industries greatly augmented the output of coal, so that the supply exceeded the demand, when, of course, prices fell, one coal agent underselling another, so keen was the competition in the markets.

As a result of this inquiry into the cause of the decline in miners' wages, we have the theory of restriction ; and without doubt the general body of the coal-miners of the United Kingdom believe that by restricting the output of coal they will be able to bring back the 'golden age' of mining. Meetings representative of almost all the colliers in the three countries have been held at Manchester, at Leeds, and at various other places, and resolutions in favour of restriction were unanimously carried. So implicit is the belief in restriction, that the man who dares to question its worth is looked upon by his fellow-miners just as a man would be regarded who denied the attraction of gravitation. As a miner, the writer can speak from experience when he assures his readers that almost all miners regard restriction as a self-evident truth.

The believers in restriction uphold their theory thus. 'The price of every commodity,' they say, 'is governed by the laws of supply and demand.' If the supply exceeds the demand, prices have a tendency to fall ; and inversely, if the demand exceeds the supply, prices have a tendency to rise. These are natural laws ; their truth is undeniable ; and the inference we draw from them is clear. We propose restricting the output of coal till the demand exceeds the supply, when, of course, prices will rise ; and our employers receiving better prices for their coals, will be able to give us better wages.' Such is the reasoning on which is built the theory of restriction ; and to a limited extent, it is sound. But in order to perceive the shortcomings of this theory, it becomes necessary to follow restriction to its logical consequences

—a thing restrictionists are not always disposed to do.

In order to test restriction fairly, we will assume that the miners of Great Britain unanimously agree to restrict the output of coal in the most approved fashion, namely, that of working five days a week and eight hours a day. A restriction of this kind would certainly be thorough ; for, whereas the colliers formerly worked from fifty-five to sixty-five hours per week, they would under the new system work only forty, and the change would entail in the hours of labour a reduction of about twenty-five per cent. Under this system of restriction, the colliers would work three-fourths of the time they formerly worked ; they would produce three-fourths of the coal they formerly produced ; and finally, they would receive three-fourths of the wages they had received previously. The first phase of restriction presents a far from pleasant aspect to the collier. In order to obtain good wages at some unknown future time, he voluntarily reduces his present earnings to the extent of twenty-five per cent ; in the hopes of enjoying a future good time, he makes of the present a bad time. The colliers who formerly earned on an average thirty shillings a week, would under the new system earn seven shillings and sixpence a week less ; and as it would take, say, three months, for the decrease in the output to affect the markets, the loss to each collier would be considerable.

'But what of that?' restrictionists will exclaim. 'The increased wages we should then receive would more than redeem our losses.'

We think this would not be the case, and hope to show its improbability. We will suppose that restriction has been in existence for just a year. As it would take, say, three months of restriction to affect the coal-markets, the first quarter of the year would entail on each collier a loss of one-fourth of his former earnings. At the beginning of the fourth month, however, the supply falls beneath the demand, prices rise, and the colliers get an advance of ten per cent. Two months after, they get another advance of ten per cent ; and two months after that, they get a similar advance, and so keep advancing every two months of the year. Would all the advances received—fifty per cent—recoup the voluntary losses of the collier during the first half-year of restriction? No! At the end of the first year of restriction, every collier whose wages had formerly averaged thirty shillings a week would have lost more than ten pounds sterling, and this notwithstanding the fact that his wages had advanced fifty per cent.

And here other considerations arise. To what an enormous price coal would rise during the restrictive year, and what an ill effect this augmentation of price must have had on other industries. All the varied industries of our land are linked indissolubly together. One industry cannot be tampered with without disturbing its fellows ; and this great advance in the price of our staple fuel would have a tendency to increase the productive cost of many thousands of commodities, for which the collier would have to pay an increased price. Take, as an instance, the iron industries, where hundreds of thousands of tons of coal are used annually for smelting

and other purposes, and it needs no philosophic insight to perceive that the price of the coal influences the price of the finished product. It is impossible in an article like the present to do more than touch the fringe of the subject, and we return to that part of it which most intimately concerns the collier.

'But,' says the restrictionist, 'though the colliers may not recoup themselves in the first year of restriction, they will do so in the second year. The great wages they would get in the second year would more than compensate them for the first year's losses.'

Yes, we reply, if all went on as smoothly as you imagine. But your restriction would kill itself, and just at the time of its fruition. How would you find yourselves at the end of the first year? Probably enjoying short hours and long wages; and what would ensue? Why, the very causes which came into operation a few years ago, would come again into active existence. Your short hours and splendid wages would lure thousands to the mines. The refuse of every other vocation would scramble for places in your pits; and new pits and new pit-owners would spring as quickly as mushrooms into existence, just as they did half a score of years ago. There are no gates to the mines to exclude new-comers, no laws to prevent the sinking of new mines, and whenever mining and mine-owning become highly profitable, miners and mine-owners will burst into being. And when this influx of labour and capital occurs, restriction vanishes into 'thin air.' The new-comers help to swell the markets; the supply exceeds the demand; competition sets in; prices fall; and soon the old order of things would prevail.

THE POTATO DISEASE.

A very moderate calculation puts down the loss caused to the country by the potato disease at a million pounds a year. It is doubtless much more than this. Indeed, the loss in Ireland alone in the exceptionally bad year of 1879 was put down at eight million pounds! So long as the disease remains unconquered, the loss will continue. But the dawn seems breaking. Hitherto, efforts have been made to fight the disease. Now we are beginning to learn to avoid it. In 1880, to supply our wants, we had to import potatoes valued at two million eight hundred and forty-seven thousand and twenty-seven pounds. In 1881, on the other hand, we not only had enough for ourselves, but we exported large quantities to America and Ireland. How did this come about? Simply that farmers planted magnum-bonums and Scotch champions, kinds that, because of their strong constitution, are not only great croppers, but in a great degree disease-resisters. Strength of constitution is what is wanted in order to combat the potato disease. For this reason, we are glad to see that the Highland and Agricultural Society have agreed to offer prizes for new potatoes of real merit. There can be no doubt that, so far, agriculturists are travelling in the right direction; and it is to be hoped that what has been done for potatoes may be done for every kind of farm-crop. Already, farmers have begun to reap the benefit; and instances are not wanting of profit of from thirty to even ninety pounds an

acre being gained by growing proper kinds of potatoes and securing the market at the proper time. Some account of the above facts may be seen, with the details, in a pamphlet issued by Messrs Sutton and Son of Reading, Berks, which may be had for a stamp by any applicant. It is well worth the attention of farmers and market-gardeners.

IN MEMORIAM.

D. M.

Ring out, ye spheres! ring out my mournful tale
And oh, ye groves, your solemn music lend
To my great grief, in plaintive, sorrowing wail
For he is dead, my Husband and my Friend!

And oh, thou Love, the sunshine of my youth,
Now lend thy strength to every note of woe,
While I in sorrow learn the bitter truth—
The lonely hours this widowed heart must know.

O Love, O Sorrow, wherefore are ye twain,
The rival heirs of my heroword breast?
Where in successive anarchy ye reign,
Each strengthening each in anguish and unrest!

The tones of bliss which I was wont to hear,
And hear with rapture from his blessed lips,
Are silent now! Where shall I find his peer?
To me the world is shrouded in eclipse!

For dark are all the scenes where he is not,
And tame are all the sounds without his voice;
Pale Grief is now my silent, bitter lot,
Though the vain world should say, 'Rejoice, rejoice!'

But he has passed to purer Light above,
And so I hold it sin thus to complain;
With me he left his great, undying love,
And nothing but the holier thoughts remain.

These will I cherish till the Bridal Song
Of the Eternal Kingdom shall unite
My soul with his, and with the glorious Throng,
Fast by the throne of Majesty and Light!

There shall the voice which hush'd the billows cease
Their tumult on the Lake of Galilee,
Be heard in thrilling tones of Love and Peace—
Of Love so full of joy and harmony!

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- 1st. All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.
 - 2d. To insure return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
 - 3d. MANUSCRIPTS should bear the author's full Christian name, Surname, and Address, legibly written; and should be written on white (not blue) paper, and on one side of the leaf only.
 - 4th. Offerings of Verse should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.
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THE STRANGE STORY OF A WOOD-PIGEON.

THE following appears to be an almost unparalleled instance of chosen domestication and personal attachment on the part of one of the shyest of wild-birds, the wood-pigeon.

A friend of mine in one of the northern counties of Scotland (says our correspondent), lives in a cottage in the heart of a wood, and is employed on an estate as forester, gamekeeper, and land-steward. His name and address are as follows: Mr Peter Wright, Barra Cottage, Bourtie, by Old Meldrum, Aberdeenshire. (The proprietor of the estate is Major Ramsay of Straloch and Barra.) Mr Wright, who is unmarried, had resided there for a good many years with his aged mother, whose decease he had recently cause to deplore. One oppressively hot day I had called to see him, and while sitting together engaged in conversation, the door being ajar, there came walking in with the greatest deliberation, and full in view of us, a stranger pigeon. (It may here be remarked in passing that there were no tame pigeons kept about the place.) Having entered, the pigeon came right forward without any seeming fear, hesitancy, or halting, into the room, and stood respectfully before us. My friend remarked: 'There's a *doe* [pigeon]. I wonder where it's come from.' At first, it was supposed that the stranger was probably some neighbour's tame pigeon that had stumbled in; and through inattention, we did not at that time observe that it was really a cushat-dove or wood-pigeon. Finding itself unchecked and not ill received, it marched forward past us and through the room to a bedroom at the back, into which it coolly walked, as if to say: 'Here I mean to stay.' My friend followed and held out his hand towards it, uttering familiar words in winning tones. The pigeon at once, without any sign of fear, put its head into his hand, moving its wings and chirping confidently, as a young pigeon does in pressing on the parent bird to be fed. A few crumbs of bread were

placed before it, some of which it ate readily, but not by any means in a ravenous manner; and indeed it did not seem as if famished. Although evidently a young bird, the pigeon was far enough grown to be quite fit to provide for itself, more especially at that time of the year. The tail, however, was wanting, having seemingly been pulled out by a cat, or perhaps by a hawk. Yet it did not appear as if it had been pursued and forced to seek shelter and safety from an enemy.

The pigeon continued to stay on; but on account of his domestic bereavement, the gamekeeper almost forgot about it, and no pains were taken to tame or familiarise the strange visitor with its now chosen companions or its new abode. The woman who kept house for the gamekeeper merely gave it food; and it at once made itself at home, and at night lodged in my friend's bedroom, perching itself unbidden on a clothes-peg. For a while it moved about very quietly; but by-and-by it would, in the early morning, fly from its perch on to the bed. At other times it would follow the gamekeeper, and seem dejected when he was out of sight. After a while, he began to observe its movements more particularly, and its peculiar attachment; and speedily a strong regard arose between man and bird.

It has now (March) been nearly seven months in the house, and its devotedness to its master is amazing. It would follow him wherever he goes were it not restrained; and lest it should be taken in any of the rabbit-traps, it has to be slung in when he leaves the house to go through the woods and grounds. When at any safe work, it is permitted to go with him, and from morn till night it will stay close beside him watching his proceedings, accompanying him to meals, and returning again when he resumes work. It is interesting, and also somewhat amusing, to observe its diligent labour. For example, one day he was trimming the borders of a long walk, and all the time he was cutting the edges of the grassy sward, the pigeon kept time, pecking the edge close to his feet, as if determinedly assisting in the work. When

any one came near to speak with its master, it would withdraw to a distance; and when the stranger went away, it would then at once return and resume its occupation. At meals it takes its place on a chair close by him, where it has its dish of food and its can of water, and will remain there just till he moves, when it promptly goes with him, if allowed. Sometimes, when it has fed, it will perch itself on the back of his chair, or on his shoulder, upon the slightest token of inducement or permission; or on his head or hand, and nibble around his eyes, or over his hair, neck, beard, and face, in the most loving-like manner; and when spoken to endearingly, it will look archly and knowingly, holding its head to one side, and moving its bill with a light crunching-like sound in opening and shutting, as if in attempt at speech or imitation of the movement of his lips in return. Indeed, so intelligent a creature is it, that one can scarce help fancying that it is not only listening parrot-like and understanding what is said, but also labouring to acquire the faculty of using human language so as to be able to reply.

To prove the intense personal devotedness of this stranger from the woods, one striking instance may be given. Some weeks after its appearance, its master had to be away on business for three days. It was painful to see its increasing restlessness and evident distress at his protracted absence; and pleasant to note its delight when he at last returned. But that was not all. It seemed to have firmly resolved not to lose him again; and next day, when he set out to go through the woods, it determinedly followed, and would not be hindered. Its power of keeping in view and not losing him being sight, and not scent, it had at last lost him in the thickets, and could not find him again. Like some wiser heads in such circumstances it seems to have concluded that *he*, not *it*, was lost; and consequently it must have continued its fruitless search till night fell, when it had to lodge in the wood. Next morning it probably resumed its search; for only at mid-day did it appear to have been struck with the thought, that possibly its master had got home without it. On reaching the cottage, the delight of the bird was cordially reciprocated by its protector.

Whenever it is detained at home, if not allowed to accompany him, the pigeon will remain pretty natch about the house, and a good deal inside. Sometimes it will go through the woods on an exploring tour, or for exercise, and remain away for several hours together, but always unfailingly returns. Mostly, however, when the keeper is absent, it will go out and in and around among the outhouses, occasionally perching itself on the top of a building, and sit as if dozing. When he appears, at a word it will open its eyes, pick itself up, and fly to him. If he says coaxingly: 'I am going to dinner, *coco*—are you coming?' it will

light on his shoulder or head, and, thus carried, enter with him, and take its accustomed place. When he is present, it cares for no other. Still, when he is away for only the usual short intervals, it is quite at ease with the housekeeper, and will at times, as if in frolic, fly on to her head or back when at work. It will sit about on tables, chairs, window-sills, take a look into the mirror, lift a comb or other small article, and make itself as it were generally useful. The cat and it are quite safe and easy friends, but without much familiarity on either part. It dislikes, however, the presence of a dog. It seems also to have a strange antipathy to blue, which it shows if an article of that colour is held before it. It is quite familiar with me, and always seems pleased to see me. The second time I saw it, a short while after the day it arrived, it appeared at once to look at me knowingly, as if to say: 'O yes, I have seen you before. I know you as a friend of my friend, and you were here when I came. You are welcome; and I shall always be glad to see you.' It allows me the fullest liberty with it; and it will readily come upon my hand or finger, and permit me to carry it about anywhere, out or in, around the house in broad day, without seeking to fly off; and if I place it on anything outside, leave it, and go into the house, it will speedily come flying in after me.

One day that I called, it was abroad on a visit through the wood; but very soon it came in and lighted on the table near me. I began to talk to it, and take it on my finger, placing it near my face; when, instead of being frightened or shrinking from me, it began to peck gently and caressingly around my eyes, beard, head, and neck. But although so familiar and seemingly pleased with my presence, it never seeks to follow me when I leave the house, as it does my friend. He is clearly the one supreme object of its attachment and solicitude. As before hinted at, it is afraid of no one; but it permits nearness and familiarity only to some, and at times shows hearty displeasure. It not only has its peculiar and strong likings, but it has manifested somewhat fierce individual dislike; in one instance, at least, strikingly so. A nephew of my friend had found it impossible to be present from a distance at a near relative's funeral, and made a visit a short time after. When seated in the house, the pigeon approached, and set upon him with bill and wings more in manner of a fierce eagle than as a gentle dove, and as if determined to drive him from the house. Usually, however, if it shows no special liking, it is quietly indifferent, unless when too closely approached and liberties taken with it, when it will vigorously defend itself, pecking and striking fiercely with its wings. If teased by its accepted friends, it will peck more or less severely, but rather in a playful manner than otherwise.

Its coming, and at such a time, and its peculiar ways and habits, are wholly inexplicable upon any natural or recognised principles; and it can scarcely be wondered at if my friend should not only have an affectionate regard, but something like a reverential love for it; and without any undue superstitious notions, one could hardly be blamed for conceiving that there must be something supernatural about its visit and manners; nor

should it be thought specially odd, or very improper, if neighbours do, as if with bated breath, whisper: 'It looks just as if it had been sent.'

It has now become a very plump and pretty bird indeed—a most perfect and beautiful specimen both in figure and feather. One of its chief delights is to wash itself; and it seems to take pleasure in occasionally dabbling in water. If a tub well filled should be at hand, it will at least once a day get into it, swim and paddle about, and dive overhead like a duck; and all the more will be its evident satisfaction if it can have a shower-bath at the same time by rain running from the house upon and over its back. When satisfied with its bath, it will, if the day is cold, go inside, and place itself near the fire, and commence to preen its feathers in the manner common to fowls. Indeed, its freaks, and its familiarity and intelligence, seem to be of a far higher order than those of any other bird with which I am acquainted.

It has repeatedly been suggested that this intelligent pigeon may have been tamed, and come from somewhere not far away. Well, supposing it were so, it would still remain unaccountable how it should have of free choice so decidedly taken up its abode in a strange habitation, and attached itself so persistently to a particular individual. But no information of a tame wood-pigeon near or far can be found. No doubt wood-pigeons may be tamed, though I cannot from my own experience speak to the fact as being of common occurrence. There is no evidence that the pigeon in question had been previously tamed; and if there were proof, it could never satisfactorily explain so sudden and intense an attachment to a stranger. Neither is it of importance to try fully to account for the fact by supposing that the pigeon had been driven by fright to seek shelter. There is no evidence that it was so; and the deliberate manner in which it presented itself gave no appearance of any such fact. Besides, had it been so, it would more than probably have gone away after a while, when the fright was over; and if the terror should have remained, it would not readily wander abroad through the woodland, its natural haunt, as it has been in the habit of doing, alone and unconstrained. Neither, had it been driven in for shelter and protection, could such a fact account at all for the peculiar personal attachment so assiduously manifested and maintained. A gamekeeper too—the natural enemy of its marauding tribe—was surely not the most likely protector to be sought, unless, indeed, considerable reasoning power could be predicated of the bird, reckoning on the principle that its most dangerous enemy, should it gain his favour, would prove its best protector. Nor will the theory of ostracism fit much better than that of fear. Besides being considerably improbable that so young a bird should have been shunned by its kind, the fact of its going so readily abroad and staying for hours together in its natural haunts, would militate against the likelihood of such a supposition as ostracism. By no reasoning and on no natural principle does it seem that a satisfactory theory can be adduced. The attachment is so extraordinary in all particulars, that

nothing equal or akin can, to my knowledge, be produced with regard to any wild animal, and all the less to one of a species naturally so shy of man.

ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOT.

CHAPTER XVII.—CHINESE JACK.

A DARK night on the river. It was summer; but there was a raw damp chill in the moist air. The day had been fine; but now a high wind had set in from the seaward, eliciting a noisier splash and ripple than usual from the rising tide, that swirled around the quays, and tested the moorings of the many barges and light craft at anchor there, above-bridge, on that London Thames, that is so different from the silver Thames beloved of swans, some score or two of miles away. There was no moon, and a drizzle of rain kept falling from the murky sky. It was not an inviting evening, nor was the spot—a dull little wharf, at the foot of one of those darkling streets that run steeply down from the Strand to the river—a tempting one. Yet, in this delectable solitude, seated on a sturdy stump of battered timber—it had been a fragment of a mast, possibly, to which, when convenient, chains or cables were made fast—was a well-dressed man, surveying the black stream and the dim outlines of the neighbouring buildings, as contentedly as though he had been gazing at the loveliest prospect in the world.

It has been said that the man was well dressed. So he was, in the sense that his clothes, of shiny black broadcloth and fine texture, were new and good. They hung loosely on him, though, as if ready-made. The hat was new and glossy, too; and so was the silken neck-scarf with its glittering pin; and so were the boots, well blacked and bright. There were no gloves on the lean brown hands; but several rings glistened on the long like fingers, which had that peculiar plasticity that we habitually associate with the hands of a sailor. And indeed, the man's apparel might very well have been, in its first maiden freshness, the shore-going attire of some officer of the merchant service, a maritime dandy in his way. There he sat, and there he smoked, an ugly smile, meantime, lurking about the corners of a mouth that was by nature anything but repulsive to look upon. A fine-looking man enough, tall, thin-framed, broad across the chest; exactly the sort of recruit that in the army they call a 'sergeant-major's man,' and whom judicious colonels put in the front rank. He was not young—in the prime of life, perhaps—for there was a little silver mingling with the dark auburn of the hair and beard; while the face, handsome so far as features went, was tanned to a swarthy brownness by the tropic sun, and seamed by innumerable wrinkles, as fine as if their delicate lines had been traced by the point of a needle. The eyes of themselves would have attracted notice anywhere, so bright were they, and yet so chameleon-like in colour and expression. It could have been no common character to whom those restless eyes belonged.

There he sat, alone, listening to the melancholy sound of the fast-rising tide, and the barking of dogs on board of vessels far away, and the distant

roar of the great thoroughfare at the other end of the steep and narrow street that debouched upon the wharf.

"A cheerful nook this," he muttered to himself, from beneath his bushy beard—"a cheerful nook for a philosopher to choose for the scene of his meditations. I've known worse, though," he added, with a sort of chuckle, due, probably, to some reminiscence that suddenly occurred to him—"very much worse. Paranaatia Point is not an cheerful Eden, nor is the prison of the Board of Punishments at Pekin exactly an abode of bliss. Pity, that Dante before he wrote his *Inferno*, could not have knocked about the world as I have done, and seen some of the sights that I have seen—such as Old Florence could not show the poet."

The speaker's intonation was perfect, and his voice a good one; but there was something in the peculiar ring of it that would have jarred upon the ear of a listener, something cynical, hard, and cold. For a while he smoked on in silence, and then, with a sort of involuntary shudder, tossed away the end of his cigarette, and watched the little fiery speck as it floated for a moment on the black water below the wharf's edge, and then went out.

"It's chilly here," he muttered. "England gives but cold comfort, as usual, to the prodigal returned from sunnier climates. And yet—and yet, there is more to be picked up under this foggy sky, than anywhere I know of from Peru to Zanzibar. Will the great prize in the lottery turn up for me this time? Dame Fortune certainly owes me a successful spin of her ladyship's auriferous wheel by now, for the world has dealt but hardly of late years with Chinese Jack. Beachcomber on a South Sea island, bonnet to a Californian gambling-house, captain of an Arab slave dhow, that the boats of Her Majesty's Ship *Vulture* captured in the Red Sea. Lucky for me that I was able to play as well as to dress the character! Little did Her Majesty's officers—how well I remember them in the gold-braided caps, on the man-of-war's quarter-deck, as I raised my shackled hands and made my respectful salaam—little did those navy lads think that I, the prisoner, the Arab slaver-dog, understood every word they said as well as they did themselves.—"Not half-bad!"—wasn't I? It was a lieutenant who said so; and then the paymaster added: "Their religion, you know." Well-read young fellow, that paymaster! He knew all about us Moslems, didn't he? Am I a Moslem, by the way, or is it Confucius that I stand by?—as when I was head-secretary to that poor fellow Ksing-Tse, the mandarin. At anyrate, the British naval officers never dreamed that Ali Hassan, the turbaned skipper of the dhow they caught at anchor, with a cargo of live ebony on board, was John, only son of the Reverend!—Here an expression of genuine pain came across his reckless face, and he sprang up from his seat with a wicked look in his flashing eyes, as though his conscience pricked him, and he would have been thankful for some scapegoat for his anger. A moment afterwards, and he was able to laugh at his own emotion. "I really thought," he said cheerily, "that I saw the old place again—the parsonage gate; my sisters, poor girls, coming home from church in their spruce Sunday frocks; my father,

worthy man, with rebuke in his eyes, because I had idled away the time that might have been spent in hearkening to the sermon it had cost him many a painful hour to prepare; the blue mountains—Alps as I thought them then, mole-hills as I know them now to be, since these eyes have looked on Andes and Himalaya—in the background; and in front, the castle of my lord, Castel Vawr. Yes; it is very real and very rich, in Castel Vawr."

He laughed briefly; and then, quitting the wharf, ascended the stony little street, at the upper end of which, full of bustle and feverish life, was the noisy Strand; while below ran, black and swift and silent, the great river, without which London would never have been the London that we know. In the middle of Jane Seymour Street—all these parallel alleys seem to bear the names of those whom our crowned ruffian, King Harry, sent to the block—is an odd little private hotel, which tries, through the medium of fly-leaves in *Bradshaw's Railway Guide*, and of advertisements in north-country newspapers, to convince an economic public that it is very cheap. This place of entertainment is known as *Budgers's Hotel*. It is, strictly speaking, and has been within the memory of man, *Mrs Budgers's Hotel*. There may have been a Budgers of the male sex; but he must have died very long ago, since the oldest frequenter of the Jane Seymour Street hostelry remembers that portentous black bonnet with the red artificial flowers. In this private hotel, as dingy, narrow, and airless a den as can well be matched in London, the soliloquist of the wharf was evidently a valued guest.

"Any letters for the Captain, Bob?" called out Mrs Budgers to the pasty-faced waiter, in response to the inquiry of her newly returned inmate.

"No, ma'am," said Bob, as his unwholesome complexion and the dirty napkin twisted round his professional thumb became visible in the doorway of the contracted coffee-room; "nulin."

But Bob the waiter ducked his head respectfully, as 'the Captain's' fiery eye encountered that potherboiled optic of his. Manifestly, the bronzed guest was not known under that roof by the queer name of Chinese Jack; and manifestly, too, he was considered as a solvent and a liberal customer, worthy of lip-loyalty and of conciliation. Mrs Budgers of Jane Seymour Street had the oddest clients: out-at-elbows clergymen, with anxious-eyed wives; snug ministers of strange little sects, from Wales or Cornwall; lean lecturers in flapping coats, and whose eagerness to exhort all London from the platform was only equalled by their self-denying thrift; rough northern farmers and rougher mining managers; and sun-tanned persons from the other side of the world, who did not seem exactly to have made the fortune that they sought, either by wool or gold. All these varying clients had one point in common—an inveterate dislike to parting, except upon compulsion, with a stray sixpence or an extra shilling, a quality more hateful than any other in the eyes of a struggling innkeeper. Now the Captain was, according to Jane Seymour Street ideas, pretty much what a Russian Prince or an American Silver King appears to the managers of the *Grand Hôtel* in Paris.

"Never mind.—Nice evening, Mrs Budgers," said the Captain genially, as he leaned his elbow

on the low narrow counter that crossed the half-door of the frowsy bar.

Mrs Budgers coughed behind her black worsted mittens. She was used to hear tart complaints from surly men and discontented women, from the country, of the damp, the darkness, the gloom, and uninviting aspect of Jane Seymour Street. She was unused to praise of any sort, and with reference even to so harmless a subject as the weather, and she almost feared that her customer's eulogistic words might veil a sarcasm. It was a nasty night; but then it was just possible that the Captain, freshly returned from abroad, as she knew, might have come from foreign parts where the nights were nastier, and might regard that clammy evening in the Strand purlieus as something cheerful and exhilarating.

'We must take 'em as they come,' was the landlady's hesitating answer; 'and what I always do say is, that with water above and water below, and so central, the situation is the healthiest in London!' There may have been a vagueness in the reasoning; but Mrs Budgers had made the statement a few times before, and believed in the truth of what she said, as we all get to believe in the truth of what we habitually say.

'I should judge so by your looks, Mrs Budgers,' returned the guest smoothly but archly—a polite personage that Captain—and as a woman is never too old for a compliment, Mrs Budgers bridled, and blushed a darker crimson than before.

'Won't you take something, sir, before you go up-stairs?' asked the smiling landlady, motioning with her black worsted mitten towards a shelf stocked with insidious bottles, painted all over with golden grapes, but the contents of which probably owed less to the grape than to grain and potatoes.

The Captain would take something. He tossed off the glassful of liquid fire that Mrs Budgers poured out for him, politely prefacing the drink with: 'Your health, ma'am'; and then, with a nod, passed on, up the dark and irregular stairs, and reached his room.

The Captain's private sitting-room was on the first-floor, and the Captain's bedchamber adjoined it. Both were low-ceiled, and ineffectually dingy as to the furniture and general appointments. But the gas in the first-mentioned apartment was flaring brightly, and gave an air of almost cheerfulness and almost comfort to the shabby surroundings. The Captain unlocked a neat little writing-case of shiny yellow leather—all his luggage, as might be seen by peeping through the door, now ajar, of his bed-room, was neat and ostentatiously new, like his wearing apparel—and took from an inner compartment a sealskin tobacco-pouch, a small brass-mounted horn such as Moors use for carriage of the fine gunpowder they still employ for priming, a very little horn-spoon, and a bundle of empty cigarette papers. Clearly, the Captain preferred making up the cigarettes for his own consumption, to buying them, as less careful smokers do, ready-made. Very dexterously and quickly he mingled the fragrant light-lured tobacco from the pouch with a gray, pungent-smelling, sickly drug, which, by the aid of the tiny spoon, he extracted from the horn, rolled up with practised fingers some dozen or so of the cigarettes, and kindling one of them, sat down in the biggest and easiest of the arm-

chairs, and with his head thrown back, smoked for a while silently, and with an air of dreamy enjoyment, such as a panther might have shown when basking on a sunny bank in some inaccessible forest of the Tropics.

Never, it might safely have been said, had so incomprehensible a customer darkened the doors of Mrs Budgers's house of public entertainment, portals which nevertheless had opened in their time to give admission to odd samples of humanity. This man was a living enigma. Unscrupulous, designing, artful as he evidently was, he had yet retained, through who knew what experiences, a certain charm of namer, which is never found except among the educated. It suited him just then to play the modern merchant captain returned from a prosperous voyage; and probably he could have sustained the part with perfect ease even at that time-honoured skippers' house of call, the *Jerusalem Coffee-house*. The old silt of a rougher school who frequented the place might have growled at him as a Jemmy Jessamy and dandy; but they would have credited him with being seaman enough to fight his vessel manfully through white squall or typhoon. Had he chosen to act the soldier, or the commercial traveller, or the thoughtful artisan of superior attainments, or—most difficult character of all to assume—to pose as a gentleman of refined manners and cultured mind, he would have acquitted himself equally well. And yet in every one of these parts there would have been a lurking glitter in his keen eye, a mocking ring in his not unmusical voice, to cry, Beware!

He smoked the first three of his medicated cigarettes in silence; and then, in a low but distinct tone, resumed the self-communings which had been interrupted when he left the wharf. 'An odd trick that mine of talking to myself,' he muttered; 'but it has served to prevent my tongue from growing rusty, ay, and my English from slipping its cable altogether, and leaving me with nothing but a score of queer dialects jumbling together in my memory. Welsh, perhaps, might have stuck to me longer. It was in Welsh, I'm sure, that I cried aloud for help, when that rascally Dyak sea-robber, my master, had buried me, his Christian runaway slave, neck deep in the anthill on the beach, and, as good-luck would have it, the war-fleet of the opposition pirates landed their cut-throats just in time to prevent the ants from picking my bones as white as ivory. I have brushed through, by the skin of my teeth, as our Yankee cousins say, pretty often for one man,' he added boastfully, and yet with a sort of sadness in his tone.

He lit a fresh cigarette, and then went on, dreamily, but yet in a voice that in one of the old aristocratic salons of the Faubourg St-Germain would have been hearkened to with respect, as having the old aristocratic ring, so sweet, so true, so confident, in the modulations of a life's training. 'I am set aside—I am sure I am,' he said, between the puffs of the slender cigarette, 'for a purpose. I must do something, I am certain, worth the doing, before I lose the number of my mess. Well, well, we cats of nine lives—mine should be of ninety-and-nine—when I reckon Negroes and Chinese, Malays and Turks and Melanesians, as among those who wanted, not to "watch over the life

of poor Jack," but to shorten it with crooked sword and spear and war-club, and poison—ought to accomplish something on this side the grave. We have—so the proverb says—three chances. Perhaps my greatest chance was when I was Ksing-tse's chief secretary—he was a mere tumbling lump of flesh and silk, with the red coral Viceroy's button on his black cap—and all the dollars and cash strings, and silver bars, the jewels, the silk, the tea, of the frightened taxpayers of the province raining into the vice-regal palace as fast as laden porters and hurrying bullocks could bring them. How could I tell that our province—ours—was selected for the fatal squeeze; that the golden sponge was to be wrung dry for the benefit of the Pekin Treasury; that the Emperor's uncle wanted a new marble palace and gardens and fishponds, out of the spoils of his discarded Excellency, my master, whom they—Did they strangle him? or was it mere transportation to Tibet? At anyrate, they took away all my hoard—I had feathered my nest nicely—there were rubies and pearls, as well as the heavy gold and silver; but the Chinese know how to search. I was a beggar when I worked my passage from Macao to Singapore; but then I was young and strong and had the world before me.

'My English captors, the other day,' he resumed after a few more wittils, 'were very gentle with the poor misguided Moslem who bought cheap blacks in Africa and sold them dear in Arabia and Persia. They never thought of looking in my coarse cotton cummerbund, where Ali Hassan had sewn in the good heavy ounces of gold-dust, bought with negro flesh and elephant tusks, and a fight sometimes, among the baobab trees of Africa. They actually subscribed a few shillings apiece to send the Arab captain—since he was so respectable a Mussulman, five times a day ready with the basin and the praying carpet—from Suez to Cairo and Alexandria. Then it came about that the *serang*—the native boatswain—of the *Cyprus* should sicken and die; and I, who can patter Hindustani as a Buddhist monk his invocations, should be chosen to take his place, as Ali Hassan, always. Even the Indian lascar fellows called me Hadji Ali Hassan, and thought me a sort of seafaring saint. And then those two lovely creatures came on board, and I heard the old name and read it on the labels of the luggage, and remembered Castel Vawr and the Welsh hills; and soon gleaned from the gabble of the prating passengers, who deemed the lascar boatswain a nobody, the story of the widowhood and of the rich inheritance.

'And then I saw her. I saw her, again and again; and though she has the eyes of a lynx and the cunning of a demon, she never saw me, or realised, if she did see me, under the shelter of my beard, my turban, and my tanned face, that I was— Ah, well! She, of all women, to be there. Not for nothing, I knew, when I saw her hovering about those girls like an eagle round a dove's nest. She was on the scent of prey. Of course she won. She always wins. But little did she dream, that wet, wild morning after the storm, that somebody—somebody whose bare feet made no sound upon the deck—listened behind the boat, and understood—what no Mohammedan could have gathered, from the

talk.—Ah, well,' said the Captain sleepily, 'it seems to me as if a fortune ought—But I think I can spoil her little game—and then he ceased speaking, and presently went to bed and slept soundly.

(To be continued.)

THE RECLAMATION OF THE ITALIAN MARSHES.

A PROPOSAL has been laid before the Italian government by Signor Torelli which deals with the above subject, and with others which at first sight have no apparent connection with it, but which in reality it much affects. The emigration question and that of the productiveness of railway property are allied, it would seem, in a closer manner with the subject of the reclamation of the marshes than might be looked for.

Previous to the year 1860, the *malaria*, or pestilential disease caused by the exhalations of the marshes, was confined to certain districts, such as the Tuscan Maremma, the Roman Campagna, the Pontine Marshes, Calabria, &c. The clearing away of large tracts of forest and other causes have tended, since the unification of Italy, to extend the noxious influence of the *aria cattiva*. Out of about five thousand miles of railway in Italy some time ago, it was calculated that about two thousand three hundred and fifty miles were within the area known as being subject to *malaria*. On these portions of the railway system, night-service is often impracticable, as the officials have to be conveyed at sunset to a spot not subject to the fatal exhalations, and high wages have to be paid to such men as risk the dangers incidental to the carrying out of their daily work. A recent investigation made by order of the government showed that out of the sixty-nine provinces of Italy, only six are free from traces of *malaria*, and that fifteen are to a great extent rendered uninhabitable from that cause. The important nature of the question at issue may likewise be estimated from the fact, that, according to statements recently published, there are every year, on an average, seventeen thousand cases of marsh-fever amongst the soldiers of the Italian army.

Simultaneously with the spread of malarial disease there has been, within the last twenty years, a marked increase of emigration, more particularly amongst the peasantry, which is referred to the causes already indicated. There has been also a gradually increasing burden for the state in the shape of the subsidies which the railway Companies are in many cases obliged to receive from the government in order to carry on the traffic. The most unproductive portion of the Italian railway system is that which runs through the district anciently known as Magna Græcia, where at one time a number of populous and wealthy republics flourished, but where now marshy plains form a dismal landscape. The cost of working some portions of the Italian lines is fifty per cent. more than the gross revenue, as a normal proportion; but elemental disturbances sometimes render the disparity between the gross earnings and the cost of the service to be in the proportion of one hundred to two hundred and forty-two. The sum which the Italian legislature has to contribute to the working expenses of the

national railway system is calculated—according to the Roman correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette*—to amount to two hundred and twenty thousand pounds sterling.

Signor Torelli does not propose to discontinue financial help on the part of the state. His plans are in part suggested by the fact that manual labour is required for the reclamation of the marshes, while residence on some of these pestilential localities is usually fatal to life. He therefore proposes that the labourers employed in the work of improving the districts in question should be allowed to travel free to healthy quarters every night, returning in the morning to work without paying any fare. It is suggested that there should be every inducement held out to capitalists to take up the matter, and that the state should exercise its right of abandoning the ownership of the lands which are known to present the greatest dangers to life in their being reclaimed. It is also proposed that the advantages offered should be so classified that the chief rewards should fall to those who have reclaimed an area of not less than three thousand five hundred square yards. The transport of colonists on the railways serving the respective localities would be facilitated by low fares.

The scheme likewise includes the admission free of duty of the implements and machinery required for the work. Contracts and agreements would also be free from registration duty, and there would be no increase of the taxes levied on the reclaimed land during forty years to come. All buildings erected would be free from taxes during a like period; and every colony of two thousand souls would receive communal rights, and would be allowed to choose the name of its place of settlement. The government would be empowered to make advances for the construction of sewers, &c.; and rewards would be given for the planting of trees on a large scale, more particularly for the successful introduction into the reclaimed districts of the eucalyptus tree. The proposal of Signor Torelli has been favourably noticed in leading continental journals, and is considered by them worthy of the careful attention of those interested in its adoption.

OUR NEW MANAGER.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CONCLUSION.

NEXT morning, Phil contrived to see Marian, and impressed upon her the necessity of securing the presence of Mrs Vallens that afternoon. He found Marian quite willing to ask her, as she had great trust in that lady.

He saw nothing of his chief during the morning; but this was by no means unusual, and his thoughts had been so occupied and excited by his visit to Marian, that he had quite forgotten the parting words of Whittaker in reference to himself. He was soon reminded of them. After the usual interval for lunch, he heard on his return that Mr Pike had just gone out, and then he was sent for to the head-clerk's room. Whittaker's warning at once recurred to him, and he knew to a certainty what he was to hear.

His foreboding was right; the warning was

correct. Mr Scamler, after a prefatory cough of the most impressive character, expressed his regret at having to perform so painful a duty, but stated that Mr Pike had seen great reason to be dissatisfied with Mr Hartleby's conduct, and having borne with it as long as he could, was compelled to dismiss him. He handed Philip a cheque for an amount which included a month's salary instead of notice, and said that the young man need not come any more to the office. 'And—I—regret to say,' added Mr Scamler with fresh impressiveness, 'that Mr Pike feels unable to give in this instance the testimonial to character and ability which most of our young gentlemen have received upon leaving the establishment.'

Philip smiled bitterly at hearing this harangue; entertaining no ill-will for the speaker, because he was a harmless old fellow, and had, as Phil knew, no choice in the matter. Mr Scamler coughed again, and nervously pulled his gray whiskers.

'I presume,' said Philip, 'that it does not greatly matter if I leave at once!'

'Certainly not, my dear sir,' said the old gentleman, evidently greatly relieved at hearing nothing worse than this—certainly not. If you would prefer to leave as soon as you have checked the invoices you are at, I am sure Mr Pike would have the greatest pleasure—I mean there would be no objection at all.'

With this permission, Philip hurried through the task on which he was engaged, for he had made up his mind to a bold proceeding, on which he had been dwelling for some time. He resolved to confront Mr Pike on his visit that afternoon; to snatch Marian from his grasp, if possible; and to urge Darnett to defy the worst, rather than sacrifice his daughter.

His arrival at Lower Down Road occasioned some surprise. Marian, who saw him first, was flushed and agitated. On his asking her if she had seen Mrs Vallens, she replied in a hurried whisper: 'Yes; she is here now with my father and mother, in the other parlour. I found less difficulty with her than I expected; for she had received an anonymous letter this morning, so strongly urging her to be here, and couched in such vaguely foreboding language, that she would have felt inclined to come, even if I had not called for her. Yet she does not know what good she can do by.'

Here the entrance of Mr Darnett interrupted her. The latter greeted Philip warmly enough, but said in a tone which was too clearly a desponding one: 'I am sorry to see you in my house, my boy, to-day. Do you know who is coming here directly, and why he comes?'

'I do,' said Phil.

'Then I fear your visit will only give you pain,' continued the elder. 'I know what young people feel, although my day is past; but do not quarrel with fate.'

'Fate! You do not call the wiles and crafty plottings of such a man as this Mr Pike, Fate? You do not?'

More Philip would probably have said; but a loud knock at the door announced the arrival of the person he was so energetically denouncing. In a few hasty words, Darnett begged him to retire, for the time at anyrate. Philip agreed to do so, but added: 'When Marian is called,

as you know she will be, I will come with her. What is to be said, shall be said in my presence.' With this he disappeared, leaving Mr Darnett to nerve himself for the coming interview, with as little comfort in the prospect as it was possible for any man to feel.

What passed between him and the visitor in the opening of this interview, was not known; but those who were in the next room could hear that one voice grew more pleading, the other harsher, as it progressed. At last Mr Darnett opened the door and called for his wife and daughter.

'One moment, Mrs Darnett,' exclaimed Philip; 'let me enter with you. Marian can follow us in a couple of minutes.—I must. It is the last time I shall have an opportunity of speaking, and I will speak now.'

Overpowered by his manner, Mrs Darnett, weak and irresolute at any time, suffered the young man to accompany her, and they entered the parlour together.

Pike was there of course, and turned to the door with his blandest smile as he heard the sound of feet. In an instant his expression changed to the sternest scowl; and turning to Darnett, he said: 'What does this mean? Why is this fellow here? Are you conspiring in some trick upon me?'

'No; I—I didn't wish Mr Hartleby to'—began Darnett.

'You hear that!' exclaimed Pike, addressing Philip. 'Leave the house, sir! A discharged, characterless servant ought to be glad to skulk anywhere out of his master's sight. Leave the house, sir!'

'When I skulk from you, you may call me characterless indeed,' retorted Philip. 'I am here by an older and truer right than you possess. I am here to protect the girl who has promised to be my wife; and I will do it. You are a coward; I tell you that to your teeth.'

'Darnett!' cried Pike, turning, with his dark face livid with rage, to the old man; 'do you countenance this fellow? I know him to be the associate of thieves and sharpers. Do you countenance him in this?'

'N—no,' stammered Darnett feebly. 'I have told him already.'

'Then, by Jupiter!' shouted Pike to Philip, 'if you do not stand aside, and allow Miss Darnett free entrance, I will horsewhip you out of the'—

He stopped with such abruptness here, and glared so wildly into the hall over Philip's shoulder, that the latter involuntarily glanced round also. Marian stood close behind him, leaning on the arm of a lady dressed in black, whom he had seen in the further room, and known as Mrs Vallens.

When he had previously seen her, a heavy black veil hid her face; this was now lifted, and showed pale but set and composed features. 'She is here,' said this lady; 'Miss Darnett is here. What have you to say to her?'

Mr Pike, whom she had addressed, turned to a paleness which was all the more striking for its livid hue, and grasped the back of a chair, as if to steady himself.

'Is that the man who has persecuted you, Marian?' continued the lady. 'But I need not

ask; I might have known it. I might have known that there was but one man in the world who could be at once so cruel and so mean. That man stands there. That man is my husband!'

An electric start shook each of her listeners, save the principal, whose white lips seemed trying, but unavailing, to shape some words.

'You need no confirmation beyond his abject look,' continued Mrs Vallens; 'he will not deny it, you may be sure.'

'I—I thought you were dead,' gasped Pike.—'I was assured of that, Mr Darnett, or I would not—I would not.'—

'And he would sooner have believed any spectre than have met me in life,' said Mrs Vallens, as the other faltered. She preserved the same cold, hard, level tone in her speech, affording a striking contrast to Mr Pike. 'But there can be no discussion between us.—Margaret!' At this summons, the servant from Fernlow Cottage appeared. 'Go over to the police station in the Abbey Road,' continued her mistress. 'Tell the inspector on duty that we wish to see him here at once. Go directly.'

Margaret, who seemed to have much of her mistress's grim, resolute temperament, departed without a word. Pike threw one desperate glance after the woman, and seemed for the moment to entertain the intention of plunging forward to seize her; but not only were Darnett and Hartleby between him and the hall, but in the open doorway was the cold, awful face which had denounced him.

'Now, John Elsie,' continued the speaker, 'I have no wish for vengeance; I only desire peace. I only wish to save this poor girl from the fate which was my own. If you wish to fly, I will not prevent you. But first you shall write an authority for the succession of this young man—Marian's husband soon to be—to your share in the business.'

A low but irrepressible execration broke from the miscreant at hearing this.

'What!' exclaimed the lady; 'do you hesitate? Will you wait until I explain to the officer, who will be here in ten minutes' time, how you became possessed of the money which bought your share?—No; I thought not. You will write it, and with it a release for Mr Darnett. Quick, sir. No matter how informal it may be, there will be no one to oppose it. You have no time to lose.'

He seized a pen and hastily scrawled a couple of documents, which he handed to Darnett, who in turn gave them to Mrs Vallens. She glanced at them and said: 'These will do; now you may go.'

He rose. His wife—it seems strange thus to describe her—moved on one side to let him pass. 'We may meet again,' he said, pausing on the threshold—it was to Hartleby he spoke; 'and if we do'—

'John Elsie! you are lost if you delay a single minute!' interrupted Mrs Vallens. 'I see the inspector, with another officer, walking towards this house.'

It was even as she said; for as she pointed to the window, all could see in the road, which nearly faced the house, two men clad in the familiar blue uniform of the police.

A single terror-stricken glance was all that the

fugitive paused to give; and then he rushed through the house, crossed the garden at the back, and disappeared in the fields beyond.

The inspector and his satellite, when they arrived, had a brief interview with Mr Darnett, who, without entering into particulars, explained to them that the danger which had made him send for their services was now past; and they, being thanked, quietly retired.

When they were gone, there was a sudden tendency to hysterics on the part of Mrs Darnett and her daughter; while a natural curiosity was exhibited by Mr Darnett and Mr Hartleby to obtain the key to all this mystery. Seating herself between the two women, saying a few firm but kindly words to the mother, and soothing Marian as if she were a child, Mrs Vallens—still to be called so—began:

‘My name, as you must have learned, is Elsie; it is so, because the man who has just left us bears that name, and he is my husband. I was educated in England; but afterwards resided with my father, who was a merchant, at Gibraltar. While there, not long before my father’s death, I met John Elsie, who had, I believe, at one time held a commission in the army, and at anyrate, was in my eyes a handsome and honourable gentleman. My father, whose experience was greater than my own, never liked my suitor, for such he soon became; he was staying at Gibraltar in the interest of some firm. My father would not forbid the engagement, but he did not encourage it. He died; and I found that his money was left to me, his only child, but through trustees, so that, without their consent, none of the principal could be withdrawn from its investment. Even thus guarded, the prize was so considerable that it tempted John Elsie to wed me; and we came to England.

‘This was not more than five years ago. Ere we had been married six months, he tried by every persuasion within his power to induce these trustees to give up to him a part at least of my fortune. But they did not like him, and his plausible pretences—which were endless—failed. Then he ventured upon a bold stroke: he forged their names, and employed some unscrupulous agents, so that he suddenly obtained possession of the chief part of my property. The instant he succeeded in this, he abandoned me; and until this day I never saw him again. I was reduced almost to poverty; and my only relation—my mother’s brother, who was in business at Bombay—hearing of my misfortune, invited me to go out; and I gladly accepted his kindness. Ere I reached Bombay, however, he had died; but he was unmarried, and I found myself his heiress. I returned to England; and thoroughly embittered by my experience, I resolved to live a secluded life, as a hermit might do, under my mother’s family name. All efforts to discover my husband were vain, although my trustees offered a considerable reward. I was not sorry that this was so. They would have been glad to see him in servitude for life at Portland. I only hoped I might never see him again. Owing to my absence from England, my return under another name, and some confused report of the death of my uncle, I found that there was an impression abroad that I had died in India. I never con-

tradicted it. You now see what has led up to the events of to-day.’

Her listeners certainly understood much better than before the secret of her power; but there was yet much to be explained, and the interview lasted a long time.

The documents obtained from Pike—it would be confusing to change his name at the last moment—would have been of small service, but for the influence of Mrs Vallens and her trustees, both of whom were still living. The evidence brought forward by them thoroughly convinced Messrs More, Keelby, & Co, that they were safe in allowing Philip Hartleby to take the share in their house lately held by Mr Pike. The transfer was made; and Philip’s accession to the firm was announced in the very same week as that in which Marian Darnett became his wife.

This was soon after the flight of Pike. But before these events came to pass, Philip received a letter from an acquaintance, with the insertion of which we may fairly conclude:

FOX AND GRAPES,
OLD MARKET PLACE, SURRENHAM.
January—th, 18—.

MR HARTLEBY—DEAR SIR—I am still working the circus business, and shall do so till the racing season begins. I have two or three very good things for the early spring handicaps, and will put you on, if you feel inclined to do anything that way. I heard all about Pike, and of his being obliged to step it. Serve him right. One of our men says he has gone to the Cape of Good Hope; he heard this from his brother, who is steward aboard the vessel which took Pike out. So you can do as you like about following him up.

I knew Pike years ago, and helped him in some law business, which I afterwards found was simply cheating his wife out of her money. I was dressed up like the second trustee; the banker knew the principal one, so Pike forged his signature. I went as the stranger, and forged likewise. I was a different-looking party then. I did not know the full extent of what I was doing, and I give you my word all I ever had for the job was ten pounds. He was the meanest man I ever worked with. But the worst of it was, I was out on a ticket-of-leave at that very time, and he knew it; so when we met in Sandemouth and he killed my poor little Tiny, I was afraid he would split on me, for I had broken the conditions; and the police would have locked me up to a certainty if they had got hold of me. As for him, his wife was dead, I heard, and so there was no one to prosecute him; nor did I exactly know what he had done; besides, a man with a lot of money can get out of anything.

However, I knew his wife well enough by sight; and when I was hailed at Fernhill Cottage to take up a fare, I assure you, sir, I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw standing before me, alive and well, the supposed dead wife of his Pike. He was called Elsie when I knew him. I thought I must be wrong; so, to make sure, I tried her with a little bit about Gibraltar. That was enough! Then, when I knew all the games this Pike was up to, I said to myself: ‘Here’s a chance of doing a good turn to my friend Mr Hartleby and his pretty sweetheart, and of

spoiling Pike's game.' And I did—you must own that. You promised to get his wife down to face him at the very moment he thought it was all his own; but to make quite sure, I wrote her a letter myself, and that fetched her.

Well, I wish you luck and happiness, I am sure, for I never forget a friend; not that I shall ever call upon you, for the less you see of me the better you will like it, of course.—Yours respectfully,
JAMES WHITTAKER.

P.S.—Could you oblige me with the loan of five pounds for a couple of months? I would not trouble you, only I owe a trifle here, and I want to start fair.

The reader will be glad to know that Mr Whitaker's request was complied with, and considerably exceeded; and that Mrs Vallens stood godmother to Philip Hartley's first child.

THE MONTH. SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE approaching eclipse of the sun, which takes place on May 6, but is invisible in our latitudes, will, from its unusually long duration—nearly six minutes—give the various expeditions now on their way to the Pacific an opportunity of gleaning valuable results. The English party will, it is understood, mainly direct their attention to photographing the corona and its spectrum. The French, under the guidance of M. Janssen, will also employ the camera, but for another purpose. During the period of totality, they will expose a small battery of photographic plates, with a view to secure the images of any hitherto undiscovered planet which may be travelling within the orbit of Mercury, which is the nearest known planet to the sun. The probable existence of such a body or bodies has been often discussed, especially among our continental neighbours, and the theme is one of intense interest to all students of astronomy. It will be readily understood that a planet so near our luminary could only be observed when the light of the latter is cut off by an eclipse.

The subject of sun-spots and their influence upon things terrestrial, is one which is so full of interest both to astronomers and those who only pick up such scientific knowledge as happens to be thrown in their way, that the paper read before the Society of Telegraphic Engineers on the Connection between Earth-currents and Solar Spots could not fail to evoke much attention. Mr Adams, who is a member of the postal telegraph service, had the opportunity of making observations during the electric storm of last November—a period of disturbance during which spots on the sun were easily discernible by the unassisted eye; and these observations, of which he gave detailed results, were carried out on the wires between London and Leeds, and London and Leicester. His most important observation was that the electric storm lasted only whilst a sun-spot was actually centred on the earth; and this occurred between the 17th and the 21st of the month named. He infers that spots are rifts in the solar atmosphere which permit the

solar body to act more freely in disturbing the electrical condition of the earth, and that the solar atmosphere has really a screening effect on this action. If this theory be correct, it would point to the possibility of predicting such disturbances.

For many years Dr Peters, of Hamilton College, United States, has been engaged upon a work which will, when complete, represent a most important addition to astronomical science. This consists of a Celestial Chart and Catalogue of the Stars down to and inclusive of those of the fourteenth magnitude. Before the advent of the telescope, such star catalogues were produced; but they were naturally of small dimensions, and comprised little more than one thousand stars. After the telescope had brought into view such myriads of unsuspected orbs, catalogues became more numerous, but still their accuracy could not be relied upon. The most extensive of these was that of Argelander, which included stars down to the ninth magnitude. The area of Dr Peters's chart is nine times that of Argelander's, to give room for the immense increase in the number of stars tabulated. The work, which already has occupied twenty-three years, has been accomplished with the aid of a thirteen-inch refracting telescope.

Mr Rassau has given to the Society of Biblical Archaeology a long account of his recent explorations in Assyria and Babylonia, which seem to have been quite as successful as his former expeditions. In the course of excavations which brought to light edifices, containing numerous chambers, courtyards, and corridors, there were unearthed nearly forty thousand inscribed tablets. It was quickly seen that these were of unbaked clay, and they showed signs of crumbling to powder on exposure to air. But this difficulty was met by an ingenious plan of baking them before the air gave had time to act upon them. In this manner they were nearly all saved from destruction, and have been transmitted to England.

Mr R. B. White, after a residence of seventeen years in the central provinces of Colombia, took a recent opportunity of bringing his experiences of that country before the Royal Geographical Society. After detailing its wealth in gold, platinum, and other metals, and describing its valuable timber, dyewoods, resins, gums, &c., he made some interesting remarks respecting the Panama Canal, about the progress of which so little seems to be known on this side of the Atlantic. Here, however, we have the opinion of one who has traversed the isthmus since the canal-works were commenced, and as he is a trained engineer, his opinion is worth having. Mr White believes from what he saw, that the canal will be finished if the money holds out, and he sees no reason to fear a breakdown in that direction. As the works advance, the productive and habitable districts in the neighbourhood will become valuable, easy of access, and will in time afford a sufficient food-supply for the isthmus and the traffic which the canal will attract.

The almost total failure of the hop-harvest during the past year has led Miss Ormerod, the consulting entomologist of the Royal Agricultural Society, to issue a circular upon the subject. This

she has done with the object of collecting information from hop-growers, and inducing them to make regular observations of their growing bines, with a view to attacking the enemy, the hop aphid, on its first appearance; and to endeavour to find out its winter history, which at present is unknown. If the aphides first appear as 'lice'—that is, wingless—they most likely can be traced to some shelter near at hand; but if they appear as 'fly'—that is, winged—it may be inferred that their wings have brought them from elsewhere. Some entomologists are of opinion that the 'fly' migrates from plum and sloe bushes to the hop-plants in May and June—a statement which by close observation can either be verified, or proved erroneous. Guides to the mode in which this and other observations can be carried out are detailed in Miss Ormerod's circular; and no doubt those interested will only be too glad to act upon the suggestions offered, and to send their results to her at Dunster Lodge, near Isleworth.

It would seem that the Martini-Henry rifle, which only recently was regarded as the most perfect weapon of the kind in existence, and which superseded the Snider in our infantry service, has not altogether answered its purpose, for a Committee has been appointed to conduct experiments with a view to its improvement. The Committee has also to report upon the different patterns of magazine small-arms which have been submitted to the Ordnance department for trial. These are of the Winchester-repeating-rifle type, and contain in the stock, or in a tube lying under the barrel, a magazine of cartridges, which can be fired in rapid succession.

The work of this Committee will be rather distasteful, if the report of a new American invention proves to be correct, for it tells us of a novel form of cartridge, which, if efficient, as it is said to be, must cause a revolution in the manufacture of small-arms. This cartridge has no case; therefore, the extracting mechanism, which is such a notable feature of all modern rifles, is not required. It is said to resemble paper-pulp which has been soaked in some explosive and pressed into a hard roll, the bullet being attached to its forward end. The arrangement is so contrived that, on ignition, bullet and every trace of cartridge is ejected from the barrel without fouling and without any apparent heating. The explosive composition exhibits double the energy of ordinary gunpowder; and at a recent trial, a bullet, we are told, pierced a spruce log eight inches thick, a two-inch plank, and was faintly flattened on a stone wall. The description of the invention, however, carries more probability with it, than its stated performance; for it is still open to conjecture that the ten inches of timber may have been very soft, or the bullet may have been unusually hard.

One of those curious outbursts of natural gas which occasionally occur is reported from a district in Pennsylvania. In the course of some drilling operations, the gas was 'struck' at a distance of more than one thousand feet from the surface. It immediately ignited, burnt down some temporary buildings, and caused a small conflagration, which nearly led to loss of life. A plate-glass factory is in course of erection on the spot, and the promoters are joyful in the

anticipation of getting light and fuel for their furnaces free of cost.

We, too, may indulge in anticipations that our illuminating gas may become much cheaper than it is at present, not because of any rivalry from electricity, which is too remote to be considered at present, but because more than one means of obtaining gas from materials other than coal have recently been perfected. The first which calls for notice is the process of Colonel Chamberlain. The materials enlisted in the preparation of the gas are petroleum, water, and air; and the process is said to be cleanly, simple, and safe. The first two constituents are dropped in small quantities into a retort, and as they are decomposed, the resulting gas is led off to a washer, and thence to a gasholder. After this operation, air is forced through the retort, is decomposed, and in the proportion of three to one of gas, previously made from the oil and water, is added to the contents of the gasholder. This compound vapour is said to afford a gas of twenty-one candle-power, and to cost only eighteenpence per thousand feet. (Without further information, we refrain from commenting upon this mode of producing gas; but we feel a difficulty in understanding how it can be produced from such materials and at the same time be free from danger.)

Another new mode of manufacture is represented by the Koh-i-noor gas, which has been perfected by Messrs Rogers Brothers, of Watford, and has had a practical trial of fifteen months. This gas is said to be white, so that colours can be distinguished by it, and to contain neither carbonic acid nor sulphur. Its cost is somewhat less than two shillings per thousand feet. It is made in a special form of retort from shale-oil, which is injected in small quantities by the aid of a steam-jet. One great advantage in this process is that the plant of ordinary gas-works can be adapted for its production with very little trouble.

Another Electrical Exhibition in London at the Westminster Aquarium, which attracts crowds of visitors, tells us that the interest in the newer form of illumination continues unabated. Perhaps one of the most interesting exhibits is the Elphinstone-Vincent dynamo-machine, the outcome of some researches undertaken four years ago by Lord Elphinstone and Mr C. W. Vincent, F.R.S. This machine lights up four hundred and sixteen Swan lamps to their full power. A series of experiments lately performed with it gave some astonishing results. Twelve yards of thick galvanised iron wire were rendered white-hot, and melted in brilliant oscillations. A coil of wire immersed in a vessel containing three quarts of water, became so hot when the current from the machine passed through it, that the water boiled in half a minute and was mostly ejected on to the floor. A steel file treated as one of the carbons of an arc-light, melted like tallow, and threw out torrents of brilliant sparks. Finally, the current was applied to an arc-lamp said to equal in power one hundred thousand candles. Such a lamp is intended for use on ships of war, to search the surface of the sea for lurking torpedo-boats.

A subject which every day urges itself more closely on the attention of our sanitary authorities was lately treated exhaustively in a paper read before the Society of Engineers. It described the

new treatment of sewage-matter which has been successfully worked out and put in practice by Baron de Podewills of Munchen. In this process, all operations are conducted by means of closed vessels, so that no unpleasant emanations can escape. From these air-tight tanks, which are submitted to heat, the gaseous products are passed through the furnace and burnt. The contents then undergo a thorough mechanical mixing, after which sulphuric acid is introduced, and the carbonic acid gas thus generated is again burnt in the furnace. After some further processes, the sewage-matter is passed through evaporators and through a drying-machine. The ultimate product is a powder containing less than nine per cent. of moisture. Analysis shows it to be so rich in nitrogen, alkalies, and phosphoric acid, that it is worth quite as much as imported guano. With regard to the financial results of the manufacture, they seem to be as successful as the manufacture itself; for although the fuel necessary for its production, namely coal, has to be paid for at the rate of twenty-three shillings per ton, a dividend of twenty per cent. is earned. If such a system could be made universal in Britain, we should add a large item to our revenue, and gain still more in pure air, pure water, and consequent freedom from disease.

There have been at different times many attempts to form an alloy of iron and brass; and although success to a partial extent has crowned the labours of the chemist in his laboratory, when tried on a commercial scale failure has resulted. The problem has, it seems, at last been solved by Mr A. Dick, of 110 Cannon Street, London, who has produced a product—which he has christened Delta Metal—which possesses great strength and toughness, and which will no doubt prove of great use in the arts. Cast samples exhibit a breaking strain of twenty-two tons to the square inch; whilst forged or rolled bars show a tensile strength of thirty-three tons per square inch. The new metal takes a high polish, does not easily tarnish, and is said to be as superior to brass as steel is to iron.

The two metals last named form the subject of a new American invention which, under the name of Steel-iron, is likely to meet with numerous applications. The compound material is thus produced: A mould is prepared having a division of thin iron plate dividing it into two compartments. Molten steel is run into one, whilst at exactly the same time the other compartment receives a charge of molten iron. If the temperature and the thickness of the dividing plate have been properly adjusted, the plate forms a welding medium for the two metals, and a mass half iron and half steel is produced. There are many uses for which iron thus faced with steel will be found valuable, armour-plates and rails being among the number. From its ingenuity, this process deserves success, and from its simplicity it is likely to obtain it.

The French scientific periodical, *La Nature*, publishes an illustrated account of a machine for clearing snow from railway lines. It is attached to the front of the locomotive, and contains a steam-engine of its own, which by working a blower draws in the snow by suction. The

snow is afterwards, by the action of another blower, scattered where it can no longer form an obstruction. This machine is the invention of Mr Stock of America, who calculates that it will be as efficient in clearing a railway track as a staff of five hundred men. Of recent years, the want of such a contrivance has been felt even in the southern counties of England; and if it be as effective as its inventor assumes, every railway Company in the country will become his willing customers.

'On the Increased Destruction of Life and Property by Fire—What is the Remedy?' Such is the title of Mr C. Walford's paper, read the other day before the Society of Arts, in which he carefully detailed the practices of various countries, gives us estimates of loss, particulars of insurance, points out the causes of fires in dwelling-houses, and finally suggests his remedy. Russia, he tells us, is the only country which systematically records destruction of property by fire, and it is curious to note that these records are held to indicate the measure of political content or discontent which prevails. This sad type of thermometer rose to a high figure during the time that the word 'Nihilist' was so often seen in our newspapers. The clever Chinese induce vigilance by making the entire district responsible for any fire which occurs in it; but we should think that a difficulty must arise when the entire district itself is burnt out—not an uncommon occurrence where wooden houses prevail. Incidentally, Mr Walford asserts, from personal knowledge, that the United States possess a fire-brigade system which for completeness and efficiency is nowhere at all approached in Europe.

The causes of fires in dwelling-houses are grouped under two heads—(1) Carelessness and (2) Wrong-doing; and it is more than hinted that under the second category the majority of fires must be placed. The remedy that Mr Walford suggests is, that a kind of coroner's inquest should be held over the ashes of every conflagration the cause of which is obscure; or as he puts it: 'That where the origin of the fire is not evident to the chief of the fire brigade or other competent authority, an inquiry be held.' We may notice here that a French journal gives a recipe for a fireproof paint, or varnish, which is made without the help of asbestos. Here is the formula: Finely powdered glass, twenty parts; porcelain, twenty parts; any kind of stone, twenty parts; calcined lime, ten parts—mixed to a proper consistency with water-glass—that is, silicate of soda. The first coat of this paint will harden in a few hours; after which, another coat can be applied when the wood or other inflammable substance so treated may be considered fully protected.

So many potent medicines, soaps, and toilet requisites have the name 'electric' applied to them, that when we hear of the invention of 'electric flannel' we are at the first blush disposed to be sceptical. But the invention, which is due to a French surgeon (Dr Claudet), seems to be really what it professes. The flannel is interwoven with threads which have been saturated with metallic products, until the entire fabric represents a modification of Volta's dry pile. It has been submitted to experiment by M. Drincourt, Professor of Physics at the Rheims

Lyceum, and M. Portevin, of the Polytechnic School, who have satisfied themselves that electricity is actually liberated by the flannel, especially if it be placed in contact with the moist surface of the body. It is claimed for this new material that it is efficacious in cases of rheumatism.

Turning to a more ambitious application of electricity, we may note that the first tram-car propelled by that agent was tried successfully last month at Kew, in the presence of thousands of curious sightseers. The car was of the usual street type, carrying forty-six passengers. It weighs with its apparatus four and a half tons. The secondary batteries or cells, of the Faure-Sellon-Voelckmar pattern, are placed beneath the passengers' seats; and these cells are in electrical communication with a Siemens dynamo-machine placed beneath the car, which gives motion to the wheels. The car is lighted by electric lamps, and is fitted with electric bells, all deriving their power from the mysterious boxes beneath the seats. It is claimed that this car can be worked at one-third the sum required to horse an ordinary car.

From *Land* we learn that the opening of the St Gothard Railway seems to be benefiting this country hardly less than those more immediately affected. Early fruit and vegetables are now conveyed, without transshipment, from all parts of Italy to Ostend, Antwerp, and Rotterdam, whence they are brought by fast steamers to London and other British ports.

The Americans have commenced the manufacture of glucose or grape-sugar in real earnest. From American papers we learn that a manufactory has been established in Chicago, which will consume twelve thousand bushels of maize daily. Maize-sugar and sorghum are unequal to the demand; but besides the demand for more sugar, there is an enormous one for alcohol, which can in this way be produced from maize very cheaply. In the Far West, this grain has in many parts been so cheap, that it was actually cheaper for fuel than coal, or even wood. As the Chicago factory is only likely to be the forerunner of others, doubtless the price of maize will be enhanced, not only in America, but here, since, for a time at least, a check will be given to its exportation to this country. As it is now very largely used here to feed cattle, pigs, and poultry, the new manufacture is not unlikely to affect the production of beef, pork, eggs, and chickens at home. Under such circumstances, the more general use of buckwheat, which is cheap, nutritious, and especially suitable for poultry, may be advised.

Some experiments have lately been made in Paris before a number of people assembled at the back of a theatre, which was arranged to represent a miniature stage, flies, &c., in order to witness the effect of an Automatic Fire Extinguisher invented by M. Oriolle. The woodwork and scenery having been set on fire, soon blazed up; but in a few minutes the flames were extinguished by a sudden rush of water, which was automatically discharged, and which continued to flow until a tap was turned to shut off the stream. This Extinguisher is made in the following simple way. A pipe is connected with a high-service cistern, and is firmly plugged at the open end.

This plug is kept in its place by a double cap of an alloy which easily fuses at a moderately warm temperature; and soon after the outbreak of the fire, the metal caps melt off, the plug is forced out by the pressure of the water; and when it begins to pour out, an electric alarm is sounded at the nearest station, which lets those in charge know that the Extinguisher is at work. This simple contrivance—which, if we mistake not, is somewhat similar in principle to one which has already been adopted—could be easily arranged in theatres or any buildings especially liable to catch fire, and which possess a sufficiently high and large storage of water to give the necessary pressure.

BOOK GOSSIP.

THE city of Venice, with its long-descended pedigree, its historical and romantic associations, its innumerable ghosts of the dead past, and the wretchedness and misery of much of its present existence, will always form an object of special interest for tourists on the continent. To those who have seen Venice, and to those who hope to see it, as well as to those not embraced in either of these classes, *Venetian Life*, by W. D. Howells, 2 vols. (Edinburgh: David Douglas), will offer much attractive reading. Those who have read Mr Howells's novels, especially *A Foregone Conclusion*, will understand what they may expect in the matter of style and treatment of Venetian character and incident. We are not sure also but readers will find these two handsome little volumes on actual Venetian life more interesting and picturesque than the tediously elaborated work of fiction we have just named. As equally dealing with Venice, there is in both works a good deal in common; but this only proves perhaps that both are equally drawn from life. In the volumes before us, however, we cannot help observing that Mr Howells, with the assumed superiority and characteristic narrowness of the school of American writers to which he belongs, never fails to take every possible opportunity of minimising and sneering at Lord Byron. Mr Howells should remember that the pitcher may be broken against the stone.

Mr Howells, we may observe, held at one time an official appointment at Venice under the American government, and no doubt in this capacity had excellent opportunities of observing the various phases of life in the ocean-city. It is of interest to note what he says as to the strong feeling of antipathy which still exists on the part of the Italians of Venice towards the Austrians. The former have never forgotten the defeat of their patriotic hopes of union with Italy in 1859, and the feeling of resentment towards their old oppressors has become thoroughly interwoven with Venetian character. 'Instead, therefore,' says our author, 'of finding that public gaiety and private hospitality in Venice for which the city was once famous, the stranger finds himself planted between two hostile camps, with merely the choice of sides open to him. Neutrality is solitude and friendship with neither party; society is exclusive association with the Austrians or with the Italians. The latter do not spare one of their own number if he consorts with their masters, and though

a foreigner might expect greater allowance, it is seldom shown to him. . . . The Italian [woman] who marries an Austrian severs the dearest ties that bind her to life, and remains an exile in the heart of her country. Her friends mercilessly cast her off, as they cast off everybody who associates with the dominant race.' This is an unpleasant picture for those who may contemplate a lengthened residence in Venice; but for those who only go, as most do, merely as temporary sightseers, the Queen of the Adriatic will still maintain an unfailing and romantic attraction.

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In a little book called *A Tour Round the World* (London: Infield, 160 Fleet Street), a working man, named Mr Albert Smith, has given his experience of such a journey in a simple yet graphic way, which bears the impress of an individual mind all through. This has been excellently stated by the Earl of Rosebery in a letter which he addressed to the author after reading his book. 'I do not think,' says his lordship, 'I have ever seen a book which, professing to be by a working man, appeared to me so thoroughly the genuine, unaffected record of a working man's adventures. I have read books by working men which might have been written by Dukes or Archbishops for any individual impress which they bore. Your book, on the other hand, seems to me racy of the man who wrote it: the fun, the sympathy, the tenderness, are all genuine and irrepressible to me. I seem to know the man that wrote it, a practical working man, who knows that he must travel amid many discomforts, of which he determines to make the best; who knows that he can only spare but a short time to see his long-lost relations, and makes the best of it; who loses his money in an accident, and cheerfully makes the best of that also. No one who reads the book can help liking the author, who seems a real Mark Tapley, a character that we believed only existed in fiction.'

The tour so described extended over six months only—from July to December in 1881; and embraced Australia and New Zealand, San Francisco and the United States of America. As the little book containing these records costs only a shilling, it is within the reach of all who delight in a tale told in a truthful and homely manner.

ECONOMY OF COAL IN HOUSE-FIRES.

A GREAT proportion of the fuel which is used for generating steam and for household purposes is unfortunately wasted, because of our method of consuming it. Half-burnt gases are hurried up the chimney, which pollute the outside atmosphere, and give rise to the smoke-nuisance of our large towns. In large factories, a good deal might be done, by means of smoke-consuming apparatus, to lessen the smoke-nuisance; but little or nothing has as yet been done to diminish it in connection with ordinary fires.

A very simple and practical suggestion for the saving of fuel and the decrease of smoke comes from T. Pridgin Teale, M.A., surgeon to the General Infirmary at Leeds, who has expanded and published a lecture on the *Economy of Coal in House-fires* (J. & A. Churchill, 1883). The

discovery made by Mr Teale, while endeavouring to cure a smoky bedroom fire, was to the effect, 'that slow and efficient combustion of coal in house-fires depends upon two conditions in combination; one, that no current of air should pass through the grate at the bottom of the fire; the other, that the space or chamber under the fire should be kept hot; and that these two points could be secured in ordinary ranges at the cost of a few shillings.' This condition is secured by what he calls a 'coal-economiser,' which is simply a shield of sheet-iron, that stands on the hearth and rises as high as the lowest bar of the grate, against which it must fit accurately, so as to convert the vacancy under the fire into a hot-air chamber, and shut off all draught from reaching the bottom of the fire. This runs counter to a popular notion that a fire will not burn unless a draught passes through the bottom of the grate. According to Mr Teale, a bottom draught renders combustion less perfect, by cooling the grate and bottom of the fire, and driving the gases which ought to be consumed up the chimney.

An 'economised' fire differs somewhat from an ordinary fire in the length of time it will burn without mending. Mr Teale's bedroom fire frequently lasts ten or twelve hours, giving out a rich red glow during the greater part of this time. When fresh fuel is added, the heat below is so great that the coal burns like cannon coal, and becomes a piece of red-hot coke without losing its original shape; and the access of the air being restricted, it is consumed away to a fine ash. This is not the case in a fire without the economiser, as the cinders are frequently cooled down below combustion-point from contact with the grate. In lighting such a fire, if there are no cinders upon which to build it, the economiser should be drawn away for a little; but if there is a bottom of cinders and ash, the fire can be lighted without removing it. It is proper to mention that most of Mr Teale's experiments were conducted with Yorkshire coal.

Mr Teale cannot speak so confidently of the principle of the economiser as applied to steam-boilers; but he is decided enough as to the three main points achieved by its use in common household fires. These points are: (1) A saving of coal; (2) diminution of smoke; (3) abolition of cinders. By its use in his own kitchen-fire, a saving was made of about thirty-six pounds of coal per day; equal to threepence a day, and four pounds sterling a year. Not satisfied with his own experience, he wrote to thirty-five persons who had tried the economiser. The thirty who sent replies almost unanimously decided that it saved coal; in one case it meant a saving of a ton in the kitchen-fire in three months. The replies received to another set of queries as to whether it gave out less or more heat, were decided in favour of 'more heat.' The second statement as to the diminution of smoke has not been so easy to prove; but from the more gradual and perfect combustion of the coal, Mr Teale argues that it must be so. The result that is most clearly apparent is the more complete combustion of coal and cinder; from close observation it has been found that the economised fire produces two and a-half per cent. of ash; the ordinary fire ten per cent. of cinder and ash.

As a hint to those who may wish to try the

expedient here recommended, we give a few details. Every grate should be carefully measured, and the economiser adapted to its special shape. Ordinary economisers are usually made of sixteen-gauge charcoal-iron plate, with three-eighths bright steel moulding at the top, half-inch moulding at the bottom; with knobs as required. Kitchen economisers are made of sixteen-gauge iron, with half-inch semicircle iron at the top edge; with supports in scroll form of half-inch semicircle iron. The economiser may be combined with the ash-pan and used as a drawer to catch the ashes; and along with it, a second shield, which hangs in front of the fire itself, attached to the lower bars, is sometimes used. This shield is still on trial, however. There is little need of a poker where the economiser is in use.

A satisfactory fireplace, according to Mr. Teale, should have as much fire-brick, and as little iron as possible, as fire-brick retains and accumulates heat, while iron runs away with it, often in directions least wanted. The back and sides of the fireplace should be of fire-brick; while the back should lean or arch over the fire, so that when it becomes heated, it may act as a slight check to unconsumed smoke, and assist in consuming the half-burnt gases. The slits in the grating should be narrow, to prevent a wasteful escape of small cinders; while the bars in front should be wide apart, not more than four in number, and less than half an inch in thickness, so as not to obstruct the heat. Then follows the rule for the economiser already described, that 'the chamber beneath the fire should be closed in front by a shield or "economiser," the effect of which is to stop all currents of air that would pass under the grate and through the fire, and so to keep the chamber, its floor, and its walls at a high temperature.'

The illustrations to this little work exhibit the economiser in use; and the directions are so clear and precise, that no one need have any difficulty in testing the principle recommended.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

AMERICA AND THE FISHERIES EXHIBITION.

The *Scientific American* of February 17 gives an account of the exhibits which the United States intend to send to the great Fisheries Exhibition in London. It says: 'The fisheries of the United States exceed in value those of any other country, and it is the design of the Fish Commission to make the American exhibit at London as superior to all others as our Berlin display was.' The collection for this purpose is now distributed in the various departments of the National Museum at Washington, and the visitor is amazed at its completeness. It shows both what has been done and what is being done to develop our important fishing interests, and comprises a complete representation of American ichthyology. The exhibits contain a full set of plaster-casts of all the important fresh and salt water fish of the national waters, modelled from natural specimens and coloured from life. These casts will be further supplemented with photographs of all the fish, each picture giving the exact length and size of the fish. To these are added alcoholic preparations of the fish themselves. All the

works written on American fish are to be sent, with the fishing literature of to-day. To illustrate the whaling business, every variety of harpoon, lance, and gun in use, with all the projectiles employed in the capture of the cetaceans, are shown on screens. This collection is endless. The archaeology of whaling has been exhausted to make this exhibit perfect. There will be sent a perfect whale-boat, thoroughly equipped with everything that is wanted, down to the tinder-box. In this collection are exhibited the log-books of former whaling cruises, which are very curious specimens of marine compilations. A model of an oyster-bed in its natural condition is being made, with other models showing how excessive dredging has changed its face. All the enemies of the oysters are to be exhibited. After this come the numerous methods of packing and canning oysters for food.

An exceedingly novel feature of the Exhibition will be the presentation of all the phases of fishing, illustrated in a pictorial way. To do this, photographic artists attached to the Museum have travelled all along the coast and taken their pictures from life. Besides this, a whole series of sketches in crayon have been made illustrative of river and sea fishing. Every picture has attached to it a printed label. For instance, here is one entitled 'Dressing Mackerel,' which reads as follows: 'On the left a man splitting a mackerel. In the centre another "gibbing" or eviscerating the fish, which he holds in his left hand. The man on the right, dressed in a "petticoat barrel," is "cutting away." &c. Every stage, then, in American fishing is illustrated, from the way the fish is caught until it is finally prepared for food.

'In fish-culture, every process in use in the United States will be exhibited. One of the most attractive features will be a series of tables provided with the various apparatus. This apparatus may be divided into three departments—the closed apparatus, the trough, and the floating apparatus. There will be a large water-tank, the water in which will be forced through the fish-hatching appliances by means of a gas-engine. Form, colour, and appearance of the various kinds of eggs will be imitated by means of glass beads. Another important feature will be the models of a group of experts in the act of procuring the eggs and the milt from the salmon. These figures of life-size will show exactly the manipulation used in stripping salmon. There will be photographs of all the American fish which have been propagated by fish-culture in the United States, as explaining the development of the egg; an entire series of specimens will be shown illustrating the growth of the fish in the egg from day to day, to be followed with others explanatory of the size and condition of the fish after it has been hatched out. The fish-hatching apparatus will be practical working ones, exactly such as are used, with all the appliances which serve for the transportation of the eggs, the young fish, the feeding-troughs, the fish-pens, with models of the cars used to carry young fish over the United States. Finally, on a large map will be shown all the hatching-houses in the country, with the various points where shad, salmon, trout, white-fish, carp, &c., have been distributed.

'When the section of apparatus used by our

fishermen is examined, the visitor is amazed at its magnitude. Here is a model of that vast net used by the mackereler; and to show its size, a model of a mackerel schooner, with the seine-bout, is suspended near it. Some idea is thus had of proportion. The lines, hooks, trawls, and engines of capture will fill innumerable cases. After this come the rods, reels, lines, and flies used by the angler. Here are cases of flies, with pictures of the insects which they imitate. A fishing-box—one of those light, portable houses which pack up in small space—will show our English friends how the American angler takes his ease. This house will have in it all the traps the angler may want, his bed, his store, and his cooking utensils. Nothing has been forgotten or overlooked which might illustrate the ways and manners of our New England fisherman; for here are his amusements, his games, the literature he reads, the medicines he takes, the clothes he wears, the food he eats.

‘Were the description extended over innumerable columns, it could hardly give more than a scant idea of the thoroughness of this Exhibition. All the sea-birds, the animals which prey on fish, will be sent, together with all the primitive fishing-gear in use by the American Indians.

‘In addition to the objects illustrating fish and fishing, the Lighthouse Board and the Life-saving Service will send exhibits. Everything has been so arranged and systematised that the process of installation in England will require but very little labour.’

THE RACE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

A correspondent has kindly transmitted the following particulars in connection with the first Atlantic steamer. He says: ‘The writer of the interesting article under the above heading, which appeared in *Chambers's Journal*, No. 969, 1882, places the steamer *Great Western* in the van of the race of ocean-steaming. He evidently was not aware that on the occasion of the first voyage of the *Great Western*, a real and intensely exciting struggle actually took place between that vessel and the steamer *Sirius*.

‘Early in the year 1838, the London papers advertised “that the long-talked-of project of communicating with America by steamboats was at length to be carried into effect. It was supposed that the *Great Western* would have been the first steamer to run to New York; but we find that the *Sirius*, a powerful and well-built steamer of seven hundred tons, and three hundred and twenty horse-power, commanded by Lieutenant R. Roberts, R.N., is to leave the London Docks on 28th March next, and Cork on 2d April, for New York.”

‘True to the time thus notified, the *Sirius* hauled out of dock, and sailed from off Eastlane Stairs on March 28, 1838; touched at Cork; and after a tempestuous passage, arrived at New York at nine P.M., Sunday, April 22.

‘The following correct extracts are taken from printed copies of the logs of both the *Sirius* and the *Great Western*—in my possession—and reference thereto clearly shows the winner of “The Race across the Atlantic.” “The *Sirius* left Cork at ten A.M., April 4, 1833, and arrived at New York on the 22d of the same month, at

nine P.M.”—“The *Great Western* left Bristol on the 8th April 1838, and arrived at New York on the 23d of the same month, at three P.M.”

‘The arrivals were the signal for great rejoicings and numerous entertainments on the part of our hospitable cousins. I have now before me a copy of the *Weekly Herald*, New York, Saturday, April 28, 1838, which contains the following: “The first steamer across the Atlantic.—The *Sirius* the *Sirius*! the *Sirius*! Triumph of steam! Nothing is talked of but the *Sirius*; she is the first steamer that arrived here from England,” &c.

‘It is pleasant to remark, that at all the entertainments given on this occasion by the good citizens of New York, the health of our gracious Queen was invariably proposed, and received with great enthusiasm. On the departure of the *Sirius*, homeward bound, a salute of seventeen guns was given from the Battery ashore, a mark (the *Herald* states) of respect never before shown to the commander of a merchant-vessel.

‘Lieutenant R. Roberts was afterwards lost while in command of the ill-fated steamer the *President*, in 1841.’

LIFE'S SEASONS.

Rusy lips that part with baby laughter,
Heaven-sent eyes that wonder all they say,
Feet that only yet have truant wandered
Where the primrose hides in woods of May.
What in life's great Book is written after?
Will those feet press primrose beds for aye?
Will the flowers still bloom where brooks meandered?
Will the linnet's warbling sound as gay?

Maiden! tripping from the primrose bowers
Into June, whose roses flush thy face,
Life to thee is but a dream of beauty;
Thou hast only started in the race,
Thou hast learnt not yet to miss life's flowers:
Let it be! in after-years thy griefs
May by pain be mellowed. Who would show thee,
‘Mid earth's sufferers, which shall be thy place!

Far away where Autumn's red leaves quiver,
May and June are links of what is past;
And a woman in life's full September,
Ripe with sorrow, wears a crown at last—
Wears the crown that home and love doth give her
Brighter than earth's gold; for love is vast!
And life never can be quite December,
Where, o'er hearts, love's golden web is cast.

Wrinkled brows and tottering feet descending
To the grave where all our loved ones go;
Journeying home to rest, yet thankful ever
For the suffering God's love doth bestow.
Heaven and earth o'er human failure blending,
Golden sunlight kissing Winter snow;
Angels stepping down from God to sever
Mortal ties, and cancel every woe.

HARRIET KENDALL.

‘SAVED BY OIL.’—In the article under this heading, which appeared in the *Journal* for March 3, the tonnage of the barque *Glamorganshire* was printed as 457 tons. It should have been 457.

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ENSILAGE.

THERE has not for many years been a period in the history of agriculture when means of relief from depression were more urgently needed than at the present time. Rents are falling, and land is going out of cultivation, or becoming impoverished. In England, landlords have been offering land for no rent, and failing to get men to occupy it. All this, in a country which imports more of the necessaries of life produced by the land than all the other nations of the world, points to the urgent necessity of a move in advance in both the science and art of cultivation. Lest readers should imagine the writer a pessimist, let them listen to the language of some of our leading agriculturists. Mr James Hay, farmer, Little Ythistie, when presiding, more than a year ago, over a meeting of two thousand farmers in the city of Aberdeen, said: 'Land is not only being worse cultivated, but in some cases it is going out of cultivation; our flocks and herds are decreasing by millions.' Mr James Caird read a paper, last November twelve months, on the land question, in London, before the Statistical Society, of which he is President, when he used the following language: 'The land in this country has become less productive. To restore the condition of the soil of an old country is becoming more difficult and costly. As one generation follows another, more and more of the natural fertility is taken out of the land, and a corresponding higher rate of farming is required to maintain it.' Mr William Riddell, a well-known Scotch farmer, read a paper, a year ago, before the Peeblesshire Farmers' Club, wherein he maintained that the land was rapidly becoming impoverished, and added: 'Five quarters to the acre are becoming four, and four three.' All this is very serious; but it does not require second-sight to perceive that the downward course is more likely to be accelerated than otherwise, unless some 'new dispensation'—as ensilage has been termed by one of its advocates—comes in to arrest the decline.

The primary cause of this decline in the fertility of the land has been the want of care on the part of its cultivators in not returning to it, in the best possible state, the solid and liquid refuse of all the animals that are fed upon its produce. While farmers have allowed a vast amount of this to run to waste than waste, they have relied on purchased manures for keeping up the fertility of the land. Some manures, while they yield a crop for the current season, leave the land more impoverished than when they were applied; add to this, that all our best portable manures are rising in price in the markets, from the demand which exists for them in America and elsewhere. The Americans, by a vicious system of agriculture, have sorely tried the land, especially in the New England States; and are now, by the application of such manures as have bones for their base, doing what they can to restore its wasted fertility; and we cannot too soon learn the lesson their experience teaches. As it appears to the writer, nothing would more effectually restore the land of Great Britain to a high state of fertility than that of keeping a large increase of cattle and sheep on its produce, and the careful husbanding of their refuse under scientific guidance, till it is returned to the land in the best state of preparation for giving increased crops; and to this most desirable end the process termed *ensilage* seems to point the way. The warmest thanks of the nation are due to Professor Thorold Rogers, M.P., for the able and exhaustive manner in which he has investigated the subject of ensilage, both in America and Europe, and for placing the fruits of his labours before the public in a volume, entitled, *Ensilage in America: its Prospects in English Agriculture* (London: Sonnenschein & Co.), and which all who have the most remote interest in agriculture should procure and study at once, for we mistake much if a more important subject has been brought before them for many years. In reviewing the subject of ensilage at this time, we will avail ourselves of the stores of information in Professor Rogers's

book, and of the less exhaustive articles on the subject by other writers in various periodicals.

Ensilage may be defined in a few words as simply the placing of green herbage in a pit, which is termed a Silo, and in such position and circumstances as will first get rid of, and permanently exclude the destroying and corroding oxygen of the atmosphere. The silo is made either above or below the ground, or partly in and partly out of the ground. It ought to be as far as possible water and air tight, and must be so constructed as to admit of great superincumbent pressure on the contents of the silo, this pressure being absolutely necessary to get rid of the inclosed air. The silo is intended for the storage and preservation of green forage, which may be either wet or dry; and if properly constructed, it allows of the least possible change in substance of that which is packed in it. The object of its construction is to supply the stock-feeder and dairy-farmer with nutritious food for his stock, which can be secured independently of the state of the weather, and be convenient of access at all seasons.

Though the subject of ensilage has but recently come prominently before the public in its application to the conservation of green food for cattle, the principle on which it is founded is of old date. The *sauerkraut* of the German is but cabbage ensilaged. The writer, forty years ago, ensilaged green gooseberries by placing them in stone jars and glass bottles. When the bottles were full of the gooseberries, they were placed in saucepans of boiling water without their stoppers, for a couple of minutes; this rarefied and expelled the greater part of the air from amongst the berries; and just as the jars were taken out of the hot water, they were stopp'd by means of glass stoppers, and waxed round the edges, so as to seal them up hermetically. When the air in them cooled to its normal state, the fruit was practically *in vacuo*, and there was but little of the destructive oxygen gas present. The bottles were then buried in the earth, to keep them cool during the summer and autumn, and at Christmas they afforded green gooseberry tarts. The jar here was the silo, and heat took the place of pressure, to get rid of the oxygen, as is necessary in the ordinary silo.

The practice of ensilage, so far as we can ascertain, took shape in France some few years ago; and M. Goffart published a work in French on the subject. This came under the notice of a Mr Brown, an observant American traveller, who published an English translation of it in America in 1879. It at once attracted attention there, as being a valuable 'notion,' and especially caught the fancy of some of the New York merchants who have country residences. One of these, a Mr Mills of Pompton, New Jersey, had made a discovery in the same direction for himself. The silos which he constructed in the first instance were of the rudest and simplest

description, mere holes in a bank; and when the contents were exhausted, he had them replenished.

After the translation and circulation of M. Goffart's book, the system spread rapidly in the state of New York, and in the month of January 1882, the landowners who practised ensilage held a conference on the subject in New York. The meeting was representative, and very enthusiastic. Samples of stored forage were exhibited chiefly maize, clover, rye, and various grasses. Some of those present suggested the propriety of ensilaging nitrogenous fodder, such as rye and clover, together, in order that cattle might be fed on the product, without grain. Others recommended that pease, oats, maize, and vetches might also be ensilaged together. Every one of those who attended the congress was convinced that the practice of ensilage would enormously increase the stock-bearing power of the land.

What passed at this meeting attracted the attention of Mr Loring, who is practically the Minister of Agriculture in the United States; and he issued a circular containing twenty-six practical questions, all bearing on the subject, addressed to those only who were at the meeting. This circular elicited ninety-one sets of replies, all highly favourable, except that, while a few thought that horses did not do so well with it as other stock, others found horses do well on it. Our space will only admit of the insertion of a few of these replies to Mr Loring's queries.

Number five says: 'Ensilage is a more certain crop than hay. Twice as many animals can be kept on the same acreage. It is largely a substitute for roots. The labour of ensilage is much less than hay.'—Number six: 'The profitability of ensilage lies mainly in the fact that it can be made to double the stock-carrying capacity of our eastern farms. Its advantages to dairymen are incalculable.'—Number seven: 'It gives a vigour and healthy appearance not seen in hay-fed cattle. It enables us to make milk and butter in winter as well as summer, and to keep our stock at half the expense of dry fodder. We can keep double the stock, and thus increase the fertility and value of our farms.'—Number nineteen: 'The cost of feeding on ensilage as against hay, roots, and meal, is as one to three.'—Number twenty: 'I think a stock of cattle can be kept for one-fourth the expense of any other method. I never saw cattle fatten so fast on anything else.'—Number twenty-eight: 'One acre of ensilage will keep eight head of cattle one hundred days. I am building three more silos this year.'—Number thirty: 'I am keeping four times the stock with my silos that I have been able to keep heretofore.'

These are samples of the replies sent to Mr Loring, and there is no reason for supposing them anything but the honest convictions of the reporters. Accepting them as such, it must be evident to all who have any experience of the difficulty and labour that haymaking involves in our uncertain climate, especially in the case of late meadow-hay, that ensilage is just the remedy for their difficulties; and even if this should prove its only advantage, it would still constitute a great boon. But this is not its sole advantage; it answers equally well, and is equally profitable,

for the saving of all forage in the best of climates. It avoids the desiccation and consequent loss of feeding qualities of the forage. It appears that the herbs which cattle will eat in a growing and green state, are eaten by them with equal if not greater avidity and with increased benefit in the form of ensilage.

Professor Thorold Rogers had the following statement made to him in America: 'As an illustration of the extraordinary increase of production and food-supply from the adoption of the system, Colonel Wolcott told me that he was able by ensilage to keep four times the number of cows on the same acreage that he had been able to keep when he gave his animals green food in summer and hay in winter. Such was his experience in the year 1881, when a very protracted drought occurred. During this year, Colonel Wolcott put into his silo about seven hundred and eighty tons of green forage, being the produce of two crops from thirty-four acres of rye and maize, the latter being cut when the tassels were beginning to blossom and the ears to form. On this produce, he expected to feed eighty cows for twelve months; and when I saw him in September 1882, he had no doubt that his expectation would be realised.'

'Those farmers who do not adopt ensilage,' says the cool-headed and dispassionate Colonel Wolcott, 'will eventually be obliged to take the back seat—a metaphor which, as the Professor here says, may be commended for its expressiveness. He adds: 'Already some of the more ardent spirits are of opinion that, thanks to the slowness of the British agriculturist, and the economy of the new process, they [the Americans] will compete with him for fresh butter, as they have for cheese and to some extent meat.' One of Mr Loring's correspondents states that he sold ensilage in the market-town at from twenty-four to thirty-six shillings per ton, the cost of production being only eight shillings.

With regard to the cost and size of the silo, that will all depend on the circumstances of each case, and the quantity of fodder it may be proposed to cure. There are a great variety of forms and estimates given in the Professor's book; but they could scarcely be guides in this country, where wages and material differ in cost from America; and as it may be presumed that farmers will procure and study the book for themselves, we pass by this part of the subject.

We have had Agricultural Commissions sitting for years, and others just appointed; and it is questionable if the sum of all their labours will in any way approach that which ensilage is capable of doing to the food-producing power of the land of Britain. It is the only approach to a system that is calculated to make the farmer independent of the late and wet harvests that have wrought such ruin amongst them of late years. It is not a little humiliating to find that with the best grass-producing climate in the world, the United Kingdom should be so largely dependent on America and other countries for beef, mutton, pork, cheese, butter, and that abomination, oleo-margarine. The fact is, all who have any cultural skill, and who are not blind from prejudice, will agree with the present Earl of Derby when he said that the land of this country does not produce half of what

it is capable, if properly cultivated. Money is forthcoming for all manner of wild speculations at the ends of the earth, while the soil at our doors is lapsing into barrenness for want of capital skilfully applied.

Professor Rogers writes: 'If ensilage is profitable in England, what must the case be in Scotland? In the middle of November, snow often falls to the depth of several inches, frequently of several feet; the roads are impassable; and the fields with a root-crop below, are stricken with bareness. The Highland sheep, left to shift for themselves, die every winter by thousands; while ensilaged food would keep them alive and in condition. He further adds: 'I believe that within a short time silos will be as common in Scotland as barns are now.' We hope he is a true prophet; for it is evident that a change on the present routine of British agriculture is absolutely necessary. We must greatly reduce our land under grain-crops, and correspondingly increase the production of stock, with which the competition from foreign sources can never be so fierce as in the case of grain.

Professor Rogers concludes the appendix to his interesting book as follows: 'I cannot help thinking that ensilage, for reasons of climate and soil, would be more fitted for the United Kingdom than it is for the American Union. They who practise it say it doubles the fertility of the soil at a stroke. I can conceive nothing which is of greater public interest at the present time than the restoration of English agriculture to its old courage and inventive activity; and it is the duty, and should be the pleasure, of every one who has seen a successful agricultural experiment in a distant country, to invite his fellow-countrymen to examine what is new, which can be tried at comparatively little cost by hundreds of enterprising agriculturists, and is claimed by those who have had experience of it, as certainly satisfactory and profitable.*'

It is gratifying to observe that the Highland Society is going to make experiments with ensilage on the estate of Mr Mackenzie of Portmore, Peeblesshire. Success will depend on the green fodder being properly spread out on the silo, and on such effectual and general pressure being brought to bear on it as will expel as nearly as possible all the air in the interstices amongst the fodder, after which the silo should by some means be sealed up from the air. When opened, it should be at one end of the silo, care being taken not to relax the general pressure; and the fodder should be cut away vertically as required, in the same manner as a haystack.

If the system is as valuable as many represent it, the day will come when ensilage Companies may be started to supply galvanised iron silos, that may be sunk in the ground, with lids that can be pressed down by hydraulic or other pressure, and be fixed so as thoroughly to exclude the

* It may be noted that, besides Professor Rogers's book, two other publications on the subject of Ensilage have appeared in pamphlet-form—namely, *Ensilage: its Origin, History, and Practice, with Experimental Trials and Recipes*. By Henry Woods, Norwich: Stevenson & Co. London: W. Ridgway; and *Ensilage: A System for the Preservation in Pits of Forage Plants and Grasses, independent of weather*. By Thomas Christy, F.L.S. London: Christy & Co.

air. These silos could be paid for by a certain percentage on their cost during the currency of a nineteen years' lease, and be valued to the tenant's interest on his leaving the farm.

Ireland has been in advance of Scotland with ensilage; for we read in the *Irish Farmers' Gazette*, which publishes the official Report by Professor Carrol, at the instance of Earl Spencer, as made on the model farm at Glasneven, near Dublin. He says: 'I am of opinion that the successes of the continental and American farmers are sufficient to warrant our trying it on an extensive scale in these countries; and the measure of success of our experiments at the Albert model farm at Glasneven, strengthens my opinion on this point. Referring to the opinions adverse to its adoption here, I would suggest, first, as regards our cultivated plants not being suited for ensilage, there can be no doubt that cultivated grasses are well adapted to the process on a large range of soils, especially peat. Italian ryegrass yields a large produce. Rye, too—a crop which may be profitably cultivated on our poor cold soils—is well suited for the system. Again, it may be found that the costly system of root-growing may give way before the growing of forage for ensilage, as being more profitable.'

Professor Carrol further states, that he thinks the opinion that the slight fermentation the forage undergoes in silo is injurious to it, has been arrived at in too summary a manner. He further gives the results of analyses of green fodder, and of the same after it comes from the silo; and it is singular how little they differ; the albuminoids are slightly decreased, and the soluble carbohydrates are increased. Thus we have really less indigestible matter left in the ensilaged forage than before it was put in the silo.

We now give in detail the experiments and their results, as tried at the Albert farm, simply remarking, that they seem to have been of a completely makeshift character, the wonder being that success attended any one of them.

On the 28th of July the fodder was cut. Number one: Lucerne and straw chaffed [that is, cut by a chaffing-machine], and put into a silo about five feet deep, and lined with boards, so as to make it air-tight and water-tight. [We doubt if the boards would do this.] Number two: Comfrey and lucerne chaffed, and a very small portion of oat-straw, into a similar silo. Number three: Italian ryegrass, not chaffed, but packed tightly into silo. Number four: Italian ryegrass, not chaffed, packed tightly into silo, which was simply a pit dug in the ground, without any protecting casing or lining. Number five: Italian ryegrass, packed tightly on the surface of the ground, and covered with about eighteen inches of soil like a potato-pit.

It must be admitted that if ensilage under such arrangements made an approximation to success, it was more than should have been expected.

On October 9, the silos were opened, and what follows was the result. In numbers one, three, and four, the fodder had a temperature of seventy-five degrees Fahrenheit; it was apparently in good condition, having a smell somewhat like fresh brewers' grains. The cows on pasture, as well as those which were being house-fed, ate the food with avidity. Number two: the comfrey and lucerne were quite spoiled, having an offensive

putrid smell. Number five: Italian ryegrass, packed on the surface of the ground, was quite dry, but mouldy and unfit for food.

These experiments, more than any that have come under our notice, prove the value of a *proper* silo.

In England, Lord Walsingham brought the subject of ensilage under the notice of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales at the last Norwich show; and Colonel Tomline of Orwell Park had his silo open for the Prince's inspection. The subject is therefore being brought fairly to the front in England, and it is to be hoped Scotland will soon move also.

In speaking of ensilage, a writer in the *Field* says: 'The pits should be kept covered for at least six weeks, after which they may be opened in succession as required, and may be kept open till their contents are consumed by the cattle.'

Some valuable instructions on the subject of ensilage have recently been issued by the French Society of Agriculturists, and these instructions may prove of benefit to those who are engaged in solving the problem nearer home. Their advice is that ensilage should be recommended and advocated extensively; and their suggestions are to the effect that all forage, not excluding rushes or cut broom, is suitable for ensilage; that green forage should be ensilaged without mixture of any dry substances, or even of salt; that the most favourable time for ensilating is when the plants are in bloom, and that they should be stored when dampest.

ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOT.

BY JOHN B. HARWOOD.

CHAPTER XVIII.—'GIVE ME TIME.'

WITHIN the Bruton Street drawing-room the foreign Countess came gracefully forward, both of her exquisitely gloved hands extended, to greet her youthful hostess, who, on her part, started back like a frightened bird. Nothing could be more appropriate than Madame de Lalouve's manner. Every gesture, every look, was perfect of its kind. Her whole bearing belonged to that highest art that cannot be distinguished from nature. 'I fear,' she said, in a tone of sweet reproach, 'that my visit is an unwelcome surprise. And yet—well as I know the fragile character of friendships, alas, you sadden me. Yes, my dear mademoiselle, you sadden me. Oh, Miss Carew, can it be that already you have learned the worldly lesson to forget, and that all our pleasant companionship—'

'What! you too—do you also come here to insult me? Why, else, do you call me by that name of Miss Carew?' was the petulant interruption to this smooth speech. 'I am Lady Leominster. Do you not know me for what I am? Your address, Countess Louise, to me is not that of a friend, I tell you,' added the speaker, with quivering lips, 'that I am the Marchioness—and not—and not—that other one.'

'Now, my very dear young friend,' was the

soothing reply, couched in honeyed accents, of the foreign lady, 'you must not be angry, not vexed with Louise de Lalouve, your old friend of Egypt. If she offends, it is for your own good, my child. To me, my maturer years, to my larger experience, you are but as a charming child. It is the privilege of age, of course, to guide you, who are still on the threshold of the world. Now, but yesterday I was received at Leominster House, and saw your sister. She was looking very well, was our dear Clare; but perhaps—'

'This is insufferable!' broke in Sir Pagan's sister, wringing her hands. She had forgotten, in her agitation, the primary duties of hospitality; but both were seated now, the young hostess on the sofa near which she had been standing; the visitor in the amplest of the old-fashioned arm-chairs, with her back judiciously turned to the tall-tale summer sunlight that poured through the windows, even in London. Thus seen, Madame de Lalouve looked remarkably well preserved, a grand, stately woman, with inscrutable eyes, and features that harmonised well with the marble clearness of her creamy complexion and the raven blackness of her massive hair. She was superbly dressed, almost without ornament, save a stray antique jewel in dead gold, from some Cyprian or Phœnician tomb, but with all the skill that Worth's atelier will never display but for the benefit of a valued customer—Spanish lace and Lyons silk and Genoa velvet falling harmoniously into their allotted places, like the notes and bars of music in the score of a competent composer.

'Our dear Clare received me in her London palace very graciously,' continued the foreign Countess, with as assured a manner as though her real interview with Lady Leominster had not been a surreptitious one in Kensington Gardens; 'and as a fortunate chance deprived us both for the moment of the edifying society of Lady Barbara, we could open our hearts to one another. Then it was that the sweet young Marquise lamented to me the fact that her sister, so loved, was now separated from her; then it was that she craved of me the trifling service, willingly rendered, that I should call here in Bruton Street, at the house of your brother, Sir Carew, and should use my poor powers of persuasion to induce you, *mon enfant*, at her loving prayer, to return to her, and be her sister and her friend again, that all might go on as merrily and as fondly as of other time.'

Madame de Lalouve spoke very good English indeed, and her accent in especial was all but faultless; but she had the defect of thinking in French, and translating afterwards into our vernacular, and hence her speech occasionally lapsed into Gallic idioms and turns of language. It was quite otherwise, it may be mentioned, with that other linguist, who had also come to England from Egypt on board the good steamship *Cyprus*, and whose nickname was Chinese Jack. He was one of those polyglot talkers who are possessed of the rare but valuable gift of thinking in any articulate tongue, living or dead, from Hebrew to Japanese, and therefore of expressing his thoughts as a Malay, or a Persian, or a Spaniard would do, not as a cultured scholar with an elaborate acquaintance with the language would do.

French, or Russian? Of which nationality was the Countess? Both guesses as to her dubious nationality were compatible with either supposition, since a Russian child of noble blood learns to lip from the care not of her mother, but of her French, Swiss, English, nursery-governess, never of her sullen, cruel Russian nurse. There are races that furnish good nurses—the Hindus in Asia, the Negroes, the European nations usually—not the Russian. Many a highly educated Russian, with stars on the breast of his uniform, many a noble and beautiful young Muscovite lady, shudders at the recollection of the baleful Glimdalea that was as a shadow and a scarecrow of their infancy.

Madame de Lalouve, then, said what she had been prepared to say, very well and very prettily. The immediate effect of her speech was that the golden-haired girl whom she addressed flung herself recklessly down upon the sofa and buried her face amongst the crimson cushions. 'I cannot—oh, I cannot; it is too much to ask!' she sobbed out wildly.

The Sphinx contemplated her with the serene scientific composure. Women have commonly a sort of freemasonry with women, and a touch of real emotion rarely fails to stir their hearts. But the foreign Countess kept herself quite cool and sceptical. She took another chair, less heavy, and drew it towards the sofa. Then she laid her hand, with that light firm touch of hers, on the girl's arm. 'Pny, be calm,' she said, in strangely business-like accents. 'Listen, I beg, to what I say. All is not as it seems. It rests with me—*me—entendez vous?*—to let the curtain draw up and disclose a new scene. I am not here as the mere ambassadress of Miladi at the palace of Leominster. I am no mouthpiece. I am Louise de Lalouve; and I have come to make a proposition to you; and I beseech that, for your own sake, love, you will listen to me.'

Slowly, very slowly, Sir Pagan's beautiful young sister raised herself from her recumbent attitude, and fixed her wondering eyes, in which the tears still swam, on the face of her mysterious acquaintance. As she did so, she looked so strangely lovely, her golden hair thrust carelessly back, her colour fluttering in her delicately rounded cheeks, that an Associate of the Royal Academy would have made his fortune by truthfully painting her portrait. As it was, Madame de Lalouve, a keen judge, thought to herself: 'What raw material of beauty thrown away—these dupes and gulls of islanders!' and then, artistically lowering her admirably managed voice, went on: 'I feel deeply for you, dear young friend, for you, and for the painful position, that every day must have a thorn the more. I—I am most anxious to help you; but, child, it is a hard world, and I, too, have had a rugged path to tread, and much ingratitude to bear. If you would promise to be the friend of Louise—to remember what you owe to the lonely foreigner, when she in her turn wants your aid, I might be of use. Through me—but through me only—your own little schemes, darling, might be forwarded. You might assume your sister's place, and be acknowledged, with the assent of all, as Marchioness of Leominster.'

'But I am the Marchioness of Leominster; I

am poor Wilfred's wife—widowed wife ; it is that, Countess, that you—you who know the world, so cruelly refuse to believe,' answered the girl, half turning her head towards the cool, steady-brained foreign lady.

A smile of polite incredulity flitted across the face of Madame de Lalouve—to vanish, however, as moisture vanishes from the surface of a mirror. It was very seldom that the Sphinx betrayed any sense of amusement. She was essentially diplomatic. Whatever she did was done of set purpose. Her grand, comely countenance was as grave as that of a judge about to pass sentence, one minute later, when she took the hand of the girl beside her, and said earnestly : 'Let it not be a question of this, between us two. Let us, if we two are to be allies, at least speak openly and honestly between ourselves. Here, in this solitude, there can be no need to mystify. You wish to have Leominster House and Castel Vavr, and the great fortune—*ciel !* how great!—and to be *Miladi* the Marquise of Leominster. What more natural ? I am willing, and I think able, to effect this. Only, between us two confederates, us two friends, there should be no high morality, no question of abstract rights. We are behind the scenes, as it were, and should talk freely. Let the thing stand as it is. Nothing succeeds like success. Louise de Lalouve is a good pilot through troubled waters. Let the affair be simply—the affair. I may have—and I have—my own little wishes and objects, which I hope you will promote in return for what I shall do for you. But above all, let us be frank between ourselves !—'

Here she was interrupted, as, with a flushed cheek and flashing eye, the girl sprang to her feet. 'No ; never, never !' was her passionate retort. 'I will never admit, even to you, even tacitly, that there can rest so much as the shadow of a doubt upon my claim and my right. What I profess to be, that I am ; and not even in private will I yield an inch of my vantage-ground, or go back from what I have said.'

This was spoken with an energy for which the foreign Countess had scarcely been prepared. Madame de Lalouve bit her lip, and her dark eyebrows contracted. Was it that she felt as if her pupil were growing dangerously headstrong, and might get beyond her control, to the detriment of her own interests, and the spoiling those eventual schemes of 'which her shrewd mistress had made mention ? An acute and practised judge of character, the Russo-Frenchwoman seemed to think that she had ganged that of her young friend by too conventional a standard. But while she looked frowningly on, the sudden outburst of excitement seemed to die away, and with a faint sigh and averted head the beautiful girl sank back on the sofa, and hid her face, murmuring, as if unconscious of the listener's presence : 'And yet, why not ? What matter ? What can it matter by what rugged roads I travel, so that I attain my end, and reach the goal at last ! And yet I am so utterly alone. O that I had some one to advise me !' And she sobbed aloud.

Madame de Lalouve's brow relaxed, and her smile came back to the lately stern and anxious mouth. After all, she reflected, it was better so, and gave tokens of a more malleable nature, and

one more fit to be moulded to her purpose. If Mephistopheles could be imagined in female form, Madame de Lalouve must have looked very like the arch tempter of the German legend, as she sat there in her darkling strength, with her burning eyes surveying the fair drooping head, and an indefinable expression, that partook of the nature of scorn and of grim humour, lurking about her firm lips. She waited—with the cruel patience of the angler, who lets the newly-hooked trout tire itself before he touches the reel—until the storm had subsided ; and then Sir Pagan's sister almost shuddered, as a light, strong hand was gently laid upon her slender wrist, and a soft voice said, caressingly : 'Let me advise you. You are groping in the dark ; but I can point the way to safety and success. Do not refuse. The help I proffer is well worth the having. Louise de Lalouve can be an ally as true as steel ; and, believe me, the little experience you have gained in your short life is, compared with mine but as a waterdrop to the ocean. I have had harder diplomatic puzzles than this to solve, I can assure you, and have made my proofs, as French duellists say, when pitted against more formidable foes than any that I now expect to encounter on your behalf. That the help I offer is quite disinterested, *ma chère*, I do not for a moment pretend ; nor, did I do so, would you credit me with being as sincere as I really am. I am no descendant of Don Quixote, *quoi !* to redress wrongs and run tilt at windmills gratis. But I shall not be very exacting or unreasonable as to the recompense, of which it is as yet too early to speak with precision. What I wish to impress upon you is, that if you take me for your guide, there must be no half-confidence, no drawing back. Obey my counsels, and you shall attain your object. The gates of Castel Vavr and of Leominster House shall fly open to receive you—not on sufferance, not as a dependent, but as mistress of all, and !—'

'Give me time,' pleaded the girl, speaking in a broken voice, slowly and hesitatingly. 'I cannot tell ; I cannot decide. Give me time, dear Countess Louise, to think it over. Leave me now, I beg of you. I am not fit to talk more, at present. My brain seems as if on fire. Let me keep your address. I will write—I will call. But more I cannot say, just at this moment, Madame de Lalouve. I must have space for reflection. Only give me time.'

Gracefully the foreign Countess rose to take her leave. 'Think of it, my angel,' she said soothingly and softly ; 'and think of me, whom a word will summon—like some Slave of the Ring, or of the Lamp, in that version of the *Arabian Nights* that our Marquis de Galland brought into fashion—to your side. You think me hard, sweet one ; but you must not blame the oak because it is not as the willow. It is good, at anyrate, for the ivy to cling to, nestling and supported by its rough strength, able to resist the tempest. There ! I lay my card on the table. When you want me, I shall be here, always at your call.' She pressed the girl's little hand, half-pityingly, it might have been thought, within the grasp of that far stronger hand of hers ; and then slipped silently away, without awaiting the usual formalities of leave-taking, as a lioness glides away on noiseless feet, passing like a tawny

shadow thrown by the cane-brake of the jungle and is gone. It used to be said in Egypt that the Sphinx was matchless in her exits as in her entries, and seemed to rise and vanish as through a trapdoor. When the girl looked around her half-timidly, she found herself alone.

INDIAN WITCHCRAFT.

THERE is scarcely any age or country in which a superstitious belief in witchcraft has not had a powerful hold on the minds of the people. In Europe, till about the end of the last century, the possession of magical powers and the practice of the black-art were implicitly believed in, and the minds of learned divines greatly exercised to prove, by the aid of revelation, that the practice of sorcery was hateful to God and man. Stringent laws were therefore framed for its suppression, and the ecclesiastical authorities pursued with unrelenting vigour their self-imposed task of punishing and extirpating those who were believed to have dealings with the Evil One. It need not, therefore, be wondered that amongst a large portion of the inhabitants of India, witchcraft in various guises exercise a vast and potent influence. The religion of the Hindus would naturally induce those who profess it to give credence to all kinds of marvels; but it will be found that even the followers of the Mohammedan creed are very nearly as much disposed to pin their faith upon the grossest follies, and to adopt every idle invention which springs from the fears or the craft of their associates.

The followers of these religions need not go farther for the justification than their own scriptures. The Vedas enjoin special reverence for the Brahminical soothsayers, whose *muntras* or incantations are declared as having terrible effects; while the Koran, in its twenty-first and twenty-seventh chapters, dilates upon the magic excellence of Solomon, and the power he possessed over all created things, even the elements; and the thirteenth chapter—said to have been revealed to the Prophet of Islam on the occasion of his having been bewitched by the daughters of a Jew—is still devoutly used as a charm against evil spirits and the spells of witches and sorcerers. The belief of Mohammedans in good and evil spirits who may be compelled to perform the bidding of a mortal, is not only manifested in their tales and legends, but forms also a subject of grave record, and is mixed up with their religious creed. While, on the one hand, they are taught to believe that there exist good angels who ever attend upon a man, and ever prompt him to do his duty to God and his fellow-creatures; on the other hand, they are warned against evil spirits, who, with deadly malignity, pursue their every step and lead them into misery.

These spirits or genii constantly reside in the lowest of the seven firmaments, and are able to render themselves visible at pleasure to the human inhabitants of the earth. They are of various denominations, some good, and some evil; some very powerful and luxurious; and others reduced to such a low estate as to be compelled to live upon bones and air. And though these spirits are represented as superior to the human race in wisdom and power, it is commonly

believed to be possible for mortals to become allies of these intelligences, to partake their powers, and to assist their evil designs. Even further, the Hindu fakirs and sages, by the practice of austerities and self-torture, are credited with having attained such a degree of sanctity and power that they could control supernatural beings. It is no uncommon thing at the present day for a person to resort to a fakir and obtain from him a charm for the purpose of removing an illness, as a safeguard against accidents, or for the purpose of avoiding an impending disaster, or it may be with the view of causing some evil to happen to any one with whom he may be on unfriendly terms.

There are in India professed heart-eaters and liver-eaters, who by their spells and incantations pretend to steal away and devour these vital organs, thereby reducing the luckless individuals thus attacked to the greatest extremity. These extraordinary feeders are, it is said, able to communicate their art by giving those who desire to exercise it a piece of liver-cake to eat. They are dangerous people, effecting as much mischief by their pretended power as if they were actually able to achieve what they profess; since they work upon the fears and excite the imagination of the unhappy individuals who are subjected to their diabolical influence, producing upon the victim—who is rendered hypochondriac by the artful suggestions of the enemy—anguish, disease, and finally death.

A recent Indian mail gave a very curious instance of the fatal results which arise sometimes from native superstition. It was brought to light in the course of a trial held before the Agent of the Governor of Madras at Gangam, in South India. A paltry dispute had arisen between two men regarding a sum of six annas (about sevenpence) which had to be divided between them, and it ended in one of them going into a house and fetching a knife, with which he inflicted several stabs upon his opponent, from the effects of which he died. On being taken up, the accused admitted having caused the death of the other man, but said he had done so in order to save himself, as the other had threatened to turn himself into a tiger and kill him. There is a superstition among the hill-tribes to the effect that such a metamorphosis can be made; and coupling this with the circumstance that the crime was apparently unpremeditated, as the weapon with which the wounds were inflicted did not belong to the prisoner, the Governor's Agent did not consider the case such as to call for the exercise of the utmost severity of the law. The prisoner was found guilty, and ordered to be transported for life.

The Mohammedans adopt another device for taking away the life of an enemy; they construct an image of earth taken out of a grave, read a particular chapter of the Koran over it, and then repeat the prayers backwards, every word spelled in the same way—that is, with the letters reversed. These and other preliminaries being accomplished, the image is perforated with wooden pegs in every part, and being shrouded like a human corpse, is conveyed with funeral solemnity to the cemetery of the place, and interred in the name of the person whose death is desired,

and who, it is believed, will not long survive the performance of these obsequies. This, happily, is not a very common occurrence now, as the English law in India would scarcely tolerate such proceedings; but there is scarcely an Anglo-Indian who could not testify to having come across in his morning walk, especially where two roads cross each other, the remains of a most incongruous collection of articles—a miniature human image in the centre, surrounded by earthen pots of variegated colours, containing rice, barley, and grain of other kinds, interspersed here and there by little oil-lamps, placed in such relative positions to each other as it is calculated will have deep and mysterious consequences. To a stranger, this would present a spectacle which would be merely incomprehensible, yet it is but the simple and ordinary device of a credulous and superstitious people to seek relief from a dangerous or malignant malady from which one near or dear to them is suffering.

Charms and propitiatory offerings are more relied on than medicines in sickness and pestilence; and this offering to the gods, accompanied with many prayers and incantations, is placed on the highway in the implicit belief that the malady of the person in whom they are interested will leave him and take to another; generally supposed to be the first person who comes across this magic collection of articles. Visitations of cholera are attempted to be averted by processions of village maidens carrying garlands of flowers or other offerings to the god presiding over their hamlet. Some years ago, while cholera was virulently raging in the Upper Provinces, a curious case was brought before the magistrates, in which the inhabitants of two neighbouring villages were charged with being concerned in a serious affray. The villagers of one hamlet made a miniature cart, and placing an image, as they supposed, of the cholera in it, they dragged it to the precincts of a neighbouring village, the inhabitants of which, having been forewarned, forcibly resisted the entrance of the unwelcome visitor. Had, however, the little chariot got within their boundaries in spite of their wishes and efforts, they would not have rested till they had dragged it to another village, where probably a similar scene would have occurred.

It may well be supposed that amid so superstitious a people, love-charms and philters of various kinds are believed to have wonderful efficacy, and some of these compounds are of so deleterious a nature that persons partaking of them have been known to die from their effects. Some employ amulets for the purpose of captivating hearts, these talismans being constructed in a variety of ways—one being a tablet, on which is inscribed a magic square, and set as a ring or bracelet; others are written on thin plates of metals, or upon paper folded up and worn upon the person; while a third consists of particular roots, creepers, leaves, &c., gathered with many ceremonials, and tied up in small bags. The efficacy of these charms is based on the idea that certain objects and certain rites and ceremonies have an inherent or mysterious power existing in themselves of producing wonderful results. In Gujerat there are six descriptions of charms or *muntras*—the *marun muntra* has the power of taking away life;

mohun muntra produces ocular or auricular illusions; *stambhun muntra* stops what is in motion; *akershun muntra* calls or makes present anything; *washeksurum muntra* has the power of entrancing; and *oochatrum muntra* of causing bodily injury short of death.

Perhaps it would be paying too great a compliment to even the most enlightened natives of India to suppose that they are wholly free from a superstition that attaches credit to the influence of the Evil eye. On some occasions, it is not proper to look at the party addressed, in case such an opportunity should permit an enemy to cast an evil eye; and it is against all etiquette to remark that a person is looking well or growing fat, since it may be supposed that such excellent condition may excite envy, and that the observation accompanied by a malignant glance would cause the object of it to dwindle and fade. It is believed that a woman who is born upon one of a list of days laid down in the astrological books is a 'poison daughter' or gifted with the evil eye. Such a person is called a *dakin* or witch, and it is supposed that those on whom she casts her eyes suffer as if they were possessed by evil spirits.

In India, no less than in other countries, there has existed, and still exists, a profound belief in the existence and evil influence of witches. Though not very frequent now, at one time cases were brought continually before the magistrates of complaints preferred against reputed sorcerers or witches for damage done in various invisible ways; and sometimes by the poor creatures thus suspected, who were attacked and cruelly used by those who had fancied themselves wronged. At the Agra sessions, some years ago, a case of murder was tried, in which the defence set up was as follows: That the deceased was an enchanter, who by the power of his magic could render a person lifeless, or could afflict him with severe illness; in which latter case, on the relatives supplying him with such sums of money as he demanded, he would again restore the patient to his wonted health and strength. He in this manner extorted money from all, and utterly ruined many of the inhabitants, who, from the awe in which they stood of him, never dared to refuse compliance with his demands, however exorbitant, and were afraid even to lodge complaints against him in court. He was banished from the village, by order of a Panchayet, under a universal persuasion that he practised witchcraft, to the great detriment of the people in the neighbourhood, and was not heard of until six months before the commission of the outrage against him, when he returned to the village, and again commenced the performance of his diabolic arts. 'My son's wife, son, and father,' continued the witness, the mother of the prisoner, 'all fell victims to his fatal spells. He came to our house this morning, and sprinkled a few ashes over the prisoner's father, pronouncing an incantation at the same time; and the latter fell down lifeless. My son having witnessed this act, implored him to restore his father to life; whereupon he threatened him also with immediate death, and quitted the house. On this my son rushed out upon him, dragged him back, and killed him

by repeated blows on the head with a flint stone.

Other witnesses were called, who spoke to the good character of the prisoner, who was much esteemed in the village on account of his mildness of disposition and peaceable demeanour; and on their further examination, they uniformly deposed that the deceased was a powerful encounter, who practised sorcery, to the serious injury of the community, instances of which by his magic spells he had caused their cattle to fall lame, and extorted money from them under the terror which his fearful reputation had inspired. The prisoner was found guilty of murder, and liable to punishment accordingly; but in consequence of the strong provocation he had received, and the suddenness of the act, perpetrated under the conviction that three persons dear to him had been destroyed by spells, in the efficacy of which he implicitly believed, the court considered Sheikh Said's a fit case for mitigation of punishment, and sentenced him to three years' imprisonment.

Persons suspected of being witches have been occasionally subjected to very cruel treatment, especially if the ordeal to which their neighbours have recourse should convict them of the crime. In India, as well as in Europe, it is supposed that a witch will float upon the water; but there are other tests by which their acquaintance with the black-art may be proved. Oil poured in a leaf, with a little rice, forms one of these trials; should the oil run through when the names of the accused are called over, their guilt is established. Similarly, there are numerous ordeals by which a thief may be detected, the one most commonly practised being that of causing the suspected parties to chew rice, an operation which however easy to those who have nothing to fear, becomes difficult to the conscious delinquent, whose mouth, parched and dry, refuses its function; and upon examination, the rice is found whole. Another contrivance, which by some is considered the most effectual method of catching thieves, is to write the names of the persons present, with those of their fathers, in a magic square, drawn upon separate pieces of paper; these are to be folded up and inclosed in boluses made of wheat-flour. A *lota* or brass pot being filled with water, and all the boluses thrown in, the ticket of the thief will come up and float upon the surface.

BENJAMIN BLUNT, MARINER.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

'She still sleeps. How softly and evenly she breathes—like any little child. If it had not been for dear old dad, she would be sleeping bottom deep among the sand and shells at the fathoms of the sea. Once she smiled and murmured some one's name—her husband's. She must love him very much, or she would not snuggle and talk about him in her sleep. I wonder whether I love Phil enough to talk about him in my sleep? I know I often dream about him.'

Speaking thus to herself, Ruth Mayfield softly closed the door of an inner room, and went on

with her preparations for breakfast with as little noise as possible.

She was a pleasant-faced, sun-inbrowned girl of nineteen, with dark sunny eyes, and a wealth of wilful chestnut hair that looked as if it had been ruffled by many a sea-breeze, and would never come quite smooth again. She was the adopted daughter of old Benjamin Blunt, snackbar-owner, and I know not what beside, in the little fishing-hamlet of Drurross-on-Sea. A very pretty picture Ruth made this morning, moving so deftly and quietly about her household duties, with a dark homespun gown, her white apron, her snowy collar with a tiny bow of lavender ribbon at the throat, and with a dove-pink and a sprig of southernwood fastened in the bosom of her dress. Under ordinary circumstances, she would have been singing while going about her work, but there were reasons why she should not sing this morning.

However humble the house of Benjamin Blunt might be, there was about it an air of cosy comfort to which many a more pretentious dwelling could lay no claim. And then it was all so daintily clean, from the quaint old brass candlesticks that glistened on the chimney-piece, to the well-scoured uncarpeted floor, on which a dirty footprint would have seemed a profanation.

The room in which Ruth was laying out breakfast was kitchen and sitting-room in one. At one end of it, a door opened into a good-sized scullery; and at the opposite end, another door opened into a little parlour—a sort of sacred apartment, which was never used above a dozen times a year. Old Ben was proud of his parlour, but he never cared to sit in it; and Ruth was like-minded in the matter. Two other doors opened into bedrooms, for the cottage was only one story high. The room had two broad, low, diamond-paned windows, each of which had a softly-cushioned seat, on which it was pleasant to sit, especially on warm summer afternoons, when the kettle was singing a tune to itself on the hob, and puss was purring on the hearth; to write through the open casement came the mingled scent of many flowers, and the soft humming of marauding bees, with, mayhap, the faint lap of the inflowing tide, as it came creaming and curdling up the tawny sands.

The front door of this room opened into a small porch, which in summer-time was covered with flowering creepers. From the porch you stepped into a wilderness of a garden, where mint and thyme and marjoram and margolds and parsley were mixed with pinks and stocks and sweet-williams and pansies, with lilies and roses of many kinds, in an inextricable confusion, that would have been enough to drive an orthodox gardener mad. From the porch, a pebbled footway led through the garden to a green wooden gate, which gave access to the high-road; on the opposite side of which, a shelving, slingly beach brought you at once to the sands, and so to the verge of a boundless expanse of sea.

On this particular morning, although the sun was shining brightly, and the season was that of early autumn, the casements were close shut, and Ruth's fire would not have done discredit to December; for a sharp-toothed wind was whistling round the cottage; last night's gale had not quite blown itself out, and all the wild

waste of waters, as far as the eye could scan, was still a seething mass of angry, white-tipped waves.

Presently the little green gate was opened by a stalwart, bronzed, good-looking young fellow, dressed in the blue jersey and high boots of a fisherman. His name was Phil Gaylor, and he was Ruth Mayfield's sweetheart. He walked leisurely up the pebbled footway, sniffing at a flower here and there; but the booming of the tide on the beach deadened the sound of his footsteps, and Ruth did not hear him. He laid his hand on the latch, and then apparently changed his mind. Crossing to one of the windows—the one opposite the fireplace—he stooped, and peered through the panes, shading the light from his eyes with one hand as he did so. Ruth was bending over the table, with her back to the window, and did not perceive him. He smiled, and his eyes brightened as he looked. Presently he gave two quick little taps on the glass with his fingers. Ruth started and turned, and shook a warning finger at him, when she saw who was the culprit. Then crossing to the door, she opened it very gently.

'O Phil, how you startled me!' she said.

'Do your roses always come out like that, Ruth, when you are startled?' he asked; and with that, this bold young fisherman drew her to him and kissed her, which made the roses on Ruth's cheeks turn from pink to red.

'Is the Cap. at home?' asked Phil as he plucked a spray of honeysuckle off the porch.

'No; he had his breakfast two hours ago, and went out.'

'I didn't see him as I came along. I've got a message for him; but I daresay it will keep till he comes back.—How is the poor lady who was brought here last night?'

'She is in bed, fast asleep.'

'Plenty of sleep's the best thing for her. But mayn't I come in?'

'Yes, if you will be good and promise only to talk in a whisper.'

'I will be as good as gold; and you know I always did like to talk to you in whispers.'

So Phil was allowed to enter. He seated himself on a three-legged stool by the chimney corner, where he had spent many happy hours already.

'Ah, Phil, how frightened I was last night!' said Ruth, as she handed her sweetheart a steaming cup of fragrant coffee.

'Frightened, dearie—at what?'

'Had I not enough to frighten me, when you and dear old dad were out together in that terrible storm, and I not knowing from one minute to another what might happen?'

'A capful of wind—nothing to make a fuss about.'

'How can you talk in that way, Phil? I have lived here too long not to know that when wind and water fight together as they did last night, we are sure to hear of some poor creatures whose homes will never see them again. Squire Titcombe himself said we had not had such a storm for four winters past.'

'Squire Titcombe's no better than an old woman.'

'Ah, Phil, you can't deceive me in that way. I had just laid the cloth for supper, and was

listening to the noise of the wind and the sea, which seemed to grow more deafening every minute, and was wondering why dad did not come in, when I heard the boom of a gun. I knew what it meant, and for a moment my heart seemed turned to stone. I put aside the curtain, and was peering out into the darkness, when dad opened the door. He looked so quiet and resolute, and had such a bright brave look in his eyes, that I knew something was about to happen. The first thing he did was to get out his water-proof coat and leggings and his old son'-wester. While he was pulling them on, we heard the gun again. "Won't you have some supper, father, before you go out?" I asked. "No; not now—not till I come back," he said. Then he took both my hands in his and drew me to him and kissed me twice very tenderly. The tears came into my eyes; but I bit my lip and kept them back. I should have plenty of time to cry when he had gone. "Don't get downhearted, little one," he said. Then he squeezed my hand very hard, smiled, patted my cheek, and was gone. As he shut the door behind him, the gun sounded again.

'It seemed terrible to be indoors all alone. Presently I drew aside the curtain and put the lamp close to the window. I knew it could be seen a long way out at sea, and I thought that maybe dad might see it from the boat, and that it might hearten him on in what he had set himself to do. Then I put a shawl over my head and went down to the gate; but I had to hold on tight, or the wind would have taken me off my feet. After a time, some fishermen came by with lanterns. I called to them, and they told me that a small schooner had struck on the bar, and that in another hour she would be all in pieces. Said one: "The *Janet's* gone out to the wreck with brave old Ben and Phil Gaylor and half-a-dozen more. It's a bad night to be out in; but neither wind nor weather ever stopped Ben Blunt when there were lives to be saved." Then they went on and were lost in the darkness, and I heard the gun again. After a while, I found myself kneeling down by the lamp at the window, with my shawl over my head, to deaden the din of the storm, praying to heaven to bring back my dear ones safe and sound. Then all at once there was a great rush of wind, and the lamp was blown out, and there in the doorway, by the dim fire-light, I saw you and dad standing with something white in your arms—and I felt nothing, only that both of you were safe!'

Although Ruth had spoken in tones that were scarcely above a whisper, there was a heightened colour in her cheeks as she ceased. Phil gazed at her in undisguised admiration, as indeed he well might.

'They have found out who the lady is,' he said presently. 'They say that her name is Lady Janet Trevor.'

'Lady Janet Trevor! Why, dad's boat is called the *Janet*, and dad was the man who saved her!'

'That he was. If he hadn't said that he was going out to the schooner in his little *Janet*, and called out for volunteers, every soul on board the ship would have been lost.'

'Brave old dad! Nobody but himself knows how many lives he has saved.'

'He has one medal already from the big Society in London. Perhaps they'll send him another for last night's work.'

'And my life, Phil, was one of those that he saved! I always remember that in my prayers.' 'The night he saved you, dearie, he found a daughter.'

'And I a second father.'

'If he was your real father, he couldn't love you better than he does.'

'Who knows it, Phil, better than I do? And my love and duty and obedience are all his, and will be as long as I live.'

'Not all the love, Ruth—not quite all.'

'You and he between you have it all—every morsel.' Then he put into his hands a slice of bread and a toasting-fork.

Phil knew what was expected of him. Kneeling down on one knee and shading his face from the fire with his left hand, he set to work. But one can make toast and talk at the same time.

'I'm going into Deepdale this afternoon,' he said, 'to buy something towards housekeeping. Guess what?'

'A looking-glass, perhaps.'

'A woman's first thought. Guess again.'

'A teapot.'

'No. Try again.'

'I give it up.'

'What do you say to a set of polished fire-irons and a hearthrug?'

'Phil! Only don't burn the toast.'

'Ay, and the hearthrug is a hearthrug, and no mistake. I've had my eye on it for a long time, and now I've made up my mind to buy it.'

'Will it cost much money?'

'Not when you consider the pattern. Fancy! in the middle a great big sunflower, and little sunflowers all round it, with a border of pink dahlias. A sort of hearthrug that seems too splendid ever to put your feet on. You feel as if you wanted to sit at a distance from it, and keep on admiring it ever so long.'

'Why, there won't be its equal in the village.'

'I should think not, indeed.—Then there's a tea-tray as I've set my heart on buying—a Sunday tea-tray.'

'A Sunday tea-tray, Phil?'

'It's a splendid work of art, I can tell you; only fit to be brought out on Sundays and birthdays and when there's company to tea.'

'But what is there painted on it, Phil?'

'A young woman and a young man—as it might be you and me—a walking along a zigzag path, all among the daisies and buttercups, to a church right up in the left-hand corner of the picture. You can tell the church is a long way off, because the steeple's no higher than the young man and the young woman. They're sweethearts, that's what they are—just like you and me. You can't see their faces, because they're going towards the church; but you can tell, from their backs and the way they walk along, that they can't possibly be anything but sweethearts. Anybody can see they've been having a bit of a tiff—not like you and me, Ruth. But there's a stile half a mile farther on,' continued Phil, as he rose to his feet and handed the toast to his sweetheart; 'and what's the stifle there for, I should like to know, if not to give them a chance of kissing and making it up—just like you and me!' And

suiting the action to the word, and before Ruth divined his intentions, she was a prisoner in the strong arms of the young fisherman, and his lips were pressed to hers.

At this moment, the door was opened, and before Ruth could release herself, there stood Benjamin Blunt, his face one broad smile. He was certainly no son of Anak; indeed, as fishermen go, he might be accounted a little man; but what there was of him was nearly all muscle and sinew. He carried his sixty years as though he were not half that age. He had clear-cut aquiline features, and his blue-gray eyes were as keen as the eyes of a hawk. Advancing years had grizzled his hair and beard, but they still curled as naturally as they had curled when he was a youth of twenty. In his younger days, no more daring or skilful harpooner had ever sailed for the Greenland seas. Yet, through all the ups and downs of an adventurous career, he had preserved intact a certain natural freshness of heart and simplicity of character which endeared him to all who came much in contact with him.

'Yo-ho, yo-ho, my hearties!' he cried in a cheery voice; 'is this the way you carry on when the skipper's back's turned? The sooner you two get made one, the better. Matrimony is the only cure for love-making. Before you're wedded, you young fools think you can't get enough of each other. By the time you've been married six months, you'll turn up your noses at one another, and think what fools you were not to keep single for another dozen years.'

'You might have tried matrimony yourself, Cap., you seem to know so much about it,' said Phil, with a sly glance at Ruth.

'Humph! Not such a ninny. Look at me—a gay young bachelor—my own master, and with half the girls of the village in love with me.'

'The gay young spark will be clipping one of these days, Phil, and be bringing home a step-mother younger than myself. Won't I lead her a life!'

'We must buy him a pair of yellow gloves to go counting in.'

'And a walking-stick with a silk tassel.'

'And a pair of shiny boots—a tip-top swell and no mistake.'

'Hush!' said Ruth suddenly. 'We are forgetting all about the poor lady.'

Ben had been looking from one to the other with an amused smile; but the smile died from off his face as he said: 'Ah! how is she by this time, I wonder?'

'When I peeped into the bedroom a little while ago, she was fast asleep.'

'That's her best physic. She'll wake up as lively as a porpus.'

'They do say as how she's a real lady,' remarked Phil.

'A real lady! Why, any simpleton could see with half an eye that she's a real lady.'

'Ah, but I mean a lady with a handle to her name—what they call a lady of title.'

'Lady Janet Trevor,' put in Ruth, in a tone in which admiration and awe were very finely blended.

'What name did you say?' asked Ben with a start.

'Lady Janet Trevor—at least, that's what Phil called her.'

'Lady—Janet—Trevor,' he said, dwelling on each syllable, as though desirous of committing the name to memory.

'Funny, isn't it, dad, that both the lady and the boat in which she was saved from the wreck should be called "Janet?"'

'Oh, very funny, my dear, very,' he replied, not without a touch of pathos in his voice. 'I could almost laugh when I think of it.' He seated himself in his armchair in the corner, and, resting his hands on his knees, sat staring into the fire.

Phil turned to Ruth. 'The lady's husband's down at the *Three Crowns*. He got his arm badly crushed by a spar last night. I went this morning to see how he was. I told him the lady was all right; and the doctor says he may come up and see her as soon as his arm has been dressed.'

'The gentleman coming here!' exclaimed Ruth in dismay.

'Why not? Ben Blunt's cottage is good enough for any gentleman to put his head into.'

'You don't understand. The parlour isn't dusted, and there's not been a fire in it for six weeks. Dear, dear!'

Ben's lips were moving; he was talking to himself. 'Another Janet under my roof! How the Past comes back again!'

A meaning look passed between the young people. Phil turned to the old man. 'And there's a gentleman, Cap., as wants to see you,' he said—'a gentleman with an eyeglass and an uncommon rough head of hair—a gent as seems all arms and legs—who rushes about, asking questions of everybody, and puts down the answers in a little book.' He says he belongs to the *Deepdale* newspaper, and he wants to know all about the wreck.'

'Pity he wasn't aboard the schooner; he'd have known enough about it then,' replied Ben, rousing himself from his abstraction for a moment and then relapsing into it again.

'He asked me what was the schooner's cargo,' continued Phil; 'and when I told him gold-dust and cockatoos, he put it down as serious as a judge.'

Ruth whispered to Phil. 'Try to rouse him and get him to go out with you. He's got one of his melancholy fits coming on.'

'And there's another gent, Cap., at the *Three Crowns* as wants to see you,' said Phil in answer to the appeal, as he laid a hand gently on Mr Blunt's shoulder; 'not the lady's husband, but another. He hasn't much time to spare, because he says he must catch the eleven o'clock train from *Deepdale*. Won't you come, Cap.? The gentleman will be waiting for you.'

'Eh, what gentleman?' asked Ben, lifting his head with a vague far-away look in his eyes. 'Ah, now I recollect. Let us go down and see the gentleman. Perhaps he won't mind giving half a sovereign for poor Jim's widow and little ones.'

'The morning's cold; drink this before you start,' said Ruth, proffering a cup of coffee.

Ben took it without a word; but as he sipped it, he said: 'I think, my dear, as I'm going among the gentry, I ought to put on my stand-up collar and take my umbrella. I should like to appear respectable, you know.'

'Just as you like, dad. But they would think no better of you than they do if you were to wear twenty stand-up collars.'

'But I don't want to wear twenty—I only want to wear one,' he replied a little positively. 'I hope you made it stiff, my dear, because there's nothing more uncomfortable than a stand-up collar as won't stand up.' There was a humorous twinkle in his eyes as he spoke thus. To all appearance, his serious mood had vanished as quickly as it had come. Presently he put down his cup and saucer. 'It won't take me more than a minute to titivate myself,' he said; and with that he went off into his bedroom. And indeed to our pair of lovers it seemed no more than a minute before he was back again, although in reality it was nearer ten.

It was while they were sitting alone together, that Phil suddenly bethought himself of something he had hitherto forgotten. 'My stars and little fishes!' he exclaimed, 'what a memory I must have!' Speaking thus, he dipped his hand into a side-pocket and produced therefrom a locket with a broken chain attached to it. 'I found this pretty thing in the bottom of the boat, this morning,' he said. 'It can't belong to anybody but Lady Janet. You had better give it to her, Ruth, when she wakes up.'

Ruth took the proffered trinket, and turned it over and over admiringly. 'Ain't it pretty, Phil?' she said. 'And see, it opens! and here's the likeness of a lady. What a beautiful face! But how old-fashioned she's dressed! It must have been taken years and years ago. I'll give it to the lady when she gets up.'

She was in the act of putting away the chain and locket on the chimney-piece, when Mr Blunt re-entered the room. In place of his free-and-easy turn-down sailor collar, he had donned a stand-up affair, very high and stiff, to his very evident discomfort. In one hand he carried a small old-fashioned pearl brooch, a silk pocket-handkerchief of a striking pattern, and a pair of black kid gloves; and in the other hand a gingham umbrella of a decidedly Sairey-Gampish appearance.

'Now I've got my collar on, I can't help thinking it must be Sunday,' he said. 'I've actually caught myself a-listening once or twice for the bells; and I was going to put my Prayer-book in my pocket quite natural, when I bethought myself that it wasn't Sunday at all.—Just stick this in somewhere where it will be seen,' he added, as he handed the brooch to Ruth. 'Old Mrs Rudd left it me when she died. It's got a lock of Rudd's hair in it.' Then, while Ruth was pinning the brooch in the bosom of his shirt, he turned to Phil. 'He was quite bald, was Rudd, for many years afore he died. He used to wash his head every morning with the best old Jamaica rum, to try and bring his hair back; but it wouldn't come. At last he took to drinking the rum instead; but he kept bald till the day he died. Poor old Rudd! His last words were: "Just rub your hand atop o' my head, Ben; I feel as if the hair was a-coming fast."—That'll do lively, my dear'—this last remark to Ruth. 'And now, just put this handkerchief in my pocket so as to leave a bit hanging out behind. Now for my gloves.—I never wear 'em, you know, Phil. I couldn't get 'em on, was it to save my life; but

I carry 'em in my hand, and people think I've just taken 'em off.—Now for my umbrella. It isn't often as I go into company; but when I do, I like to go respectable.—Good-bye, poppet; with that he kissed Ruth and patted her lovingly on the cheek. 'We won't be long afore we're back.—Now, Phil.'

Phil was quite ready. 'Morning, Ruth. See you again afore long,' he said.

'Yes, yes; we must try to get half a sovereign for poor Jim's widow and the young uns,' said the elder man to the younger as they crossed the threshold.

Ruth crossed to the window, and watched them go down the garden pathway and turn to the right, on their way to the village. Phil gave her a farewell smile and wave of the hand.

'There's not a man, woman, or child in Duncross that isn't proud of Ben Blunt to-day,' she said to herself as she went back to her duties. 'Listen! There's the fisher lads cheering him as he goes down the street. They'll all grow up braver and better for having a man like dad living among them.'

THE ETIQUETTE OF COURTS.

AN old custom of the Spanish court requires that when a baby is born in the royal family, it shall be officially announced that a 'vigorous' infant has come into the world. The queen of Spain having become the mother of a sickly child which lived only two hours, the Court Journal chronicled the birth and death in the usual way: 'Her Majesty was delivered at three o'clock of a vigorous infant, who died at five.' The *Epoca* of Madrid lately reported that the town-council of Seville, having had an interview with Alfonso XII., 'kissed the feet of His Majesty, and withdrew.' It is not to be supposed that the councillors actually went down on all-fours and kissed the king's boots as if he were the Pope; but etiquette demanded that they should be said to have done so, because a town-council does not stand on the same level of dignity as the Cortes, whose members are supposed to kiss hands when they take leave. The three letters B.S.P. (*beso sus pies*), which mean, 'I kiss your feet,' are still used by gentlemen in Spain when signing letters addressed to ladies, and by subjects to their king. The letters B.S.M. (*beso sus manos*), which are used by men writing to men, and by ladies to ladies, would seem too cavalier from a gentleman to a lady, and downright impertinence from a subject to his sovereign.

One of the chief reasons of the Duke d'Aosta's unpopularity during the brief reign which he closed with a voluntary abdication, was, that he would take no pains to study the complicated etiquette of the Escurial, but sought to introduce simple manners in a country where even beggars drape themselves proudly in their tattered mantles and address one another as 'Señor Caballero.' He one day told a muleteer, with whom he had stopped to talk on a country road under a broiling

sun, to put on his hat; forgetting that by the fact of ordering a subject to cover himself in the royal presence, he created him a Grantee. Marshal Prim, who was standing by, hastily knocked the muleteer's head-dress out of his hand, and set his foot upon it, at the same time offering the man some gold; but the muleteer, who was mortally offended, spurned the money; and a few days later, when Prim was assassinated, a rumour was circulated among the people—but without truth, it seems—that the mortified individual who had narrowly missed becoming a Grantee was an accessory to the crime. On another occasion, King Amadeo inconsiderately addressed a groom of his in the second person singular as *tu*. Happily, the man was an Italian; for, as a court chamberlain represented to His Majesty, a Spaniard spoken to with this familiarity might have claimed that the monarch had dubbed him cousin—that is, had embezzled him. Another thing which the much-worried Italian Prince had to learn was that a Spanish king must not sign any letter to a subject with any friendly or complimentary formula, but must simply write: *Yo El Rey* ('I the King').

Etiquette is the code of rules by which great people keep lesser ones in proper respect. Prince Bismarck when a boy was rebuked by his father for speaking of the king as 'Fritz.' 'Learn to speak reverently of His Majesty,' said the old Squire of Varzin, 'and you will grow accustomed to think of him with veneration.' Young Bismarck laid the advice to heart, and to this day the great Chancellor always lowers his tone and assumes a grave worshipful look when he alludes to the Kaiser. If a message is brought to him from the Emperor by word of mouth, or in writing, he stands up to receive it. When a wedding takes place at the Prussian court, it is the practice for all the state dignitaries to form a candle-procession—that is to say, that ministers, chamberlains, high-stewards, take each a silver candlestick with a lighted taper in their hands, and conduct the bride and bridegroom round the ballroom, where guests are assembled, and thence into the Throne-room, where the pair do homage to the sovereign. At the first royal wedding which occurred after the Chancellor had been promoted to the dignity of Prince and Highness, Bismarck failed to appear in the candle-procession, and court gossips quickly concluded that he now thought himself too great a man to take part in a semi-menial ceremony. The truth was, however, that the Chancellor had been seized with a sudden attack of gout; and at the next wedding he was careful to silence all carpers by carrying his candle bravely like other ministers.

Prince Gortschakoff was always equally careful to observe the minutest points of etiquette in his relations with the late Czar and the imperial family. Lord Dufferin, asking him whether the Emperor's cold was better, was rather startled to hear him answer in a reverent voice, with his head bent and his eyes half-closed: 'His Majesty has deigned to feel a little better this morning.' The Duke de Morny said of Gortschakoff that he seemed to purr when he talked of any creature at court, 'even of the Grand Duchess Olga's monkey.' But possibly this imperturbable obsequiousness is appreciated by the rulers of this

earth, for Gortschakoff remained prime-minister throughout the whole of the late Emperor's reign.

The etiquette as to the precedence of ambassadors at court was happily settled once and for all by the Congress of Vienna in 1815, which decided that ambassadors and ministers were to take rank by seniority according to the dates of their appointments. By courtesy, however, the representative of the Pope is always allowed to hold the first place in the diplomatic body and to act as its spokesman. Before 1815, the wrangles between envoys about precedence were incessant, and the servants of rival legations very often came to blows and blood-shedding to determine whose coach should go first in a state pageant. In 1818 the French artist Isabey having been commissioned to paint a picture of the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, was sorely exercised in grouping his plenipotentiaries so as to offend none of them. He was particularly perplexed in settling who was to be the central figure of the picture. Prince Talleyrand, the representative of France, insisted on having the place of honour; and Isabey, as a Frenchman, desired to give it him. On the other hand, the arbiter of the Congress was the Duke of Wellington; and Isabey, being a conscientious worker, wanted his picture to be historically as well as artistically correct. At last he hit upon the really happy thought of putting Talleyrand in the centre of the group, while making him and all the other plenipotentiaries face towards the door to greet the Duke of Wellington, who was walking in. Nowadays, diplomats, though no longer so touchy about the places they are to fill in banquets and pictures, still hold tightly to some privileges which are hardly in keeping with the spirit of the age. Not only envoys themselves but their servants are free from arrest in the countries where they reside, and an assault committed on an envoy's servant is regarded as an injury done to the envoy himself. It was only fourteen years ago that Baron Turgot, being French minister to Madrid, wrote indignantly to his government: 'I have this day received a kick in the back of my servant.' The servant had been molested during the riots that followed the overthrow of Isabella II.; but an apology and fine were demanded pretty much as if the minister himself had been kicked.

It is in consequence of the minute etiquette which regulates the intercourse of crowned heads with one another, that sovereigns when they pay private visits to other states are said to travel incognito. By doing this, they avoid the pompous receptions, the firing of guns, &c., to which they would have to submit if they journeyed under their proper titles. When the Queen goes to the continent, she is called Duchess of Lancaster, and foreign dignitaries who approach her are expected not to address her as Your Majesty. This rule of etiquette is not always observed; but those who think that they are doing honour to the Queen by transgressing it are quite mistaken; for to ignore a sovereign's incognito is to be guilty of a piece of rudeness which would be promptly resented if committed by any person who was supposed to be in a position to know better. It makes an enormous difference to equestries, ladies-in-waiting, and maids of honour, whether they are travelling with a Duchess or a Queen. A Queen must not be spoken to unless she first

speaks, and persons ought not to speak to one another in her presence. Nobody can sit down in a room where the Queen is without being requested to do so; in the open air, men must remain bareheaded when addressed by Her Majesty, and must not come nearer than three paces to her person. All these rules are relaxed when the Queen travels in some less august capacity, and then the ladies and gentlemen of her escort behave in her presence as they would in that of any other lady.

The man who would be perfect in the knowledge of court-ways has a great deal to learn about the times and circumstances when he may or may not do this and that. Two seasons ago, during a garden-party at Buckingham Palace, an American couple caused a sensation by pressing forward and shaking the Queen's hand. They might have done this without any great impropriety if they had met the Duchess of Lancaster at Nice; and indeed when the Duchess of Lancaster holds out her hand, it would be a solecism in manners to kiss it as if it were the hand of a queen.

There are things in the etiquette of courts which may seem insignificant to most people, but are by no means so in the eyes of Princes and Princesses. Whether mourning shall be worn during seven days or fourteen for the ruler of a neighbouring state; whether a court may wear mourning for two or three Princes concurrently, or whether each must be honoured with a separate term of mourning—are questions which cannot always be settled without creating a little soreness. The custom of cumulative mourning has had to be adopted because the reigning families of Europe now form a very large clan, all of whose members are more or less connected with one another by marriage, so that kings and courtiers would have to wear black nearly all the year round, if they mourned for all their deceased relations. Accordingly, it is not usual to take official notice of a royal death until the formal announcement of it has been made by an envoy; and when several deaths have occurred, it is arranged that different envoys shall all present their *notifications de décès* on the same day.

The pettiest Princes are of course those who are most liable to take offence if any customary mark of respect is omitted towards them. One of these visiting Windsor, was observed to be very sorrowful, not to say sulky. Sir Charles Phipps, who was the Queen's Secretary at the time, and who was always very attentive to see that the guests at the Castle were well pleased, asked one of the Prince's suite what was the matter with His Highness. It turned out that H.S.H. was miserable because when Her Majesty received him, he had not seen her wearing the insignia of an Order for ladies which he had created. The reason of this was that, by some oversight, the box containing the insignia had been left at Balmoral. But the Queen, with her usual kindness of heart and strict regard for all the courtesies of her station, at once ordered that a telegram should be sent to Garrard's, the court jeweller's; and in the course of a few hours she received a new star and ribbon, which she wore at dinner that evening. The fact that Her Majesty should have been so careful to avoid giving the slightest cause of offence to a Prince

of no very high standing, shows that, at court, etiquette has to be studied as assiduously as a science, and practised almost as devoutly as a religion.

AN ANTIDOTE TO SILK-ADULTERATION.

In those days of keen competition in every department of trade, it becomes daily more desirable by the compression and simplification of initial processes, to reduce the first cost of raw material to the smallest possible figure. Sometimes, as in the case of the fibres of commerce, such manipulation proves successful, inasmuch as the article so treated is presented to the manufacturer cheaper than formerly, and without any deterioration in quality. On other occasions, cheapness, or rather reduction in price only, is achieved. In the latter category, silk may be placed. For many years past, this beautiful substance has, from no inherent defect or shortcoming of its own, been one of the shuttlecocks of trade. Attacked by a variety of fall diseases, the silkworms of Europe have during the past quarter of a century been annually slain by millions, so that the crop of silk has gradually dwindled to about one-sixth of what it attained during the height of its prosperity. Fortunately, those maladies have at length been checked, and the industry seems now within hail of returning fortune.

Meanwhile, in the difficult attempt to spread a diminished supply over more than its previous area without a sensible advance in price, adulterations and fraudulent dealing have crept in, so that our sisters, wives, and daughters tell us that the yard of silk lately sold over the draper's counter was as little worthy of being compared, in toughness and wearing qualities, with the same article, to all appearance, vended a dozen or fifteen years ago, as a sheet of blotting-paper is comparable to a skin of parchment. Adulterations of any kind are indefensible; nevertheless a few of those introduced into fabrics are looked upon by the public, under the circumstances, with a somewhat lenient eye. To some of the silk-adulterants, however, no quarter should be given. 'Charged silk' is the name applied to that material when treated with certain astringents, such as catechu, which enable it to retain and retain sometimes as much as three hundred per cent. of dye, but at the expense of honest dealing, and at the terrible risk of spontaneous combustion at some unlooked-for moment. Another fraudulent process even more reprehensible—actually protected by patent at the time of its introduction—was that of soaking silk thread or yarn in a bath of acetate of lead, and when dry, treating the hanks or skeins with hydrosulphuric acid. Sulphuret of lead, to the extent sometimes of twenty-three per cent., was found to have been deposited, and the adulteration not being distinguishable by the eye, suspicion remained unexcited; whilst the chemical application, combined with the first-mentioned fraud, added enormously to the weight, imparting a sense of substance, an air of strength, and a look of superiority wholly fictitious. The effects upon persons who used such poisoned thread were occasionally dismal in the extreme.

Some few years ago, the *Montreal Journal of Commerce* cited a case where all the girls in a dressmaker's establishment in that city were,

along with the principals, suddenly seized with painter's colic—many of them afterwards losing their teeth—traced to the foolish female habit of biting off the ends of silk-thread at the termination of seams, which in this instance had been impregnated with lead. The hours of labour and the workrooms in which many seamstresses toil are too frequently not so limited or so salubrious that such an apparently trifling affair as the poison from the end of a silk-thread may with impunity be neglected. The effects of lead in the system in minute quantity may be slow in evincing themselves, but they are insidious and cumulative; and years of nibbling at thread impregnated with this metal may culminate in paralysis, or abruptly end in premature death. Fortunately, the means of detecting this particular fraud are both easy and inexpensive. In order to prove a sample, it is only necessary to place a fragment or two of the suspected thread in a test tube or clear glass phial; moisten with water acidulated with a few drops of strong vinegar or acetic acid, and adding a driblet of iodide of potassium. Should lead be present, a golden-coloured deposit of iodide of lead will immediately betray the sophistication.

If much of the adulteration of silk may be chargeable against our lively neighbours on the other side of the English Channel, it is but fair to chronicle that it is to some distinguished Frenchmen that we owe the suggestion of an interesting antidote, namely, coaxing the silkworm to become its own dyer, thereby at least throwing obstacles in the path of the gaulier. When a visitor to the London Docks, or else where, happens to see a consignment of raw silk, he will likely note that the prevailing colour is yellow, although there are other natural tints besides. We receive pure white silk from Syria; an almost colourless variety from the *Burao gloeo* worm; nearly white silk from the *meanicoorce* insect; and a delicate gray filament from the *altas* grub—all belonging to India. From China, Japan, Persia, and Sicily come chiefly golden-yellow silk; whilst India yields a similar colour in addition to those just alluded to. Add to these the lawn-tinted silk of Northern China, evolved by a gigantic worm which subsists upon the leaves of the mountain-oak, and the pearl-gray product of the *Attacus cythia*, fed upon alanthus leaves, and the list of natural colours found in raw silk will be nearly exhausted. Now, if we eliminate the pure whites, nearly whites, and delicate grays from our catalogue, which, indeed, can hardly be regarded as colours, yellow in various shades may be said to form at present the only primary natural colour possessed by the raw silk of commerce; hence the necessity for extensive dyeing, and hence one of the openings for fraud.

Viewing the matter probably somewhat in this light, M. Roulin, about the year 1876, or probably a little earlier, conducted a long series of experiments, and at length succeeded in obtaining pale blue cocoons through the administration of minute allowances of indigo to his silkworms along with their mulberry-leaf food a short time before they began to spin. Encouraged by this little triumph, he proceeded to strive for other naturally produced colours, and after much research and many disappointments, got red

cocoons by feeding with the leaves of the *Bignonias* *chier*, or trumpet-flower of the Orinoco, one of an order furnishing the most gorgeous climbers known to botanists. Pleased and animated by such a prosperous commencement, he intended going further; and it is to be hoped that his patience and skill have ere this been rewarded by additional discoveries.

About the same date, another ingenious inquirer, Ruimet des Tallis, found that ruby-tinged silk could be obtained by feeding silkworms for a time on a variety of vine; and deep emerald-hued cocoons by the partial use of lettuce-leaves. Those interesting discoveries, owing probably to the long-continued but now almost subdued silkworm maladies, seem, unfortunately, not to have been followed up to a practical issue. Sericulturists had been too much occupied in trying to save eggs for succeeding seasons, or in stamping out the various diseases, to attend to what, after all, must have appeared, under the alarming circumstances, a matter of minor importance. But it is to be hoped that the results of all such experiments will now be collected into a focus, and that the time is not far distant when the silkworm will be permanently established as its own dyer, and so help to reduce if not to defeat future austerities. In any case, it is interesting to learn that the promoters of the combined industries of Tea-planting and Silk-production, or chasericulture as it is now termed, in New Zealand, intend to push forward this important line of research as opportunities occur, the variety of floral wealth and magnificent climate there offering facilities which seem to point towards a brilliant result.

TWO EXAM. ANECDOTES.

A CORRESPONDENT writes us as follows: In the Christmas week of 1871 I was undergoing my final examination at one of the London colleges. I must mention that it was at the same time that His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was battling with typhoid fever at Sandringham, and the heart of the whole nation was round that sick-bed; even medical students, harassed and fatigued by an examination which extended over five days, used to find time, morning and evening, to rush to the General Post-office and read the latest bulletins.

My exam. was over, and I was sitting in comparative comfort, listening to the answers of a Bartholomew's man who followed me, and whose cool self-confidence I greatly envied.

The examiner took him on the treatment of typhoid; and after the candidate had exhausted all the means of treatment he could think of, without satisfying his questioner, the latter said: 'Have you never heard of the treatment by cold baths?'

'Certainly I have, sir,' replied the candidate; 'but the treatment is so very novel, that I scarcely thought it worth mentioning.'

'Nonsense!' retorted the great physician; 'I have been using it with the best results at the Hospital.'

The Bart.'s man replied that, in spite of that, he should hesitate to adopt it in private practice, as in case of a fatal result occurring from any other cause, it would infallibly be attributed to

the new treatment, and damage the practice. The examiner demurring to this, the young man at length said: 'Pardon me, sir; but if the Prince of Wales were under your care now, do you think you would feel inclined to treat him with cold baths?'

The examiner looked annoyed for a moment, then began to smile, then to laugh outright at the man's impudence; and at last, shrugging his shoulders, replied good-naturedly: 'Well, upon my word, I am not quite certain that I should.'

More recently, at another London Examining Board, a young fellow was asked what incision he would make in commencing a certain operation on the knee-joint. Though he had done well in other subjects, he came to utter grief in this, and described an operation such as no man had ever heard of. The examiner asked him what surgeon he had seen perform this wonderful feat; and he, with most unblushing effrontery, mentioned the name of Mr H——, a celebrated man, who happened, though unnoticed by him, to be in the room at the time.

Mr H—— doubtless received a goodly measure of mild 'chaff' from his examining brethren on the subject of his supposed operation; for when all was over, the delinquent was horrified to find the well-known surgeon 'making for' him in the entrance hall. After an ineffectual attempt to escape, he resigned himself to his fate. 'I believe, sir,' said the great man, 'you are the gentleman who described an excision of the knee just now up-stairs?'

A stammering attempt at an apology was the only answer.

'Never mind that, sir—never mind that,' interrupted Mr H——. 'I have no doubt you thought you had a perfect right to make the best of your case; but if at any future time you should have occasion to describe an operation of that sort, pray, don't say you saw me perform it. That's all. Good-day, sir.'

The offender passed his examination, which was more than he had hoped for, and, I think, quite as much as he deserved.

I think your readers will agree with me that these anecdotes show the courtesy and good-nature of our British examiners in a very strong degree.

FOR THE XV. NOCTURNE, BY F. CHOPIN.

A MONTH of green and tender May,
All woods and walks awake with flowers,
Wide, sun-lit meadows for the day,
And moon-bathed paths for evening hours.
A bright brief dream that had no past,
And of the future knew no fear;
A kiss at first, a sigh at last—
Only last year.

Another spring, dim loveless woods;
No farewell kiss, no parting tear;
No stone to mark where silence broods
O'er the dead love we found so dear.
But oh, to me the green seems gray,
The budding branches all are sere,
For sweet love's sake, that died one day,
Only last year.

R. NESBITT.

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ARTFUL DODGES.

THE truth of the aphorism that 'Crime does not pay,' is so generally recognised and so frequently made evident, that one is almost tempted to wonder at the existence of criminals at all. For although it is sometimes said that the clever rogues are those who are never found out, yet it may safely be asserted that a career of crime generally leads to detection and punishment, whether the evil-doer be skilful in evasion of the law or not; and since a wrongful act successfully executed is almost certain to encourage its perpetrator to a repetition of it when an opportunity arises, one may assume that malpractices are more likely to become habitual, and to entail their just reward through the carelessness bred of immunity, in the case of clever knaves than of clumsy ones. Nevertheless, there seems to be some terrible fascination with a certain class of people in dishonesty for its own sake.

The ingenuity displayed in some of the instruments devised by coiners and burglars, often involving the application of elaborate scientific principles, and the patient industry and perseverance with which nefarious schemes are matured and carried out, are qualities which, in their legitimate exercise, would realise for their possessor an income beyond any gains that his unlawful endeavours can bring, even were these devoid of risk and not liable to failure. We read, for instance, of a clipping-machine by means of which the body of a sovereign is separated from the 'milled' rim which encircles it, a thin slice cut out of the centre, leaving the two faces intact, the loss supplied by an amalgam, and the coin then dexterously put together again so that neither the weight nor the 'ring' of it is greatly altered. One would imagine that the amount of gold thus obtained would hardly cover the working expenses; at best, the profit must yield a much lower percentage on the invested capital than what it would return in honest business.

It is surprising also to note what a charm small frauds have for people not usually included

in the criminal classes; and nowhere is this exemplified to a greater extent than in the passion for petty smuggling which seems inherent in the breast of travelling humanity. Men who would scorn to make an imperfectly obliterated postage-stamp do duty a second time, and whose integrity in all other affairs of life is unimpeachable, will plot and plan all sorts of cunning devices by which they may cheat Her Majesty's Custom-house, and will even spend more in 'tips' to elude the vigilance of the officers in 'running' cigars and spirits which they do not want, than they would have to pay for legal duty. Possibly the law's delay—or the delay which it occasions—may afford some cause, if not excuse for this; the weary waiting and vexation of soul attending the baggage-search being the most disagreeable incident of a voyage.

Marvellous are the dodges which have been resorted to in this connection. Stuffed animals in glass cases have exhibited, on dissection by inquisitive tide-waiters, a beautiful adaptation of the taxidermist's art to the tobacco-merchant's interests; weakened black and tan terriers have been enveloped with yards of rich, delicate lace, wound round their bodies, and, provided with a shaggy outer skin, have, in the guise of fat poodles, been carried ashore in the arms of their affectionate owners. Ladies' chignons and Spanish onions have formed receptacles for gold watches and precious stones. A list of all the things which have been 'hollowed out' with intent to deceive would make a catalogue as long as one of Messrs Christie and Manson's. We often meet with baser metals coloured or plated to counterfeit gold; but for the purpose of evading import duty, solid gold vases and other ornaments have been bronzed over and packed carelessly amongst straw in rough crates, like iron pots and kettles. Occasionally, through some mishap, these bronzed articles appear to have gone astray, masquerading through society in their humble character for a considerable time before their real value has been discovered, and meeting with many curious adventures. A

similar method of concealment, however, was practised with regard to gold plate in olden times, when the sacking of monasteries, and high-handed confiscation of wealth in all quarters, were in vogue.

Tobacco, unmanufactured or in the shape of cigars, and spirituous perfumes are more frequently brought to light from strange hiding-places by the excise searchers than any other forbidden fruit; and the would-be smuggler must have all his wits about him nowadays to effect his object. False-bottomed boxes are quite out of date; though a cage of innocent-looking pigeons from Antwerp proved on examination the other day to be thickly carpeted with cakes of tobacco, over which a quantity of gravel and corn, appropriate to the feathered occupants, had been strewn.

Mr Frank Buckland used to relate an anecdote of a traveller coming from America who 'passed' some hundreds of cigars successfully through the Liverpool Custom-house by placing a live rattlesnake in the chest to mount guard over them. Evasion of the law in this particular has brought its own punishment more than once; for men who have padded themselves with tobacco underneath their clothing have died from absorption of the nicotine. Spirits are rarely smuggled by stratagem, owing to their low value in comparison with bulk and weight, and the difficulty of stilling the characteristic bubbling 'clink' of a liquid when shaken; and the coastguard preventive service has well-nigh demolished the old trade of landing large quantities from boats. Certain jars or kegs, labelled 'Specimens—with great care—To the Curator of the British Museum,' have turned out to be full of the best French brandy, in which the enterprising naturalist to whom they belonged had immersed a few thin leather effigies of serpents and fish; but heavy penalties and reduced tariffs of duty render this illicit traffic far less profitable than it used to be. During the Civil War in the States, the sutlers were forbidden to introduce spirits into some of the camps, but 'preserved fruits' were allowed, until those delicacies assumed the form of one small peach in a quart bottle of whisky, when all such luxuries were prohibited. Looking nearer home, perhaps cherry-brandy does not always contain so large a proportion of garden-produce as the harmless reputation which that liquor popularly enjoys would imply.

An artful dodge came to the knowledge of the assay authorities a short time ago, and has caused them to modify to a great extent the indulgence hitherto shown to manufacturing jewellers in assaying the quality of and stamping unfinished articles. Chains with hollow links, and brooches or bracelets consisting of a mere shell of gold—such as are often honestly sold for what they are—would be sent in, the purity of the metal ascertained, and the component parts of the ornament hall-marked accordingly. But before exposing them for sale, the worthy makers hit upon the plan of filling these golden cases with lead, thereby increasing their weight a hundred-fold, and the profit realised upon them proportionately, making due deduction for the value of the workmanship, which of course would remain

unaltered. Though this is just as indefensible as any other form of adulteration or imposture, it is attended with the unusual feature, that in all probability the victim will never discover the fraud or be mentally the worse for it!

Some of the expedients which professional thieves adopt compel something very nearly akin to admiration by the mixture of cunning, daring, and close observance of human nature which they manifest—at all events, they appear absolutely respectable beside the brutal robberies with violence which so frequently occur. A gentleman with a valuable watch or well-filled purse or pocket-book is marked and followed. Very likely he has himself bespoken the attention of the light-fingered fraternity to the fact of his possession by the nervous care with which his hand protects it as he hurries along. He stops to look into a shop-window; a persistent fly—attached to a loop of silk—seems to tickle his ear; he raises his hand once or twice to brush it away, and watch, purse, or pocket-book is gone, even though the coat be slit to obtain it. 'Stop, thief!' he shrieks. So does that quiet young man who happened to be gazing into the same shop, giving energetic chase to some wholly unconscious individual a quarter of a mile off—very likely holding him until the bereft one arrives, 'to see if he can identify him,' and perhaps getting a small reward for his trouble! Should he be collared on suspicion by some ruthless policeman who chances to have enjoyed the honour of his acquaintance previously, he stands in but little danger, unless any bystander has actually seen him do the deed, for no trace of the stolen property is found upon him. What has become of it, then? It was dropped, three seconds after its abstraction, into the umbrella of a guileless-looking individual with the aspect and attire of a country parson, up in town for a week's sight-seeing and roaming in an unaccustomed manner through the crowded streets. But thieves, when pursued, have before now escaped with their booty upon them by the cool adroitness with which they themselves joined in the chase.

That laudanum and other soporific drugs should be administered for the purposes of robbery, one can understand readily enough, though, in all probability, the frequency and facility with which this is done have been greatly exaggerated. The quantity which is necessary to produce the complete and immediate insensibility we read about, would render a cup or glass of any liquid with the natural flavour of which the imbiber was familiar, extremely nauseous; while the only tasteless powders which figure so prominently in these tales, are intensely powerful alkaloids, used with great caution even by physicians, and not likely to be within the reach of ordinary pickpockets. Of course, it sounds much better for a man who has had the misfortune to lose his watch and chain, to say that his liquor was drugged, than to be obliged to recount the fact of his having casually met two or three jovial fellows, who plied him until he lapsed into alcoholic somnolence pure and simple. Granting, however, that opium or chloral may sometimes be employed in this way, what are we to say to those cases where the victim smells some queer odour emanating from a pocket-handkerchief and

remembers nothing more? Medical men do not find the administration of chloroform, ether, bichloride of methylene, or any other anæsthetic by any means so easy, where all the conditions are favourable and the patient voluntarily submits to the inhalation; violent delirium and excitement very frequently precede unconsciousness, rendering it necessary to restrain the limbs by physical force. Those instances in which mesmeric influence is alleged to have been brought to bear on unwilling subjects by thieves, are still less comprehensible.

There are certain churches in London where the body of the edifice is allotted to the pew-holders who constitute the regular congregation; while the galleries are free, and are generally occupied by chance comers, attracted by particular services or preachers. The collection bag or plate is passed around in the usual manner among the sitters below; but a churchwarden stands at each exit to the gallery, as the people are leaving, to receive such offerings as the occasional worshippers may be pleased to give. In one of these churches—situated at no great distance from the three railway termini which communicate with the North—an awkward man stumbled in descending the stairs, and falling against the plate-holder, scattered the collection already received—for the clumsy individual was one of the last to depart—over the floor. He was profuse in his apologies, trusted that he had not hurt the churchwarden, explained 'how it was' that he happened to slip, jumped about with a great show of alacrity in assisting to pick up the coins, and finally, with renewed excuses and effusive offers to make good any loss, if such had occurred and the amount could be stated, took his leave. But alas! if his feet did not, like those of Tennyson's heroines, set a jewel-print in the earth upon which they trod, they shed a jingling shilling and a sixpence upon the stone steps outside, and led to their owner performing his devotions for many a Sunday afterwards in the chapel of Holloway jail. Whilst in church, he had thickly smeared the fore-part of the soles of his boots with prepared wax, walked downstairs upon the heels, and by his ingenious manoeuvre had silvered his feet with the offertory!

Those who deal in precious stones or metals, whether in the rough state or manufactured as articles of jewellery, are naturally more exposed to the schemes of artful dodgers than most people, and it is extraordinary to see how, when they are equal to every stratagem that cunning can evolve, they are sometimes taken in by bold, blushing, naked impudence. Only the other day, a respectably dressed young man called upon a well-known firm of jewellers in the Strand and requested to see the principal on business. Shown into the private office, he stated that he had a valuable *parure* of diamonds, the worth of which he wished to have assessed, with a view to disposing of it, if he could obtain a fair price. The jeweller was willing to entertain the negotiation; and the applicant departed, promising to return with the specified articles for examination an hour later. He immediately proceeded to a diamond-merchant in Regent Street, where he represented himself as being in the employ of Messrs So-and-so—the firm whose premises he had just

quitted—saying they wished to purchase a necklace of stones of a certain value, and requesting that samples might be sent at once—no unusual or suspicious order, but an affair which might occur any day in the ordinary course of trade. Some necklaces of brilliants were selected and placed in a case; and the supposed messenger, with a confidential clerk in charge of the diamonds, took a cab, and were driven forthwith to the Strand. 'Wait a moment,' said the swindler, who got out first; 'I'll just see if the governor is disengaged,' and went in, leaving the clerk and the diamonds in the vehicle. The governor *was* disengaged, and consented to a private interview and consideration of the *parure* at once, the young man returning to the cab *without his hat* to fetch the parcel, which he had left in charge of a friend. 'Come along!' said he to the unsuspecting clerk. 'Mr — is at liberty, and will see you immediately;' at the same time taking the case of jewels from the other in the most natural manner possible, and preceding him bareheaded, with all the confidence of an inmate of the house, towards the master's office. At the threshold of that apartment he paused, politely holding the door open for the clerk to enter first, at the same time introducing him by name. The instant the misguided man had passed him, our friend turned, slipped out at the house-door, which opened into a side-street, and vanished, diamonds and all! Here, there must not only have been an intimate knowledge of the premises and the habits of those who were thus unconsciously made to do duty as lay-figures in the accomplishment of the trick, but efficient co-operation of confederates outside must have existed, or the spectacle of a hatless man, otherwise well clothed, would certainly have excited attention and led to arrest.

As for the substitutions of paste for precious crystal, there is scarcely any jeweller who has not been deceived at some time or other, and many could furnish the materials for a dozen curious romances of real life from the attempts at this imposture which have occurred within their experience. Some of the biggest rascals with whom they have to deal are the non-Jews for the most part—who buy up objects of value for the purpose of breaking them up, and selling the stones, metal, &c. which result from the process, to working gold and silver smiths for re-manufacture. If these individuals are crafty in selling, it may well be imagined that they are not over-nice in their buying. That they ask no questions of promiscuous vendors is of little importance, since they are astute enough, as a rule, to decline transactions which they perceive they possibly compromise them. But a gold article taken behind a screen to be 'tested' is easily made to appear as nothing but gilded silver, to any one ignorant of these details, by the application of a little quicksilver to one spot, and a contemptuous valuation coincidently. One of these worthies had a pair of scales which had long been suspected, though they were used under the eyes of the customer, and had been subjected to repeated examinations without anything wrong being detected. At last, it was found that underneath each tray was a piece of soft iron, made magnetic at will by the completion of an electric current. This was managed by pressure of the

right or left foot upon one of two buttons underneath the counter; and so, although the balance of the beam was perfect, the operator could cause either scale—according as he was buying or selling—to descend prematurely at his pleasure.

ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOT.

CHAPTER XIX.—MRS TUCKER'S LAWYER.

'Now, My Lady—"Your Ladyship" you shall be to me, and to us true Devonshire hearts down-stairs. Now, miss—My Lady—we've laid our heads together in the basement here, and I, as bein' the oldest servant, naturally took the lead, and so we've made our minds up. Breaks my heart, it does, begging pardon for the liberty, to see you, deary, driving away in Sir Pagan's brougham, hunting after lawyers, and not getting 'em, covetous creatures! You're laughing at me now, for an old goose, and quite right too.'

It was worthy Mrs Tucker, the old housekeeper, who spoke, with what entire honesty and sincerity of purpose only those who have had to do with the waning class of loyal, old-world servants can thoroughly appreciate. It had been but a smile, not a laugh, that her words had summoned to the lips of that young creature, whose life was so solitary beneath the shelter of her brother's roof-tree. Now she rose, and kissed the kind old woman's wrinkled cheek. 'You have done me good,' she said with a sense of evident relief. 'I feel sometimes, do you know, as if I should go mad here—it is so lonely, and all I meet with is distrust.'

Mrs Tucker could not repress a little sob. At anyrate, that sister of Sir Pagan Carew's who dwelt in the gloomy Bruton Street house that had belonged to her grandfather and her great-grandfather, had made a conquest of her brother's household. Old Mrs Tucker the housekeeper had been the first convert; and every man and maid, born and reared in Devon, and vassals, so to speak, to the broken-down, ever-honoured House of Carew, would have faced the ordeals of fire and water, on what seemed to be the losing side. James in shabby livery, Bob and Tom in the stables, were willing any day to tuck up their dingy cuffs and try fistic conclusions with the magnificent powdered footmen of Leominster House that their fair candidate was the true one, and the reigning sovereign a counterfeit. 'Kept out of her rights!' The very phrase was enough to appeal to that honest, thoroughly natural and human hatred of injustice which is the most sincerely felt among the lower and the less taught classes, which has been the stock-in-trade of many an impostor, which made Cade master of London, and to this hour flings a sentimental halo around the Man in the Iron Mask.

'Now, My Lady,' resumed Mrs Tucker, 'we've

been turning the matter over; and James, which his uncle Guppy was a master-builder at Heavitree near Exeter, and Susan, whose stepfather keeps the Bull at Sidmouth, have said what they thought; and two very tidy legal gentlemen, I am sure, they knew of. But all agreed that my lawyer—Lawyer Sterling—see how he behaved about my poor husband Stephen Tucker's bit o' property; and what a jewel of a man he proved to my poor only son Ned, that died out in Guate-Gnava there. I never can pronounce the name of it, but it's a hot place in South America, where the sun is always like the kitchen-fire, and where my poor boy was mining-engineer, and sickened of broken-heart and yellow-fever. It was owing to Mr Sterling that he died in peace and comfort, so he wrote me with his own slinky hand—that used to be so firm—because of the remittances; for they had clapped him into prison, the Dons had—so he said—because he was an Englishman and a foreigner; and his employers had run away, and the water couldn't be pumped out—and so the rest of my poor husband's money made his latter end comfortable, My Lady!' summed up old Tucker, wiping her eyes.

The gist of the old housekeeper's well-meant advice was, as was presently discerned, that there lived in London a very sensible, kind, and honest solicitor, learned in the law, whose name was Sterling, whose reputation was high, 'though he's one of us, miss, only by the mother's side, which she was a Wharton, of Clovelly; and if that isn't a Devonshire woman, what is!' explained Mrs Tucker, commencing in a deprecating fashion, and ending triumphantly; 'for, otherwise, Mr Sterling is a York-shireman. Chancery Lane he lives in, and both North and South go to him; and if he can help 'em, he does do it.'

Such good advice was not to be slighted; though the timid offer which followed—'And as lawyers must be paid, if seventy-nine pounds that I have saved, my dear young lady, in your mother's service, would'—was of course gratefully declined.

The lady of whom we are speaking had not allowed herself to be discomfited by the failure of her attempts to influence Mr Pontifex and Messrs Hawke and Heronshaw. She had made her poor little forays into legal quarters, and had always been sent empty away. One solicitor would, very properly, accept no client without a formal introduction. Another, perhaps still more properly, wanted a thousand pounds paid down as a preliminary, before entertaining the idea of so difficult and costly a suit. It was with repugnance that she had consulted her brother's attorney, Mr Wickett, against whom, somehow, she had been prejudiced from the first, and who transacted business in very splendid, not to say flashy chambers, all gilding, plate-glass, mirrors, and silken furniture, with champagne at hand for jovial clients, and curaçao and cherry-brandy to brace the nerves of timid or rickety clients. The rooms themselves were in no obscure court of the Temple or of the Inns, but in a conspicuous West-end thoroughfare, crowded every day, and had been originally fitted up by a thriving money-lender, who had since

then retired on his gains. Mr Wickett the sporting lawyer had been less respectful than any of the other attorneys with whom Sir Pagan's sister had sought audience.

'It won't do,' he said, standing, with his thumbs in his waistcoat pockets, and his varnished boots and coat riding-trowsers a good deal apart. Mr Wickett may never have mounted any courser more rampant than the Hampstead donkeys of his boyhood, but he thought to please his clients, and perhaps impressed his own imagination, by dressing as though his life had been spent on Newmarket Heath and in the saddle. 'It won't do,' pursued Mr Wickett; 'it won't wash!'

'I beg your pardon; I am afraid!'—his would-be client had said, a little of indignant colour mantling in her pale cheek; for the tone and bearing of this vain, coarse, little bantam-cock of a sporting solicitor seemed to her insufficient.

'I told your brother, Sir Pagan, yesterday, Miss Carew,' explained the lawyer, 'that I was quite willing to give you a chance—to put you in the witness-box, as it were, and let you tell your own story your own way, just to see what sort of a figure you would cut in court, perhaps with Sinister, Q.C., to cross-examine—or Ferret. Yes; I should say, Ferret is the best, when it's a lady who is on her oath, because he'll get a laugh from the jury, and'—

'Excuse me, sir,' the applicant had said, rising hastily from her seat. 'I gather from what you say that you disbelieve'—Her voice trembled with anger, action, shame—so Mr Wickett judged, and he did not think well of her. Perhaps what he had seen of women did not predispose him to think well of them. He shook his head.

'My belief, or the contrary, matters very little, madam,' he said drily. 'The question is, what you can get twelve good men and true in a box to believe; and my lord in his horse-chair to believe; and then the bigwigs of the Court of Appeal, and the rest. My own idea is that the whole affair must end in a break-down. It may cost money—say five thousand, more likely ten—if you stick to it, and the shiners are forthcoming; but the result will be the same anyhow. You haven't the ghost of a chance. If you had, for Sir Pagan's sake I'd have a shy at it; but indeed the oracle won't work—it won't, I assure you.'

It was but cold comfort that was to be derived from Mr Wickett, whose chambers his visitor left with a swelling heart, and the awkward conviction that she had been coarsely told that she was, not an impostor merely, but a self-convicted cheat. It was not for some days after that interview that she could muster courage enough to resume her search for a legal champion. Not, perhaps, would she have done so then, save for Mrs Tucker the housekeeper and her kindly counsel. As it was, she shook off the listlessness that was creeping over her more and more; and in the battered brougham that was now entirely set aside for her use, repaired to Mr Sterling's chambers in Chancery Lane.

Mr Sterling was not at all, corporeally speaking, what the applicant had expected to find. The housekeeper had described him as a York-

shireman; and that is a word which to southern ears usually conjures up the image of a hale, burly, well-grown individual. Whereas, Mr Sterling was a little, hatchet-faced man, with thin cheeks, a parchment complexion, and a dull dead eye—perhaps the most disappointing lawyer to look at that ever a client smarting under wrongs encountered.

Sir Pagan's sister told her story. She did not tell it well. She was angry with herself, and vexed with herself, because she told it so ill. It had been a lame tale, lamely told; and so she felt. Whether her statement were false or true, matters nothing as to her mode of making it. She bore up ill against misfortune, howsoever deserved, and the weeks spent beneath her brother's roof, and perforce without female companionship, had had their effect upon her nerves. The Carew girls, in Devonshire, had always borne the reputation of having the tempers of angels. They had been two bright, gentle, young things, welcomed as summer sunshine at the thresholds of damp cottages and moorland farms. Now, she who dwelt in her brother's house in Bruton Street had grown silent and sad, and the blue eyes were wont to look sometimes as though they could flash on occasion. She seemed less beautiful, because less animated than usual, as she told her tale to this dull little lawyer.

Presently, the dead dim eye that had damped the hopes of many a sanguine client began to brighten. A little colour came into the parchment cheeks. The whole face assumed a look of virile strength and intelligence that transformed it; just as when, over a leaden-coloured sea, the sun breaks gloriously through envious clouds, and every tiny vavlet sparkles in the broad gold path that is flung across the deep.

'I think, now, that I begin to see it,' he said, more to himself than to his visitor; and then, much to the surprise of the latter, the light died out of his eyes, the flush faded from his face, and he became more thoughtful than before, and seemed really to forget that he was not alone in the room. The girl watched him anxiously with a beating heart; but as his reverie continued, she could not help thinking that he was, in spite of excellent Mrs Tucker's commendations, a very unsatisfactory sort of adviser. The other attorneys, though they would not befriend her, did at least impress her. Even their offices, including that flashy mill wherein Mr Wickett of sporting celebrity ground his clients' bones to make his bread, had seemed more imposing than did the room in which Mr Sterling sat among his books.

Meanwhile the lawyer, after his period of meditation, lifted up his thoughtful face and confronted his client. 'I must ask you, if you please, kindly to make indulgence for me,' said Mr Sterling in a subdued but steady tone; 'nor do I know that I had ever such a request to address to a client before. Nor, in all the course of my professional career, has a case come before me as difficult, perplexed, and complicated as that which lies before me now. Mrs Tucker is a worthy woman, and has often testified to her loyalty to the ancient race from which you spring. I myself am, on the mother's side, a Devon man, and I know how high is yet in Devonshire the name of Carew. This would of itself predispose

me to help you, if I could. And I have always helped, to the best of my poor powers, those who were suffering from injustice; too much of which, through weakness, credulity, ignorance, on one side, through fraud and violence on the other, is yet rampant in the world.—You don't,' he added, sadly shaking his head, 'think much of me.'

And in truth the claimant of the Leominster coronet had not been disposed to think much of Mr Sterling. We are all of us so very much inclined to judge by externals. A big man, if he be but gifted by nature with average brains and energy and tact, has, if he did but know it, a clear start in life, when contrasted with those who are of lesser stature. Unless he be transparently a fool, he is credited with sense; and if not absurdly weak-kneed, he has at least the reputation of being willing and able to fight. But poor Lawyer Sterling was a mean-looking, feeble, little fellow; and it was only by a great mental effort that a feminine client could dream of him as a knight capable of laying lance in rest for her. And yet Mr Sterling had his merits. His pale face could redden, his dim eye could glow, as if every pulse that chivalry ever set in motion were throbbing in that shrunken body of his—the man seemed ennobled by the feelings that swelled his narrow little chest. I doubt if, in the old ordeal of wager of battle, poor little Mr Sterling would not have lost his saddle before the spear of the veriest knightly scoundrel that ever, after solemn oaths, set spurs to his horse to back a lying accusation. But I am sure that the brave little man would have done his puny best, like wounded Wilfrid of Ivanhoe when facing the fierce Templar to save Rebecca from the stake.

Something, some thought of higher respect for the man, in spite of his low stature and his pinched face, moved the fair client to a hasty response. 'You mistake me, sir. What I long for is a friend who can rescue me from this false, cruel position. I have been robbed of all—accused of all—and, and'—

'I understand your meaning, madam,' said Mr Sterling promptly, but very gently. 'False indeed, and cruel indeed, would be your position, if matters are as I am inclined to think. You must excuse me, however, if I ask a little time for deliberation. Give me time.'

The girl started. A tell-tale blush suffused her face. Those were her own words. It was the very plea which she had urged when deferring her acceptance of Madame de Lalouve's proffered aid.

Mr Sterling saw the blush, and misconstrued it. 'Do not mistake my meaning,' he said. 'This is a very difficult case, and the litigation may be ruinous. I am not one of those lawyers who tell suitors, as many of my brethren very properly do, that the victory is to the longest purse. I believe that, in spite of the proverbial bandage that Justice wears over those bright eyes of hers, the magic scales do incline, somehow, on the side where Truth is. I believe that the glaive of Justice falls upon the guilty neck. I do believe, indeed, that we are not utterly forsaken, and that there is a God who judges the earth. Only give me a little time—it is all I ask—for thought and for inquiry into this matter; and I assure you,

madam, that you could find no sincerer friend than William Sterling.'

It was with a lighter heart than usual that Sir Pagan's sister went back to her brother's dreary house in Bruton Street that day.

THE LAWS OF CHANCE.

BY W. SEADMAN AIDIS.

IN THREE PARTS.—I. GAMES AND LOTTERIES.

WE have it on very high authority, that in human affairs 'the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favour to men of skill; but *time and chance* happeneth to them all.'

There are many events in the daily life of each of us which, as far as we can see, come to pass in accordance with no rule, and the occurrence of which, in default of any better method of explanation, we put down to chance. This is true not only of unimportant and trifling matters, but even of some things which are of very weighty import and influence on our lives. By chance, apparently, we turn down one street instead of another, and meet with news, good or ill, which alters the whole course of our lives. By chance, apparently, we pass into a den of fever, and contract a disease which cripples us for months or years. By chance the gold-miner stumbles on a nugget which makes him a rich man. There are men who are so impressed with the power of chance, that they attribute the existence of all that is, and the occurrence of all events, to its operation. The old Greeks maintained that while skill had some share, yet Fortune was the deity which had the greatest part in the successes of statesmen and the victories of generals; and some modern sceptics have held that to chance is to be ascribed the formation of the terrestrial universe and all the life which inhabits and adorns it.

The believer in a Providence that overrules events both small and great, has, of course, no room left for belief that *anything* really happens by chance; but to all, the expression is a convenient one in relation to the occurrence of events as yet undecided, concerning which we have no certain knowledge one way or the other.

In considering the possibility, or the reverse, of the occurrence of some future event, we are all aware that we are capable of entertaining very different kinds of anticipation, according to what we call the likelihood or unlikelihood of the event. This statement will be best illustrated by comparing a series of assertions such as the following:

It is impossible for a man to get to the moon.

It is very improbable that it shall be fine during the whole of this month.

It is improbable that the train will be in time.

It is just possible that it may be punctual.

It is not unlikely that it will be late.

It is likely to rain to-day.

It is very probable that it will rain some day this week.

It is almost certain to rain before the end of the month.

Here we have a number of expressions of the state of mind of some person unknown, in relation

to his expectation of the occurrence or failure of an undecided event. In all of them, the view entertained obviously depends on previous experience under similar circumstances. There are few who have not suffered from the uncertainty of twins. We therefore think it 'likely'—that is, like what we have already known to happen—that twins will be behind time in the future. Our estimate of 'likelihood' or the reverse depends in all cases on a supposition that the like of what has happened already will happen again. The perpetual recurrence of summer and winter, seedtime and harvest, day and night, from year to year is with most of us the real source of belief in the 'likelihood' that while the earth remains they shall not fail. Thus it happens that in business, in politics, and in war alike, he who has most knowledge of the past and most observation of the present, is also most capable of 'calculating the chances' of the future. Thus, too, it happens that in regard to many of those events which are absolutely uncertain in any one particular case—such as the time of death or the amount of loss from fire or storm—a very large amount of information as to their average occurrence in the future can be derived from a careful examination of the past.

We see from the above graduated series of assertions, that expectation of any future event may vary from positive certainty that it will not happen, to an equal certainty that it will. The estimate of the probability of its happening may be greater or may be less; and therefore, like all things which are susceptible of being considered as more or less in quantity, must be also susceptible of being estimated numerically. It must, for instance, be a reasonable thing to say that we expect some one event twice as much as we expect some other. The expectation of future events, in themselves uncertain, is thus brought within the domain of mathematical science, and the application of mathematics to the theory of probabilities is one of the most interesting, and certainly not one of the least important of the subjects which lie before a scientific student. The general principles on which the theory is based can be made intelligible without the use of any technicalities beyond those of ordinary arithmetic; and some of its applications are sufficiently interesting and important to claim the attention of our readers.

The numerical measure of the expectation which a person, thoroughly well informed as to the circumstances, entertains of a given future event is called 'the chance' of that event. We must stop for a moment to consider a point which is a necessary preliminary to the numerical measurement of any kind of quantity, namely, the unit in terms of which it is to be expressed. When a lady, for instance, asks for three yards of ribbon at a shop, the number three simply means that the quantity required is to be three times a particular length with which the lady and the shopman are both well acquainted, and which is called a yard. So, in estimating by number 'the chance' of a certain event, we shall have to speak of it as being so many times, or such a fraction of, some quantity of the same kind—that is, some 'chance' which is already well known and definite. The particular 'chance'

which is always taken as unit is that amount of expectation which may be called moral certainty, as, for instance, the expectation that the sun will rise to-morrow. Any other amount of expectation is estimated by the fraction of moral certainty involved in it.

A simple instance in which the numerical measure of a chance is easily ascertainable will make the general principle clearer. Suppose a penny to be tossed into the air and allowed to fall on the ground. It must fall either with the face—popularly known as 'head'—uppermost, or with that called 'tail.' If the coin be perfectly true and fairly tossed, we expect one of these to happen, just as much as, and no more than, we expect the other. The 'chances' of the two events are therefore equal. One or other of them must happen; the sum of their chances is therefore certainty, and the chance of either happening must be one-half of certainty. The unit 'certainty' being understood, the chance of 'head' falling uppermost is thus numerically represented by $\frac{1}{2}$. Similar considerations show that if an ordinary six-faced die be thrown up, the chance of its falling with any one particular number uppermost is represented by the fraction $\frac{1}{6}$, it being equally likely that any one face should be uppermost, and the sum of the chances of all the faces being obviously certainty.

In many cases, much more complicated than the preceding, it is possible to calculate the chances, if not with perfect theoretical accuracy, yet with sufficient approach to it for practical purposes. The chance of a person of a given age living for another year is computed by comparing a large quantity of observations of the mortality of persons under similar circumstances in the past. The chance of a house being burned down can be found from statistics of the number of similar houses annually destroyed by fire; and so on. We may take it for granted that in all cases in which there is sufficient inducement to undertake the calculation, the chance of any event can be, at least approximately, numerically investigated.

The chance of what we may call a compound event—that is, of the concurrence of two independent events—can be determined in terms of those of the independent events. Suppose, for instance, that two persons simultaneously toss up the one a penny, and the other a six-faced die. Twelve different relationships of penny and die to each other, may happen. The 'head' may be uppermost on the penny along with the one, two, three, four, five, or six on the die; or the 'tail' may be uppermost along with any one of the same numbers. All these events, as far as we know, are equally likely. The chance of any one of them, as, for instance, 'head' and 'one' being both uppermost, is therefore, as before, one-twelfth of certainty, and is numerically represented by $\frac{1}{12}$. The separate chance for 'head' being uppermost is $\frac{1}{2}$, and that for 'one' is $\frac{1}{6}$. Now $\frac{1}{12}$ is $\frac{1}{2}$ of $\frac{1}{6}$. Here we see that the numerical measure of the chance of two independent events both happening, is simply the product of the numerical measures of the separate chances of those events; and this rule applies universally. In this way, the chances of very complicated combinations of circumstances can be calculated,

provided we can first ascertain the chances of the single circumstances separately.

It may have occurred to the reader that, granting all that has been said, the statement, that the measure of a certain chance is $\frac{1}{2}$, is a very unimportant one, and that no practical useful inference can be deduced from it. It is true that, as regards any isolated fact of the kind referred to, this objection may hold; but when we come to deal with a large number of similar facts, we are able to deduce a very important practical inference from the numerical measure—namely, that the frequency of the occurrence of any event is directly proportional to the chance of the event happening, and becomes more and more accurately so, as the number of cases considered is increased. For instance, the statement that when a coin is tossed up in the air, the chance of 'head' turning up is $\frac{1}{2}$, gives us very little information of value as to what will happen at the very next toss of the penny. The real inference to be made is, that if the penny be thrown up a very great number of times, 'head' will be uppermost in nearly half the throws; and further, that this is more and more nearly exactly the case, the larger the number of experiments. Of course, this, like all other cases of 'likelihood,' reduces itself to a question of experience. In a small way, any one on a leisure afternoon can verify it for himself by actually tossing a penny several hundreds of times and marking the results. On a much larger scale it is verified by the continued existence and prosperity of the Life Assurance Companies, the whole of whose capital and income depends on the truth of the principle, that in the long-run, events do happen in proportion to the numerical measures of their chances; those chances being calculated by observation of past events of a like kind. If any one will take the trouble to examine the 'tables' of the long-established and respectable Insurance Companies, and see how enormous a sum of money is invested and profitably employed in confidence in this principle, he will not hesitate to allow that for practical purposes we can wish for no more convincing demonstration of its truth.

We are all familiar with the fact, that some prospective advantage which we have a chance of obtaining may have a very tangible value at the time, even though we are by no means certain that the reality will ever come to us. A school-boy often finds that his position among his school-fellows is temporarily raised when a rumour is spread that a rich relative, who will probably give him a guinea or some still more munificent 'tip,' is about to visit the school. The phenomenon of persons in actual comparative poverty being received into society and successfully exacting deference, on the strength of expectations from wealthy and aged relatives, is not a rare one. In all such cases there is a real value attached to the expectation of some day possessing money which may yet never come to the expectant; but the magnitude of this value is apparently a very indeterminate quantity. In this problem, too, the theory of chances comes to the rescue, and asserts that the value of the expectation of a sum of money is to be measured by the value of the sum of money multiplied by the chance of getting it.

A simple example will again be the best method of making this clear. An enterprising tradesman, not too particular as to high morality, wishes to get rid of some article of which the value is twenty pounds. He proposes to do this by means of a raffle with twenty tickets. Each buyer of a ticket has a chance of getting the whole; and as there are twenty of them, and all have an equal chance, the numerical measure of the chance of each must be one-twentieth. It is further evident, that if one person were to buy all the tickets, he ought to pay twenty pounds for them; and therefore, supposing the tickets separated, the value of each must be one pound. This is obviously the lowest price which the tradesman can charge without certainty of loss. The value of each man's expectation of the prize of twenty pounds is therefore one pound—that is, one-twentieth of twenty pounds. In other words, the value of the expectation of the prize is obtained by multiplying the value of the prize by the chance of getting it.

This we may call the mathematical value of expectation. It is the price which a person of unlimited wealth might safely pay with a tolerable assurance that if he repeated the process a great number of times, he would not be much a gainer or a loser in the long-run. It forms the basis of the price which an Assurance Company will take to guarantee the payment of a sum on the death of the assured, or an annuity during his lifetime. The moral value of the expectation—that is, the price which a person of limited means might fairly pay without prospect of serious loss—we shall consider presently. We may, however, be quite sure, to begin with, that it will not be greater than the mathematical value.

It has been a favourite delusion that fortunes may surely be won by perseverance in the purchase of tickets in lotteries under government or other influential management. It has been an equally persistent and better-founded opinion on the part of governments more anxious to raise money than to promote the moral well-being of their subjects, that these same lotteries are capable of being a source of considerable gain to their promoters. These views cannot both be sound; for a lottery creates no wealth, only alters its distribution. It is worth while to apply the preceding principles to examine which is the sounder idea of the two.

Let us suppose a series of lotteries independent of each other in each of which there is a single prize of twenty pounds, and for each of which there are twenty tickets. A man taking a ticket in one of these, and paying one pound for it, has a chance, measured by the fraction one-twentieth, of winning the corresponding prize. In accordance with the principle laid down already, that events happen in proportion to their mathematical chances, he will therefore, if he repeats the experiment frequently, win the prize in about one out of every twenty lotteries in which he engages. He will thus on the average receive back one sum of twenty pounds for every twenty separate pounds that he pays. Of course he may win the prize the first time; and if he stop then, he will leave off richer than he began; but all experience shows, first, that it is very unlikely that the prize will fall to him in this easy way; and secondly, that if it do so fall, it is all but

certain that this first success, as shall be seen presently, will lure him to go on until he loses both what has been gained and his original capital too. The possibility of what we have called 'the best prospect' depends on the assumption, that he continues to buy tickets under all circumstances; though it must be borne in mind that he may be unable to do this, if, owing to a run of ill-luck, his funds are exhausted. This is a very serious contingency, and one sure to arise if the gambler continue long enough at his pursuit.

By the methods previously hinted at, it is possible to calculate the chance that in any game or series of lotteries whose laws are known, any given player shall within a certain number of times have either won or lost any sum of money whatever. It is found by such calculations, that if a player keep on long enough, and the stake played for be any sensible portion of his means, it is a moral certainty that at some time or other he will have gained a sum equal to his original capital; and an equal certainty that at some other times he will have lost the same amount or more. The difference between these two events is this, that whereas the large gain all but certainly only serves, as we have already remarked, to stimulate his gambling ardour, the latter event stops his further progress; and he is thus unable to take advantage of that long-run which might chance to restore him to his former state; hence, in a word, he is ruined. The mathematical value of the expectation of a prize is therefore more than an individual of limited means can afford to pay, because the continued disbursements will almost certainly ruin him.

This same price is, however, less than the promoter of the lottery or the proprietor of the gambling-table can afford to take. If, for instance, in the lottery with one prize of twenty pounds, the twenty tickets were sold for a pound apiece, there would be no gain to the promoter; and as such lotteries are always arranged in order to give profits for some purpose, it follows that the tickets must be sold at more and probably much more than their mathematical value. In the case of the proprietor of the gambling-table who does not merely undertake to distribute a certain sum in prizes, but offers to give a prize whenever certain conditions are fulfilled by a rolling ball, a thrown-up die, or other similar apparatus, another consideration comes in. The table may have a run of ill-luck as well as the player, and may be even temporarily 'broken' by some lucky player; in accordance with previous statements, it must have such occasional runs if the play be continued. Calculation, however, proves that it is absolutely necessary for the proprietor to make each player pay some definite proportion more than the mathematical value of the throw, in order to secure ultimate gain to the proprietor. As a matter of fact, all gambling-tables, as well as all government lotteries, do avowedly charge much more than the mathematical expectation; and thus the prospect before the *habitual* player is an adverse one.

To return to our lottery with twenty tickets and one prize of twenty pounds. Practically, a ticket would be sold for more than a pound, suppose we say for a guinea. On an average, a purchaser wins once in every twenty attempts.

He thus pays on an average twenty guineas for every twenty pounds he wins, and is assured of ruin by the mere effects of perseverance, even without the occurrence of any serious run of ill-luck, such as was necessary on our former supposition.

BENJAMIN BLUNT, MARINER.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

MR. BENJAMIN BLUNT, accompanied by Phil Gaylor, had not left the house more than three or four minutes, when the bedroom door opened, and Lady Janet Trevor issued forth. She was a woman of four or five and twenty summers, tall and fair, with a sort of sweet stateliness about her which was part of Nature's dower, and would have been equally hers had she been the daughter of a peasant. Her long fair hair was unbound, and fell below her waist, confined only by a simple ribbon. Her face was paler than usual this morning; and her eyes, of a blue as tender as the blue of April skies, and fringed with long dark lashes, were anxious and troubled. She was simply dressed in a robe of thick blue serge—Ruth had washed some of the sea-water out of it, and had dried it before the fire in the middle of the night; but Lady Janet did not know that—and had a soft, white, fleecy shawl of Ruth's knitting thrown loosely round her shoulders. As she came slowly forward, Ruth thought that in all her life she had never seen so lovely a vision. 'How plain and mean I must look by the side of her!' said the girl to herself with a little foinette pang. But she didn't. In her own way and in her own place, Ruth was as natural and charming as Lady Janet was in hers; but then Ruth did not know it.

'My husband—Sir Harry Trevor—is he—is he?— You told me last night that he was safe, or did I only dream it?' One hand was pressed to her heart, the other grasped the back of a chair. Her blue eyes were fixed on Ruth with a pathetic wishfulness that touched the other to the quick.

'He is quite safe, my lady.'

'Thank heaven for that! I ask nothing more than that.' Her voice was low, soft, and musical, with the clear intonation of a bell.

'He was taken from the boat to the hotel,' said Ruth. 'My Phil saw him there only half an hour ago.'

'I must go to him at once! I long so much to see him.'

'He told my Phil that he would be up here in an hour's time. Had not your Ladyship better wait till he comes?' Ruth wisely refrained from saying anything about the crushed arm or the doctor's orders.

'Perhaps you are right,' replied Lady Janet. 'But you don't know how impatient I am to see him.'

Ruth placed a chair for her, and she sat down. 'Your Ladyship will have some breakfast?'

'Just a cup of tea, please; nothing more.— That terrible scene last night!' she said with a shudder. 'If I live to be a hundred, I shall never forget it.'

There was silence for a minute or two. Lady

Janet sat gazing into the fire, living over again in memory the events of the previous night. Then suddenly turning to Ruth, she said: 'It was my fault that we so nearly lost our lives last night. We had been travelling in Norway, my husband and I. When we got back to Christiania, we intended coming home by the ordinary steamer; but a friend of Sir Harry, a merchant out there, offered us a passage in his schooner, *The Firefly*, saying that she had plenty of cabin accommodation, that there would only be one passenger beside ourselves, and that a voyage by her would be a change from the monotony of a steamer. My husband was doubtful about accepting the offer; and it was only in consequence of my persuasion that he at length agreed to it. If we had only gone by the steamer, as he wished! But one can never foresee what will happen.'

At this juncture Ruth bethought herself of the locket and chain, and was crossing towards the chimney-piece to get them, when Lady Janet's next words arrested her. 'It is very thoughtless of me,' she said, 'but for the moment I really forgot to ask you what became of the captain and the poor sailors whom we left on board.'

'They were rescued by the lifeboat from Redcliffe, four miles away. As soon as my father found the schooner was in danger, he sent a messenger on horseback to the lifeboat station; but he was so afraid the schooner would break up before help could reach her, that he made up his mind to try what he could do with his own little boat.'

'God bless him for it!' ejaculated Lady Janet fervently.

Ruth took down the locket and chain and offered them to Lady Janet. 'These were found by my Phil this morning in the boat. I presume they belong to your Ladyship!'

'Yes; they are mine,' was the eager reply, as Ruth placed them in her hands. 'Thank you so very much. This locket contains a likeness of my grandmother—the only relic of her that I have. I would not have lost it for a great deal.' Perceiving that the chain was broken, she placed the trinkets on the table at her elbow. 'But your mother—shall I not see her before long?' she said to Ruth.

'I have no mother. Both my father and mother were drowned at sea.'

'I am so grieved if I have said anything to pain you! But that brave old man to whom my husband and I owe our lives—surely I heard you call him "father" last night?'

'I am only his adopted child. He saved my life seventeen years ago, as he saved your Ladyship's last night. My father and mother were both lost. Nobody knew anything about me, only that my name was Ruth Mayfield. They said I must go to the workhouse. But Benjamin Blunt was there, listening to it all. "I saved the child's life," he said; "and if nobody else owns her, she belongs to me. I've got neither wife nor child of my own. She shall come and live with me, and be my daughter." And here I've been ever since.'

'A romance of real life. And I've no doubt Mr Blunt loves you as well as if you were his own child!'

'That I'm sure he does. And as for me—it

isn't in human nature to love him better than I do.'

'My husband and I owe our lives to him. How shall we thank him sufficiently? What can we do to repay him? Tell me, Ruth—you will let me call you Ruth, won't you?'

'Nobody ever calls me anything else.'

'You must tell me, Ruth, before Mr Blunt comes in, in what way we can best show our gratitude. Sir Harry is rich and has influence in many ways.'

'Your Ladyship must excuse my saying so; but I don't think you can do anything for father. He does not want for money. This cottage is his own property, and he has saved something besides for a rainy-day.'

'Surely there must be some way of recompensing him, though only in part, for the great debt we owe him.'

'There's a poor widow in the village, Mrs Riley by name, whose husband was killed the other day, leaving her with several young children. If your Ladyship could do anything to help them, that would please my father best of all.'

'I will speak about it at once to my husband. But I am anxious to do something for Mr Blunt himself; or if not for him, then for you.'

Ruth shook her head gently but gravely. 'I don't think there's anything your Ladyship could do for us—unless you were to send us your likeness as a keepsake. Both father and I would be very proud of that.—But here comes father himself,' added the girl, with a glance through the window. 'Perhaps your Ladyship will talk to him.'

A moment later, the front-door was opened, and Blunt came slowly in, supporting on his arm a very old, old man, as dried up and withered as a Normandy pipkin. He wore a deep crape band on his hat, a broad-skirted coat of coarse blue cloth, and knee-breeches; thick gray home-knit stockings kept warm his poor thin shanks. His eyes had the intelligence and vivacity of a far younger man, and his snow-white hair was still plentiful.

Lady Janet rose and stood back a little, while the two men slowly crossed the floor. Not a word was spoken till the old gentleman was safely deposited in Ben's own armchair in the chimney corner. Ruth took advantage of the diversion to retire into the back premises on domestic thoughts intent.

'Mr Blunt, I believe?' said Lady Janet as Benjamin turned and faced his guest.

'Old Ben Blunt, at your Ladyship's service,' and with that he took off his hat and made a low old-fashioned bow.

Lady Janet advanced a step or two and held out her hand. 'How can I thank you, Mr Blunt—how show my gratitude sufficiently for the great service you have done my husband and me?'

Ben gazed on the white slender hand for a moment; then, after giving his own brown hand a furtive rub with the tail of his coat, he took hold of it gently, almost reverently; but Lady Janet's fingers closed warmly on his as her eyes filled with tears.

'That pays for everything,' said Ben huskily. 'Bless your pretty face, I should like to see the man as wouldn't go through fire and water,

rather than a hair of your head should be hurt!'

'All men are not such heroes as you, Mr Blunt.'

'Me a hero! I hardly know what the word means. I'm only a simple ignorant old fellow, who tries to do his duty according to the light that's given him.' Then seeming to think that enough had been said on so trivial a subject as himself, he stepped back a pace or two, and pointing to the old gentleman in the armchair, he said: 'Will your Ladyship allow me to introduce to your notice Jim Riley's father? Jim himself was run over six weeks ago and was killed. To-day is grandad's birthday. He was ninety-five at twenty minutes past six this morning, and we're all very proud of him. They can't show such another old man for twenty miles round. By-and-by, he and I are going to have a drop of something hot and a pipe o' baccy.' Then turning to the old fellow and elevating his voice a little, he added: 'We always do have a drop of something hot on your birthday; don't we, grandad?'

'Ay, ay, lad, that we do,' responded Riley in the thin piping tones of extreme old age. 'We've done it for twenty years, and we're not going to give up a good old custom at our time o' life.'

Lady Janet crossed over and shook hands with the veteran. 'I am charmed to make your acquaintance, Mr Riley,' she said; 'and I hope with all my heart that you will live to enjoy many more anniversaries of this day.'

'Thank 'ee, marm, thank 'ee. It's ninety-five years this very day since I came into the world; but I'm here yet—I'm here yet.'

'And likely to be for another twenty years,' remarked Ben in his cheery voice. Then turning to Lady Janet, he added: 'Will your Ladyship excuse me for a minute while I take off my Sunday collar? I don't seem to talk easy in it. Not but what this sort of collar has its advantages. Nobody can say as it isn't respectable; and when it's got up stiff and proper, I'll defy anybody to go to sleep in church who's got it on.' And with that, exit Ben into his bedroom.

Lady Janet drew up the three-legged stool and sat down near the old man. 'So you and Mr Blunt have known each other for twenty years?' she said.

'Yes, mum, for twenty years—ever since he came to this village. He's a little chap, and there ain't much of him; but he's got the heart of a lion. He's like Admiral Lord Nelson—he don't know what fear is.'

'You have had a great misfortune lately, Mr Riley.'

'Mening in the death of my boy. Yes, mum; it will be six weeks come next Tuesday since he was run over and killed. But, somehow, I don't seem to fret much after him. Maybe I'm too old to fret. I know I can't be long after Jim; and somehow it don't seem quite so lonesome for me to look forward to now. I know he's there awaiting for me; and when I sit in the porch and watch the sun going down yonder in the west, it seems to me that Jim and I can't be far away from one another.'

Lady Janet took out her tablets and made a

note or two. 'I must get Harry to do something for these poor people,' she said to herself.

The old man had risen to his feet and was fumbling nervously in the capacious pockets of his coat.

'Have you lost anything, Mr Riley? Can I assist you in any way?' asked Lady Janet.

'I was just trying to see what I've got in my pockets. Everybody in the village knows it's my birthday. As I came down the street just now, little toddling lads and lasses came out of the cottages and wished me "Many happy returns." And some of them—Heaven bless them!—dropped little things into my pocket—toys and what not—all they had to give—because it was old grandad's birthday. Here's a pegtop. Little Billy Johnson gave me that. Ah! I shall never spin pegtops again in this world. This doll is Peggy Dawson's. The poor thing wants dressing. And here's a paper of sweet-stuff and a farthing. And this is Jacky Taylor's big alley tag. I shall keep them for a day or two, and then give them all back again.'

At this moment Mr Blunt re-entered the room. He had got rid of the famous collar, and was his own free-and-easy self again. 'Would your Ladyship like a little rum in your tea?' he asked.

'No, thank you, Mr Blunt.'

'Many ladies like a drop in their tea. I thought that maybe it was fashionable to drink 'em together.'

'When you were at the hotel just now, Mr Blunt, did you see my husband, Sir Harry Trevor?'

'I didn't see him; but our Phil did. He sent word that he would be up here in about half an hour's time.'

'Oh, Mr Blunt, if Sir Harry and I could only show our gratitude in some way!'

'Your Ladyship couldn't show it better than by eating a good breakfast and bringing back the roses to your pretty cheeks. We've a nice lump of cold beef in the cupboard. I can't think why Ruth didn't bring it out. And if Sir Harry and you would only stop to dinner, Ruth should make one of her potato pies. You would say it was grand. I'll back our Ruth against anybody for potato pies and panakes!'

'I must hear what my husband has to say,' answered Lady Janet with a smile. She was putting down her cup and saucer, when her elbow accidentally swept the chain and locket off the table. Ben stooped and picked them up.

The lady opened the locket and handed it to Mr Blunt. 'That is the portrait of my grandmother, taken when she was eighteen. Tell me, Mr Blunt, whether you think it in any way resembles me?'

The old fisherman's eyesight was no longer so strong as it had once been. He took the portrait to the window, that he might have a better view of it. 'This her grandmother! he mumbled under his breath, while all the colour died out of his face. 'Why, it is the very face of my own lost darling! The name, too—Janet! No, no; such a thing is not possible!'

'By your silence, Mr Blunt, I suppose you cannot detect any likeness?'

Ben came back from the window, and standing close in front of Lady Janet, he scanned the sweet, smiling face before him closely. 'There is a

likeness, Lady Trevor, a very wonderful likeness,' he said with a strange quaver in his voice. 'You—you say that this is the portrait of your grandmother?'

'Yes—of my grandmother, who died many years before I was born.'

'Ah!' He restored the locket to her. Then resting his hands on the oaken table and with his eyes fixed earnestly on her, he said: 'Lady Janet Trevor, don't think me mad, don't think me impertinent to ask such a question—but what was your name before you were married?'

'Janet Redfern.'

He sank into a chair and hid his face with his hands. 'Her mother's name before she married me!' he murmured. 'It is she—my own darling—the angel whom I thought never to see on earth again! And it was I who saved her life! O heaven! I thank thee for this.'

Lady Janet had risen to her feet, and was gazing at him with anxious wistful eyes. 'You are agitated—you are ill. What can I do for you? Shall I procure help?'

'No, no; it is nothing. I'll be better presently.' He rose and crossed to the window, and stood gazing out with his back to the room. Lady Janet watched him wonderingly. What could have moved the stout-hearted old fisherman so strangely?

Ben was communing with himself. 'The same hair and eyes—the very same. I carried her in my arms last night from the boat, and never knew that it was my own child! But I must remember my promise. Yes, yes; that must not be forgotten.'

SOMETHING ABOUT PAPER.

It has been proposed to call the present the 'age of paper;' and when we consider the amount of this material which is being continually produced from rags, straw, wood, jute, rice, &c., the name would seem appropriate enough. There are said to be nearly four thousand manufactories of paper distributed over the globe. These produce, it is calculated, some eighteen hundred million pounds-weight per year. Half of this quantity is employed for printing purposes, a sixth for writing purposes, and the remainder for various uses. The paper used for newspapers alone represents, it is said, a surface exactly double that of Paris within its present limits. Since the diminution of the tax and other causes, we are told that more than five hundred new periodicals started in France in 1881.

The paper-manufactories of the world employ, it is stated, ninety thousand men, and one hundred and eighty thousand women; and besides these, one hundred thousand persons are engaged in collecting rags. The importation of esparto grass from Algeria for paper-making purposes has reached vast proportions. It has been pointed out that should war in that country very much reduce the supply, manufacturers might experience great difficulty in finding a substitute. Even if they found one, it might be of a kind requiring expensive changes in their machinery.

We are reminded that some years ago samples of a material, the supply of which would at least equal the esparto supply, were shown to paper-makers; but though they were satisfied with its suitability in every respect but one, they could not adopt it, because that one defect was that their machinery was not adapted to its manufacture.

China and Japan are, as is well known, great producers of paper made from rice. How paper is there utilised, we have an example from the experience of the clever authoress of *A Voyage in the Sunbeam*. The Japanese are described carrying paper umbrellas and the *jinrikishas* wearing large hats and cloaks either of reeds or oiled paper, besides oiled paper hoods and aprons as a protection from the rain. These ingenious people are also said to employ paper instead of india-rubber for making air-cushions. Paper cushions roll up smaller than india-rubber ones; they do not stick together after being wetted; and having no odour, they are more agreeable for pillows than those of caoutchouc fabric. Their strength is marvellous, considering the apparent frailty of the material out of which they are made; a man weighing one hundred and sixty pounds may stand on one without bursting it. They are said to be waterproof too, and to make good life-preservers. The Japanese are, it seems, as clever in the manufacture of the tougher sorts of paper as the finer. One of their latest achievements in this line, we are told, is the production of a paper belt suitable for driving machinery. Now that European machines are being adopted in that country, this invention will prove exceedingly useful; for the Japanese are inferior tanners, and do not make good leather.

Though paper is not utilised in Britain quite in the same way as it is amongst the Japanese, recent Exhibitions have shown what an important part this material can play in the furnishing and decoration of our houses. A mode of hanging paper on damp walls, not long since patented in Germany, may here be mentioned. Lining-paper coated on one side with a solution of shellac in spirit of somewhat greater consistency than ordinary French-polish, is hung with the side thus treated towards the damp wall. The paper-hanging is then proceeded with in the usual way with paste. Any other kind of resin easily soluble in spirit may be used instead of shellac. A layer of paper thus saturated with resin is said to be equally effectual in preventing the penetration of damp. It is not stated how long lining-paper in the manner described will adhere to a damp wall; but the experiment in our damp climate is worth trying. Another authority informs us that a strong impervious parchment-paper is obtained by thoroughly washing woollen or cotton fabrics so as to remove gum, starch, and other foreign bodies, then to immerse them in a bath containing a small quantity of paper pulp. The latter is made to penetrate the fabric by being passed between rollers. Thus prepared, it is afterwards dipped into sulphuric acid of suitable concentration, and then repeatedly washed in a bath of aqueous ammonia until every trace of acid has been removed. Finally, it is pressed between rollers, to remove the excess of liquid, dried between two other rollers which are covered with felt, and lastly calendered.

Two new kinds of preservatives of paper have

lately come into commerce. One is said to be produced by dipping soft paper in a bath of sulleyic acid and then drying. The bath is prepared by mixing a strong solution of the acid in alcohol with much water. The paper is used for covering apples, &c. The other paper, meant to preserve from moths and mildew, consists of so-called Maullin packing-paper dipped in a bath and dried over heated rollers. The bath is formed of seventy parts spirit of tar, five parts raw carbonic acid—containing about a half of phenol—twenty parts of coal-tar at one hundred and sixty degrees Fahrenheit, and five parts refined petroleum.

A method of utilising old newspapers has, we are told, been discovered by M. Jonglet. He asserts that he can so cleanse printed paper as to make it suitable for receiving a fresh impression. He says that by immersing the printed sheet in a slight alkaline solution, the ink disappears, and leaves the sheet of a pure spotless white.

A French newspaper tells us that a chemist has succeeded in tinning linen, cotton, or paper fabrics by the following process. Mix a pound of zinc-powder with a solution of albumen, then spread the mixture on the stuff by means of a brush. After drying, the layer is fixed by passing the cloth or paper through dry steam, in order to coagulate the albumen. The stuff or paper is then passed through a solution of chloride of tin. The metallic tin is reduced to an extremely thin coating on the zinc. The material thus prepared is then washed, dried, and rolled.

We learn from another source, that for the production of marble or wood paper, in which the various tones of colour are not limited by sharp lines, but pass so softly into one another that the boundaries are not recognised, Herr Gussner, of Dresden, uses engraved rollers made of caoutchouc or other elastic material, instead of metallic ones. Their diameter is determined by blowing in air. Hard vulcanised caoutchouc is unsuitable for the purpose. The rollers have wooden discs at the ends, over the edges of which the caoutchouc is turned, and fixed with glue and wire, so as to make the rollers air-tight. A hollow axis enters one side, and through this the air can be blown.

The use of paper railway-wheels has before been referred to in this *Journal*. We now learn that wheels of this description are becoming every day more general in American railways, and that they are now being tried in Europe. In the first ten months of last year we are told that one firm alone turned out considerably over seven thousand of these wheels, which are stated on good authority to be the most economical as well as the only safe kind of wheels for passenger-carriages. It appears that in the first instance they are much more costly than iron wheels, but that they last far longer.

To the wonders already achieved by *papier-mâché* is now added the invention of a novel firescape. This latest invention for the protection of theatre audiences is a 'penetrable safety-wall,' which has been patented by an engineer in Germany. The plan is to make the interior of walls in all parts of the theatre of *papier-mâché*, made after a certain method. Such a wall would have the appearance of massive stone; but by pressure upon certain parts, where the words are

to be painted in luminous letters—'To be broken open in case of fire'—access to the exterior corridors is to be obtained, when escape to the outside air can be made.

ECCENTRIC PHRASEOLOGY.

SOME writer has affirmed that the English language has a power of expression such as is not equaled in any other language. We shall take advantage of this declaration—from a humorous point of view—and endeavour to verify the truth of this observation by the introduction of a few examples.

A gentleman saying to a lady in conversation, 'You know, madam, that you cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear,' was met with the reply: 'O good gracious, sir, if you will persist in using such an odious specimen of vulgarity again, pray, clothe it in more pleasing phraseology. Just say it is impossible to fabricate a pecuniary silken receptacle from the auricular organ of the softer sex of the genus swine.'

We evidently live in wonderfully refined times. For instance, a learned young lady one evening astonished a company by asking for the loan of 'a diminutive argenteous, truncated cone, convex on its summit, and semi-perforated with symmetrical indentations.' She wanted a thimble.

'He goes on his own hook,' has been rendered more elegantly, in deference to and in accordance with the spirit of the times, in this manner: 'He progresses on his own personal curve;' and a barber in London advertises that 'his customers are shaved without incision or laceration for the microscopic sum of one halfpenny.' 'One might have heard a pin fall' is a proverbial expression of silence; but it has been eclipsed by the French phrase, 'You might have heard the unfolding of a lady's cambric pocket-handkerchief;' and as it is somewhat vulgar to say 'pitch-darkness,' it has been so improved as to read 'bituminous obscurity.' Another polite way of expressing the fact that a man is naturally lazy, is to say he is 'constitutionally tired;' and 'Nominate your poison,' is the poetical way of asking, 'What will you drink?'

On one occasion, we are told, a doctor of divinity rung the changes on 'He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.' 'He that is accessible to auricular vibration,' said the doctor, 'let him not close the gates of his tympanum.' Then again we have that old-fashioned saying, 'The more the merrier,' delightfully translated in this way, 'Multitudinous assemblages are the most provocative of cabinatory hilarity.' It is even reported that not very long ago a clergyman spoke of seeing a young lady 'with the pearl-drops of affection hanging and glistening on her cheek.' He meant that she was crying. Certain critics, too, occasionally launch out in a similar metaphorical style. Concerning a young and aspiring orator, one wrote: 'He broke the ice felicitously, and was immediately drowned with applause.'

Quite recently, a literary man of some celebrity, in a letter describing the early fall of snow in Switzerland, did not say the storm abated, but 'the flakes dwindled to flocculi' and instead of vulgarly putting it that they melted a potful of snow to obtain water, he said that firewood was

'expended in rendering its own heat latent in the indispensable fluid.' Equally as good was that which relates to a certain eminent Professor, who observed that very wonderful things were occasionally discovered nowadays. He had found out lately that 'Nystagmus, or oscillation of the eyeballs, is an epileptiform affection of the cerebellular oculomotorial centres;' and he added: 'Don't forget in future what sort of a thing a "nystagmus" is.'

'You have mentioned several times during the evening,' observed one of the audience to a lecturer, 'the word "periphrasis;" would you kindly inform me of its precise meaning?'—'Certainly,' said he. 'It is simply a circumlocutory and plensatic cycle of oratorical sonorosity, circumscribing an atom of ideality, lost in verbal profundity.' As this explanation was received in solemn silence, we trust it was deemed a satisfactory one. It is, however, recorded that the gifted orator was not called upon again to explain for the rest of the evening.

Public speakers no doubt have much to contend with, or what could have induced a leading lecturer to classify his audience thus: The 'adgetytes,' the 'interruptives,' the 'all-attentives,' the 'quick-responses,' the 'hard-to-lifts,' the 'won't-applauds,' and the 'get-up-and-go-outs.' This, by the way, is somewhat on a par with what reaches us from Chicago, where the young men are said to be known, according to their skill as velocipedists, by such names as the 'timid-toddlers,' the 'wary-warblers,' the 'go-it-gracefuls,' and the 'fancy-few.' In fact, from this particular quarter of the globe we are furnished with some curious specimens of puzzling phraseology. It is said that when a Chicago girl quarrels with her lover, she communicates the important fact to her intimate friends in the remark that she 'isn't on squeezing terms with that fraudulent individual no more.' A functionary, too, of the same place has the following on his signboard: 'Letter-carrier by appointment, altisonant town-crier, primary envoy, external paper-hanger, renovator of faded habiliments, hair abbreviator, ambrosia dealer, adroit horse-trimmer, general agent, nightman, &c.' And in the same neighbourhood we are informed that an hotel-keeper writes his own bill of fare, thereby saving the cost of printing; it announces: 'Coffy, soupe, roste befe, fride am, boyled and bakt potatoes, fride coul puddin, and mins py.'

There is decidedly something peculiar in these announcements, especially to us 'Britishers;' but probably nothing is further from the minds of the people themselves than the notion that there is anything about them funny, or even odd. A magistrate of these parts, for instance, would hardly express himself after this fashion. One was asked by an attorney upon some strange ruling, 'Is that law, your Honour?' He replied: 'If the court understand herself, and she think she do, it are!' On the other hand, London possesses a phraseology of its own, and is at times rather amusing than otherwise. Two pedestrians were recently accosted in terms the most magnificent by a street-beggar: 'Good gentlemen, will you kindly administer the balm of consolation to a wrecked and debilitated constitution?'

'Our 'buses,' said a conductor in answer to an inquiry made, 'runs a quarter arter, arf arter,

quarter to, and at!' A young man from the country, while exploring one of the quiet lanes in the City for a dinner, had his ears mysteriously saluted by a shrill voice from an eating-house, which uttered in rapid tones the following incomprehensible jargon: 'Biledlammancapersors, Rosebeefrosegoos, Bilerabhibbleporkanonionsors, Rosemnttonantaters, Biledlammueblagevegetables, walkinsirtakenseutsir!' It is said that the astonished countryman hastened his pace, in order to find a house where better English was spoken; and the probability is, had he ventured as far as the suburbs of the town, he would have been equally as bewildered. At a public garden in these same suburbs, a waiter during last summer observing some of his master's customers surreptitiously departing before the bill was paid, roared out to another attendant: 'Run run Joe there's a glass of brandy-and-water two teas a quart of shrimps and a screw of birdseye just bolted over the blessed fence! After'em.'

'Give me a Queen's head,' meant murder in the reign of Henry VIII.; treason in that of Elizabeth or Anne; but in the present reign it means a postage-stamp. We buy drugs at a 'medical hall,' wines of a 'company,' and shoes at a 'mart.' Blacking is dispensed at an 'institution,' and meat from a 'purveyor.' Nowadays, the shops are 'warehouses,' 'establishments,' or 'bazaars.' Reporters are 'representatives,' preachers are 'ministers' or 'clergy,' workpeople are 'employees,' tea-meetings are 'soirees,' and singers are 'artists.' Scholastic phraseology, too, is somewhat curious. Passing some north-country English villages, a person for amusement inquired of the school children, 'When you are naughty, what does the master do to you?' The following different answers were received at various places: 'He mills us; he crumps us; he raps us on the top o' the heend; he bastes us; he mumps us; he fetles us; he winds us.'—'Ah,' exclaimed the traveller, 'they express themselves differently; but doubtless it's all the same in the end!'

Travellers are, as a rule, of an inquiring mind, and not a few are facetiously disposed. One of this latter class alighting from his gig one evening at a country inn, was met by the hostler, whom he thus addressed: 'Yomg man, immediately extricate that tired quadruped from the vehicle, stabulate him, devote to him an adequate supply of nutritious aliment; and, when the aurore of morn shall again illumine the oriental horizon, I will reward you with a pecuniary compensation for your amiable and obliging hospitality.' The youth, not understanding a single word of this, ran into the house, crying out: 'Master, come at once; here's a Dutchman wants to see you.'

And who would have thought that such a simple thing as this would have kept one awake half the night: 'Why some persons cannot sleep is, because there is an accumulation, mainly of carbonic acid, that accumulation being favoured and controlled by reflex action of the nervous system, which thus protects the organism from excessive oxidation, and allows the organism to manifest its normal functional activity throughout a rhythmic period.'

Sometimes, in ordinary conversation, we find people very apt to make use of a particular sentence, or a somewhat puzzling word even, with merely a vague idea of its proper meaning.

Take the following as an instance. A rich but ignorant lady, who was rather ambitious in her conversational style, in speaking of a friend, said: 'He is a *paragran* of politeness.'—'Excuse me,' said a wag sitting next to her, 'but do you not mean a *parallelgram*?—Of course I do,' immediately replied the lady. 'How could I have made such a mistake!'

It is well, by the way, to bear in mind a celebrated maxim of Lord Chesterfield's, which runs thus: 'It is advisable, before you expatiate on any particular virtue, and give way to what your imagination may prompt you to say, to ascertain first whom you are speaking to.' The following will exemplify the necessity of this precaution. 'My dear boy,' said a lady to a precocious youth of sixteen, 'does your father design you to tread the intricate and thorny paths of a profession, the straight and narrow ways of the ministry, or revel in the flowery fields of literature?'—'No, mamma; dad says he's agoing to set me to work in the 'tater-field.'

Such prosaic conclusions must be very disheartening. They are, however, amusing, as another example will show. 'Behold, my adorable Angelina,' observed a poetical swain, 'how splendid, how magnificent, and how truly glorious, nature looks in her bloom! The trees are filled with blossoms, the air resounds with the melodious singing of birds, the very wood is dressed in its greenest of livery, and the gorgeous plain is carpeted with grass and innumerable flowers!'—'Yes, dear Charles, I was just thinking of the very same thing. These plants in particular that we see around us are dandelions; and when they are gathered and put into a saucepan with a piece of good fat pork, they make the most delicious greens in the world!'

If, however, we should desire to become better acquainted with a more exaggerated style, we shall find it to be most prevalent on the other side of the Atlantic. A more courtcoons method of inquiry to ascertain the truth can scarcely be conceived than that once taken by a barrister. In cross-examining a witness: 'Were you not, on the night on which you say you were robbed, in such a state of vinous excitement as to preclude the possibility of your comprehension of your situation with that accuracy and precision necessary to a proper delineation of the truth?' And again, a New York obituary goes thus: 'Another stalwart tree fell last evening in its autumn prime, in the person of Major Cullen, as unique and remarkable a character in his way as ever wrought out logarithmically, and emanated from the rugged latitudinarianism of the frontier.'

A most fearful picture, at first sight, was that presented by a member of a debating society. 'Mr President,' said he, 'our country's fate looms darkling before us, without a star above the horizon on which the patriotic mariner can hang a scintillation of hope, but with ominous features of fast-coming doom, gloomy and rayless as the eyes of a tree-toad perched upon the topmost bough of a barren poplar, enveloped in an impenetrable fog.'

A more cheerful announcement was made by a Massachusetts mayor, who said in his annual message: 'As the eastern horizon of the present

is made glorious with the beaming rays of opportunity, so may the sunset hour of the future, by the refractive influences of faithful duty, greet us with its gorgeous panoply of prismatic light.'

An extract taken from a Louisville paper is a fine example of American laudation: 'When Miss Howson first appeared, her brilliant eyes and lovely face attracted everybody; but when her beautiful pearly teeth were disclosed, there came such a cataract of diamond-drops of melody, that the house seemed, as it were, deluged in a spray of harmony, equal to that which one might imagine would come from a Niagara composed of Eolian harps.'

Other descriptions of a like character are not always so flattering. Here we have what is called high-toned criticism in Pennsylvania. A contemporary, speaking of a songstress, says: 'She beats cats on high notes. There was no music or chest-tone in her voice, but it was about six octaves above the screech of a lost Indian, and would have thrown out of conceit with itself an enterprising railway whistle. The very chandelier would quiver, making every nervous man who sat immediately beneath, instinctively raise his hand to protect his scalp; these magnificent notes being followed up with a roar that would silence a bassoon.' And in an article upon the *aurora borealis*, a scientific gentleman in Illinois thus gives the origin of this celestial spectacle: 'When the molybdenide temperature of the horizon is such as to enliven the impudent advertisement of the luminiferous analogy, the collision of the horax duribustis becomes encharged with infinitesimals, which are thereby deprived of their fissual disquisitions. This effected, a rapid change is produced in the thorambumper of the gysasticus palerium, which causes a convicular in the hexagonal antipathies of the terrestrium aqua verusli. The clouds then become a mass of deodorunised specula of cercomocal light'—All of which is doubtless clear to the reader.

As an example of meaningless phraseology, take the following anecdote of O'Connell. In addressing a jury, and having exhausted every ordinary epithet of abuse, he stopped for a word, and then added, 'This naufrageous ruffian.' When afterwards asked by his friends the meaning of the word, he confessed he did not know, but said he 'thought it sounded well.' By this admission we are reminded of a certain critic who charged a flowery orator with using 'mixed metamorphosis;' and of an afflicted widower who recorded on the tombstone of his deceased wife that here lay the 'meretricious mother of fourteen children.'

THE APPROACHING CYCLING SEASON.

THERE are few persons who have not at some time in their lives experienced the feeling of impatience at being debarred by force of circumstances from indulging in some favourite amusement or recreation. On retrospection, former pleasures appear encircled by an enticing halo of enjoyment, and memory clothes the anticipated future in garments borrowed from the past. To those who are acquainted with members of that numerous body termed 'Cyclists,' the above

remarks will at once strike home; for in no other class of devotees to any particular recreation does the same amount of latent enthusiasm manifest itself. When winter approaches with its accompanying muddy roads and freshly-laid macadam, the steel steed is reluctantly consigned to some secure retreat, until the following season. The feeling of regret at so doing is to some extent mitigated by the wish to know what novelties and labour-saving inventions will be produced during the enforced cessation; for 'cycling' differs from most other sports in being comparatively new to the public and in constantly presenting fresh phases in all its details. Hence the Exhibitions held in the metropolis and the provinces have attracted many thousands of the curious and interested. The brains of inventors in all parts of the kingdom have been busily at work devising means whereby the maximum of speed may be obtained with the minimum of exertion, and some of the results have been, to say the least, surprising. The ingenious devices now exhibited will not in the future be confined solely to the mechanism for which they were primarily designed; the benefits accruing from them will inevitably attract the attention of engineers, and we may shortly expect to find them embodied in other machinery, stationary as well as locomotive.

There can be no question that 'cycling' is as yet in its infancy. Three or four seasons ago it received rebuffs from nearly all classes; then, as it grew in importance and its various merits became known, it was tolerated; finally it received support from many of its former detractors, and during the last season became in many parts the rage.

The eminent authority on hygiene, Dr Richardson, F.R.S., says: 'Tricycling for girls or young women is one of the most harmless of useful recreations, and is equally good for men and boys of all ages.' With regard to the 'very fat,' or persons inclined to become so, he specially points out that these are the persons above all others who feel the benefits of tricycling most. He concludes by saying: 'There is a real pleasure, when the roads are good, in skinning along on a bright day, that has to be experienced before it can be understood; and if the motion be carried out moderately, it is equally a pleasant surprise to feel how easy the travelling is, and how fast the ground seems to be traversed. Time passes quickly, and the eye collects all that is interesting without dwelling upon objects too long, as in walking; and without losing sight of them too rapidly, as in a railway carriage. The power of assimilating the scenery in this agreeable way is always healthy; it keeps the brain active, without wearying it on the one hand or confusing it on the other; and when the mind goes well, all goes well.'

The medical profession, as a rule, greatly recommend the exercise; and one practitioner in a southern English town, conscientiously places many of his patients upon tricycles, to the injury of his pocket, as he frankly confesses, by the loss of fees which would otherwise subsequently accrue.

At first, a lady was supposed to compromise her dignity sadly by propelling herself upon wheels; but familiarity has now entirely exploded the idea, and not only is no loss of dignity

involved, but the practice encouraged on almost every hand. Many ladies tricycled during the last year over five hundred miles; in some cases, in fact, the distance has reached the four figures, and this to the great benefit of both mind and body.

The auguries for the coming season are unusually brilliant. The great 'Touring Club' now extends its ramifications to nearly every part of the continent and America; it numbers in its ranks nearly seven thousand members, a goodly proportion being of the fair sex; and gentlemen are selected in all places of interest and importance to point out the 'lions' to the passing tourists. Local clubs show great vitality in deciding upon their future programmes; lady cyclists are engaged upon the all-absorbing topic of 'what to wear,' assisted in many instances by the advice of the 'Rational Dress Association'; while their male relatives attend Exhibitions and discuss with manufacturers concerning the machines they intend to bestride as soon as the weather permits. This selection is far from an easy task, as the advantages claimed for one class of machine appear in a variety of cases counterbalanced by different advantages in another. However, judging from the rapid sale and great demand at the present time, it would appear that the manufacturers have fairly succeeded in gratifying the particular hobbies and crotchets of the riders.

We may therefore safely predict a season of unusual activity in tricycling and bicycling. Should the weather prove propitious, not only will the main roads and pleasant bylanes of our mother-country witness the swiftly gliding wheels; but, imitating many adventurous predecessors, the quaint old buildings of continental towns will view tourists upon their steel steeds, seeking rest from mental toil, health for the body, recreation for the mind, and experiencing that keen delight and enticing excitement which only those who know can fully appreciate.

'THE LAND AFAR OFF.'

A LAND wherein bleak winter doth not reign,
But alway summer, sweet unto the core;
Where broken hearts are knit in love again,
And weary souls shall wander out no more;
Where bliss is greater for all woo before;
Where fair flowers blow, without earth's sad decay,
And friendship's happy voices, as of yore—
But tenfold dearer—ne'er again shall say
'Farewell!'—but ever, 'Welcome to this shore!'
Or, 'Hail, tired pilgrims to this golden day.'
And, 'Come, ye blest, to joys which will not pass
away!'

A country in whose light our souls shall bask;
A goodly heritage—where all we sought
Of hope, and love, and every pleasant task
Shall centre gladdly—far beyond all thought!
And He, the Lamb—Who from all evil brought
His chosen people—shall our eyes behold,
And graciously, as when on earth He taught,
His voice shall speak again—clear, as of old,
But with no ring of sorrow in its tone;
Glad presence, walking in the streets of gold!
A mighty King, with people all His own!

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DOGS: THEIR HUMANE AND RATIONAL TREATMENT.

BY GORDON STABLES, R.N.

IN TWO PARTS.—I. IN HEALTH.

TENSE and practical though I mean to be in these papers—for every line of space is valuable—I feel it my duty, both to my readers and myself, to make one or two prefatory remarks. They shall be brief. The advice given will be taken simply for what it is considered worth; but as a judge at Exhibitions of dogs both in this country and abroad, as well as reporter on such shows for the sporting press, and general writer of books and treatises on the management of all domestic animals, I have had considerable experience. All this might go for little, did I not love dogs, and constantly study their ways and their welfare; and being the owner of a considerable number of canine favourites, that lead a very happy life indeed, because their mode of being treated is rational, I have ample means of doing so. Some of the hints I shall give, and the suggestions I shall make for the better treatment of dogs, may be new to many; but they have been well considered, and are the result of an experience which I have not had to go out of my way to seek.

Since dog-shows were first fairly inaugurated in this country, our canine friends have taken a much higher standing in society, if I may so frame my speech. The breeds have been much improved, and the wish to obtain pure specimens is quite a craze with many people. The highest in the land take honours at such great Exhibitions as Birmingham and the Crystal Palace, and the poorest man in England prefers a well-bred dog to a mongrel. Indeed, mongrels are fast being improved off the earth; and I am not sorry for it, if only for the simple reason that, as a rule, a person will treat with more consideration an animal of value than a wretched cur. Do not understand me to mean by the word

'mongrel' a simple cross of one or more breeds. A cross is often of value; but the great object of all scientific breeders nowadays is to obtain stock in every way suited for the work for which they are designed; so that the points or properties of each breed are not, as the uninitiated often imagine, merely judges' fancy. Let only two dogs come to the front to illustrate my meaning. The first is the well-known greyhound. For speed and endurance, good sight, with power to kill and lift a hare, he could not possibly be better shaped. From stem to stern he is made to cut or cleave the air through which he bounds—even his chin seems reduced to a minimum for this purpose, and the top part of the nostril points outwards; his head is long and lean, but sufficient in muscle withal; his nostrils but little developed, because he depends not on scent; his eyes are bright, liquid, and large, and sight exquisite; his ears half erect, to catch the slightest sound; his chest wanting in breadth, and thus presenting no resistance to the wind in the forward plunge, but deep, nevertheless, to give lung-room and power to 'stay'; his loins are broad, strong, and muscular—for strength he must have—while the extraordinary development of muscle on the hinder-quarters gives him propelling power. Add to this, strong legs, good round cut-like feet, a long shapely neck, a tail which acts as a rudder, and a coat like a silken garment, warm and light, and we have the 'bench' and field properties of the greyhound.

And there is the Highland collie, *par excellence* the shepherd's friend, and often 'his chief mourner,' but now probably the most fashionable of all breeds. I will not go over his points and properties. But one has only to think of the work he does, and the weather he works in, and then glance at a high-bred specimen, to understand thoroughly what I speak of.

The dog, every one must admit, is man's truest and most faithful friend; and all right-thinking people must agree that he ought to be most humanely and kindly treated. Let me, then, consider somewhat in detail the most sensible

method of using him in health, with a view to keeping him well.

The first thing one should think about, before either buying a dog or accepting a dog as a gift, is a proper place to keep him in. If he is to be a house-dog entirely, he will hardly be so healthy, nor will he live so long as if kept in the fresh open air. But people in towns, or even in villages, are often compelled from want of space to keep indoors the dog that is needed for companionship or protection. In this case, while he may roam about all day and lie down where he likes, provided it be not in front of the fire, for this is most prejudicial to his health, at night his bed should be made in one particular corner. All that is needed is a mat or sack or old rug; but whatever it be, let it be called a bed, so that, when evening comes, the dog may be able to attach some definite meaning to the words, 'Go to bed, boy.'

An indoor dog's bed should *not* be spread behind a door, in any draughty place, in a cellar, or upon a brick or stone floor. To make a dog's bed in such spots is cruel and unkind. But to coddle him up in a warm bedroom, or to permit him to sleep on the sofa, or on one's own bed, is an error in the other direction; for a dog will not be so healthy if so treated; nor, if he is one of the beautifully long-coated breeds, will his jacket remain for any length of time as it ought to be. When many dogs are kept out of doors, they require a special system of kennelling, which I need not describe further than to say it consists of a shelter-house with straw-covered benches, and a well-ventilated door and roof, and a wire or fence inclosed run or yard, with a good supply of fresh water.

Where only one or two dogs are kept, the chain kennel is usually adopted. I do not hold with chaining dogs at all; but I cannot help people doing so; it only remains for me, then, to suggest some improvement which humanity demands in the usual outdoor dog box or barrel. Take the barrel first—it is the more primitive. In its pristine simplicity, it is simply a barrel with one end knocked out and a chain attached—draughty, damp, and dangerous. But given a good, roomy, strong, hard-wood barrel, any one can make a comfortable kennel out of it. Thus: scour it well first, and let it dry; have both ends closed up, and in the *side* near to one end proceed to saw out a square hole big enough for the animal's easy ingress and exit. Thus you have at once a nice kennel, free from objectionable draughts; and when well lined with straw, it is all that could be desired. The square carpenter-made kennel has usually the door in the gable. This is most objectionable. By all means have the opening at the side, and have the back to open when desirable, for the convenience of cleaning.

The chain should be as long as possible; and if space be plentiful, it is a good plan to have the chain ending in a round ring, and this ring to run upon a long stretch of strong wire-rope, so that the poor dog gets quite a range without being actually free. I have not the credit of inventing this capital plan; I first saw it in America when 'judging' there. All kennels should have a wooden floor, and be raised about a foot above the ground.

Kennel-bedding ought to be abundant. Quite half-fill the barrel or box—it will last the longer.

Dogs greatly appreciate a good bed. Change it whenever damp, and change it at least once a fortnight whether damp or not. The best bedding for winter is taken or rye straw; the best for summer, wheaten straw. I do not think shavings so good; and hay is bad, because it fills the coat with dust and obnoxious insects. Sprinkling the straw well with a decoction of quassia-wood—two handfuls of chips steeped for a day or two in half a bucket of water—prevents fleas. Damping the dog's coat with this decoction kills these and other vermin. A little turpentine sprinkled over the straw has the same effect. It is a good plan in large kennels to put down a good layer of peat-earth; it is a cleanly, wholesome, deodorising substratum for the bed.

Outdoor kennel dogs should always have an abundance of pure fresh water for drinking. The pan should be a broad-bottomed one, not easily knocked over. The water should be changed every morning, and placed where it shall be out of the rays of the sun. In winter, care should be taken that it does not get frozen. Parenthetically: many shopkeepers in large towns have adopted the plan of keeping a dish of pure water near their doors for thirsty dogs to drink from, summer or winter. I do not think they lose anything by being kind to God's creatures. Would that many more would follow their example. If so, we would have fewer mad-dog panics than, unfortunately, there are at present. People, however, are beginning to know that muzzling dogs in summer, or depriving them of exercise by shutting them up, is more likely to produce than prevent that terrible disease *rabies*.

Now a few words about food and feeding. First as to the house-dog. He is usually a pet—too much so sometimes for his own health and comfort; and he is fed at all hours of the day, and often indulged in dainties, such as sugar, gross meats and fat, sweet cakes, butter, and other things most prejudicial to his welfare. Beer and even spirits are sometimes given to them; and I could cite cases of dogs I have known which became inveterate drunkards, finding ways and means of obtaining intoxicants that were astonishing.

A dog should be fed *twice* a day. I purposely italicise the word 'twice,' for although the breakfast should be but a light one, it is a necessity of healthful existence. If it be not given, the bowels become confined, the bile is ejected into the stomach; the dog seeks grass, and relieves himself in a natural way of what nature designed as an aperient. A bit of dry dog-biscuit, or a drop of milk or basin of sheep's head broth, is all my own dogs ever have for breakfast.

A dog should have his principal meal—with a run to follow—at four p.m. in winter, and at five in summer. Variety and change from day to day are most essential. Dog-biscuits, dry or steeped, and mixed with the liquor that fresh meat or fish has been boiled in, with now and then oatmeal porridge, make a good staple of diet. Bread-crusts steeped may be substituted once a week. Meat should be given; but unless the dog has abundant exercise, too much does harm. Boiled greens should be mixed with the food at least twice a week; but they should be well mashed, else our friend will edge them on one

side with his nose and leave them. Paunches are good as a change; so are well-boiled lights and sheep's-head and broth. The head should be boiled to a jelly; and no kind of meat should be given raw, except now and then a morsel of bullock's liver or milt, to act as a laxative. Never give raw lights—they carry down air into the stomach, and may produce fatal results. Potatoes, rice, and most garden-roots are good, and the scraps of the table generally. Much caution should be used in giving bones. On no account give a dog fish or game or chicken bones. Milk when it can be afforded is very good for dogs, and buttermilk is a most wholesome drink for them. Let everything you give to a dog be cleanly and well cooked, and do not entertain the now exploded notion that anything is good enough for a dog. Whatever a dog leaves, should be thrown to the fowls, and not presented to him again, for the animal is naturally dainty.

If you want a dog to remain healthy, great pains must be taken that, both personally and in all his surroundings, he is kept clean. His food and his water should be pure and fresh; the kennel he lies in should always have clean bedding, and be periodically scrubbed and disinfected. Even the inside of his leather collar should be kept sweet and clean. He ought to be brushed, if not combed, every morning with an ordinary dandy-brush. This not only keeps the coat clean and free from unsightly matting, but encourages the growth of the 'feather,' as it is called. He should be washed once a fortnight. Washing a dog may seem a simple matter; but there is a right way and a wrong way of doing it, for all that. Here are the directions I should give to a tyro.

Choose a fine day. Wash him in the morning, so that he may not run the risk of catching cold or inflammation, by going to bed with a damp coat. Place small dogs in the tub, big ones beside it. Take the soap in one hand, and pour the water with the other over the fingers as you lather. The water must be warm, but not hot; the lather made on the jacket abundant. Leave the head till the last, else your friend will treat you to a slower-bath by shaking himself. After he is well lathered and rubbed, squeeze and wash out all the soap, first with warm, and finally with cold water. Next give a douche-bath in the shape of a bucket or two of cold water all over; and let him run about a minute or two to shake himself. Now take a rough towel and dry him as well as possible, and then take him out immediately for a run. You thus get the blood in circulation, and there is no fear of his catching cold. Let him have a bit of biscuit when he returns from his walk; and afterwards turn him into his kennel among good clean straw.

Cold and damp and draughts are very injurious to a dog's health; and it is worth while remembering that if a dog has to be exposed for a time to the wet without the power of running about and keeping warm, he ought to have something to eat. Nearly all inflammations in dogs are caused by exposure to cold and wet, while the animals are fasting.

In washing dogs, the mistake of using strong alkaline soaps should be avoided. Some people use soft soap. Nothing tends more to destroy

the gloss of the coat. This gloss is caused by an oily secretion from glands situated at the roots of the hair, and is meant by nature to protect the coat from damp and dust. If washed off, therefore, there is a tendency towards catching cold, and even skin disease. This may seem a small matter; but it is truly important. Use only the mildest of soaps, therefore; and if the dog be a very tiny one, the yolk of egg is better even than soap.

The better to protect outdoor dogs from wet or draught, it is a good plan to have the kennel movable, so that the back of it may be placed against the wind or rain. If this cannot be done, let it face always south or south and west. Be most careful that in summer the poor animal has the means of protection against the direct rays of the sun. It is bad enough for a dog to have to lie out all night in frost, but it is ten times worse for him to be exposed for even a couple of hours to a strong summer's sun. I have known dogs drop dead from *coup de soleil*; and I have seen them digging holes in the gravel where they were chained, in a vain endeavour to find a cool spot and shelter from the sun's heat.

Where many dogs are kept, one cannot be too particular in the matter of cleanliness; and after the kennels have been washed down, they should be disinfected with carbolic acid in water—not too strong, for dogs loathe bad smells.

In feeding, always place the food in a clean basin or dish; on no account throw it on the ground, for dirt is as injurious to the health of a dog as it is to that of any other animal.

Exercise is most essential to the well-being of a dog. A man who keeps his dog on chain from one month's end to another, ought himself to undergo six weeks of precisely the same kind of punishment. If we would have our dogs healthy and happy, comfortable and good-tempered, we must give them their freedom for some time each day. It is better to take them for a good run quite away from home. My own dogs have a large-sized orchard as a playground; but nevertheless their delight at getting beyond its limits is unbounded.

The liver of a dog is larger in proportion to his size than it is in the human being, and is very easily put out of order. If the dog has not plenty of exercise, this organ is sure to become unsound, and the health of the dog thereby injuriously affected.

Dogs have often to travel by train with or without their masters. They ought always to be placed in a strong basket or scientifically ventilated roomy box, the ventilating spaces being protected by iron bars, not flat, but raised, so that a parcel or box cannot deprive the dog of air. The Companies provide a 'boot' for dogs. This place is seldom if ever clean; and it is draughty, were it ever so clean. When dogs are sent on journeys on chain, the collar should be a leather one. A metal one slips easily over the head. Guards are, as a rule, kind to dogs. Sometimes dogs in transit are left longer at stations than they ought to be, and kind-hearted strangers often give them a drop of water, or open their bags and find a biscuit or morsel of bread for them. Such people will have their reward. If a label be attached to a dog's chain when he

is going to travel, fasten it close to the collar, else he may amuse himself by eating it. I saw some hounds the other day at a station which had not a notion where they were bound for, and as they had swallowed their labels, the railway servants could not tell either; so both dogs and men looked foolish.

People sometimes put a bit of brimstone in a dog's water-dish, by way of keeping him pure and healthy. A pebble would do as much good, for the brimstone does not dissolve. But a little sulphur now and then in the food is a capital thing; a little gunpowder is better, containing as it does, nitre, sulphur, and charcoal.

Now, just a word or two in conclusion about puppies. Never leave more than five or six for the dam to bring up; and if they are a valuable breed or strain, and likely to sell, be prepared with a foster-mother, lest more than six be born. For the first three weeks, the mother attends to them. After that, they ought to be taught gradually to lap warm milk, first with a little sugar. After a month, a little boiled corn-flour should be added; and at this age, commence to wean gradually, by letting them have day after day more food and less mother's milk. Complete the weaning during the seventh week, but, as I said, *gradually*, for sake of both pups and dam. Let them have a large shed to run in, and let it be a foot-deep in straw, and always clean and dry. In good weather, the pups ought to be as much as possible in the open air. There is nothing brings them on so well as playing in the sunshine. Pups must have toys, such as large bones, old boots, &c. It is wonderful the amount of fun they get out of such toys, and the amount of good such romping does them. Gradually let the food be thicker, and begin soon to give them a little broth as well as milk. Feed four times a day, till the pups are three months old; then three times a day until they are eight months old; then twice. Be careful with them about teething-time—that is, from the fourth to the seventh month, during which time they shed the milk-teeth and acquire the permanent ones.

Never let pups get wet, if possible; but if dirty, wash them well. While the mother is suckling, feed her well on the most nutritious diet, five or six or seven times a day.

In my next paper, I shall treat of the common ailments of dogs, and have a word or two to say about dog-bites, which may be found useful.

ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOT.

CHAPTER XX.—THE MEGATHERION.

It was the noonday—which does not coincide exactly with the sun's meridian according to the accredited hour of the Royal Observatory of Greenwich—of early London life, and a great many men were lunching in the huge saloons of that prosperous institution the Megatherion. Companies with limited liability, and the prospectus of each of which must surely be penned by the imaginative goose-quill of some sanguine poet, are eternally starting concerns destined

to founder, and setting up gewgaw speculations that bring profit to none but the audacious promoter and the official trustee. But the Megatherion paid noble dividends, and flourished like a green bay-tree. It met a want, a real want. Clubs, of various sizes and varying pretensions, are as numerous now as, in the days of Johnson and Boswell—the tavern-haunting days—they were scarce. But clubs are too exclusive. They only admit their own members, with the rare privilege of a stranger to dine. Now, the big, admirably managed Megatherion was neutral ground, around the snowy table-cloths of which, or on the softly-cushioned divans of which, all men became brothers, and it was not necessary to submit to the club bore, or to meet the perpetual clique, or to run for ever in a monotonous groove.

The Megatherion did its best to reproduce some of the best features of club-life. It did its best, too, perhaps not quite consciously, to galvanise into existence some of the chief merits of the old coffee-house life which the French have borrowed from us, since it was in London, not Paris, that Pasqua, the Panariote Greek, first brewed his coffee, and that the 'China drink—tea,' commemorated by Mr Samuel Pepys, was first in vogue. There was less of yawning and more of conversation—so cynics averred—in the free Megatherion than in some of those Pall-Mall palaces where old quidnuncs take possession of the bay-windows and doze in the easy-chairs, and whence young men are reputed to fly to misalled clubs set up by specious adventurers, who dispense with entrance fees and clip subscriptions, to recony themselves by drugged wines and overcharged dinners. Now, at the Megatherion, all admitted that the wines were good and not dear, and the cooking nearly perfect, the viands of the best quality, the table-equipage faultless, and the waiting good. There are spots in the sun, blemishes in the purest marble of Paros; and the young men from the Poteries, or Lancashire or Dublin, who came up to London to write for Society journals, did grumble that at the Megatherion the potatoes were too few, the chops not fat enough, and so forth; but there was a fair pennyworth for the penny.

At the Megatherion, then, many men were gathered together at luncheon-tide, as, much later on, a larger assembly would congregate at the more sacred dinner-hour. At one of the tables was a group of visitors to London, officers from Aldershot, two of them; the others, some five young men of some little means, from country districts; while the arbiter who ruled over them—though by no means the founder of the feast, in the sense of being the paymaster, was the only Londoner *par sang*, the only genuine Cockney, included in the company—was no other than Ned Tattle, fresh from Egypt, more self-important than ever, a pert London sparrow among the diffident rustic chirpers. Mr Tattle had, and tried to have, an extensive country connection. He did not disclaim the little arts by which such a connection can be kept up, still less the benefits accruing from it. An honorary contribution to a local newspaper now and then, in the height of the season—Ned had a deft way of handling his pen, and was keen as a sleuth-hound on the scent of gossip and scandal—and a

readiness to play the part of eiccone to notables from the manufacturing districts, brought him in much provincial renown and some pleasant invitations during the autumn. Nor did he disdain, as now, to dine or lunch expensively with younger and simpler men than he, who listened to his bantam crowing.

At a much smaller table, within earshot of the loud conversation of Mr Tattle and his friends, sat two gentlemen, one of whom was Arthur Talbot; while at yet another one, hard by, a solitary customer sat at his meal; a sunbrent man this, of seafaring appearance, but wearing the glossiest of broadcloth, the swiftest of shirt-cuffs, the neatest of neckties, and, in fact, no other than Chinese Jack, of Jane Seymour Street, Strand, W.C. At the Megatherion there is no division of classes. It is a public place of entertainment, and so, for that matter, are certain gorgeous hostellers in Republican Paris, the *Maison d'Or*, the *Café Riche*, the *Café Anglais*. Pierre and Paul may come in if they like, in their honest white blouses, besmeared by stone-chips and mortar, and may roar for the *canon* of red wine and the bowls of broth, and be legally admissible among the starched waiters and the expensive fittings. But, somehow, the worthy *Auvergnats* strenuously do not care to try the experiment. Just so might Mr Wheelie, in corduroy, plunge into the Megatherion and order whatever he liked and could pay for; but he very sensibly confines his custom to establishments where he can feel himself at ease. Chinese Jack, at the Megatherion, laboured under no hereditary or educational disadvantage. He sat still, and looked like a merchant skipper, and was as sun-browned as an Australian from the Plains, and behaved very quietly and like a gentleman, seeming to listen to nothing, but hearing all, as if he had been the Ear of Dionysius.

To be a good listener is of itself an art—not with a social bias, not to be such a listener as was the high-born but mysterious Lovel, when he fascinated the garrulous Mr Jonathan Oldbuck in the postchaise journey from the Forth ferry to Aberdeen. That sort of listener acts a part, a secondary one, it is true, but still a part that admits of a good deal of quiet byplay and neat stage-business. But to keep one's ears open, as did Chinese Jack, to assume the ungrateful character of an eavesdropper without personal motive—this demands a great deal from a man too sensible to be imbued with a mere vulgar spirit of inquisitiveness. The lodger at Mrs Badger's private hotel in Jane Seymour Street was possessed of an unwearrying patience, and could endure without wincing the stream of platitudes, the feeble jests, the tedious repetitions, the countless 'said hes' and 'said shes' and the inexplicable references to unknown circumstances, that poured upon his auricular nerves. 'Have I not,' he would say to himself grimly, 'rocked the cradle for hours, and washed and washed, content if there were but a few shiny speckles at the bottom of all that turbot clay and iron-rust and shale! So it is with the patter of these fools.'

The particular fool to whose words Chinese Jack paid the most attention was little voluble Ned Tattle. On the homeward voyage of the good steamship *Cyprius*, he had had occasion

enough to take the measure of that Cockney chatterer; whereas Mr Tattle could have reported nothing as to the assistant-boatswain of the *Lascars*—'One of those native fellows, don't you know!' which boatswain nevertheless had been born within sight of the Norman towers of Castel Vawr. The little man was bragging in his usual style, and presently he mentioned a name that made Chinese Jack prick up his ears.

'That pretty Lady Leonminster—the Marchioness, you know, that I saw so much of in Egypt, where poor young Leonminster died,' explained Tattle, who did not like to cast his titular pearls before swine, and who had a shrewd suspicion that his youthful friends, ill grounded in *Debuté*, might mistake her Ladyship for a mere knight's wife, if he did not take the trouble to make them cognisant of the sacred strawberry leaves. As it was, they were all attention.

'Poor young thing!' resumed Tattle, emptying his glass and refilling it. 'I saw a good deal of her out in Egypt, where we were so intimate; and, indeed, poor Leonminster consulted me more than once about his will. He had made her splendid settlements—the town-house, the Welsh boxer estate, the very finest place,' pursued the speaker critically, 'in all the west and good pleasant covers—a pleasant neighbourhood; and then there was his will. But he wanted to add a codicil, to make it all sure about the personality—a large sum in consols—and it was about that, having no lawyer at hand, that he asked my advice.'

The young men from the country and the subalterns of marching regiments eyed their London acquaintance with increased respect, as the confidant of a Marquis.

'It was all right,' went on Mr Tattle cheerfully, 'and so I saw in a jiffy; but Leonminster being ill and slinky, was anxious, and I was glad to set his mind at rest. Poor fellow! he died there, and was brought back in his own yacht, to be buried. And the young Marchioness and her sister—a brace of beauties, I can tell you—came to Southampton with me. A nice mess they have made of it, since!'

'A nice mess! Why, hang it all, I thought you said there was money in heaps!' ejaculated one of the Aldershot officers, who, poor lad, was pinched for cash himself, since he had bought the wrong horse for more money than he could afford, last Derby-day, and had ever since that fatal race been compelled to propitiate tyrannical tailors and wheedle unpaid keepers of livery-stables.

'So there is money in heaps—sixty thousand a year in land, besides the fmded property and foreign securities, as I happen to know,' returned the undaunted Ned, slightly exaggerating the Castel Vawr rent-roll in his desire to set the fancy picture of his own painting in a becoming golden frame. 'The question is, who is to have it? There can't be two ladies paramount, you know.'

'Why, surely,' said a stout young manufacturer, setting down his knife and fork—'why, Tattle, you don't mean to say!'

'I do mean; and the long and short of it come to this,' interrupted the Cockney oracle in his turn; and in his glib, saucy way, he proceeded to pour into the greedy ears of his auditory a garbled but tolerably coherent account of the

dispute between the sisters as to precedence and identity, garnished by many picturesque touches as to 'how mad Sir Pagan was when he heard of it'—'how Lady Barbara, that old cat of quality,' had been ridiculous in her excitement—and how the family lawyers were vainly trying to patch up the quarrel by offers of enormous pecuniary compensation, to avoid the disgrace of a public trial and newspaper disclosures.

Chinese Jack had noted the effect of these speeches and of the comments—more or less foolish and flippant—which they provoked, on Arthur Talbot, whom he perfectly well remembered as a chief-cabin passenger on board the *Cyprus*. He had seen the young man's colour change, and an angry light come into his eyes, and had marked the effort that he made to keep calm, and to repress the rising indignation which we all feel when we chance to hear a dear name bandied to and fro on the coarse and careless lips of strangers.

'Sweet upon one of them—but which, I wonder?' was the sneering comment of the sun-bronzed spy. 'I have seen him, if I mistake not, talking to both, on the moonlit deck. It needs all his philosophy to prevent him from wringing yonder absurd little creature's neck; and I, for one, don't think the worse of him for the impulse.'

The conjecture was perfectly accurate. Talbot did feel a longing to put a padlock on Mr Tattle's boastful tongue, by any means available; but it was one of those cases in which it is necessary to bear pain, as the Spartan boy endured the gnawing of the fox. No good could come from a squabble in a public place with a blatant little braggart such as his late fellow-traveller. He tried to shut his ears, then, to the little Cockney's chatter, and could only marvel at the man's impudence in representing himself as a friend and a confidential adviser of the Leominster party; whereas, to the best of Arthur's recollection, there had never been the most casual acquaintance between the late Marquis and the pert grandson of the Poultry fishmonger. There is no smoke, however, without some spark of fire; and in honest truth, Mr Tattle and the late lord had spoken together twice—once when, at Karnak, Tom had proffered the loan of his field-glass; and once at the First Cataract, when he had borrowed a red-bound guide-book from the Marquis. Lord Leominster had been the gentlest and the simplest of men, and never snubbed an intruder; but as for confidence and counsel, there had been none on either side.

Arthur Talbot, then, sat still, and tried to overhear as little as he could of the unwelcome babble of his noisy neighbours, desecration though it seemed to him to hear *her* name—hers—tossed in this manner to and fro from the tongues of the disrespectful. But Chinese Jack, his own sun-burnt countenance as impassive as a mask, drank in all he could, and believed as much, or as little, as commended itself to his powerful brain and his trained intellect. Presently he, too, almost winced, as he heard a name familiar enough to him.

'It was all—I'm sure of that—that Madame de Laloue, a foreign Countess—you know the sort of people that go travelling about with titles, the half-French, half-Polish woman we called the

Sphinx, at Cairo; and a very queer bird she was—very thick with Kourbush Pasha and all the Palace clique, and gave herself absurd airs. Somebody said she'd been a milliner on the Boulevards in Paris; and somebody else that her husband had been a Russian Secretary of Embassy, sent to Siberia for something rascally. Anyhow, I am certain she was the wire-puller in the whole affair. Miss Carew's only a puppet in her hands,' summed up Ned Tattle, in a final effort to revive the flagging attention of his audience.

But the young men from the country did not care much, or perhaps understand much, about foreign Countesses of dubious antecedents; and the conversation soon got into another groove, and the Leominster coronet and estates were no longer under discussion. Then Chinese Jack summoned the waiter, paid his bill, made his unobserved exit from the crowded Megatherion, and found himself again upon the free pavement outside.

'Now to hunt her up,' he said curtly, within the shadow of his bushy beard. 'A needle in a bundle of hay, of course. But a magnet can find a needle—sometimes. Let us try.'

SHETLAND AND ITS INDUSTRIES.

BY SHERIFF RAMPIN.

IN TWO PARTS.—II. ITS FISHERIES.

THE fishing industries of Shetland consist of the deep-sea or white fishing—locally known by the name of the 'haaf'—and the herring-fishing. But in addition to these two main branches, the Shetlanders are also largely interested, either personally or pecuniarily, in the Farøe and Iceland cod-fisheries, the North and South Greenland seal-fisheries, and the Davis' Straits whale-fishing. Roughly speaking, of the twenty-nine thousand seven hundred and five persons which comprise the population of Shetland, more than two-thirds gain their livelihood by the sea. Every crofter is a fisherman; his adult sons are sailors; his younger children are bench-boys; his wife and daughters are 'gutters' or packers or salters. The whole islands live by, smell of, talk of nothing but fish. 'Death to the head that wears no hair,' is the popular toast at every social gathering. 'May the Lord open the mouth of the gray fish, and hand His hand about the corn,' is the fervent prayer of every Shetland fisherman and crofter. If by the white fish—cod, ling, and tusk—he earns his living, the gray fish—the saith or coal-fish and its young, sillocks or pillocks according to age—provide him with food for his family. As for yellow or smoked fish, they are almost entirely neglected in Shetland. Fish dried by exposure to the air only—*blaan* (blown) or *sookit* fish, as they are called, are the only cured fish which are appreciated as articles of diet by your true Shetlander. Of the various fisheries above enumerated, the 'haaf' was, until very recently, by far the most important.

Long before the Shetlanders possessed anything approaching to a fishing-fleet of their own, the teeming waters around their coasts were annually visited by the 'busses' of the Dutch fishing-fleet. To the Dutch, indeed, the Shetlanders owe no

inconsiderable amount of their present prosperity. All over the islands, these energetic foreigners established stations, which were the markets of the district—the outlet for its industries, and the source of its supplies. The town of Lerwick itself is said to have owed its origin to this circumstance. For at least two centuries, the yearly visit of the Dutch fleet to Bressay Sound was the one break in the monotony of the Lerwegians' existence. A great annual fair was held in the end of June on a hillock three miles from the town, still known by the name of the 'Hollanders' Knowe'; and some idea of the number of vessels which in these brave old times thronged Lerwick harbour during its continuance, may be gained from the tradition that it was possible to cross the Sound of Bressay—which is a mile and a half broad—on a bridge of boats formed by the Dutch busses anchored bulwark to bulwark. But for some time past, the number of the Dutch white-fishing fleet has been gradually diminishing. In 1882 only about a hundred and fifty spent Midsummer Day in Lerwick harbour.

For the last twelve years, the number of fishing-boats engaged in the 'haaf'—which begins in April and continues till about the middle of August—has averaged six hundred. During the years 1872-1874 there was a considerable decrease. But in 1875 the number rose from five hundred and forty-three to five hundred and sixty-three; in 1881 it reached to that of six hundred and fourteen; in 1882 it was six hundred and seventy-four. Many of these boats, however, are Scotch. It is stated that for the 'haaf' of the current year, a large number of Scotch boats have been already engaged for the first time, Scotch curers will compete with the Shetlanders in this particular branch of business. If this statement is correct, as we cannot doubt it to be, there is no question but that a considerable impetus will be given to an industry, which, although far from being neglected, has not yet been developed with anything approaching to the same degree of energy with which the herring-fishery has been prosecuted.

Hitherto, the principal obstacle to the extension of both the one and the other of these fisheries has been the cost of the new decked boats which it has been found necessary to substitute for the old 'sixerns' or six-oared boats which have for centuries been exclusively employed by the Shetland fishermen. These 'sixerns,' says the Report of the Shetland Relief Committee, 'are of a build peculiar to the islands, and closely resemble the Norwegian yawls. Slimly built, about six and a half feet broad, and three feet deep, and with from twenty to twenty-one feet of keel, they are manned by six men, and carry a large lug-sail containing about sixty yards of canvas. Although, from their frail appearance, they are not used by south-country fishermen, the Shetlanders, accustomed to them from infancy, manage them with consummate skill, and make marvellous voyages in them on the dangerous and boiling seas which surround their coasts.' But the great storm of July 20th, 1881, which destroyed the whole of the North Isles fishing-fleet, was the death-blow of the sixerns. Though the Shetlanders were loth to condemn their old favourite, and even yet can scarcely be got to admit its deficiencies, that unparalleled

disaster clearly proved that safety was only to be found in boats of stronger build as well as of greater register. It is satisfactory, however, to think that the lesson of that terrible summer's night has not been given in vain. 'The sixerns,' we learn from the First Annual Report of the Directors of the Shetland Fishermen's Widows' Relief Fund, just published, 'are gradually but surely becoming a thing of the past. At the principal stations—Glomp, Fetahand, and Whalsay—the boats have decreased in number by from one-third to three-fourths since last year. At Ollaberry and Haroldswick, the number is the same, though a decrease is expected next year; while from Burravoe, Mid Yell, Mossbark, and Haverø, come reports of a marked decrease. These boats are principally manned by old men, who cannot readily adapt themselves to the new large-decked boats which are now numerous in the islands, and which are manned by young men.'

The average annual amount of white fish cured for the twelve years from 1870 to 1881 inclusive was eighty-four thousand and thirty-eight hundredweight. The returns for the year 1875 were the highest, whilst those of the following year were the lowest, during that period. In 1882 the quantity amounted to sixty-eight thousand five hundred hundredweight. The price of fish has of late considerably advanced, and is still advancing. For the white-fishing of the current year the crews are already engaged. The general prices given by the curers are, for ling, per hundredweight, eight shillings and sixpence; cod, seven shillings and sixpence; task, five shillings and sixpence; halibut, ten shillings till May, and six shillings afterwards. Even at such prices, there must remain a considerable margin of profit to the exporter.

Very recently, a fresh departure has been made in the Shetland white-fish trade, the importance of which will be readily perceived, although only a rough approximation can be arrived at as to its present condition and rate of extension. The export of fresh fish—principally halibut, though including some cod and ling—packed in ice for the English markets, was commenced in the year 1880 by an enterprising firm of fish-curiers in Lerwick, who chartered a steamer for the purpose. In 1882, the third year of the industry, some six or seven firms had embarked in the business; and the exports, which in 1880 did not amount to a hundred tons, had increased to four hundred and twenty.

It is, however, principally in respect of its herring-fishery that the progress of Shetland has been so rapid and so marked.

Prior to the year 1875, the curing and export of herrings could scarcely be said to exist in the islands. It was not that the fish did not frequent the coast; then, as now, the shoals visited Shetland every summer; and a certain quantity was caught by the 'sixerns,' and sold for home consumption. Between 1870 and 1874 the annual number of barrels so cured averaged two thousand and sixteen. But in 1875 decked boats owned by Scotch curers for the first time made their appearance in Shetland waters. At first the Scotch boats had it all their own way. But in 1877 two decked boats were registered as belonging to the islands. Five years later—in 1882—their number had increased to one hundred and eighty-three;

whilst, during the ensuing season, it is expected that the total number of boats engaged in the fishery will be between seven and eight hundred, of which close upon three hundred will belong to the islands. A glance at the subjoined table will show the steady and remarkable progress made in this important industry since its commencement.

Year.	Sixorns.	Decked Boats.	Barrels Cured.
1875.....	83	11	2,896
1876.....	78	91	3,828
1877.....	67	32	5,451
1878.....	92	25	8,458
1879.....	146	60	8,755
1880.....	145	73	48,552
1881.....	142	134	59,536
1882.....	106	266	134,000

It is, of course, impossible to say whether the trade will continue to maintain its present high figure. If it does, the future prosperity of Shetland is assured. For the moment, its supremacy as a herring-curing station in the north of Scotland is disputed by Fraserburgh alone.

Already the effects of this rapid development are beginning to show, not in Lerwick only, but all over the islands. Stations are being everywhere erected, curing-sheds put up, fishermen's houses built, piers constructed, shops opened. The boat-building trade during winter has been very brisk, and many new boats have been ordered from the south. In Lerwick, the price of land near the docks suitable for curing-stations has gone up at least a hundred per cent. Even at the high figure at which it is being sold or let, acquirers are not far to seek. Eleven new stations have been erected—chiefly for south-country curers—during the past winter, raising the total of those in the neighbourhood of the town, including the island of Bressay, to twenty-three.

The principal districts at which, during the current year, the herring-fleet will fish are: on the west side of the islands, Walls, Scalloway, Whiteness, and the islands of Papa, Barra, and Trondra; and on the east side, Lerwick, Yell, and Unst. About half of the east-side fleet will be stationed at Lerwick; the other half will be divided between Yell and Unst.

During the two herring seasons—the west side commencing in June and ending in July, and the east side commencing in August and ending in October—the departure and arrival of the fishing-fleet is one of the most striking and picturesque sights which Shetland has to offer to the stranger. Boats of all nationalities are to be found in the fleet—many Irish, more Scotch, some French, some Prussian, some from Yarmouth and Lowestoft, others from the Isle of Man. The Dutch herring-fleet, which in 1873 consisted of one hundred and four vessels, and in 1882 of four hundred and ten, for the most part fish in Shetland waters. Occasionally disputes arise—quarrels about nets, squabbles about the fishing-grounds of the various vessels and nationalities; but, as a rule, order is fairly observed. It is not, however, to be expected that, as the fishings increase, this immunity from serious disturbance will continue to prevail. Even now, the presence of a fishery cruiser to

exercise the functions of a marine police is imperatively required; and it is to be hoped that the new Scottish Fishery Board, from which so much is expected, will feel it to be their duty to provide the islanders with this protection before the commencement of the approaching fishing-season.

The increase in the herring-fishing has been followed by a proportionate and natural decrease in the importance of the other industries of the islands. The amount of capital sunk and the number of Shetlanders employed in the Farøe and Iceland cod-fisheries, the Greenland seal, and the Davis' Straits whale fishings are slowly but surely decreasing. In 1882 the number of Shetland hands who shipped for the Greenland fishing was only three hundred—the lowest for many years; and not more than two hundred Shetlanders embarked on board the whalers for the same year.

It is by a reference to the official returns of the Customs and the Board of Trade that we can most readily appreciate the rapidity of the rise and the present importance of the mercantile and industrial interests of the Shetland Islands. In 1870 the value of the exports of Shetland, consisting entirely of salt herrings, dried salted cod and ling, was L.25,387; in 1882 their value was L.170,622—an increase of L.145,235. The shipping returns for the same years show a similar increase alike in its foreign and its coasting trade. To take the latter only:—In 1870 the inward cargoes (one hundred and eighty-six vessels) were 27,977 tons, and the outward cargoes (one hundred and sixty-one vessels) were 26,293. In 1882 the inward cargoes (three hundred and ninety-six vessels) were 65,271 tons; the outward cargoes (two hundred and eighteen vessels) were 49,165. Such figures require no comment.

That a great future is in store for these hitherto poor and almost unknown islands is a truth in which the Shetlanders themselves at least implicitly believe. The facts and figures stated in this and the preceding article will perhaps enable the reader to judge how far their pretensions are well founded.

BENJAMIN BLUNT, MARINER.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CONCLUSION.

PRESENTLY Mr Blunt came back from the window and sat down near the table. 'Lady Trevor, I have a question to ask you,' he said. His voice sounded husky and strange even to himself. 'You do not remember your mother?'

'Poor dear mamma died when I was quite an infant.'

'Nor do you remember your father?'

'No; I have not the faintest recollection of my father.'

'And you have never been told anything about either of them!'

'Oh, Mr Blunt, how do you know that? You tell me things that make me sad. How do you, an old fisherman, know so much about me and mine?'

'Listen, Lady Trevor. I, Benjamin Blunt, an old fisherman, as you say, knew both your father and your mother.'

'You knew my father and mother, Mr Blunt! You would not deceive me in this; I know you would not. And, as you say, no one ever told

me anything about them. You will tell me about them, will you not? I think about them both—oh! so often. But my uncle and aunt have never allowed me even to mention their names, and that has been the only unhappiness of my life.

'I will tell you what I know about them on one condition—that you never mention to a soul, except your husband, what I am now going to say to you.' He spoke with a simple dignity that did not fail to impress his hearer.

'I promise,' came the low reply without a moment's hesitation.

Old Riley was basking in the genial warmth of the fire. He neither stirred nor spoke, and the others seemed to have forgotten his presence.

For a few moments, Benjamin Blunt's gaze went out through the sunlit window; and one might have thought he was watching the white-plumed waves as they came rolling shoreward; but in truth he saw them not at all. He came back to the present with a sigh, and when he began to speak, it was in a low mumbled voice, which, however, gathered strength as he went on with his narrative. 'Your grandmother, the lady whose likeness is in that locket, ran away from home to marry a strolling player. It seemed to her friends as if she had disgraced herself and them, and they would have nothing more to do with her. After a time, your mother was born, and a few years later your grandfather the actor died. Then your grandmother took to keeping a child's school in a country village, and there your mother grew up, knowing nothing of her fine relations. Then your grandmother died, and your mother was thrown on the world. It was just about that time that—' 'that my friend—a man in fact, known well to me, saw her and fell in love with her. He was a rough, plain-spoken fellow, years older than she—but not bad at heart, I think. He only knew your mother as the daughter of the village school-mistress. Well, he loved her as much as a man can love; and she—perhaps because she had no longer a home—agreed, after a time, to be his wife.'

'But she loved him in return, did she not, Mr Blunt?'

'She grew to love him afterwards—to love him very dearly. Well, they were as happy together as all the birds in the wood; and then by-and-by they were born, and they seemed happier still. But not for long. Your mother—died.' There was a sob in the old fisherman's voice as he spoke the last word.

Lady Janet slipped off her chair, and kneeling on one knee, took one of his rough hands in both hers and pressed it to her cheek.

'Well, he—my friend, you know—was nearly broken-hearted; but for the sake of the little one that was left him—for your sake—he tried to bear up like a man. I—I used to see a good deal of my friend at that time, and I often used to take you out—that is, he and I used to go—into the fields and lanes where the wild-flowers were agrowing, or down on the shore to gather shells for a necklace, or into the little churchyard where your mother lay sleeping; and he used to say that the Janet he had lost was coming back to him in you, for you had her eyes and her hair, and just the same sunny smile; and after a

time he began to feel that there was something left worth living for.'

'Pray go on, dear Mr Blunt.'

'Well, one day a 'cute lawyer chap came down from London. Your uncle and aunt had lost all their children. You were their nearest relation, and they wanted you to go and live with them, and they would bring you up as a lady, and when they died, you would come in for all their money.'

'Yes, yes! My father and I were to go and live in London with my uncle and aunt.'

'You were to go; but not your father. He was a rough, ignorant fellow, and they wanted nothing to do with him.'

'But my father would not let me go?'

'At first he said no. But the lawyer came again and again, and told him how he was standing in his little girl's light—how, away from him, she would be taught and brought up as a lady—be rich and happy. How, with him, she would grow up a poor, ignorant, country girl, and as such she must live and die. At last they persuaded him—my friend, I mean—to let his little daughter go.'

'Oh, if he had but kept her! I would rather have had his love than all the riches in the world.'

'He thought—God help him!—that he was doing the best he could for his little girl. They bound him down by a solemn promise never to try to see her or interfere with her in any way. But he would not take the money they offered him—no, thank heaven! he would not take their money.'

'For papa! He did it for the best—he did it for my sake—but he should not have let me go.'

'For a long time after you had gone, he was like a crazy man. Day after day he went to the Willow Pool with his mind made up to end his troubles under its black waters. But there was something, he could hardly tell what, that kept him back. He seemed to hear his wife's voice whispering to him from among the trees, and he put off doing it till another day.'

'Why did he not fetch me back? How happy we should have been together! But where is he now? Can you not take me to him?'

Slowly, mournfully, the old fisherman shook his head.

'Do not tell me it is too late!—that—that—'

Very tenderly he laid a hand on the fair young head. 'Your—your father is dead!'

She covered her face with her hands and wept silently.

Mr Blunt's arms went out involuntarily as if to clasp her to his heart; but next moment he drew them back. 'No, no! God help me! it must not be,' he murmured.

'But you can tell me where his grave is?' said Janet presently in a broken voice. 'You will take me to it, will you not—to his and my mother's grave?'

The fisherman rose from his chair and then sat down again. His features were working strangely. 'What shall I say? how shall I put her off? he asked himself. Then he said aloud: 'Your father died at sea.'

'Poor—poor papa! But you were with him when he died?'

'Yes—I was with him. His last words, his last thoughts, were of you. He pictured you in his mind growing up refined, educated, a lady. He pictured you married to some rich gentleman, who would love you and cherish you and make you happy. And when he thought of all this, and of how little he could have done for you had he kept you to himself, he said: "My sufferings are nothing. Everything has happened for the best."'

Janet stood up. Her face was very pale; she gazed at Ben through a mist of tears. 'They are both dead,' she said; 'both father and mother lost to me for ever; but it is something to have learned their history, sad though it be. And you knew them both—were the friend of both! These hands have touched them—those eyes have seen them—you have spoken with them as you have spoken with me. And now you have saved the daughter in the boat called by the mother's name!' Her arms went round his neck; she pressed her lips to his cheek once, twice, tenderly, lovingly, as a daughter might do. 'I kiss you for the love you had for those I shall never see in this world. Think of me—find a nook for me in your heart, as if I were a child—a daughter of your own.'

During the last few minutes, Riley had woke up to the fact that something out of the ordinary way was being enacted at his elbow. It may be that he was not quite so hard of hearing as people generally credited him with being, and that a portion of the dialogue between Blunt and Lady Janet had been comprehended by him. In any case, an unwonted gleam of intelligence lighted up his withered mask of a face and brightened his eyes. 'Pretty dear!' he muttered to himself. 'Why, that must be Ben's own daughter—the little Janet he used to talk about so much twenty years ago. And she don't recollect her own father! Lord, Lord! how these young uns do grow.'

For a moment or two Ben could not speak. Then he said: 'I do think of you, and always shall, as if you were my own child. But after to-day, I shall never see you again—never again!'

'You must not say that. When my husband and I come back from India'—

'Ben Blunt will be sleeping quietly under the turf. But—you will send me your likeness and a lock of your hair before you leave England? I have some of your mother's hair, and—and you shall have half of it.' Then he added, speaking to himself: 'Only half; the rest to be buried with me.'

Old Riley was still maundering to himself. 'And to think she don't know it's her father she's a-talking to!' he murmured.

At this moment, Phil Gaylor entered the room carrying a letter in his hand, which he presented to Lady Janet. 'A note for your Ladyship from Sir Harry Trevor,' he said.

'A note from my husband!' she exclaimed with a little trepidation. 'Why has he not come in person?' With that she tore open the envelope, and read as follows:

MY DARLING—Lord Portisdown having heard of the wreck, has just driven over to see us. He is going up to town to-day, and is anxious that we should accompany him. There is only

just time to catch the forenoon train at Deepdale. I have sent a carriage to take you to the station, where his lordship and I will meet you. Thank our preserver, Mr Blunt, for me. Tell him that I greatly regret not having seen him at the hotel this morning. I inclose a bank-note for fifty pounds—all I have with me—which please give him in our joint names, to be used by him in any way he may deem best. I will write to him either from London or Southampton, and inclose a further remittance for the benefit of the brave fellows who were Mr Blunt's companions last night. We owe all of them a vast debt of gratitude. Start for the station as quickly as possible after receiving this, or we shall miss our train.—Yours, HARRY.

The vision of a carriage at the garden gate brought Ruth into the room.

Having read the note over to herself, Lady Janet now proceeded to read it aloud. 'I must go at once,' she said, with a wistful look at Ben as she laid the bank-note on the table.

'The carriage is at the gate,' remarked Phil.

Ruth, taking the hint, quitted the room for a moment, returning presently with Lady Janet's plaid and hat. The latter article she regarded ruefully. The salt water had spoiled its beauty for ever.

'Yes, I must go,' repeated Lady Janet as she took one of Ben's hands in hers. 'But I shall not forget this morning. I shall love you, and often think of you when I am far away from dear old England. And you will not forget me, will you?'

'Forget you! Ah!—'

'We shall only be away three years. I shall write to you, and either you or Ruth must answer me. And now—farewell! How my heart clings to you! When I was a little child, and you carried me in your arms, I feel that I must have loved you very much. I love you very much now. Farewell!' Once more her arms were round his neck; once more her lips were pressed to his.

'Farewell—my darling—farewell!' The words were little more than a whisper. The tears that he had kept back so manfully would be restrained no longer. He sat down on the nearest chair and the others turned their faces away; they felt that his grief was sacred.

Lady Janet turned to Ruth and embraced her affectionately. 'You must promise to write to me,' she said.

'Oh! your Ladyship!' exclaimed Ruth in dismay.

'And let me know before the wedding comes off. We shall not forget either you or Phil.' This was said in a whisper.

Phil stood with his hand on the latch of the door. Lady Janet turned to Riley, who had risen from his easy-chair and was now standing in the middle of the room. 'Good-bye, Mr Riley,' she said, holding out a hand to him.

The old man looked fixedly at her for a moment or two, then lifting a skinny finger and pointing it at Ben, he said: 'You're not going to leave him like that, are you?'

A startled look came into Lady Janet's blue eyes. 'Leave him like that, Mr Riley! I don't understand you.'

'You're not going to leave your father like that, are you?'

'MY FATHER!'

'Your father,' quoth the old man, 'as sure as you stand there.'

For a moment or two Lady Janet stood with her hand pressed to her side and a dazed look in her eyes, as if she suddenly roused from sleep. Then with a cry she flung herself on her knees by the side of Ben's chair. 'Are you—you who saved my life—my father!'

He laid a trembling hand on each of her shoulders, while a strange light came suddenly into his eyes. The secret he had kept so faithfully for twenty years had been told by another. He was absolved from his promise. His head bent forward till his lips touched the golden ripples of her hair. 'Janet!—my child!'

Author's Note.—This story having been dramatized, and the provisions of the law as regards dramatic copyright having been duly complied with, any infringement of the author's rights becomes actionable.

S A L A D S.

MUCH attention has during late years been turned to the most economical, rational, and nutritious way of cooking food. Our cooking has no doubt vastly improved since proper training in the art has become available; but at the same time the knowledge of the constituents of food-stuffs, their value and importance, has not been so widely disseminated. In no way is this fact so distinguishable as in our restricted use of salads.

A certain preparation of food, daily, fresh and uncooked, is essential to health; but not only are salads excluded from our general dietary, but fresh fruits following dinner are considered an extravagance in an ordinary middle-class family, except when guests are expected. This is a mistaken idea. Both salads and fruits are cheap articles of food, and require little or no preparation, and the fact that in eating them uncooked we have the full benefit of their mineral constituents, potash, soda, &c., which are often lost in boiling vegetables, should induce British housewives to serve them more frequently. In one or two books on Food, we find such mentions as 'salads as a variety of food'; but in others, notably in the collection of lectures delivered at the South Kensington Museum by Dr Lankester, whilst he was Superintendent of the Animal Product and Food Collections, we see he dwells upon the urgent necessity, if health is to be kept in perfect integrity, of eating some uncooked vegetables or fruits every day.

Most people would like salads if only they had sufficient variety; but generally our ideas on salad are expressed in the old mixture of lettuce with beetroot, endive with beetroot, or plain lettuce. Amongst other nations, the French, Russians, Germans, and Americans especially, we find these only used as a foundation for a salad, the most pleasing varieties being obtained by different modes of dressing and the admixture of several flavouring substances—the *furniture*, as the French call it. This consists of herbs such as chervil, tarragon, sorrel, and chives. But besides these, we might with advantage use celery, radishes, tomatoes, cold potatoes, red

pickled cabbage, even daisy and dandelion leaves. The dandelion is extensively employed as salad on the continent, but rarely in England. At the end of winter—the most difficult time to provide salads—the dandelion comes in very useful. To prepare it, the ordinary wild-garden dandelion should be taken when young and its leaves tied up like a lettuce, or the plant covered over with a pot. Its leaves are thereby blanched, and it loses its bitterness. Daisy-leaves require no such attention—they are simply used in their natural condition.

Salad to be palatable requires not only a tasty dressing, but fresh, well-washed vegetables. The best plan to prevent the appearance of any objectionable garden insects at table is to wash all the salad constituents in a basin of cold water into which a good-sized lump of salt has been thrown. Then, before beginning the dressing, the salad should be torn apart by the fingers, when no silver knife is handy, dried in a clean cloth, or, better still, swung in a net, so that it may not be wet enough to impoverish the dressing. To begin with a simple salad dressing, we may take the advice contained in the old Spanish proverb: 'To make a good salad, four persons are required—a counsellor for salt, a miser for vinegar, a spend-thrift for oil, and a madman to stir all together. This we may paraphrase to mean, that over a salad filling an ordinary-sized bowl, we should sprinkle a salt-spoonful of salt, mix a dessert-spoonful of vinegar with three times as many of oil; pour it over the salad, and stir well with a wooden spoon and fork. Those who like a hot savouring, should add either pepper or mustard. If pepper, it must be shaken over the salad after the salt; if mustard, it must be mixed with the vinegar before adding the oil. In Switzerland, a favourite dressing consists of two ounces of cheese pounded, a table-spoonful of vinegar, a little salt and pepper, and three table-spoonfuls of olive or salad oil. Another simple dressing is a fresh raw egg well beaten, a tea-spoonful of mixed mustard, three table-spoonfuls of oil, with vinegar added, when the mixture is quite smooth to dilute and flavour. A variation of this is to boil an egg hard, put its yolk into a basin, break it up finely with a wooden spoon, add a little French mustard or pepper, and salt, and while stirring evenly and continuously, pour in drop by drop three or four dessert-spoonfuls of oil, and at the end dilute with a dessert-spoonful of tarragon vinegar. These dressings are all palatable with fresh green salad; but a difference must be made in the case of cold boiled vegetables which can be served in the form of a salad. It is better to serve surplus vegetables as salads than to rewarm them.

Potato-scraps cut into small dice-shapes, carrots cut up finely, white haricot beans, lentils, cold peas, turnips, beetroot, &c., may be served all mixed together dressed with a rich mayonnaise, and will make a delicious off-hand dish. But potatoes are also pleasant in summer served cold as salad, instead of hot as an ordinary vegetable. Potato salad is also a good supper-dish for winter evenings. The kidney potato is the best kind for making the salad with in summer; and in winter, the red potato should be used, as the regents or any floury potatoes crumble too much to dress well. In preparing potatoes for this purpose, it is necessary to put them into cold water in their

skins, with a good table-spoonful of salt to about a dozen potatoes. They must then be allowed to boil up, and afterwards left to simmer gently until quite tender. When cold, they are peeled, and cut up into rounds as thin as possible. A layer of the slices is then spread over a glass dish, sprinkled with pepper, salt, finely shred spring onions, and some chopped parsley, or mustard and cress, and then saturated with oil and vinegar. Each successive layer, until the dish is full, must be dressed in the same manner. This is the only salad where as much vinegar as oil is required. Generally speaking, in other salads vinegar is used in about the proportion of one to four of oil; but potatoes require a great deal more, because of the amount of starch they contain; and not less than three spoonfuls of vinegar to four of oil will ever be sufficient. Some find their taste best suited by mixing equal quantities. The French put garlic into their potato salads; but though wholesome, it is not a favourite flavouring substance with English-speaking people.

Where a *souppçon* of the flavour is not objected to, a good plan is to rub a dry crust of bread with garlic or leek or onion, and place the crust at the bottom of the dish. This plan may be adopted for all salads, or the salad bowl may be rubbed round with the root, to attain the same object.

Another delicious salad is a lobster or salmon salad, one which is occasionally attempted, but rarely successfully so, by the inexperienced amateur. Tinned lobster or salmon is not very agreeable in this form, and the dish, therefore, should never be tried except when the fish are in full season. The best way to set to work to turn out a nice lobster salad is to get a good fresh lobster, cut it down the centre of the back; take out the flesh; divide each half into two, three, or four pieces; get the flesh out of the claws; and put it all to stand on a clean plate in a mixture of oil, vinegar, pepper, and salt, whilst the other preparations are being made. These consist in cutting off the green or outer leaves of the lettuce and endive, and washing them thoroughly in cold salt water with a little mustard and cress; drying them well; cutting the beet-root into thinly sliced rounds or small dice; furrowing the cucumber in and out, slicing it, and laying it in a little water, so that it may swell and look pretty; and putting two or three eggs on the fire to boil until hard. The dressing or mayonnaise is then commenced. Into a good-sized round basin, a tea-spoonful of salt and half a tea-spoonful of pepper are first thrown; for if they are forgotten, and added later, they make the dressing lumpy; the whites of two eggs are then drained off into a wine-glass, and their yolks put into the basin, and well stirred until smoothly mixed with the pepper and salt. A wooden spoon is the best for the purpose; and the stirring once begun, must be continued throughout in the same direction, or another cause of curdling will be produced. The best plan is always to stir with the bowl of the spoon towards one's self, and from right to left. After the yolks are well stirred, a gill of salad oil must be added very gradually, the stirring continuing slowly and evenly. It is important that the oil should be poured in drop by drop continuously, and the stirring be properly done, or the mixture will neither thicken

properly nor be smooth. In very warm weather, it is sometimes difficult, even with the utmost care, to get it to thicken well, the heat keeping it liquid. Where this is the case, the basin should be placed in cold water whilst the stirring is going on, and care should be taken to keep the spoon cold. After the oil is all stirred in, vinegar or lemon-juice to taste should be added. Lemon-juice will lighten the colour of the mayonnaise; ordinary vinegar will make it darker; whilst tarragon vinegar will very much improve the flavour of the now completed mayonnaise. A good thick layer of salad is then taken, dipped right into the mayonnaise, and put on the dish; successive layers follow until there is enough. The lobster is next taken from its dressing, and tastefully arranged in the centre and round the sides of the dish; the finish being given by ornamenting the dish with slices of hard-boiled egg, cucumber, and beetroot.

A word in conclusion as to salad bowls. A lobster mayonnaise is never dressed in the dish in which it is served; its shape, therefore, is immaterial. But it is important that a bowl in which ordinary salad is to be dressed should be round, and not oval. In France, a complete dinner service comprises several sizes of salad bowls. We in England are content with one size for the service of one, two, or a dozen people, and are never very particular as to the shape. Stirring or mixing cannot be properly done in oval-shaped dishes of small depth, yet this is the form most frequently offered for purchase. It is time that we made up our minds to two things—first, that every housewife should have three or four round salad bowls of varying size; and second, that no salad should be offered to a guest which has not previously been well mixed with a tasty dressing. Serving a Cos-lettuce longitudinally cut for each guest to dress as he pleases, on the crescentic plates which have been introduced, is barbarous, and unworthy the name of salad.

THE PROFITS OF BEE-KEEPING.

WHEN intelligence is brought to bear upon bee-keeping, that pursuit may be made amply remunerative. Taking the average of the expenditure and income from ten hives over ten years, a bee-keeper—a country labourer—informed the writer that during that period his outlay was sixty pounds, and his income two hundred and sixty-nine pounds; or an average of nearly twenty-one pounds of clear gain each year. If bee-keeping gives such large profits as this, it may be asked: 'Why have not capitalists turned their attention to this industry?' Simply because a monopoly is impossible. Only a few hives can be placed here and there, the flowers being widely scattered. This is why bee-keeping is so suitable for labourers and others who are poor, and to whom twenty, ten, or even five pounds a year extra is an immense boon. The labourer before referred to said to the writer: 'But for my bees, I do not know how I could have brought up my family.'

We have given one instance of the profits of bee-keeping, and it is much less favourable than

many. A gardener in East Lothian, a year or two ago, published a detailed account of the profits from one hive one season, and it amounted to seven pounds. We know of a railway official who, from twenty-five hives, sold one hundred and seven pounds-worth of honey in 1878! Certainly he lived in a particularly favourable locality, and 1878 was a favourable year; but even greater returns have been realised than that. We do not mention such instances in order to make people believe that they have only to go in for bee-keeping in order to clear large sums, but rather to show what chances people in the country have of bettering their condition. It must be kept in mind that there are many localities where, taking one year with another, an average of two pounds per hive may be realised.

Honey honey sells at a high price—seldom less than two shillings per pound retail. But, it may be asked, if country working-men all take to bee-keeping, will not the prices fall and the profits become less? We don't think so. In fact, there are reasons for believing the opposite. The taste for honey and the demand for it are spreading, so much so, that immense quantities of very inferior stuff are annually imported from America to supply the demand; and this honey finds a ready sale. Of course it sells at a much lower price than the genuine article, and is used by a class that would think twice before giving half-a-crown for a pound of honey; though in reality they pay much more, for only a small proportion of what they buy as foreign honey really is honey.

'You can't adulterate eggs,' people will tell you; 'nor yet honey, if you buy it in the comb, just as the bees have left it, sealed and stamped with their own peculiar trade-mark.' And yet there is nothing more adulterated than much of the honey sent to us from across the Atlantic. The makers of wooden nutmegs, of cheese from lard, butter from suet, and who send the 'best Belfast hams' from Chicago direct, are fit enough for adulterating honey, even though it be sent across the Atlantic 'just as the bees left it.' And adulterated honey is a much more objectionable compound than sham cheese or oleomargarine. Most of it is nothing more than that glucose or artificial grape-sugar now so largely manufactured in the States for making spirits, and for the adulteration of sugar, honey, preserves, and everything sweet. But if it is sweet, and bees will store up anything sweet. They are allowed to gather honey by day, and are liberally fed with this artificially prepared stuff by night, so that the real honey and the false are stored side by side. The real thing only serves to gain enough of the odour and a little of the flavour of honey to make it sell. Other adulterators give plain cane-sugar sirup, which is harmless enough, but is only worth twopence-halfpenny a pound. But even pure American honey itself is inferior; hence there never will be foreign competition in this article, as in the case of grain and meat.

In a few words as possible, we will direct attention to the best methods of bee-keeping. The great mistake beginners in bee-culture make is to get the bees before they get any knowledge of their habits and wants. Fired with a desire

to participate in the advantages reaped by some one who keeps bees and manages them intelligently, and so makes money by them, a swarm is secured, and duly placed in a spot sheltered from the wind. Partly because of its cheapness, partly because of an indefinable feeling that it is their natural home, the time-honoured, old-fashioned straw-skep is chosen. Of course it is a 'swarm' that is secured; and when lived, there is nothing but bees in the hive—no comb and no stores. The bees, before leaving the old hive, gorged themselves with a supply, and this they at once begin to utilise in the building of comb, and so it is soon exhausted. Possibly a spell of rainy weather follows, and the bees are speedily reduced to a state of starvation. This to the man who knows nothing of bee-economy is a matter of no concern; for the strange notion frequently prevails that bees are self-sustaining, and so weather-conditions with the majority have no weight at all. Should the weather prove favourable, the bees sully forth in search of food; and as the first swarms generally come forth about the time the corn-fields are golden with wild mustard—it is called skollouch in Scotland, charlock in England—they generally find plenty of food, and comb-building and egg-laying go on rapidly. But this, in the case of the bee-keeper who gets the bees before he gets his knowledge, wholly depends on the weather. Should it be broken, the work proceeds slowly, and instead of the queen-bee laying from two to three thousand eggs daily, as she will do when cells are built rapidly, perhaps only a hundred or two are laid, and that only by fits and starts, for bees only breed when food is plentiful. Under such conditions, the colony, instead of rapidly gaining in number, as is absolutely necessary to success, barely holds its own—for bees are short-lived—and in really bad weather, dwindle and die. The consequence is that the majority lose heart and proceed no further. Even when they hold their own, no profit is reaped; for it is only when stocks are very strong that honey is stored, and this is the secret of successful bee-keeping.

The proper thing to do with a newly got swarm, even in the best of weather, is to get the bees to fill the hive as rapidly as possible with comb and young brood. This is done by feeding. But feeding requires skill, or another mischief will happen. When natural food is plentiful, only a little feeding should be given, and that at night; for then wax-secretion and comb-building will proceed by night and by day, and this is of immense importance. But if too much be given, the bees will build drone-cells instead of worker-cells, and the efforts of the colony will be wasted in rearing bees that only exhaust the stores of the busy workers. Such colonies rarely do any good. Cautious feeding must therefore be observed; but what constitutes cautious feeding wholly depends on the weather; for in wet weather, feeding night and day must go on. When feeding is conducted skillfully, an ordinary hive will be full of comb, and young bees will be hatching out at the end of three weeks. These will speedily make the stock strong, and ready to take advantage of 'every shining hour.' Should the weather at this stage be wet, feeding must still go on, or the young bees will starve. When straw-skips are used, this is as rapid work as can be looked for; and as it can

be done in a few days when what are called 'bar-frame' hives are used, advanced bee-keepers have mostly abandoned the straw-skep, and even much better hives, such as the Stewarton, for the bar-frame.

Bar-frame hives are so constructed that the combs are each built in a frame—generally ten to a hive—which can be taken out and replaced at will. In this way weak hives may be strengthened by having one or two combs, each containing thousands of young brood and eggs, supplied from strong hives. This is an impossibility in the case of the straw-skep; and for want of such timely aid, many weak stocks have utterly perished or remained unprofitable. Often, too, stocks lose their queen. Ordinary bee-keepers—we are not speaking of clever adepts—in such cases lose their stock too; for unless a new queen be given speedily, the stock will soon perish; and this is what cannot be well done—indeed, the mischief has happened before anything amiss has been noticed—with straw-skeps. In the case of the bar-frames this is easily ascertained; for after blowing a little smoke among the bees, to make them docile, each frame can very easily be lifted out and examined one by one, and the state of matters ascertained. Then, if it is seen that the stock has lost its queen, a frame with newly-laid eggs is taken from a hive with a queen, and given to the queenless one. The bees will then at once begin to raise a queen; for one of the curiosities of bee-life is that the workers can raise either queens or workers from worker-eggs, as may be necessary! Should the stock be very low, it can by the same means be strengthened by bees, or even have a laying queen supplied to it. The great advantage of this will be apparent.

But this is not all, nor nearly all. By filling the frames with 'foundation'—that is, thin sheets of wax impressed with the base of worker-cells—cane-sugar sirup can be given as fast as the bees will take it up, no matter what the weather may be; and they will under such circumstances fill the hive full of comb in three or four days, while the queen will lay her full complement of eggs from the first. As the foundation is thicker than the bees like it, they use the extra wax for the cells instead of secreting it—a slow and a costly process; for it takes a pound of honey or sirup to make an ounce of wax, and it is only secreted in the bodies of the bees slowly—and as the cells are already begun, there is not the slightest danger of rapid feeding producing drone-comb.

While, then, those in the straw-hives are slowly and painfully getting comb ready for brood, and in which to store supplies for winter, those in the bar-frame are taking advantage of every dry hour, and are filling the combs with honey.

Bees that are left pretty much to themselves seldom swarm before the mustard is in bloom, and indeed in many places it is the abundance then that causes swarming. But there is no reason for their passing the time of the mustard-harvest. If from twopence to threepence worth of sugar be given, in the form of thin sirup, weekly to each hive from the beginning of March onwards, breeding will be commenced, and carried on vigorously, and the result will be strong swarms, worth thirty shillings each, early in May. A pound is the usual price paid for an early swarm; but that is usually in June, too

late for the mustard; so that one in time for the mustard is better value at thirty shillings than one six weeks later is at a pound. In other words, three shillings spent judiciously in early spring will secure in a majority of cases two pounds-worth of honey in June; for both swarm and stock have ample time to make ready for the early harvest; under the older system, neither is.

In wet weather, bees in straw-skeps are perforce idle. They need not be so in bar-frames, and the bee-keeper who is alive to his own interests will not allow them to be so. He will take out one or two empty combs, and in their room put frames filled with 'foundation.' Then he will feed. These skeleton combs will be speedily built up to perfect combs, when he will again repeat the process. Shortly he is possessed of as many empty combs as will fill a new hive; and when he gets a new swarm, he puts them in a house fully furnished; and so, instead of spending three weeks of perhaps fine weather furnishing, as we may well say, and losing the harvest of honey, they go to work at once.

In the case of a straw-hive, the combs are fixed. By-and-by the refuse from the young grubs renders the combs uncleanly; rottenness attacks them. In bar-frames, they may be, and are constantly renewed, the old ones being melted down. In straw-hives, the honey is stored in these combs; and when these are filled, supers—that is, smaller hives—are put on the top of the hives, to which the bees have access. In good seasons, they generally fill these. But in thus filling extended space, a large amount of honey is used up, and a large number of bees taken from honey-gathering to secrete wax. In the case of bar-frames, the combs from the body of the hive can be taken out, emptied by means of an extractor, and the empty combs replaced. Under these conditions, a given number of bees in a bar-frame will collect fully three pounds—often much more—for every two that those in straw-skeps can. Then, at the end of the year, every particle may be taken from the bar-frame, and sugar-sirup given instead, for a winter store.

Again, swarms from straw-skeps cannot be regulated, and often come off when no one is near to watch them. They are often thus lost. With bar-frames, a swarm may be made artificially in a few minutes during the dinner-hour, when it is seen they are ready. But we must not particularise further. Only the merest outline has been sketched by us. Ten times more could have been written without exhausting the subject; but we prefer to refer our readers to the excellent publications of the British Bee-keepers' Association; especially would we recommend *Modern Bee-keeping* (London: Longmans), which is cram-full of information, and only costs sixpence.

One consideration more, and we are done. How are our country working-men to be induced to begin? Well, in England there are Associations, which, by lectures and shows—where hive-bees are taken from straw-hives, and combs and everything refitted into bar-frame hives, thus practically instructing the onlookers—are doing much to extend bee-culture. One or two such Societies exist in Scotland, but far too few, and we hope soon to see one in every county. Here is a grand chance for the philanthropic 'helping the poor

to help themselves.' Nothing takes the spirit of self-help and independence out of a man like grinding poverty. Put a man in the way of becoming the owner of two or three hives of bees, and he feels himself a man—an owner of property.

INVENTORS AND INVENTIONS.

THE policy which we have pursued for the last quarter of a century towards inventors and their inventions is inexplicable. In no other country which can lay claim to be considered civilised have they received such scanty encouragement and so much downright hostility. It has, indeed, long been the practice to regard inventors as public nuisances, rather than benefactors, and to consider their projects as ingenious frauds framed to fleece the people, rather than valuable discoveries calculated to advance the commercial progress of the nation. It was doubtless this line of reasoning which led to the system of repressing inventors by creating all sorts of obstacles in the way of their procuring letters-patent, and surrounding protection with a *chaos de frais* of £. s. d. Doubtless many inventions are frivolous, if not fraudulent. For instance, not long since the invention of a machine for making imitation coffee-berries was announced; but an example such as this may be regarded as merely and necessarily incidental, and as in no way affecting the general principle involved. It is of course obvious that any system of patent law must provide against abuse as well as for legitimate use. Few people, probably, are so credulous as to imagine that it is necessary to facilitate the procedure for patenting inventions, without at the same time instituting some system of inquiry into their character and the purposes for which they are intended. The disadvantages under which patentees labour in this country have had the doubly disastrous effect of nipping promising discoveries in the bud and of driving their authors to a less repressive land. The policy of taxing inventions has been frequently condemned as erroneous in principle. It is only a very small proportion of inventors who really succeed, and there are few valid reasons why these should be more heavily taxed than other people whose incomes are earned by their brains. There was a necessity, therefore, for the new Patents for Inventions Bill of 1883, which we are glad to notice will cheapen and facilitate the acquirement of letters-patent.

The chief thing to be guarded against in introducing a new system is the affording additional facilities for the premature and obstructive registration of new processes or inventions. In the American system, for instance, excellent as it is in the main, a practice is in vogue which has the worst effects, and aptly illustrates the danger of facilitating the acquisition of patents too much. Thus, any one may deposit in the secret archives of the American Patent Office a description of an invention, which he can at a small yearly charge keep alive as long as he likes, and thus block any similar invention. This is obviously bad. It has lately been proposed to afford protection to inventors for undeveloped designs; but upon another inventor applying for protection for a similar design, to give notice of the prior

claim, and to bring the parties together, so that they might make some arrangements, or have the merits of their respective claims settled at once. This point is dealt with in the new Patents Bill, which offers increased facilities for the registration of designs. Inventiveness has indeed become so greatly developed in rapidity of late years, and persons experimenting are so afraid of being forestalled, that they protect the crudest ideas, with the inevitable result of retarding the practical usefulness of the discovery and of increasing the difficulties of patenting it. So far as at any rate as the public are concerned, the facilities for procuring merely obstructive patents ought to be greatly restricted. The usefulness and practicability of any new process ought to be compulsorily proved within a reasonable time of its being protected, or the protection declared void. This would certainly stimulate small inventions, a department in which we have of late years been so greatly worsted by foreign competitors; for if inventors found themselves unable to protect impracticable and undeveloped parts of large schemes, many of them would doubtless turn their attention to smaller matters, leaving the more important to those who had the means and the opportunities of properly developing them.

The dearth of small inventions in this country can, however, be sufficiently explained by the fact of the greater costliness of letters-patent here. In America, for instance, a patent can be procured for seven pounds; while with us it costs one hundred and seventy-five pounds—a difference which is certainly significant. Again, in Germany, the total cost of a patent is seventy-one pounds ten shillings; in Austria, thirty pounds; in France, thirty-two pounds; and in Belgium, fourteen pounds eight shillings. From these figures, it is at once clear that in England the tariff for letters-patent is twenty-five times higher than it is in America, and more than twice as high as it is in Germany—the lowest and the highest of the other countries for which the figures are available.

It is proposed to establish a system of examination as to the nature, novelty, and practical value of patents, by specially qualified examiners, in a similar way to the custom which now prevails in Germany and Prussia; and this will doubtless sooner or later be done; but an initial difficulty arises from the fact, that men capable of satisfactorily discharging these duties would be hard to find. An example of the results of employing incompetent examiners to test the practical value of patents, is afforded by two of the most valuable English patents of modern times, the Bessemer process and the Siemens' process. The former of these was refused protection in Prussia, and the latter in Germany, by the official examiners. In England there is no power of refusing a patent so long as the regulations are complied with. The Commissioners—who consist of the Lord Chancellor, the Master of the Rolls, and the two law officers—have no discretion as to the novelty or utility of any invention. So technical, too, is the description of most inventions, that the necessity for their being dealt with by a competent tribunal has frequently been urged.

The new Patents for Inventions Bill of 1883 proposes to abolish these Commissioners, and to delegate their powers to a comptroller acting

under the Board of Trade. Though far from covering all the points we have mentioned, this new act is a great improvement upon the old system. Should it become law, the first expenses will be reduced, but the total fees for the fourteen years will still amount to about one hundred and fifty-four pounds. It will also so far dispense with the services of the patent agent. Under the present law a patentee, or his agent, must call at least seven times at the patent office; under the new bill he need only call twice, or communicate by post if more convenient.

Letters-patent must be regarded from two points of view—that of the public, and that of the inventor. To a certain extent, these must necessarily be antagonistic, since the possession of a monopoly even for a short term of years is opposed to the public interest, except upon the supposition that its advantages could not be enjoyed under any other terms. On the other hand, however, if letters-patent are regarded more in the light of a reward for research than as the grant of a monopoly, it is difficult for any one to contend that a *bona-fide* inventor is not entitled to them. It is, to say the least, very doubtful whether a mere money reward to any successful inventor would meet the case so satisfactorily as the patent system. That encouragements of both an honorary and pecuniary character are desirable as stimulants to the national inventiveness, goes without saying; and indeed the legislation required is such as will insure as far as may be the reward being obtained and obtainable by the inventor himself, instead of by the middlemen or capitalists, who under the present costly patent system of this country are the chief people to derive any benefit from the grant of letters-patent. It is now more than ten years since a Select Committee of the House of Commons advised that a comparative view should be taken respecting the law and practice of foreign countries with regard to inventions; and meanwhile, we gladly note the proposed modifications in the new bill.

The Statute of Monopolies, which is the true basis of our patent system, did not inaugurate a new law, but merely enunciated the old rule of the common law, that the right to grant monopolies to inventors of new manufactures was an inherent prerogative of the Crown; and before it became law, it had been decided that a monopoly was properly granted to a man who, 'by his own charge and industry, or by his own wit or invention, doth bring any new trade into the realm.' Thus, in the 'Cloth-workers of Ipswich Case,' it was conceded that the king might in such a case grant by charter that such a man only should use 'such a trade or traffic for a certain time, because at first the people of the kingdom are ignorant and have not the use of it.' Although the entire abolition of patents has been suggested, and amongst others, the plan of rewarding inventors by a money payment, as already mentioned, suggested in its stead, the universal experience of nearly all civilised countries has clearly indicated that granting a patentee the sole right to use his invention for a limited time is the best that can be devised. The only matters which are really in dispute are the amount, and the mode of and time for payment of the fees chargeable, the period for which patents should endure, and the restrictions

which should be imposed with regard to their novelty and utility. The new Patents for Inventions Bill has attempted to deal with all these points, with the beneficent object, we trust, of making the application for future letters-patent a much less troublesome and costly business than heretofore.

CHEAP GAS-LIGHT.

Few people are aware that the light given by any ordinary gas-burner can be greatly increased by simply turning the burner over sideways until it slopes slightly downwards. The flame is thrown out as a horizontal sheet, formed into a saucer-shape by the natural curling upwards of the edges. Mr Fletcher of Warrington has been testing the difference obtained by an average upright, and a horizontal saucer-shaped flame, and finds it averages by photometer about ten per cent. in favour of the latter; but owing to the fact that with this position of flame the light is thrown downwards and is perfectly free from shadow, the actual results in his own works and offices have proved that a burner consuming five cubic feet per hour, with a horizontal flame, gives a better light and is better for work than an upright flame consuming six cubic feet per hour. It is, in fact, somewhat of an approach to the principle of the Siemens' regenerative burner, with the advantage of costing nothing. This is not new to experts, but it is a bit of useful information to the public, who may by this means either increase their light, or reduce their gas-bills without any expense. It is something to make a little profit or effect a little economy nowadays without having first to put one's hand in one's pocket. Most people will probably still adhere to the wasteful glass globe and upright flame which make our living-rooms so unpleasantly close; but there are millions of burners in offices and works which can be simply turned over to the advantage and profit of the users.

THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

THE Saviour's flowers! How pure and fair
Those simple 'Lilies of the Field';
How sweet as incense to the air,
Their fragrant snow-white blossoms yield!

Not Solomon in glory bright,
In gorgeous and in gold array,
Was such a fair and wondrous sight
As in their modest beauty, they!

They weave not, the white robes they wear;
They toil not, neither do they spin;
No burdens like frail man they bear,
For—unlike him—they know not sin.

O emblems fair, O emblems sweet,
Of Christian humbleness of heart!
May we, as pure, at Heaven's feet
Sit low, and 'choose the better part,'

That to the 'meek in heart' alone
Is by the Great Redeemer given;
That brings us kneeling to His Throne,
Throws wide the Golden Gates of Heaven.

A. H. B.

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WITH TOM TOKE, THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH-RANGER.

I was staying at Melbourne in December 1858, after a long overland journey from South Australia, when business summoned me to visit the Oneco Gold-field, situated at the extreme eastern end of the colony of Victoria, in the neighbourhood of the Australian Alps. The intervening country as far as the border of New South Wales was in the hands of squatters, and frequented in several parts by notorious bush-rangers. Two routes lay open to my choice: one direct from Melbourne by land, the other by sea to Port Albert—now called Albertston—and thence through Gipps Land and across the Fainting Ranges. I selected the latter. So about the end of December, I and my brown cob Tommy embarked on board the *Shandon* steamer, bound for Port Albert. My equipments consisted of a saddle valise containing a change of linen, a revolver and a heavy-headed hunting-whip completing my equipment.

I passed through Gipps Land by easy stages, and reached the scene of the story of Kingsley's *Geoffrey Hamlyn*, when I was unpleasantly reminded of the dangers of the Bush. The district was in a state of excitement consequent upon the murder of a Mr Green, a well-known gold-buyer, who was returning from Oneco accompanied by a gentleman and lady. They had gone only a mile or two from Oneco, when they were fired at from a clump of trees near the track. Green was struck, and fell to the ground; his male companion was untouched, and carried out of danger by his frightened horse; but the lady was thrown from her saddle and broke her arm. While Green lay on the ground, one of the murderers rushed up and despatched the hapless victim with a tomahawk. For some reason or other, the lady was left unmolested, and finally returned to Oneco. It was therefore in no cheerful mood that I pushed my way across the dreary Fainting Ranges.

In due time I reached Oneco without meeting with any of the murderous gang. As I rode

down its one straggling street, I saw an excited crowd gathered about a building, which turned out to be the court-house. On inquiry, I was informed that three men were being examined on the charge of murdering Mr Green. 'Well, thought I, 'this explains my lucky escape from a probably similar fate.' I soon learned that the accused were notorious characters in that neighbourhood, and were known under the names of Toke, Armstrong, and Chamberlain. Toke, or Tom Toke as he was commonly called, succeeded in proving an alibi; but the other two were committed for trial to Melbourne, where they were afterwards convicted, and hanged.

I was detained at Oneco about a week, much against my will. The place contained only about four or five hundred people, chiefly men, and it seemed to be the refuge of shady characters who had found the lower country too hot to hold them. Indeed, at that time it was spoken of as a kind of Alsatia, to which the 'wanted' people made tracks. During my stay, the Green murder and Tom Toke's connection with it were frequently discussed. It was the second appearance of that 'worthy' in court on the charge of murder in that week. As I was soon to come in contact with him, the story of my adventures in his company will be better understood by some account of this crime, as it was afterwards made clear by the revelations of Armstrong and Chamberlain, and the confession of Toke himself before his death.

A few weeks before my arrival at Oneco, a newcomer in the person of a digger had made his appearance on the creek. He was soon known as Ballarat Harry. He seemed to have been lucky in other fields, for he brought with him three or four horses, lots of store-clothes, quantities of jewellery, and some valuable gold nuggets. He became a great favourite with the publicans of the township, because he was no niggard in standing treat. Among the numerous friends that he made in this way were Messrs Toke and Armstrong, who became particularly attached to him. One day Toke met Armstrong, and said: 'I

can put you on a good lay. Ballarat Harry would pay for melting. What do you say if we try it? I will propose to him to join us in prospecting. He'll go like a shot, I know; and then when we have got him away, we can easily do for him, and get his plunder.'

Armstrong readily consented; but somehow or other failed to be at the rendezvous.

Tomke and his victim departed together one morning with the good wishes of their acquaintances, for no secret was made of the prospecting expedition. After a few weeks' absence, Tomke returned alone to the township. In answer to inquiries about his companion, he said: 'They hadn't struck anything, and they had both got tired of prospecting; so they parted, and Harry had gone down country again.' To his fellow-conspirator Armstrong, however, he confessed he had murdered Harry in the bush, and to prevent detection, had burned the body. Tomke was suspected of foul-play, and was brought up before the magistrate; but as Harry's body could not be found, the case was discharged for want of evidence.

Before I left, I dined with Mr Wills the magistrate, who told me that Tomke was a Tasmanian convict, and that he had no doubt whatever about the latter's guilt of Ballarat Harry's murder, though he was obliged to discharge him. Years afterwards, when Mr Tomke finished his career on the scaffold, he confessed to sixteen murders, and to Harry's among the number, and described the spot where that crime was committed. Some charred bones and buttons found at the place indicated, proved the convict's story.

After finishing my business at Omco, instead of returning direct to Melbourne, I resolved to rejoin my friends at Beechworth, which place lay on the north-western side of the Australian Alps in the direction of Mount Gibbo. This range I should have to cross from Omco. I mentioned my purpose to Mr Wills, who at once threw cold-water upon it. He had tried it himself unsuccessfully three or four times, he said. In winter, it was dangerous from the snow; in summer, still more so, on account of the floods in the rivers and creeks from the melted snow. Several persons, to his knowledge, had lost their lives in the attempt, either by accident or bush-rangers. Strange to say, all those facts, though confirmed by other persons, only made me more obstinate in my purpose. Seeing I was bent upon the expedition, Mr Wills then told me all he knew about the country.

'The greatest danger,' he said, 'was the crossing of the Mitta-Mitta River, which flows northward into the Murrumbidgee. It is sure to be swollen. After passing Mount Gibbo, you must follow this stream for a considerable distance. The only man who knows the country is that rascal Tomke, for I am convinced he has often sheltered himself in that direction. I am told that he is at present camping out somewhere in Gibbo Creek, on this side of the mountains, about twenty miles off. If you are fool enough to persist in your project, your best plan will be to take Tomke as a guide.'

'Well,' I replied, 'after all that you have told me of this fellow's character, I am surprised at your suggestion.'

'But don't you see,' he answered, 'if you make the attempt alone, the chances are ten to one that Tomke and his friends will waylay and murder you? Your movements by this time are sure to be known and your purchase of gold also.' (I had bought about two pounds-weight of the precious metal.) 'Now, Tomke knows that he is under the surveillance of the police; and perhaps a letter from me will induce him to guide you across the Mitta-Mitta, if you offered him a few sovereigns for his trouble.'

I decided to follow this advice. But when I bade 'good-bye' to the hotel-keeper, he shook his head and said he feared I should never reach Beechworth alive. So, mounting my horse, and armed with the letter of the magistrate, I started for Gibbo Creek. The sun had set, and darkness was coming on apace when I reached an avenue. Crossing this, I came upon a narrow, open plain, scrubby ground at the base of it, or about ten 'Now,' thought I, 'which way is it? but owing to look for friend Tomke? Right or left? I'll toss up for it. Heads, left; tails, to the right.' Tails won; so I started off to the right, letting my horse pick its way through the scrub. Fortunately, the darkness which had come on was paling a little before the rising moon, which enabled me to keep at the base of the mountain. After going about a couple of miles, I saw a light, and made straight for it, 'coo-cooing' as I advanced. When I drew near, I saw a little hut or *mie-mie* made of bushes, with a fire in front of it, and near the fire a man standing with a revolver, pointed towards me. 'This is Tomke,' thought I. But my thinking was abruptly started by the rough salute: 'Who are you? Come another yard, and I'll blow your brains out!'

This reception, which was accompanied by a liberal comminglement of oaths, was not very pleasant or very hospitable; but my nerves were good, and I was prepared for roughing it. 'Tom, old man,' I said, 'put that thing down; it might go off.'

'Who said my name was Tom?'

'I do, old boy—Tom Tomke; and I want to have a yarn with you.'

'No yarns for me! Hook it, or you'll have a bullet in sooner than you think for, flash un.'

'I sha'n't, until I have had a pannikin of tea. So fire away, only don't hit me.'

The moon by this time enabled us to see each other's movements clearly. I quietly dismounted, and holding up my hands, said: 'Now, don't be a fool, Tom. You can see I have no shooting-iron; so put that thing down.' Then walking up to him, I said: 'Now look here. If you are not satisfied, you can feel, and you will find I have got no pistol or other arms about me; so drop all this fuss.—By Jove! here's some cold tea;' and without any ceremony, I took up his dirty 'billy,' and putting it to my mouth, drank every drop of it without stopping, for I was terribly dry.

Tom was utterly taken aback. Looking me up and down, while he replaced the revolver in his belt, he said: 'My eyes! if you're not the coolest one I ever seed.'

* Coo-coo, a shout frequently adopted by travellers in the bush.

Looking into his *mie-mie*, I saw a very dirty-looking blanket. Touching this with my foot, I said: 'I say, Tom, surely you have got some more blankets, because I haven't one; and if that is all you have, why, we shall have to pig it together, for I intend to have half of it.'

This seemed to disarm him completely. 'Well,' he said, 'you *are* a cool un.'

As a sort of finisher, I said: 'Tom, give us a draw, old man; I've lost my pipe on the road.' So I took his pipe, and had a smoke, until he forged me out a spare one of his own, which, by-the-by, I kept for many years.

Matters were now smooth. After hobbling my horse and removing the saddle and bridle, Tom and I sat down to a supper of damper biscuits and very bad meat.

Unbuckling my valise to get something out, I said to Tom: 'What do you call that for a seat? I have two pounds-weight of dust in that lot.'

He simply remarked 'So.'

I pointed to my saddle and said: 'There's my revolver, Tom; you can take it, if you like, or draw the charges.'

But this he declined to do.

I then told him what I wanted; but I made a bad shot in commencing with an allusion to Mr Wills's letter. It produced a volley of oaths. 'Ho, would neither go for Wills nor any one else, unless he liked.'

I immediately wore ship, tore up the letter, trusted to my own persuasion, and obtained his promise to go with me in the morning.

At length, after smoking and chatting we settled down for the night, lying side by side on the ground, wrapped up in the one blanket, with our saddles for pillows, and our feet to the fire. I never slept sounder in my life. The morning broke in a dense fog, which continued for two days, and kept us at the creek. The third morning was fine and clear. After breakfast, we packed up and began the ascent of Gibbo, leading our horses. Oh, what a climb that was! and what a descent on the other side! Both men and beasts in danger of breaking their necks. After leaving the mountain, we passed through dense forest, and arrived at the banks of the Mitta-Mitta the same evening, where we encamped for the night. There was a strong flood in the river, which we hoped would abate before morning, as our route lay across it. Next day, we were better able to realise our position. In our way ran a river from forty to fifty yards wide, charged to the full, and hissing again as its waters rushed over reefs and through narrow channels. Its course for the most part lay through gullies and gorges, where the banks were steep and high like solid walls of masonry. Here and there on each side were narrow ledges near the water's edge, where a passage might be made. But on this occasion the prospect of crossing was not cheerful.

'We are going to have a job to get in,' said Toke; 'I have never seen the river so high. There's nothing but swimming for it.'

'I can't swim a stroke,' I said; 'but I have every confidence in my horse.'

Toke led the way into the stream. Our nags were quickly out of their depth, and swam the current in fine style. Safely on the other side,

my handsome cob seemed as pleased as myself, for he rubbed his head on my shoulders in answer to my patting.

The Mitta-Mitta winds so much in its course that we were obliged to cross it five times, and on two occasions we had to leap our horses from the bank into the stream. When we approached the river for the fifth time, Toke said it would be the last, as the country would open out, and we should be able to keep on high ground and follow the course of the river. But alas! our luck now deserted us, or rather the strength of our horses deserted them. Toke again led the way, but my horse soon overtook him. Without a second's warning, I saw Toke swimming in the water at my side and his mare nowhere to be seen. Before I could realise the danger, I too found myself struggling in the water, and carried down stream, bobbing up and down like an empty bottle. I was perfectly conscious; so, when the current drove me breast-on to a rock in mid-stream, I threw my arms across it and held on. The current tore away at my legs, for I was unable to mount the stone, and I was momentarily in danger of being washed off. The minutes seemed hours, and my grip was growing weaker, when rescue came in the shape of my guide, who clutched me by the hair and towed me safely to the bank. Toke had very little to say, but pointed to the other side of the river, and there I saw our horses grazing side by side. Four days and nights in the Bush, with nothing to food upon but grass, had proved too much for their strength; hence their inability to carry us again across.

After resting awhile, Tom resumed the river, with the intention of bringing the horses across. Twice he attempted the passage with the same result as before. After the last effort, the two beasts laid themselves down on the ground as if thoroughly beaten—an example which Tom himself followed. At length he rose and shouted to me; but so loud was the noise of the rushing river that I could not distinguish a word. I then watched him approach the horses, mount his own, and leading mine, ride off, for assistance as I afterwards learnt, waving his hand to me.

Left alone, I began to consider my position. The sun was now setting, and I was feeling rather faint and chilly. When could I reckon upon Tom's return to my side of the river? I had no money, no food, no matches. My boots and breeches bore manifest traces of the wear and tear of my recent travels; indeed, the soles of the former were giving way altogether. A Crimean shirt over my under-vest, a pocket-handkerchief in my waist-belt, and a penknife in my fob, completed my equipment. 'There is nothing for it,' thought I, 'but to sleep the night out.' So I gathered some scrub-stuff for a bed, and placed a stone for a pillow, and slept soundly till morning.

I woke up cold and stiff and hungry. I resolved no longer to remain where I was, but to get up on the high ground, and steer a course from the river which I understood Toke intended to take. Having done this, I found an open park-like country, interspersed with a thick undergrowth of thorny bushes and prickly spear-grass. I pushed on for the day under a blazing hot sun, with my handkerchief and some large leaves

as a protection for my head, and did, I guessed, about twenty miles, seeing nothing but trees and wild birds; not a spring anywhere. Night came on; but so faint was I, that I did not care to collect scrub for a bed. The night's sleep gave me comparative freshness; but when I tried to move in the morning, the stiffness was excessive. My first work was to convert my boots into sandals; for I was much impeded on the previous day by the dilapidated soles. I now altered my course. I thought, if I were to get to any place alive, I must go back to the river and follow its direction. So I retraced my steps, but with slower pace; for, in addition to my weakness, I suffered much pain in my feet and legs from thorn scratches and prickles. Day had passed into night long before I again struck the river, where I lay down for my third night's lonely rest.

Next morning my first care was to bandage the feet with the strongest part of my clothes; for this purpose I tore up my breeches. Come what might, I was determined to move on as long as I could crawl, and I resolved to keep by the river. Words cannot describe my hunger. How eagerly did I examine the bleached bones of birds which I occasionally saw, in the hope of finding some flesh upon them! I did not know so much of Bush-life then as I learned afterwards, or I might have found some roots or grubs to eat, as I have frequently done since. My resolution to keep to the river cost me much pain and labour. Great thorn-bushes frequently barred the way. In getting over or creeping through these, my clothes were torn into rags, and my body from head to foot was scratched and bleeding. My foot-bandages came off early in the day, and I was obliged to take off my under-vest and tear it into pieces to bind my feet, else I should not be able to get on at all. Many a time in the day did I sit down, feeling as if I could not go a step farther; yet, after a little rest, my courage revived, and the pluck of youth returned, for I was scarcely twenty-five years old. 'Oh, this won't do,' I said to myself. 'Never say die; here goes for another try at it;' and then up I would get and scramble on once more. Perhaps what tried me as much as anything was the mocking of the parrots and cockatoos, of which there were thousands. Sometimes I thought I heard a 'cooe,' which drew from me a faint effort to cooe myself; but my disappointment was most bitter when I found that the replies were the mocking cries of birds. In the afternoon, my feet were perfectly bare, and I had nothing wherewith to cover them. The prickly creepers got between my toes, and my progress was literally snail-like in pace. When I sat down to rest for the fourth night, I felt light-headed and altogether queer.

Soon after daylight next morning, as I lay on the ground, I distinctly heard a cooe, a second, and a third; but for some time I seemed too dazed and stupid to take any notice, or imagined the mocking birds were busy again. At length a louder cooe roused me from stupor. I stood up and cooed faintly in return. Then came a shout: 'Keep on talking, that I may tell where you are.'

In a few moments afterwards, Tom Toke was standing at my side. He immediately gave me some damper, which I tried to eat, but couldn't.

He then lit his pipe and handed it to me. I took a few pulls at it, and felt a wonderful change. I made another attempt at the damper, and contrived to swallow a few mouthfuls. A draught of water, another smoke, and some more damper, and then I felt I was myself again.

Toke, in spite of the gravity of the situation, could not help laughing at me, for I was a wretched object. Excepting the rag of the Crimean shirt, which only partially covered me, and a handkerchief on my head, I was nearly destitute of clothing. Indeed, I could not refrain from joining in the laugh at my miserable appearance. We told each other of our adventures since parting. He said that he had only ridden a short distance when his mare knocked up, and compelled him to camp for the night. Next morning, the two horses were missing, and were not recovered until the afternoon. After that he lost his bearings; but at sunset on the following day he reached an out-station hut occupied by some stock-riders, where he told his tale and passed the night. He asked the men to join him in the search for me, as he was sure that I would turn up, and would certainly pay them for their trouble. They answered, that as there was little chance of finding me alive, and as they had some mustering to do, a day or two would make no difference to me, and then they would help in the search. But Tom would not delay, and started off alone, and so found me.

We now set off in the direction of the stockmen's hut. Tom took off his boots and put them on my feet; but I suffered so much pain that I could scarcely move. Our progress was so slow, that Tom replaced his boots, and carried me on his back. In this way we proceeded for a distance of six or eight miles, of course resting now and again. In the afternoon we arrived at the place where Tom had crossed the river in a bark-canoe, and soon afterwards reached the hut, much to the surprise of the stockmen, and to the evident gratification of my old cob, that whinnyed and neighed at the sight of me. I found my valise and contents quite safe, and was speedily supplied with a relay of clothing. I had much difficulty in persuading my faithful guide and saviour to accept anything in the way of payment.

'I don't want money,' he said; 'I have enough planted to last my time; and if not, I can always get more.'

'Well,' I answered, 'take a little to buy something to keep me in remembrance—a pipe or anything of that sort.' In this way I induced him to take five pounds.

Before starting alone for Snowy Creek, I said to Toke: 'Tom, do you know I knew all about you when I met you first?'

'To be sure,' he answered. 'You was told at Oneco, if you didn't know before; and you was a plucked un to come to me as you did.'

'Now, Tom, you will come to grief some day, and it will be a short shrift for you. To me you have acted as a brave and straightforward fellow. I am not rich; but as long as I have anything and you are in want, I will divide with you. There's my address in Melbourne. Whenever you are there, come and see me. Good-bye, old boy.' And so we parted.

Within the next two years, Toke called twice at my place of business in Melbourne during my

absence, and each time left some rare birds' skins for me. Soon afterwards, I settled down in New Zealand. Toke's after-history was made known to me by the newspapers. He received long imprisonments for perjury and horse-stealing, and finally fell into the hangman's hands for murder. Before his execution he confessed to several murders, and so cleared up many Australian mysteries.

ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOE.

CHAPTER XXI.—THE GENERAL INQUIRY OFFICE.

'MR DRONOVICH within?—No.—Then, thank you, I'd like to have a word with Mr Melville. Here's my card—name of Rollingston—Captain Rollingston, from abroad. No new name to him, and better known still to your principal; and so, young man, you need not trouble yourself to circulate any of those luckneyed fibs with which you are preparing to stave me off. Come, come, my lad; I may not be a swell customer, but I am a paying one, rely on it; and it's not wise of you, or likely to please your governor, to try to shut the door, morally, in this sunburnt face of mine. I'm an old hand, and should be free of the place.'

'I beg your pardon, I'm sure, sir. Won't you step up? I'll speak to Mr Melville directly the lady-client who is with him now, comes down,' returned the flurried young clerk, with alight civility, as he got his fat pasty face and gorgeous neckerchief and rattling watch-chain out of the way, to let the newly arrived customer pass by.

This General Inquiry Office—the General Inquiry Office, as it chose to describe itself in the frequent and pompously worded advertisements that kept the world awake to the fact of its existence—was very well housed indeed, occupying handsome premises in a bustling City street. Its promoters—for it was a Company, of Limited Liability, of course, but believed to be of unlimited resources as to cash and brains, that had founded it—had done rightly in pitching their tent within the dominions of the Lord Mayor. City men believe in the City. So, for that matter, do those who have nothing practically to do with that charmed Tom Tiddler's ground where gold and silver are to be picked up. And the Company had done wisely in buying up ex-inspector Dronovich, a detective who had been in the pay of two or three successive governments, so rumour said, and was supposed to know as much about Nihilists as he did about the forgers of Russian rouble notes and the negotiators of stolen diamonds. Second in command at the office was Silas Melville, of New Jersey, U.S., and who had once been Assistant-superintendent of the Chicago police, and at another time instrumental in breaking up the notorious Molly Maguire League. These were the high officials of the place. But under them were subordinates, British and foreign, who did the bulk of the work, of which, unfortunately, there was only too constant a supply. It is so in a rich country and in a complicated society; and indeed the spy is now as recognised an institution, and drives as lucrative a trade in London, Paris, Boston, or New

York, as did once the bravo in medieval Venice or Naples. So many people there are with money to spend and underhand objects to attain, and so many more who are tormented by anxious doubts and fears, that the private inquirer has usually names in plenty on his books.

In all London there was not a human beehive of this sort in which more of golden honey was made than at the General Inquiry Office, of which Paul Peter Dronovich was the ornamental head. It had been well advertised, and was well lodged; but that was not all. It had really done good work; and the sensational newspaper reports of certain attractive trials had done it more good than anything else. So that people with a spite against somebody, and jealous Othellos with the Divorce Court as their goal, and the very large class of legacy-hunters who brood through life over the grievance of being excluded from Uncle Buncle's will, and are sure that there exists a later and valid will, most feloniously kept back by hateful Cousin George or odious Aunt Jane; and the miscellaneous customers who had family or business reasons for desiring to find out something which they shrink from mentioning at Scotland Yard, came to the office and helped to swell the dividends of its proprietors.

The lady client being disposed of and dismissed, Captain Rollingston's card was duly taken into the penetralia where the second in command, the American gentleman, transacted business. 'If you'll walk in, Captain, Mr Melville will see you at once,' said the clerk with grave respect; and the applicant was ushered into a handsomely furnished room, the only occupant of which was a spare active man, with a quantity of black hair, unduly long, and tossed lither and thither with apparent carelessness, as the locks of a poet might be, but still so as to make the most of his high narrow forehead—a man with shifty black eyes, redless lips, and almost transparent nostrils—a man with a black satin waistcoat, redundant jewellery, and the air of being a bundle of nerves, without any flesh or muscle to speak of. Such was Mr Melville; and his voice was very peremptory as he said: 'That will do, Gubbins. Send out the notes I gave you, each by a messenger, and let no one disturb me while this gentleman is here.' Then, as the door closed, the American's manner suddenly changed, and he said, almost cordially: 'Well, Jack—hardly thought to see you here again, mate.' And he held out his hand in Anglo-Saxon style. The visitor grasped it willingly enough.

'You thought, Silas, I daresay,' he replied, in a tone so peculiar that it was impossible even to a practised ear to detect whether its ring were one of bitter mockery or harmless jest, 'that the rolling stone that gathers no moss had rolled off for good and all into limbo. No; not quite yet, though I *have* shaved it very closely, I can tell you, since last we two met. Been as near missing the number of my nose, twice, anyhow, as ever since first I set out on the grand tour that, with a vagabond like me, lasts for ever.'

'Wouldn't be Chinese Jack, else,' answered smiling Mr Melville, smiling, that is to say as to his lips, but unsmiling with regard to those shifty eyes of his. 'You were thought as sure to die in your boots—to go up the flume, as

the saying was—as any of our boys at Golden Gulch; but somehow,' he added, with somewhat of genuine admiration in his tone and look, 'you seemed to bear a charmed life. Six-shooters and bowies did disagree with a good many of our mining acquaintance, they did; and ten-rod whisky, Regulators, Red Indians, and Road-agents, levied toll on the rest; but you seemed to slip out of a scrape as an eel slides through the fingers.'

'I suppose,' returned the other, half carelessly, 'there was a sweet little cherub, as the sailor's song says, to keep watch over the life of poor Jack.—Now to business. You are doing pretty well here, eh?'

'Coining money,' responded the American, rubbing his bony hands together with a chuckle as he spoke. 'It's a good trade and a good time.—Well, Jack, on what footing are we to deal? Are you to be the paymaster, or are we? If it is employment that you seek?—'

'But I don't,' interrupted the visitor—'not at present, that is.'

'So I guessed,' drily retorted the private inquirer, glancing at the glossy cloth of his old friend's new coat. 'Well, then, Jack, or Captain Rollington, what can we do for you? It was Cook, by-the-by, that you hailed as, wasn't it? at Golden Gulch, as a short and easy name, perhaps, suitable to the short memories and rough tempers of Californian diggers. But I remember the longer patronymic well enough in after-years, when we were both?—'

'Drummers to a Philadelphia dry-goods store; and later on, bonnets at a Baltimore gambling-house,' chimed in Chinese Jack, seeing that the other hesitated to conclude his sentence. 'Yes; we have followed as many callings as most men, even in the States, in our time, I calculate. You didn't notice me, Silas, when I made one of your congregation in that chapel you had at Great Oil Springs; and I am bound to say you preached us a capital sermon. And when you drove the mail from Troy to Silver City, Nevada, and—'

'Hush!' broke in the American, looking anxiously around him, as if he were afraid that the revelations of his indiscreet visitor might reach other ears than his. 'We had better, like sensible men, let bygones be bygones, and stick to the present. You, too, old chum, have been other guess-things than you have enumerated here; and I, too, might descant on what I have heard concerning you, O man of many names! But a truce to this word-fencing. Dog does not eat dog, so the proverb says; and I have heard my Scottish grandsire declare, among our New Jersey melon-beds, that hawks would not pike out other hawks' ean. If you wanted work, partner, as we were once, at Spanish, not Golden Gulch?—'

'Ay, where I drew you up, hand-over-hand, by the lasso, after the Mexican rowdies had robbed you, and left you to die of thirst and hunger at the bottom of the hole. Yes; and where Red Eagle, the Apache chief, had his knee well planted on your chest—a big strong knee it was—and the scalping-knife circling already about that helpless head of yours. You were good grit, I own; and the blood was trickling down from the two knife-wounds beneath the bear-claw

collar that the Red beggar was so proud of—won as it was from four grizzlies killed in hard fight. I spoilt his fun, didn't I? though it cost me a tussle, and sharp play with the knife and tomahawk. He *sees* a nun, Red Eagle was. Do you remember, Silas, that it was not until we two were breathless, torn, and bloody, with the wrestle and the rolling that never seemed to end, that my wrist proved the strongest? But it was a fight to remember. And the Apache behaved like a gentleman, as he was indeed, once I'd mastered his tomahawk, in waiting for me to brain him in the regular way. Yes; it was a pretty fight, and I don't suspect you were ever nearer to having no hair on your head, my friend.

—Well, old chum, I don't expect gratitude. That quality is as dead as trust is, according to bar-keepers and suspicious landlords. But we may be good friends in a workaday sense, may we not? I have come here, because yours is a smart shop—I beg pardon—a smart store, for secret intelligence, and because I want something, and know something of yourself and Dronovich. You should work cheap for an old mate like me.'

'Something due, surely, for that little muss at Spanish Gulch,' put in the smiling private inquirer with the unsmiling eyes.

'Nothing so cold as a back-scent, and nothing so thankless, as I learned, out with the hounds, as soon as I was big enough to stick to the saddle of my pony,' rejoined Chinese Jack. 'No, no; all I meant to ask was a dollar's worth for my dollar. You were glad of me, that time, when I came back from the Diamond Fields at the Cape—Cape of Bad Hope it was to me—with those yellow pebbles, bought by such work as never was done in parching days at Detroit's Pan, and found the sparklers laminated rubbish, all flaws and splits, and scorned by every jewel-merchant in Hamburg or Holland—you were glad, then, to pack me off to Russia.'

'And I'd be glad, now, if you were in such a position, to send you foreign. We want a watcher in Paris; we want a better chap for a roving tour in Italy. As it is, I gather that you want us, not we you. Well Jack, once again, what would you have of us?' And this time Mr Silas Melville spoke rather impatiently. He was used to take the first place, not the second, in the many conversations that he daily held; and the cool, tacit assumption of superior strength and daring, possibly of superior station, which had always annoyed him in his former intercourse with Chinese Jack, even when the two men wore red flannel shirts and suits of homespun, and plied the pick, and washed the gold-dust beneath the burning sun of California, vexed his irritable nerves.

'It's a fifty-pound job I want,' said the client slowly; 'or, as your sort of business is expensive, we'll say a seventy-pound job—not more; and I want, mind, work for my good gold and silver. You'd get, of course, five times as much from silly swells; but I can't afford it. There's a foreign woman—a lady—lately come to London, respecting whom I want information.'

'Name?' asked the American, getting down a slim register from a shelf, unclasping it, and dipping his slender pen in the great Black Sea of ink contained in the huge silver inkstand before him.

'Louise de Laloue is her name—Countess, she is generally called—sometimes merely Madame,' was the answer.

'Nationality?' asked Mr Melville, when he had completed his first careful entry in the slim book.

'Ay, there you puzzle me,' affably returned the customer. 'I never could make out, quite, and yet I knew her pretty well. It is hard sometimes to know where people do hail from. Don't you remember, Silas, that when you came to Baltimore, people were calling me Hans the Dutchman, and believed me to be as thorough a German as the Iron Prince himself.—French, you can write down, with a dash of Russian. You'll easily find her—I could find her myself—by asking questions of the porters and servants at the foreign embassies. The Russian ambassador's is a sure card. It isn't in Leicester Square you're to look for her. Likely as not, she's at *Mineur's Hotel*, or the *Alexandre*. What I want is, less to know where she is, though that is necessary too, than to know what she does.'

'You mean,' asked the American, pausing, pen in hand, after he had made some rapid notes in microscopic writing, 'that you want a sharp watch to be kept upon her proceedings, Jack?'

'Yes; and for old partnership's sake, let the watch be as real a one as that we used to keep, when forty winks at day-dawn might have cost us both our scalps. One request more. Let the man you set upon that woman be an Englishman, not a foreigner. So shy a bird would take the alarm ten times quicker if you put a greasy Pole or an almond-eyed Italian to hang about her door and dog her through the streets, than if you selected a stolid-faced countryman or a pale Londoner. Not a Jew, though. Sharp as Isaac's eyes are, those eagle features of his attract too much notice. I can rely on you, Silas, to pick me out a smart spy with an honest look, if you can manage it.'

'You shall have—let me see; yes; the man I mean will be off duty to-morrow—a fellow whose dull-seeming eyes let nothing pass unobserved, and yet who can loiter at street corners, and chew his straw and kick his heels, the most vacuous loafer there,' promised Mr Melville.—'Where shall I write you news of the results? Or will you call?'

'I will call, but not too often. Time, I know, is money. My address is—Budgers's Hotel, Jane Seymour Street,' replied the Captain. 'Ta-ta, Silas.'

'Good-bye, Jack,' responded the American; and so they parted.

(To be continued.)

THE IRISH FISHERIES.

THE history of the Irish fisheries for the last thirty-six years is one long record of continuous, though fluctuating depression. The fishermen, especially those on the western coast, have never really recovered from the effects of the famine year, and for the most part still struggle against almost overwhelming obstacles to maintain themselves and their families. By far the larger proportion of the fishing population of Ireland are indeed chiefly occupied in other avocations. The collection of seaweed, or the tilling of land, either as occupiers of small holdings or as day-labourers,

occupies most of them during nine months of the year; for, though a brave and hardy race, it is impossible for them to venture out in their crazy craft in 'dirty' weather. If it were possible to place them upon a more equal footing with their English fellows, as they might prosecute their legitimate calling vigorously, and no spend arduous days in cultivating the sterile and unproductive soil, which is all that can be said for most of the Irish seaboard, they could easily be weaned from the evil influences of uncongential and unprofitable agricultural pursuits, and removed from a state of extreme penury to one of comparative comfort.

As it is, however, the poor Irish fisherman of Kerry, Clare, or Mayo may well be discontented. While he digs his unproductive land, he can see in the offing well-appointed English and French trawlers reaping that rich harvest which, but for his poverty, he could share. From the Returns for the year 1881, the latest available, we find, for instance, that at Howth, the headquarters of the herring-fishery on the east coast, the boats employed were seventy-two English, two hundred and three Scotch, and a hundred and ten Irish. Again, the mackerel-fishery off the western and south-western coasts is almost entirely followed by fishermen from England, Scotland, and France. Thus, thirty-six boats fished from Smerwick harbour in 1881; but of these, only two were Irish, the remainder being English; while the average value of the take per boat exceeded three hundred pounds for one month's fishing.

Ireland is divided into thirty-two districts for the purposes of fishery inspection, and throughout the whole of these, only four thousand three hundred and sixty-one men and four hundred and sixty-nine boys are reported as being solely engaged in fishing; while sixteen thousand five hundred and ninety-four men and three hundred and eighty boys were only so employed partially. These figures are not, of course, perfectly reliable, for they include those fishermen of other countries who worked from Irish ports. They are, however, sufficient to prove that there is little doubt that three-fourths of the Irish fishermen pursue their ostensible calling! only desultorily and intermittently, in consequence, chiefly, of their defective boats and gear, and of the difficulties of putting out to sea from unprotected harbours, where no conveniences for launching or landing boats exist.

The development of the Irish fisheries is a question of the greatest moment at the present juncture. Besides those who are returned as belonging to the class of fishermen, at least as many more of the maritime population of the country would doubtless gladly avail themselves of any facilities for pursuing a remunerative calling. Tolders in the sea are, all the world over, so prevalent and independent, and the moral influences which would be exercised by the existence of such a class on the coasts of Ireland would very possibly be more widely felt than might at first sight be supposed. Nor is the required aid of such a character or extent that schemes for supplying it need be characterised as chimerical. The existing Irish Reproductive Loan Fund furnishes an excellent practical example of the means by which the regeneration of Irish fisher-

men might be accomplished, and might itself form the nucleus of a more extensive machinery. This fund is the result of the large sum subscribed for the relief of distress in Ireland in 1832, and was by a subsequent statute vested in the Treasury, to be applied to charitable purposes and objects of public utility, not otherwise provided for by public rate or assessment, in the counties to which it is appropriated, in the proportion appropriated to each county. In 1874 the balance of the fund was by another Act of parliament transferred to the Commissioners of Public Works in Ireland to use by way of loans for objects similarly restricted; and it was then provided that in the case of the maritime counties of Clare, Cork, Galway, Kerry, Leitrim, Limerick, Mayo, and Sligo, these objects should include the fishing industry.

Additional and vexatious restrictions were, however, imposed upon the Commissioners. Thus, only the sum appropriated to a particular county is available for that county, and of this, only one-fourth can be used for fishery purposes in one year; while the amount of outstanding loans must at no time exceed one-half of the sum standing to the credit of the county. The obvious effect of these restrictions is that in some counties the money has for a long period been lying idle, while in others it is wholly insufficient to meet the demand. Thus, the sums which stood to the credit of Roscommon and Tipperary in 1881 were respectively six thousand one hundred pounds, and four thousand two hundred pounds, and these have been unemployed and unproductive for the last seven years; while, on the other hand, in County Mayo, only six hundred and ninety pounds was available, and two thousand two hundred and fifty-three pounds was applied for on loan. Again, in order to make the matter quite clear, we may give the following figures from the Report, which plainly indicate the evils of the present arrangements. Thus, in Sligo, in 1881, four hundred and eighteen pounds was available, and seven hundred and twenty-seven pounds was applied for; in Galway, the corresponding figures were eleven hundred and thirty-seven pounds, and two thousand three hundred and thirty-seven pounds; and in Clare, three hundred and fifty-eight pounds, and thirteen hundred and twenty-six pounds; while in Limerick and Leitrim the money in hand was largely in excess of the demand. Again, the County Donegal, which has an extensive seaboard and an industrious but very poor class of fishermen, is excluded from the fund—a fact to which we would earnestly invite attention just now, since the reports which reach us from that part of Ireland plainly indicate that it is in a distressful state. Perhaps the totals for the seven years ending 1881 are more conclusive still; thus, we are told that in this period, the sum of one hundred and eleven thousand one hundred and seventy-eight pounds was applied for, and forty-eight thousand six hundred and ninety-six pounds was available to meet this demand; but that about one hundred and forty-six thousand pounds was lying idle and unproductive. Further comment on these figures is needless.

It is doubtful whether the diminished take of

nearly all kinds of fish, of which reports reach us from time to time, points to anything more than the peculiar difficulties under which Irish fishermen labour. Off all the coasts of Ireland there is an abundant supply of fish, a fact which is proved with sufficient exactitude for our present purpose by the continued presence of the fishing-boats of other countries in those waters. Off the west coast especially, where the Irish fishermen are so notoriously poor and wretchedly equipped, boats properly fitted up make prodigious captures. Thus, a large number of French vessels attend the mackerel-fishery off the Irish coast; and no fewer than one hundred and eight French boats fitted with steam-gear were so employed in 1881. It is, of course, quite impossible to ascertain whether these vessels were very successful; but the inference is obviously in the affirmative. The fact that there has been a continued decrease in the take of herrings for the past four years is certainly ominous; but we are very reluctant to accept the conclusion that 'this valuable fish is about to desert the Irish coast,' although the contention is supported by similarly decreasing takes off some of the Scotch and English coasts. Attention is directed by the inspectors to the unaccountable prejudice which Irish fishermen entertain against pilchards, which have of late years regularly appeared in large shoals off the southern coasts of Ireland. If this could be overcome, a lucrative branch of the fishing industry might be created on the coasts of Waterford and Cork; for at Baltimore, in the latter county, in 1881, 'thirty-five casks of pilchards were cured in the Cornish fashion, and sold at Genoa at three pounds ten shillings per cask.'

The Irish oyster-fisheries have long shared the general depression, although this can be explained by the rough weather which prevailed during a great part of the last two seasons. Very considerable quantities of French oysters have, too, lately been imported from Arraz, Arcachon, and other places, and have been laid down in the beds off Arklow, Courtown, and elsewhere, and have in general done very well. A bylaw has also been passed, and is now in force, which prohibits the destruction or removal from the natural oyster-beds between Wicklow Head and Raven Point, County Wexford, of small unsizable oysters. The minimum diameter of oysters which can be lawfully taken from these beds is, too, now fixed at two inches. It may certainly be confidently hoped that these measures will soon have an appreciable effect upon the productivity of the Irish oyster-fisheries.

We have already indicated the great promise of the mackerel-fishery off the western coasts of Ireland. But two other points suggest themselves for consideration in connection with this branch of the Irish fisheries. The most important of these is undoubtedly the urgent necessity which exists for providing increased facilities for the transit of fish, and better accommodation for fishing-boats. As we have already stated, many of the fishermen are at present unable to put out to sea, often for weeks together. The construction of a breakwater and landing-slip at Smerwick harbour, for instance, certainly seems to be much needed, although it would, of course, be a work of considerable magnitude, and would involve an expenditure of about fifty thousand pounds.

Since, however, the matter is one of national importance, it is well deserving of the consideration of the government. Some such projects must indeed be set on foot if the sea-fisheries on the south-western coast of Ireland are to be developed. As an example of their productiveness, we may mention that besides mackerel, many kinds of valuable fish are there to be had in abundance, such as cod, ling, turbot, sole, haddock, pilchards, and herring, in the different seasons. Readier communication with Foynes and Trales, the two railway termini from which the greater bulk of the produce of these fisheries comes, is urgently required. At present, it takes nine hours to convey the fish to Foynes by steamer; whereas if they could be landed at Fenit, for instance, which would occupy about three and a half hours, they could at once be placed on a line of railway communicating practically with all parts of Ireland.

Besides these matters, better protection of these rich fishing-grounds from foreigners is certainly needed. A Convention which is still in force between England and France provides that the fishing-boats of one country shall not approach nearer to any part of the coasts of the other country than three miles, except when carried within this limit by contrary winds, strong tides, or any other cause independent of the will of master and crew, or when obliged to beat up in order to reach their fishing-ground. As a matter of fact, however, these regulations are openly disregarded. French vessels use our harbours and roadsteads in much the same way as our own vessels. They also interfere with our boats in their mode of shooting their nets, and not only fish within the prescribed limits, but actually in the bays along the coast. The desirability of police cruisers regularly attending the mackerel-fishery off the mouth of the Shannon is, indeed, abundantly manifest.

Evidence of the unsatisfactory working of the reproductive loan system in Ireland, so far as agriculture is concerned, has very recently been made public; and it is, of course, no part of our present purpose to discuss this topic; but it is interesting to contrast the admitted results of the same system so far as it has been applied to the fisheries. The practical working effects of the system of granting loans to fishermen are not a little remarkable. For instance, cases in which loans as small as six, ten, twelve, and twenty pounds, have realised in a few months' fishing twenty-five, thirty, forty, and up to eighty pounds, have been officially reported, with the significant additional fact, that but for these loans, many of the parties could not have fished, and they and their families would, in such cases, have been obliged to go into the workhouse. In another specially reported case, a crew made upwards of one hundred pounds a year for two years by borrowing fifteen pounds; and in a third, one small craft, which cost, with fitting-out complete, not more than twenty pounds, realised over eighty pounds during a single season.

These facts and figures are peculiarly pregnant. They go far to prove that the development of the Irish fisheries is by no means so hopeless a task as it is the fashion to assume. We have said enough to indicate the scope which exists for help in this direction. The social, material, and poli-

tical results of an extensive movement of this character could, indeed, hardly fail to be of the utmost importance in restoring a better feeling between the inhabitants of the two countries, in removing some of the sources of discontent, and in proving that above all things the great heart of England desires Ireland's welfare.

QUEER EXCUSES.

Few people when found fault with seem to forget the adage, 'Any excuse is better than none.' 'Cabby, if you do not drive faster, I will give you *no pour-boire*,' said a French gentleman. 'I have already run over two persons, and Monsieur is not yet satisfied,' was the unexpected reply. An equally ready excuse was made by another driver in Paris for *not* running over a foot-passenger. The horse was just about to knock down a lady, when the cabby, by a superhuman effort, reined the animal in, checking it so sharply that it reared up upon its haunches. 'Bravo, coachee; nobly done!' exclaimed a spectator. 'I wouldn't have upset her for the world,' replied the coachman. 'She would have been my thirteenth this month, and thirteen is always an unlucky number.'

The other day, a Paris lady abruptly entered her kitchen, and saw the cook skimming the soup with a silver spoon. She said to her: 'Françoise, I expressly forbade you to use the silver in the kitchen.'—'But, Madame, the spoon was in the kitchen.'—'This is the sixth time that you have been here without saying a word about the money you owe me, Monsieur,' said the mistress of a Marseilles cigar-shop to a young Bohemian journalist. 'What am I to understand by it?'—'Ah, Madame,' said the clever journalist, 'when one sees *you*, one forgets everything!' A pretty enough compliment, it is true, but a peculiar defence for running into debt.

Most youngsters from constant practice get fertile in inventing excuses. 'Why, George, you are smoking!' exclaimed an amazed mother, who came upon her little son as he was puffing away at a cigar. 'N—no, ma; I am only keeping it lighted for another boy.'—'Did you break that window, boy?' said a grocer, catching hold of the fleeing urchin. 'Yes, sir.' 'What do you mean by running off in this manner?' 'Please, sir, I was running home to get the money. I was afraid if I didn't run home quick, I might forget,' was the instant explanation.—It must have been an Irish boy who wrote in a postscript: 'Dear father, forgive these large blots on my letter, but they came while the letter was passing through the post. I write this for fear you should think I made them myself.—At a juvenile party, a young gentleman about eight years old kept himself aloof from the rest of the company. The lady of the house called to him: 'Come and play or dance, my dear. Choose one of those pretty girls for your wife.' 'Not likely,' cried the young cynic; 'no wife for me. Do you think I want to be worried out of my life, like poor papa?'

An equally pertinent reason for remaining single was given by a young lady of twenty, whose friends tried to persuade her to wed a man of fifty. 'He was neither one thing nor another,' she said; 'too odd for a husband, and too young to hold any hope of immediate widowhood.'

In a case before the magistrates in which a man was charged with threatening his wife with a carving-knife, the defendant, to the amusement of the court, said 'he ought to have taken the advice given by old Weller, "to beware of the vidders." That was all he had to say in his defence.' He was reminded by the bench that his recollection of that advice would not avail him much if he broke the law by threatening his wife; and he was bound over to keep the peace.

Intoxication is often pleaded by prisoners in their defence, coupled at times with very odd excuses. An Irishman not long since was summoned before a bench of county magistrates for being drunk and disorderly. 'Do you know what brought you here?' was the question put to him. 'Faix, yer Honour, two policemen,' replied the prisoner. 'Had not drink something to do with bringing you here?' said the magistrate, frowning. 'Sortinly,' answered Paddy, unabashed; 'they were both drunk.'

The inebriate, who, on being reproached for not leading a regular life, denied the charge by saying 'he returned home every night intoxicated,' was scarcely so ingenious in his defence as the Scotsman in the following. 'Hillon, James, tipsy as usual. What in the world has set you on the spree now?' 'Ah, ye maunna be harsh, governor—did ye no hear my grand whistling canary was deid?' 'Stupid fellow! leaving your work and getting drunk for the death of a bird. Don't you know a man should look upon such incidents as trifles?' 'So I do, governor, so I do, man; but if ye wanted a spree yersel, ye wad be glad of ony handle to turn the crane wi'.'

Legal annals could furnish many instances of quite as queer excuses pleaded by the accused, as the following. The widow of a French chemist famous for his researches in toxicology, was on trial for poisoning her husband. It was proved that arsenic was the medium employed. 'Why did you use that poison?' asked the presiding magistrate. 'Because,' sobbed the fair culprit, 'it was the one he liked best.'

A man accused of appropriating a pair of boots, explained that 'his intentions were far from stealing them. The reason he continued wearing them was that he had not enough money to buy another pair; and when he had drawn his next wages, he would most certainly have bought a new pair, and taken them back.' This defence was not considered satisfactory, and he was committed for trial.

There is a Yankee snack about the following. The clerk of the court bade the witness give his name and hold up his hand to be sworn. He took the oath with such dignified composure, that every one felt there stood before them a calm, self-collected, truthful man, whose evidence would go far to convince the minds of the jurors in this sensational case. There was a distinct murmur as people settled themselves to listen to his testimony. 'Now, sir,' said the judge, 'tell the jury what you know about the matter.' 'I don't know anything about it,' replied the witness blandly. 'Then may I ask why you had yourself summoned as a witness?' 'So as to get a good sight of the prisoner and the Court. Tickets weren't to be had for love or money.'

A prisoner who had been convicted at least a dozen times, was placed at the bar. 'Your Honour, I should like to have my case postponed for a week; my lawyer is ill.' 'But you were captured with your hand in this gentleman's pocket. What can your counsel say in your defence?' 'Precisely so, your Honour; that is what I am curious to know.'

THE MONTH.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE suggestion embodied in a paper lately read before the Society of Engineers by Mr W. C. Anderson of Leeds is worthy of grave consideration. His proposal is rather a startling one—namely, the construction of deep-sea lighthouses. At first sight, the scheme would appear to be quite impracticable; but when we hear the methods suggested for the construction and anchorage of the contemplated beacons, the realisation of the conception seems to be within the bounds of possibility. The proposed lighthouse would represent a hollow cylinder of riveted iron-work thirty-six feet in diameter and two hundred and ninety feet long. This would consist of two sections; the upper part, one hundred and forty feet long, destined to rear its head above the water, and possessing all the fittings and appliances of an ordinary lighthouse; and the remaining portion of the tube ballasted so as to sink below the water-line, and to counteract the presence of wind and waves on the exposed part of the structure. The middle portion of the cylinder about the water-line would be packed with cork-wood, so as to render the structure unsinkable, and the whole would be moored to anchor-blocks in deep water by steel cables two inches in diameter. The inventor suggests that it would be easy to tow such a structure to the spot selected for it, and then, by admitting water to its lower compartment, it would assume an upright position in the ocean, and would ride on the waves like a bottle.

Should this hopeful scheme be ever carried out, it will fulfil a want that has long been acknowledged as a necessary one. Owing to our insular position, we are dependent for our storm-warnings upon our transatlantic neighbours; but if it becomes possible to found a floating telegraph station, say, one thousand miles from our shores in mid-Atlantic, we could have warnings of coming storms quite twenty-four hours before their arrival; and such warnings would be far more reliable than those we at present have, for many of these latter refer to disturbances which are dissipated long before they can reach us. We need hardly point out the immense saving of property, to say nothing of human life, which would be possible could we be warned in time of coming 'dirty weather.' We trust that Mr Anderson's scheme will receive official attention.

We are gratified to see that another important invention conducive to the saving of life, Fleuss's system of breathing under water and in poisonous atmospheres, is now obtaining government recognition. Three years ago, there appeared in *Chambers's Journal* the first published explanation of this clever apparatus, and we then ventured to

predict that it would prove valuable in saving life in colliery disasters, by enabling rescuers to move about unharmed in irrespirable gases. This prediction has happily been fulfilled in more than one case. Under these circumstances, the Home Secretary has issued a circular to the owners of coal-mines throughout the kingdom, suggesting that in the same manner that our dangerous coasts are studded with lifeboat stations, so should all mining districts have their life-saving depôts, where the Fless apparatus should be stored in sufficient numbers, and maintained in readiness for instant use. 'A rescuing-party could thus be speedily on the spot after the occurrence of an accident in a particular district in which a station had been established.' Accompanying this circular is the copy of a paper showing the operations carried out at Seaham and Killingworth collieries with the Fless apparatus and lamp, and explaining the conditions essential to the application of both in the saving of lives. Amongst other specialities connected with the Fless apparatus is an improved mask, which is said to be of once simple and effective.

The Fless lamp, although most efficient for special employment, is, we fear, rather too expensive for everyday use. Indeed, a safety-lamp which shall meet all requirements satisfactorily, has yet to be invented. So evidently thinks Mr Ellis Leyer of Bowdon, Cheshire, who has backed his opinion by the handsome offer of a premium of five hundred pounds for the invention of a portable electric or other safety-lamp to be used in mines. The conditions are as follows: The lamp must be self-contained, and one which miners can conveniently carry from place to place. It must give a useful amount of light for not less than twelve hours, and explosion of surrounding atmosphere must be impossible, under any circumstances likely to occur. No existing lamp can compete, and competitors must send lamps in a condition fit to be tested, and not mere drawings or specifications. No lamp must be sent to the adjudicators before December 1, and none after the last day of that month. The address to which they must be so sent is 2 Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.

M. Dissinger has made a communication to the Society of Physics and Natural Sciences, Carlsruhe, on the magnetisation of iron and steel bars when submitted to a breaking-strain in order to test their quality and strength. The two halves of such a bar when broken are magnetised to an equal extent, and iron objects which happen to be round about the testing-machine are also affected by induction, but to a lesser extent. M. Dissinger attributes the phenomenon to the shock and trembling of the metal at the moment of breaking. It can perhaps be compared to the old experiment of holding a common poker in the direction of the magnetic dip, and striking its end a sharp blow with a mallet. After such treatment, it exhibits all the properties of a permanent magnet.

Those who have had much to do with powerful electric apparatus know to their cost that a watch can be absolutely ruined by the magnetisation of its steel parts. The Commission of the coming Electrical Exhibition at Vienna, in view of this inconvenience, are having constructed a number of iron cases for the timekeepers of those whose

duties compel a near approach to dynamo-machines.

There seems to be a common notion abroad that these dynamo-machines are destined at no very distant date to supersede the steam-engine for the thousand-and-ones uses to which steam is at present applied. This in point of fact cannot be, for a dynamo cannot be employed unless we have some force by which to drive it. 'As it is, we burn coal to make steam, use that steam to drive a dynamo, and then apply the electrical power to purposes to which the steam is directly applicable.' It would thus be absurd to look to steam for the source of energy, for it could be employed direct and far more economically by means of an ordinary engine. At the Port-rush Railway, which is to be worked by an electro-motor, a powerful waterfall is available, and the scheme will on that account most likely prove successful—that is, profitable. In the canton Vaud, Switzerland, measures are being taken to install electric illumination in place of very expensive gas, the force being furnished through the medium of turbine-wheels of five thousand horse-power driven by the river Orbe. It is possible that many other places will profit by these examples, when it is known that electricity is capable of turning to such useful account those physical features which up to this time have been valued only for their beauty.

The telephone has lately been successfully used between New York and Chicago, a distance of one thousand miles. This is the longest telephone circuit on record, exceeding by three hundred miles the one previously established between New York and Cleveland. This extended length of circuit has been rendered possible by a new form of conducting-cable, consisting of a steel-wire core copper-plated. This conductor offers far less 'resistance' than the ordinary iron wire in common use for telephonic purposes.

Dr H. Cook's 'Notes on a March to the Hills of Beloochistan in North-western India, with Remarks on the Simoon and Dust-storms,' which he recently brought before the Meteorological Society, present many points of novelty and interest. Although the heat of summer is greater than that experienced in Britain, the weather is far less variable, and the climate generally is delightful, comparing favourably with that of the plains. The atmosphere is clear, and the winds dry and bracing, while the fruits and crops generally ripen early in consequence of the constancy of fine weather. With regard to dust-storms, Dr Cook attributes them to excess of atmospheric electricity. The simoon, which generally occurs in July and August, is very sudden in its appearance, and occurs at night as well as during the day. He compares the hot wind to the blast of a furnace, accompanied by a sulphurous odour, and believes it to consist mainly of a concentrated form of ozone.

In Professor Hall's paper on the Physical History of the Dead Sea, brought before the Royal Dublin Society, we find much interesting matter. In 1826 it was determined by barometric observation that the surface of the Dead Sea lies no less than thirteen hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean. During the Pluvial (rain) period, which succeeded the Glacial (ice), this sea or lake reached its maximum elevation.

With increasing dryness of the climate, the water gradually decreased, and during its contraction and lowering, those terraces along its borders, marking former surface-levels, which are so familiar to travellers, were formed. These terraces range up to eight hundred feet above the present level of the water. As the water gradually decreased in volume, it became first brackish, and then salt, as many lakes will if they have no outlet. The surface-water now contains twenty-four per cent. of saline ingredients; and deeper down, the maximum of salt-impregnation occurs, or in other words the salinity amounts to saturation. The Mediterranean holds in solution but one-fourth of that quantity of salt.

Just one hundred years ago, the Brothers Montgolfier, whilst watching the smoke rising from the chimney of their father's paper-mill at Annonay, conceived the idea of the hot-air balloon, a contrivance which caused more excitement and enthusiasm than perhaps any machine previously introduced. The enthusiasm is by no means dead, for the good people of Annonay have collected from willing subscribers the sum of sixty thousand francs, in order to celebrate in grand style the centenary of the first balloon ascent. On the 5th of June, a statue of the two brothers is to be erected, a copy of the first balloon is to be made to ascend, and several ascents with more modern forms of balloons will also be organised. It is curious to reflect that beyond the mere improvements which advances in manufacturing processes have rendered possible, the balloon as an instrument of flight remains the same unwieldy, unmanageable thing it was one hundred years ago.

A correspondent of *Nature* writing from Trinity College, Hartford, U.S.A., gives particulars of a very unusual phenomenon which was experienced there lately. The ground was covered with a hard crust of snow, which had fallen two days previously, when a fresh fall of light damp snow occurred. A south wind rising some hours later rolled the particles of new snow along, so that they gathered fresh particles as they moved, with the result that the ground was covered for many acres with natural snowballs. These were not spherical, but cylindrical, the largest measuring eighteen inches in length, and having a breadth of twelve inches. This phenomenon is very rare, but has been observed before, notably in New Jersey in the year 1808, when it occurred in daylight, so that the whole process could be watched. On this occasion, the snowballs reached a diameter of three feet, some of them leaving a long track, showing the road which they had travelled, until they grew too heavy for the wind to move.

Commenting upon this phenomenon, Mr G. H. Darwin likens it to certain mudballs which he has more than once observed in the Kentish lanes round about Bromley. These, made of soft clayey mud, varied in size from a mere pellet to four or five inches in diameter, and it was difficult to imagine that they were not made by hand. But their formation was due to accretion as pellets of mud rolled down hill after rain, their rarity being doubtless attributable to the circumstance that they can only be formed when the soil is in a particular state of stickiness.

Encouraged by the interest aroused by his photographs of animals in motion, and possibly

also by the welcome which he lately received in this country, Mr Muybridge of California has been induced to issue a prospectus of 'a new and elaborate work upon the Attitudes of Man, the Horse, and other Animals in Motion.' The subscription for this remarkable work is twenty pounds sterling, a large sum certainly, but not a very extravagant one, when it is remembered what costly appliances are necessary before these pictures can be obtained. The work will be of great interest to artists as well as scientific men, and intending subscribers should communicate with Mr Muybridge, Seovill Manufacturing Company, Publishing Department, 419-421 Broome Street, New York.

An extraordinary occurrence was reported by the officers of the steamer *Aquila*, which left Weymouth for the Channel Isles on March 30 at midnight. The weather was calm and clear, and the sea was perfectly smooth, until the steamer had proceeded about sixteen miles out, when a heavy sea struck the ship, knocking her on her beam-ends, flooding cabins and engine-room, smashing skylights, and doing other damage. For five minutes the greatest terror prevailed among the passengers, who were much knocked about. At the end of that time, the sea became calm as it was before. The cause was due possibly to some underground convulsion upheaving the sea.

The destruction in Great Britain of six ancient mansions by fire in the short period of a few months, besides other disasters of a similar character at home and abroad, has once more aroused attention to the causes of these terrible occurrences. The Hon. Secretary of the British Archaeological Association, deploring them from an antiquarian point of view, has ascertained that the six fires above referred to were directly traceable to the firing of timber-beams either beneath the fire-places or in proximity to the chimneys; and he advises all owners of similar homes, the loss of which is national as well as personal, to put their houses in order in this respect. From the correspondence that has been published on this topic, we are led to believe that many conflagrations have occurred from quite unsuspected causes. Thus one gentleman relates how he saw the dress of a lady begin to smoulder from the concentration of the sun's rays by the lens of a graphoscope which stood on a table by her side. Not long ago we ourselves noticed how a photograph in an optician's shop-window showed charred spots through being exhibited, as is often the case, behind a similar lens. Two other independent correspondents record how the wicks in their carriage-lamps have been brought to a smoking state by the sun's rays focused upon them by their concave reflectors. Even a carafe of water has been known to focus the sun's rays to burning-point. With these facts in view, we can easily imagine how many apparently mysterious fires have happened from similar causes. Knowing as we do that prompt measures taken at the first outburst of fire may save the premises, we have introduced into those of this *Journal* half-a-dozen handy little portable fire-extinguishers, termed 'The Rapid,' which seem all that can be desired. They are manufactured by R. & J. Jarvie, 19 Stobcross Street, Glasgow.

The sadness of recent events in connection with

explosive substances is apt to make us forget their immense commercial importance. Professor Abel, in a lecture recently delivered at Glasgow, gave some figures bearing upon this subject which will surprise those who are not conversant with mining operations. Sixteen years ago, the manufacture of dynamite was unknown in this country, and the whole quantity made in other lands amounted annually to about eleven tons. Last year the production in this country alone amounted to eleven thousand tons. The manufacture of the more powerful explosive called blasting gelatine is increasing, and it is expected that, as it is one of the most perfect explosives known, it will gradually drive dynamite out of use. It is a comfort to learn that these terrible agents are extremely local in their effects, and that even the explosion of a large quantity would only affect a very limited area. With a vigilant police force, strengthened by the new Explosives Bill, the nefarious use of even small quantities will become next to impossible.

We lately made mention of two new methods of manufacturing gas for illuminating purposes. We have now to record the method adopted by the Dixon Patent Gas Company, of 49 Commercial Road, Liverpool. The patentee, Mr John Dixon, gas-engineer, Richmond, near Melbourne, claims to have discovered an improved gas, which is manufactured chiefly from kerosine, or any of the hydrocarbon oils, with certain other ingredients. In the process of manufacture, the mixtures are put into a tank, and, by a mechanical arrangement, intermittently injected into heated retorts. The gas generated in these retorts is conducted by pipes to an hydraulic main, through which it passes to the purifier, and thence to the gasholder, where it is stored for use in the same way as coal-gas. The average illuminating power of Dixon's patent gas is said to be from twenty-five to seventy-eight standard candles, according to pressure and the kind of burner used; while it can be produced more cheaply than coal-gas. Arrangements are now being made, we understand, for the introduction of this gas into the Aberdeenshire village of Ballater.

If people were as readily scared by warnings as to the danger of living under unsanitary conditions, as they are by the discovery of a few pounds of dynamite, how much healthier the nation would be. The one cause of danger to life is unusual and sensational, so they give heed to it; but fever, far more deadly in its effects, is so common that it goes unheeded. We are prompted to this remark after perusing the Report of one of the medical officers of London concerning a charitable institution where typhus fever has manifested itself. 'The diagnosis,' says the doctor, 'was at first hard to make, from the dirty condition of the children in the institution.' The place was over-crowded with more than three hundred inmates. The rooms were badly ventilated, to such an extent as to be injurious to health, and he was 'not surprised that typhus fever should have spread in such an atmosphere, and under such neglect of personal cleanliness.' It is disheartening to think that in these days, when men of science are working so hard to solve and combat the mystery of suffering, the class which suffer most are, by their ignorance and stupidity, doing so much to propagate

disease. *Health*, the recently started weekly journal, will doubtless find this a useful subject for its pages.

The *Landwick Journal* gives particulars concerning a new fertilising agent which is much used in the north of France. It seems that many of the farmers there not only cultivate beetroot but also manufacture sugar from it. After this sugar has gone through the necessary process of refinement, a residue is left, which is a coarse kind of molasses or treacle. This, until lately, was regarded as a waste product; but chemistry has pointed out that it contains all the goodness which the beet has in the process of growth drawn from the soil. So it is once more returned to its original dust, with the result that a fresh crop can be relied upon without any other fertilising agent. Even wheat will grow upon the ground so treated—a fact that oddly suggests the existence of a subtle affinity between the elementary constituents of bread and treacle! But the time during which cereals can be grown under such conditions is very limited, unless phosphate of lime is added to this novel kind of manure.

Although we are not all of us inclined to agree with those old-fashioned folk who continually speak of 'the good old times,' and refuse to admit that there is good in the present, we many of us half regret that modern progress is rapidly shutting out scenes and circumstances which for centuries have formed the themes of poets. The steam-engine has long ago invaded the meadow and the harvest-field; and the typical sower, reaper, and gleaner are now confined to the pages of books. Although Britain is not backward in this reformation, or deformation as some will call it, our go-ahead cousins across the Atlantic are far in advance of us; at least it would seem so from the lately issued Report of the Census Department of the United States. In this document, we find a list of nearly two thousand agricultural implement-making establishments, with a catalogue of the appliances which they manufacture. This catalogue gives a fair idea of the manner in which our mother-earth is teased and tortured by modern machinery. It includes corn-planters, cotton-planters, grain-drills, grain-sowers, seed-sowers, transplanters, clod-crushers, cotton-choppers, cultivators, harrows, hoes, ploughs, rollers, fruit-gutters, grain-criddles, harvesters, hay-loaders, horse-rakes, lawn-mowers, potato-diggers, reapers, rippers and mowers combined, scythes, clover-hullers, corn-huskers, corn-shellers, threshers, cane-mills, cider and wine mills, hay-and-straw cutters, stalk-pullers, stone-gatherers, stamp-pullers, and sirup-evaporators. If necessity had not already been named the mother of invention, America might with some reason have claimed the honour of maternity.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

NEW SYSTEM OF FIRE-ALARMS.

The Fire Watch Committee of the corporation of Nottingham have instructed the National Telephone Company to institute a system of fire-alarms throughout the borough. These fire-alarms accomplish their purpose by means of electricity. An iron box with a glass face is

fixed into a wall, and inside the box is an apparatus which is connected by wire with the central police and fire stations; to raise an alarm, the glass in front of the iron box has to be broken. This breakage causes a strong spring to plunge forward, throwing a current on the line, which releases an armature producing a red disc, indicating the name of the place where the alarm has been given; at the same time, a bell rings in connection with all the firemen's houses and the central station, so that the men receive the alarm at the same moment. The whole arrangement works automatically, and only from three to four seconds is lost from the time the alarm is given. The Company have already placed boxes in fifteen busy thoroughfares; several more will shortly be put in operation. Although the breaking of the glass panels will generally be undertaken by police officers, the public will be at liberty to do so in cases where promptitude is requisite. It may be added that the bell at the fire-station continues to ring until a new piece of glass has been inserted in the alarm-box. The work is under the personal superintendence of Mr J. O. Fry, District Manager and Secretary, National Telephone Company's Central Exchange, 3 Bottle Lane, Nottingham. This Company have completed an extensive telephone service for the corporations of Nottingham, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Greenock, Dundee, Aberdeen, Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, Birmingham, Belfast, &c. In Nottingham during last year, forty thousand pounds-worth of property was saved by this speedy means of communication through the telephone. When we add that there is a saving of several minutes in communication through the telephone as against the telegraph, the special value of the former will at once be apparent.

CALIFORNIA.

California, the second State of the American Union in size, at first noted for its mineral wealth, is now rapidly developing its vast agricultural resources. It has great varieties of climate, heat and cold alternating, to the discomfort of the traveller. The fruits of California grow in great profusion, and with so little cultivation, that they seem almost spontaneous. Some of the fruits may not come up to the expectation of the traveller; but there can be no disappointment with the pears and grapes. All varieties of pears grow there to the greatest perfection, and the choicest varieties are sometimes a drug in the market. About one hundred thousand acres are at present under vine-culture, all of which, when fully bearing, will, it is estimated, yield from forty to fifty million gallons of wine yearly. The product of the 1881 vintage was nine million gallons.

The greatest natural wonder in California is the famous Yosemite Valley. While the Falls of Niagara are only one hundred and sixty-three feet in height, the highest fall in the Yosemite Valley leaps down sixteen hundred feet without a break; a second lower fall, six hundred feet; and a third, four hundred and thirty-four feet—there being eleven distinct falls in the valley.

Every one has heard of the big trees of California. The Big Tree Grove, in Calaveras County, has an area of fifty acres, and contains

one hundred and three trees, twenty of which exceed the enormous girth of seventy-five feet. One of these giants of the forest has been lately cut down. To accomplish this required the labour of five men for twenty-five days, with pump boring-augers and other appliances. When completely severed, two-and-a-half days' labour were required to throw the trunk from its broad base. This tree was three hundred and two feet high and ninety-six feet in circumference at the ground, and its annular growth-lines showed over three thousand years of life. A house has been built upon this giant stump for theatrical and other entertainments. A roomy house for a small family could thus be constructed on a single stump of these trees! The most celebrated forest of big trees, the Mariposa Grove, is situated about fifteen miles south of the Yosemite Valley, and was ceded by Act of Congress to the State of California for preservation. It contains one hundred and twenty-five trees which are more than forty feet in circumference. One tree in the grove, now partially burned at the base, was originally more than one hundred feet in circumference. The bark of the large trees of the *Sequoia gigantea* is some eighteen inches thick, and is as fibrous in its texture as a bale of cotton. It is very similar in form and appearance to the Redwood of the Pacific slope, the wood being dark red and extremely light. These giants of the forest were first discovered by a hunter in 1852, and they stand first, as the grandest productions of the vegetable kingdom.

A NEW LIFEBOAT.

In spite of the fact that we have a service of three hundred lifeboats and about two hundred and ninety-three rocket-stations around the shores of the United Kingdom, about one thousand lives were lost by shipping casualties in the year 1880-81. The loss of life during the twenty-seven previous years verges on twenty thousand; the lives saved during the same period by the lifeboats of the National Lifeboat Institution number twenty-nine thousand. We are pleased to notice the recent launch in the river Thames of a lifeboat on a new principle. This boat is the invention of Mr Illius A. Tinamis, of 17 Great George Street, Westminster, and Mr J. R. Hodgson, familiarly known on the north-east coast as the 'Stormy Petrel,' from his daring acts of bravery in cases of shipwreck and the number of lives he has saved. The boat, as described in a contemporary, consists of a hull formed of two curved tubes of large diameter, meeting at the ends, and thus inclosing an open space, which is fitted with a decking composed of wood at the centre and of rope-netting at the ends. The decking is placed midway of the depth of the hull, and the water-line being below the deck-line, the boat is always the right way up, no matter how she is put into the water. The body of the boat is made either of wood or of steel plates, and divided into compartments, which will serve for the storage of provisions. The boat can be either swung from davits or stowed away in any position, and can be run out on rollers end-on into the sea. The trials in question were made with two boats, one being steel built and the other of wood, each being thirty-three feet in length, with eight feet

six inches and nine feet beam respectively. Both barks were tested in succession for stability, buoyancy, rowing, steering, and sailing powers, and were found by qualified judges present to possess in an eminent degree the requirements of a safe and reliable lifeboat.

ARTIFICIAL INCUBATORS.

Those who have turned their attention to the use of the artificial incubator are aware of the very narrow line that separates success on the one hand from failure on the other. It appears that the possibilities of artificial hatching have been recently attracting some attention in the United States. It has been found that as the size of the incubating machine is increased, the percentage of hatch is decreased. This is owing to the fact that an inclosed surface of four square feet can be so heated that there is no apparent variation of temperature in any part of it; but when there is an increase in the surface to be heated, there is a decrease of temperature in the outside edges. An authority on the subject, Professor J. Haslbruck, says that a trustworthy regulator is indispensable to every incubator, and that uniformity of temperature is the most important condition of success.

The result of Mr Haslbruck's own experience is that eggs hatch equally well at any point between one hundred and two and one hundred and five degrees, or if the heat varies from ninety-eight to one hundred and six degrees, without remaining long at the extremes. Few eggs will start below one hundred and two degrees, none at one hundred; and for the first half of the incubating period, few will endure one hundred and six degrees many hours. But all will go well, should the heat be kept within the safe lines, between one hundred and two and one hundred and five degrees. In Hearnson's Incubator (115 Southwark Street, S.E.) this has been well provided for, the use of the regulator precluding the possibility of an injurious rise of temperature. Whenever the heat over the eggs exceeds one hundred and six degrees, the expansion of a capsule raises a wire, that lifts a damper, which allows the heated air to escape and lowers the temperature. The capsule again contracts on the fall of the temperature, when the damper descends, and again raises the temperature of the water to the required degree.

TRANSPORTING LIVE FISH.

From the United States we hear of a novel method adopted for the transport of live fish, which seems to have been entirely successful. We learn that one of the palace cars belonging to the Fish Commission recently started for California with its strange freight of eighteen thousand young fish. The car in which the human passengers and fish lived for the time, resembled a modern sleeping-car, with compartments at each end, but in place of seats on each side there were ledges about three feet high, in which were placed the tin fish-tanks. As the motion of the train might have dashed the water about, and so destroyed the fish, a novel device was adopted for avoiding this. About twenty fish were placed in gallon tin pails,

which were put in the tanks, and the latter were filled up with water. The motion of the car was found to be favourable for the circulation of air in the water, thus keeping it fresh. Every eight hours the water was renewed, and any dead fish were carefully removed by the attendants. The first halt was made at St Louis, where supplies of fish were left for applicants in Missouri and Arkansas, and from this point fish were sent all over the States at the expense of the consignee.

CHICAGO PIG-PACKING.

This enormous business, says a contemporary, carried out with the most elaborate mechanical contrivances, shows from returns lately published to have greatly decreased in scale of late years; for while in 1878-9 no less than seven million four hundred and eighty thousand hogs were killed and packed, in 1881-2 only five million seven hundred thousand were secured for the business. These figures are for winter packing only. The summer packing is somewhat less, the last returns showing only three million two hundred and twenty-five thousand as against five million three hundred and twenty-three thousand in 1880. As a natural result, prices have gone up considerably, and 1882 shows seventeen per cent. above 1881, and forty-four per cent. over 1880—two hundred and sixteen per cent. above 1878. Present prices are thirty per cent. above the average of the summer prices of the past seven years. Comparison is made between the value of a barrel of pork and that of a certain quantity of wheat. Thus, in 1879, a barrel of pork was of equal value to nine and a half bushels of wheat; in 1880, fourteen bushels of wheat were required to buy a barrel of pork; in 1881, fourteen and a half bushels of wheat; in 1882, sixteen and a half bushels of wheat; while at the present moment seventeen and a half bushels of wheat are the equivalent of one barrel of pork. Those travellers who go to the States for pleasure should never miss seeing the pig-killing establishments in Chicago and Cincinnati. The mechanical ingenuity and exactness of all the appliances for putting the poor pig out of his earthly existence, and the rapidity with which he is prepared for the use of a hungry world, is a wonderful sight to behold.

CANADIAN DAIRYING.

Cheese and butter factories are rapidly on the increase in Quebec. The Minister of Agriculture in the Dominion has issued a Report, in which it is stated that there are now in the province of Quebec two hundred and eighty cheese factories, forty-seven butter factories, and twenty-eight cheese and butter factories combined, which shows an increase of no less than one hundred and fifty-five establishments during the year. This is no doubt correct, for the vast increase of horned stock, partly from importation, but more especially from native breeding, must have an outlet for the enormous amount of milk produced, for which the sparse population of the provinces offers but a slight demand in its natural state. Canada is bound, in a few years, to be so large an exporter of butter and cheese that consumers in England will welcome the material

increase to the home supplies, as the price now paid for butter and cheese is fully double what it was thirty years since. In 1850-1-2, butter was ninepence per pound, cheese sixpence, meat eightpence. Competition with the States, and particularly with Holland, must have but one result, and that is a great reduction in the price for these necessaries. As to the effect it will have on the English producer, possibly it may actually do good, from the simple fact that it will be found more profitable to the English grazier to wean his calves well on new milk, than to make butter and cheese. The stakes at issue are large, and the future of our own country, agriculturally, depends much on what success the Canadian and States dairymen meet with in their cheese and butter making. As to the price of meat in Canada, it is stated that during Easter, in Quebec a fat calf could not be purchased for less than fifty dollars, and eight dollars had to be paid for a fat lamb.

IMPROVED RAILWAY SIGNALLING BY NIGHT.

In a discussion on Daltonism, or colour blindness, which appeared in the *Daily News* some little time back, it was stated that a new system of night railway signalling would shortly be introduced, by which accidents resulting from the inability of the engine-driver to distinguish a red from a white light—a visual defect more common than is generally supposed—would be rendered an impossibility. Mr Cleminson, the railway engineer, and our correspondent, Mr A. Tuer, of Leadenhall Street, the joint inventors of the new system, propose using at night the ordinary day semaphore signal, with the difference that the arms are to be boxed in and illuminated, their position as by day, and not the colour, signifying whether the line is blocked or clear.

THE VIOLET BANK.

'It was the first time Lucy had seen sweet violets.'

ERE the spring with full completeness
Filled the waiting world with sweetness,
ERE the trees had burst in beauty,
Ready for their summer duty,
Walked a fair-haired Child along
Where the river sang its song.

And her eyes were clear with joyance;
Not a shadow of annoyance
Dwelt upon her face, unshaded
By the memory of the past;
Nor regret for pleasures faded,
Or for joys that would not last.
As one dreameth a sweet dream,
So she walked beside the stream.

Suddenly a perfume stole
With delight into her soul,
And above her, on a height
(Oh, what exquisite delight!),
She beheld, with joy unspoken,
Something never seen before
(Just a sign, and seal and token
That the spring had come once more);

Yet in wandering she had never
Seen such flowers beside the river.

There they grew in sweet profusion,
While with eager, glad confusion,
Down she bent to pluck the treasure
All her own—with miser's pleasure,
Kissing every fragrant blossom
Ere she laid it in her bosom;
Then, with guilty face, looked round,
Lest some little friend or lover
Wandering by, should thus discover
What she, lucky child! had found.

And as years passed o'er the maiden
(Years with change and sorrow laden),
Still she came, with tender pleasure,
To the bank beside the river,
Gathering without stint or measure
Every spring those flowers, that never
Failed with odorous breath to greet her,
But with March came forth to meet her.

Years had fled: the Woman, older,
Oft had felt the world was colder,
Since those sunny days gone by;
Yet her heart beat faithfully
To the home she long had left,
To the place by change bereft,
And she said: 'The buds are bursting;
All the world for spring is thirsting;
I shall go and see again
That dear violet bank, whose sweetness
Ne'er is hidden by Time's fleetness,
Though my heart may throb with pain.'

And she went; but found no trace
Of that well-remembered place.
All was changed; the bank was gone;
And the river-path no more
Wound about it as of yore;
And of violets there were none!

Ah! in this short life, how often
Memories rise to soothe and soften;
Oft beside the well-known stream,
Does she gather, in a dream,
Violets as fresh as ever
From the bank above the river.

J. H.

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- 1st. All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.
- 2d. To insure return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3d. MANUSCRIPTS should bear the author's full Christian name, Surname, and Address, legibly written; and should be written on white (not blue) paper, and on one side of the leaf only.
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OLD CITY TAVERNS.

If cosiness is needed as a condition under which authors gain most inspiration, such an abundance of that luxury has been bestowed upon them, in one direction, ever since the time of Shakespeare, that whatever hardships they may have endured in private life, they have had little cause to complain of their public 'entertainment.' So closely, indeed, have the old coffee-houses, inns, and taverns in the City of London become associated with the names of men of letters, so endless are the anecdotes told of these eccentric people, of their sayings and doings, their witticisms and their epigrams, which have reached us from these snug retreats, that no biography of a literary man of any note who has lived any time during the last three hundred years, would be complete without some reference to more than one old City tavern. They were the 'houses of call' for those who had a fund of learning and were eager to exchange ideas. The surroundings were eminently characteristic of men who placed erudition before every other 'circumstance' by which our lives are governed. Here they could 'feast' over each other's words, and serve them up *réchauffé* with a bowl of punch. The floors were sanded, the pipes were of clay, and the seats were wooden high-backed benches. This may not be the modern notion of comfort; but to men so conservative by nature, a warm room and a curtained compartment, where Shakespeare and Ben Jonson had sat in seats of honour, was an ample compensation for the absence of showiness and ease; and the gloom and mystery of the courts and alleys in which these old taverns were invariably found, was perhaps the secret of their attraction to men of a thoughtful and retiring disposition. New faces were seldom seen; it was a sort of club-life, in which the choice of companionship was made in the manner naturally adopted by 'birds of a feather,' flocking in taverns, as in trees.

Dr Johnson had the highest opinion of a tavern; and Boswell has declared that he has heard him assert that a tavern chair was the throne of

human felicity. 'As soon,' said Johnson, 'as I enter the door of a tavern I experience an oblivion of care and a freedom from solitude. When I am seated, I find the master courteous, and the servants obsequious to my call, anxious to know and ready to supply my wants. Wine there exhilarates my spirits, and prompts me to free conversation, and an interchange of discourse with those whom I most love; I dogmatise and am contradicted; and in this conflict of opinions and sentiments I find delight.'

Up a dim court—from the time of James I. until nearly the end of the last century—there stood out of Fleet Street one of the most noted taverns ever built in the City of London. It occupied the spot behind a quiet-looking goldsmith's shop between Temple Bar and the middle Temple Gate. It was called the *Devil* tavern. The church of St Dunstan's was nearly opposite; and the sign of the tavern was St Dunstan pulling the Enemy of Mankind by the nose. In the time of Ben Jonson, who has given a lasting reputation to the house, the landlord's name was Simon Wadloe—the original of 'Old Sir Simon, the King,' the favourite air of Squire Western in *Tom Jones*. The great room was called 'The Apollo.' Here Jonson lorded it with greater authority than Dryden did afterwards at *Will's*, or Addison at *Button's*. The rules of the club, drawn up in the pure and elegant Latin of Jonson, and placed over the chimney, were, it is said, 'engraved in marble.' They are described in the *Tatler* as being 'in gold letters.' This account agrees with the rules themselves, the tablet being still preserved in the banking-house of the Messrs Child, as well as that interesting relic of the tavern—the bust of Apollo. The head, modelled from the Apollo Belvidere, kept guard over the door of the 'club.' This is the tavern mentioned by Pope:

And each true Briton is to Ben sd
He swears the Muses meet him at *Devil*.

And Swift in one of his letters to Stella says:
'I dined to-day with Dr Garth and Mr Addison

at the *Devil* tavern near Temple Bar, and Garth treated.'

It is more with the *Mitre* than with the *Devil* tavern that Dr Johnson's name is associated. It was there that Johnson said to Ogilvie, in reply to his observation, that Scotland had a great many noble prospects: 'I believe, sir, you have a great many; Norway, too, has noble wild prospects; and Lapland is remarkable for prodigious noble wild prospects; but, sir, let me tell you, the noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees is the high-road which leads him to England.' It was at this tavern that the idea of the tour to the Hebrides was first started; and there, at their 'old rendezvous,' Goldsmith often supped with Johnson and Boswell. The original *Mitre* was of Shakspeare's time. It was pulled down in the year 1829 by the Messrs Hoare, in order to extend their banking-house; and in the same way Messrs Child have recently increased their 'accommodation' by building upon the spot where once stood the *Devil* tavern. Both these taverns are thus blotted out. This is truly a commercial age! The old City churches are falling fast, and counting-houses are rising up where their old chimneys (now silenced for ever!) were once heard; and even the old City churchyards are slowly disappearing from sight. What, then, will the old City be five hundred years hence? Hard by is the *Rainbow* tavern, now a first-class dining-house, which was indicted in former times for the *nuisance* of selling coffee.

There is another old City tavern, where Dr Johnson and Goldsmith often sat down together over a snug dinner, a tavern in Wine Office Court, called the *Old Cheshire Cheese*. Passing along Fleet Street and glancing up this court, those magic words seem to take up all the space in the distance, as completely as though they were being glanced at through a telescope; and if you follow the instincts of your nature, you will dive down the telescope towards the attractive lamp above the door and enter the tavern. The customary pint of stout, in an old pewter, will be placed before you if your taste lies that way; and when you have finished your chop or steak, or pudding, as the case may be, there will follow that 'speciality' for which the *Cheshire Cheese* is principally noted—a dish of bubbling and blistering cheese, which comes up scorching in an apparatus, resembling a tin of Everton toffee in size and shape.

It was the same when frequented by Johnson and Goldsmith; and their favourite seats in the north-east corner of the window are still pointed out. Nothing is changed—except the waiters in course of nature—in this conservative and cosy tavern. If Goldsmith did not actually write parts of the *Vicar of Wakefield* in that corner, he must have thought out more chapters than one while seated there. He lived in Wine Office Court, and here it is supposed the novel, begun at Canonbury Tower, was finished. 'I received

one morning,' said Dr Johnson, according to Boswell—'a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and, as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed; and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had got a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it, and saw its merits, told the landlady I should soon return; and having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill.'

Not less interesting than the *Cheshire Cheese* is that favourite resort of literary men for nearly three hundred years—the old *Cock Tavern*, or, as it was first called, the *Cock Alehouse*, which faces the Middle Temple Gate, and has been famous for its chops and steaks, its porter, and above all, its stout, ever since it was established. Whilst the Plague was raging in London in 1665, the master shut up his house and retired into the country. The following advertisement is still extant: 'This is to notify that the master of the *Cock and Bottle*, commonly called the *Cock Alehouse*, at Temple Bar, hath dismissed his servants and shut up his house for this Long Vacation, intending (God willing) to return at Michaelmas next, so that all persons whatsoever who have any accounts with the said master, or farthings belonging to the said house, are desired to repair thither before the 8th of this instant July, and they shall receive satisfaction.' In our time, this tavern has been immortalised by Mr Tennyson in his poem beginning,

O plump head-waiter at the Cock.

But 'Will Waterproof,' to whom the verses are addressed, has ceased 'to pace the gritted floor' for some years now; and if there are any other changes in the old room, they are very slight. The walls are now only partially lined with wainscoting; and the silver tankards of special customers are no longer hung up in glittering rows in the bar. The old carved chimney-piece—of the age of James I.—however, still remains; and the curtained boxes retain the same cosy appearance, and still that

Halo lives about
The waiter's hands, that reach
To each his proper pint of stout,
His proper chop to each.

At the present hour, the old tavern, viewed from the opposite side of the road in Fleet Street, looks as if it occupied an underground position; as if it were buried somewhere behind those

haardings in the midst of ruins. The original entrance—a long sandal passage, more like a tunnel than ever now—still stands; but it will soon be pulled down; though the tavern, it is said, being sufficiently far back from the road not to interfere with the widening of Fleet Street, is destined to remain a famous landmark in the vast field of literature.

May this rumor prove correct! For most of the taverns which stood in the neighbourhood of Fleet Street, Newgate Street, Barbican, and Cheapside, have become a mere matter of history, without in some instances even a votive stone to denote their original site. The famous gilded Cock which stood for so many years over the entrance, disappeared not very long since; stolen, it is supposed, by some ardent lover of old London curio.

Although the Cock was well known in the latter half of the seventeenth century, there is very little allusion to it in contemporary literature. This may be because it was considered an ale-house and not a coffee-house. However, Pepys records going there in 1668, and eating lobster until midnight. Fielding was fond of the old tavern, as were Smollett, Savage, Goldsmith, Boswell, and Cowper. The standard dishes at the Cock are still 'chop and chop to follow,' or a steak, either 'small,' 'dinner,' or 'point,' followed by a kidney 'smiped'—that is to say, broiled whole so as to keep in the gravy—and toasted cheese. The old cellar of famous port wine was sold by auction towards the end of last year, but punch is still served in pint tumblers according to ancient usage. An old Cock token of 1668 is still shown, and may be one of the 'farthings' alluded to in the advertisement above quoted.

The *Chapter House Tavern*, at the corner of Chapter House Court, Paternoster Row, frequented principally towards the end of the last century by booksellers, authors, and editors, has not yet been removed. There it still stands, a long dark building, some three stories high. It can be reached by a narrow entrance into the court from St Paul's Churchyard, or under a low archway from Paternoster Row. The coffee-room, on the ground-floor, where the literary 'judges' sat, has been recently changed into a bar. But the windows and the walls are the same; and the gloom which surrounds it now is little less than it was a hundred years ago. The ceilings in the tavern have such an unimposing elevation, that even though, when entering, one is made conscious of a precipitate descent to a level of more than a foot below the court outside, one is not surprised into a confession that the room has gained in loftiness in any marked degree. In fact, this circumstance is dispiriting; and the gloom which hangs about the exterior adds to this peculiar sense of depression. From every point the shadows seem to have gathered about this tavern, and above them all there looms the shadow of St Paul's.

In the first number of the *Connoisseur*, in 1754, this place is referred to. 'And here my publishers would not forgive me,' says the writer, 'was I to leave the neighbourhood without taking notice of the *Chapter Coffee-house*, which is frequented by those encouragers of literature and—as they are styled by an eminent critic—"not the worst judges of merit," the booksellers.' It was another

favourite tavern of Goldsmith's; and the place where he sat was, until the alterations took place, pointed out to visitors. It was to this tavern also that Chatterton frequently went. 'I am quite familiar at the *Chapter Coffee-house*,' he wrote to his mother, 'and know all the geniuses there.'

On the side nearest to Paternoster Row, about the centre of Newgate Street, there is still standing the *Salutation* tavern, formerly known as the *Salutation* and *Cat*. This old tavern, like the Cock, is reached by passing down a tunnel and through a bar and across a passage, when the coffee-room begins to come in sight. This room is divided into two apartments by pillars, and the one most distant from the door is on a lower foundation by some feet. The efforts which are made to preserve the manners and customs of this tavern are severe; but when the traditional muff-box is presented to you, after you have paid your bill, the privilege of sneezing at the head-waiter seems as if it had lost half its charm. It is difficult to realise now how Coleridge could have found the tavern a pleasant retreat when suffering from fits of melancholy; and yet it was here that Southey found him, and tried to rouse him from his semi-insane idleness.

Cheapside and the Poultry were at one time as famous as Fleet Street for their 'literary' taverns. The *White Horse* in Fridge Street makes a conspicuous figure in the *Merry Conceits* of *George Peele*, one of the poets and playwrights of Elizabeth's reign; and the name is still attached to a gin-palace of the modern type; and there was another tavern which is even more celebrated—at the corner of Friday Street and Bread Street—called the *Mermoid* club, where Sir Walter Raleigh, who instituted it, and where Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, Jonson, and many others, met.

Souls of poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the *Mermoid* tavern!

So sang Keats. Nor must the *Queen's Arms*, another tavern in Cheapside where this poet once lived, be forgotten—where he wrote his sonnet on Chapman's *Homer*, and all the poems in his first volume. This tavern, like most of the rest of the old taverns in Cheapside, has disappeared; and the second floor, which Keats occupied—stretching over a passage leading to the entrance—is now a warehouse, with nothing more ornamental about its frontage than a rusty crane.

In Great Eastcheap, between Small Alley and St Michael's Lane, stood the *Boar's Head* tavern, commemorated by Shakespeare. It was destroyed by the Great Fire; but it was rebuilt almost immediately afterwards; nor was it finally demolished—in order to make space for new approaches to London Bridge—until 1831. The back part of the house looked upon the burying-ground of St Michael's, Crooked Lane. The statue of William IV. nearly marks the site. In the reign of Richard II., a tenement, called the *Boar's Head*, in Eastcheap, was in possession of Walter Morden, stockfish-monger of London. In the time of Henry IV. there was, according to Stow, no tavern in Eastcheap. Shakespeare alone

refers to this tavern. After the Great Fire, it was rebuilt of brick, with its door in the centre, a window above; and then a boar's head cut in stone, with the initials of the landlord (I. T.), and the date (near the snout) of 1668, which may still be seen in the Guildhall Museum. Boswell says: 'I mentioned a club in London at the *Boar's Head* in Eastcheap, the very tavern where Falstaff and his joyous companions met; and the members of which all assume Shakspeare's characters. One is Falstaff; another, Prince Henry; another, Bardolph; and so on.' To which Johnson replied: 'Don't be of it, sir. Now that you have a name, you must be careful to avoid many things not bad in themselves, but which will lessen your character. This, every man who has a name must observe. A person who is not publicly known, may live in London as he pleases, without any notice being taken of him; but it is wonderful how any person of consequence is watched.' In his essay, 'A Reverie at the *Boar's Head Tavern*,' Goldsmith says: 'Here, by a pleasant fire, in the very room where old Sir John Falstaff cracked his jokes, in the very chair which was sometimes honoured by Prince Henry, I sat and ruminated on the follies of youth; wished to be young again, but was resolved to make the best of life while it lasted; and now and then compared past and present times together.' Forgetful of the ravages committed by the Great Fire—just as Boswell did—Goldsmith fancied that he sat in the very tavern frequented by Falstaff.

When the old City taverns with a literary 'flavour' stopped short in their eastward course, it would be difficult to decide. It was out of Thames Street, in Three Cranes Lane—'so called,' says Stow, 'not only of three cranes at the tavern door, but rather of three cranes of timber placed on the vinty wharf by the Thames' side, to crane up wines'—that the *Three Cranes* stood, famous as early as the reign of James I., and frequented by Ben Jonson and the wits of his time. In *Bartholomew Fair*, Jonson says: 'These pretenders to wit! Your *Three Cranes*, *Mitre*, and *Mermoid* men! Not a corn of true salt, not a grain of right mustard among them all.' The mention of this tavern by mine host of the *Bonny Black Bear*, in *Kentworth*, is frequent. 'Nor is there such a wine,' says Giles Gosling—drinking off a cup of his own sack—'at the *Three Cranes* in the vinty, to my knowledge.'

There is no sign of this tavern in Thames Street now. The large modern warehouse—still called the *Three Cranes*—standing upon the site formerly occupied by the old warehouse and tavern, with its lofty frontage towards the Thames, seems to foretell in its very face of how these venerable landmarks in the City of London must of necessity soon be swept away. They are crowded out in this neighbourhood, as elsewhere, in dark alleys, up steep lanes and narrow courts, where still a few of them hold out an almost ludicrous resistance against the march of time. Some of them are propped up by wooden beams, resembling crutches, against which they lean like those incurable cripples who have the appearance of being on their last legs; while others are supported on each side by houses which are only in a slight degree less weak and tottering. These old City

taverns are monuments of their own antiquity and fame; and when the last snug retreat has grown dark,

We know not where is that Promethean heat
That can its light relume.

ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOT.

BY JOHN B. HARWOOD.

CHAPTER XXII.—FROM POUNCE AND PONTIFEX.

'My dear, I shall not stay long away. I dislike leaving you here alone; and besides, these new-fashioned garden-parties are not much to my taste, and one meets the oddest people, perhaps because it is out of doors. But Celina made a point of my coming to her, and so'—

Now, Celina was Her Grace the Duchess of Snowdon; and Lady Barbara had always highly approved of that handsome and frigid young lady while yet in meditation fancy free, and always took rather undeserved credit to herself for having been instrumental in placing the dual coronet on her well-shaped head. 'Poor dear Snowdon ought to thank me for having helped him to such a wife,' was a not unfrequent remark of Lady Barbara. There were other match-makers, less disinterested, who possibly owed a grudge to Lady Barbara for what she had done towards hooking for her young friend the biggest matrimonial prize of the season; but at anyrate the Duke, who was plump and short, and sometimes mistaken, by strangers who came to see his model farm and pedigree cattle, for his own bailiff, so naturally did gaiters and velvetene suit him, had secured a bride fit to do honour to his high degree and ample means.

'I shall not be dull in the least; I don't mind it at all, dear Lady Barbara,' the young mistress of Leonminster House had replied gently; and then she had been left to her solitude in that vast mausoleum of a mansion that was now her home. Of course Lady Leonminster had been invited. She was always invited. Cards and notes, so to speak, rained at her door; but it was impossible that she should, at this comparatively early stage of her widowhood, mix in general society. She stayed, then, at home; while Lady Barbara sallied forth to Willow Reach, as the Duke's pretty Thames-side villa bore name, where very august personages were expected to gild the assembly by their presence.

'I shall not be dull; see, I have the Laureate's new poem, only just begun,' the young lady had said, as she took the book in her hand, just before the aunt of the late Marquis set forth on her festal errand. But hours had elapsed, and Lady Barbara had been absent for a long long time, and the summer sun was drooping in the sky, and very, very few lines of the poetry had been perused by the fair young creature in black, whose mourning garb and utter loneliness seemed almost touching, when contrasted with the pomp and state and grandeur that environed her. She took the book again and again in her white hand and glanced at its pages; but her mind strayed far away—so it seemed—from the lines before her, and she laid down the volume with a sigh and remained lost in thought.

'A person from Pounce and Pontifex, My Lady, with business papers of importance. Would your Ladyship please to see him?'

The lady lifted her book again, and it was almost peevishly that she made answer: 'Certainly not. I am occupied. I do not wish to be disturbed.'

The man in sable retired with oriental obedience; but before he had traversed the wide expanse of Brussels carpet that intervened between him and the door, the lady seemed to change her mind. 'Stop, Peters,' she said languidly. 'I will see this person, since my lawyers have sent him.'

The clerk of Messrs Pounce and Pontifex was ushered in. In some respects the man did look the very type of clerkhood. He wore the neatest garments, tight-fitting, neither new nor old, of black or 'subfusc' hue, as our old Oxford Latin statutes used to phrase it; and his shirt-collar was very white, and his pale cravat tight and trim. He carried under one arm some bundles of papers and parchments, tightly tied with red tape, and in one hand, barrister-like, he bore a blue bag.

The young lady looked up with but a dulled curiosity as the man made his bow. She had expected to see a quiet, unobtrusive person of the male sex, anxious to do his errand and to take his leave. To her surprise, the languid glance of her soft blue eyes was met by the steady stare of wicked eyes, as bright, ay, brighter than her own, eyes full of fire and full of malice, half-threatening, half-mocking. Never, surely, did family solicitors of such high standing as the immemorial firm of Pounce and Pontifex send, to such a client, such a clerk. He had not impressed the servants unfavourably. But then his bearing had been firm and staid, and his looks downcast. Now, there was a change in the man's manner, and he had somewhat of the air of a reckless buccaner of earlier days, treading his schooner's deck, in silken scarf, and with gold and silver and pistols ostentatiously displayed about his person. So startled was the lady, that, in sincere alarm, she rose from her seat and moved towards the bell. The singular emissary of Pounce and Pontifex barred her way.

'No, no, My Lady Marchioness,' he said, in that strange voice that belonged to Chinese Jack, and which provoked or perplexed those who heard it; 'you must not ring the bell—at least, not now. Sit down again, I beg, and let us attend to business. Come; we have no time to lose. Lady Barbara may come back. I lost hours, in getting myself fit to act the character, when once I saw that the coast was clear.'

Scared and amazed, the young mistress of Leominster House shrank back from the audacious eyes and dauntless front of this extraordinary intruder. She hesitated a moment, and then meekly resumed her seat. What, indeed, was she to do? She could not reach the bell. To call aloud was useless, in that vast catacomb of a house, where all ordinary sounds were deadened by space. Besides, was there anything to justify a shriek for aid? The man was not rude, only odd and peremptory. Pounce and Pontifex had certainly made choice of an eccentric envoy; but there he was. One thing

puzzled her. Where had she seen those bold eyes before? She had no recollection of the man, with his close-cut hair and bushy beard and face seamed by countless lines, save of those daring defiant eyes, with their look of rough admiration and keen scrutiny, odious both.

'And now to business,' said this phenomenal clerk.

'Will you not?'—said she whom he addressed, as she timidly motioned towards a chair.

The man took the seat readily enough. 'Your husband's father, My Lady, has done me the honour to ask me to be seated at Castel Vawr often enough,' he said dryly.

'You know Castel Vawr, then?' faltered out the bewildered girl.

'Better than your Ladyship does. I know most things; and what I don't know, I have a knack of finding out,' was the man's cool answer. 'So now, as I said, to business. We may as well hoist true colours at the masthead—excuse a sailor's simile—at once. I don't come from Pounce and Pontifex in the least—not I. Never was a quill-driver. This rubbish, these stage properties,' he added—glancing at the red-taped packets and the blue bag that lay beside him on the floor, contemptuously—'I bought at a law-stationer's in Curator Street. The make-up wasn't bad, though; he added boastfully.

'Not from Pounce and Pontifex! Then, sir, I must insist!'—said the lady, as she half-rose; but somehow she was cowed by the burning eyes that met hers.

'Insist that I should go—ring, and have the intruder turned out!' said the man laughingly.

'No, Lady Leominster; that won't do with one who has looked Death, in his ugliest shape, in the face for thirty years, and who is used to frowns from more potent persons than even a Marchioness. No; nor am I a thief,' he added rapidly, as he noted the expression of her face. 'Not a bit of that. I am no robber; I am no clerk; I am simply an unaccredited plenipotentiary, and come on my own account, not on that of those venerable compilers of bills of costs, Pounce and Pontifex.'

Next to his sneering tone, the most remarkable feature in the conversation of Chinese Jack certainly was, that at one time the man seemed to be a perfect gentleman, and a moment later, the dissolute, reckless adventurer. She could but eye him with timid wonder as he went on.

'I know I waste time, and how precious the minutes may be,' he said, with an evident enjoyment of the situation and of the fact that he was master of it. 'Yet I do waste them. You and I, My Lady, must be friends or foes. I know too much to be neglected.'

'I—I do not understand—you come from Castel Vawr,' stammered the lady.

'From an older land than even the Welsh Marches—from Alexandria—from Egypt. I saw a good deal, and heard a good deal, and picked up a few trifling secrets too, when you and I came home together by the good ship *Cyprus*, My Lady.'

'Secrets—the *Cyprus*—in what way, pray, can secrets concern me!' demanded she haughtily, and with no perceptible tremor in her voice.

Chinese Jack eyed her with a composure not

wholly devoid of a hidden sense of amusement, as though she had been a child indeed. But he was quite grave when he said: 'Not directly, of course, My Lady Marchioness. But—you have a sister.'

'I have indeed. Can you—is it possible that you have been sent to me—by her?' The voice in which the question was asked was not a steady one.

Chinese Jack indulged in a little laugh. 'Not I, My Lady,' he said, as slowly as if he were weighing every word. 'Although, you see, I might have been. You see, My Lady, the likeness is so very remarkable between you two young things—begging pardon for the freedom—that it would not take much to turn the tables, to put the other one in your place, and leave your Ladyship out in the cold. A pity, too! This is a grand house, and the castle, to my fancy, is a finer; and then the splendid income, and the rank, and the power, and the station, and the being flattered and courted by high and low. It would never do to lose it all, My Lady. It would be heart-breaking to be outgeneralled, because the competitor held better cards, or played them better. And yet that will happen, be sure of that, if you allow me to go over to Miss Cora's side, and'—

'Hold, sir! I forbid you to address me thus! I forbid you to drag my dear, unhappy, misled sister's name into your talk. Leave me, this instant—or'— She stopped, trembling. She had risen to her feet, eager in her passionate indignation. The adventurer merely laughed. It was not a joyous laugh; the quiet, scornful chuckle of a fiend, rather. That laugh, and the expression of the man's mocking eyes, checked her anger, and, with a sob, she sank helplessly back in her chair.

'Lady Leominster,' said the man, in a changed tone, 'I only wish to convince you, for your own good, that I—Jack Nameless, you may call me—can be a most useful friend, or a very dangerous enemy. I am not a moral man, of course. I am not a model character. Liken me, if you please, to those mercenaries of two or three hundred years back, the Condottieri—the Dugald Dalgetties—who were ever ready to sell their swords to the highest bidder. Your purse is the longest, and I have come to you the first. But, on the other hand, the Opposition would be more liberal as to pledges, which in the event of success would doubtless be redeemed. If you despise me, say the word, and I will go over to the hostile camp. I have power to help and power to harm, I can assure you.'

'What do you want—money?' asked the lady wearily.

'Of course I do, My Lady. To the best of my poor experience, there is nobody who does not want it. But I am not extortionate—a mere retaining fee. Five hundred pounds would'—

'Five hundred pounds!' She could not help repeating the words with something like dismay.

'Say three, then—or, better, three-fifty; I have a use for the odd money,' said Chinese Jack promptly. 'We will settle, then, on our three hundred and fifty pounds. There is a good, solid, heavy balance at your Ladyship's bankers, and if there had not been, your Ladyship's name

would have sufficed to bring down upon us a shower-bath of gold. Miss Cora would be better here,' he added, 'as sister of the Marchioness, than as queen of all.'

'If you could— But what influence could you exert—unless she has really sent you here,' faltered out the lady. She had risen, and with a tiny key unlocked the prettiest little curiosity of a costly cabinet, from which she withdrew a cheque-book with trembling hand.

'You may guess my influence over her by my influence over you, Lady Leominster,' was the cool answer of Chinese Jack, whose over-bright eyes, like those of some weird creature of romance, seemed to penetrate her very thoughts; 'and you may believe, what is the truth—that it rests with me whether you hold your own, with a penitent sister at your side, or whether— Never mind, My Lady. Tear out the leaf of your cheque-book. Dip your pen in that toy inkstand. But, on reconsideration, let the cheque be for five hundred, if you please. I had forgotten that it is not my silence, but my active aid which your interests require; and help costs money.'

Very timidly, like a frightened child in presence of a stern teacher, she obeyed, and with trembling fingers, held out the cheque for the man to take. To her surprise, the man delayed to take it.

'I am no robber, my young Lady Marchioness, as I mentioned previously,' he said, proudly enough; 'nor do I exact blackmail from you with a pistol at your head. What I want is—payment for my services, for my knack of setting things, that are wrong, right. Jack Nameless never was a thief. I look on it as my retaining fee. I am an advocate worth a thumping one. But I do not force my advocacy upon you. I could bring your sister back. I could insure your position; not, of course, on such terms as these; but, if you please, My Lady, I will decline your cheque.'

'Take it—but bring my darling back to me,' she said, and fell sobbing back into her chair and hid her face.

Chinese Jack picked up the cheque, which had been allowed to drop to the floor, carefully satisfied himself that no formality had been omitted, and folding up the valuable slip of paper, thrust it into his pocket. 'Now, Lady Leominster,' he said hastily, but in a distinct tone, 'I have taken your pay and engaged in your service. Nothing for nothing is a favourite saying of mine; and a two-edged one it is, for I should feel your money burn in my pocket, if I did not work it out, as I will. Trust me, I won't leave my visiting-card, nor write down my name in your porter's hall-book; and I should scarcely find admission here a second time as a clerk of your solicitors. But rely on it, you will see more before long of your very humble servant Jack Nameless. I have more tricks than one in my bag, as our French friends say.' He picked up the bag and the red-taped papers from the floor, and was gone so speedily and silently, that it was as if a shadow had flitted through the vast length of the stately room. Chinese Jack needed no guide to conduct him through the spacious halls and branching passages of the huge mansion. Either he had known the place

of old, or his instinct for locality was quick and unerring, for he had nearly gained the outer entrance, when there was a deep roll of wheels, and then a bustle and stir: and Lady Barbara, fresh from her garden-party at the dual villa, came in. With perfect respect, the man stepped back and stood aside to let the dignified spinster pass him by, bowing slightly as he did so. He played his assumed character very well, his law-papers under his arm, his bag tightly held in a black-gloved hand, a certain stiff humility in his salute. But a very close observer might have noticed that he seemed a down-looking man, and avoided, perhaps from shyness, meeting Lady Barbara's eye. She looked at him inquisitively as she acknowledged the movement of his head, and then passed on. Thirty seconds more and Chinese Jack was in the courtyard, through the side-gate, and gone.

'My dear, I have been thinking of you, and fearing you felt dull all through this tiresome party. Certainly, Society is not what it was. One misses the people one ought to meet, and gets jostled by those who— But who was that singular-looking man with the beard and the papers that I met as I came in?' asked Lady Barbara presently. 'Did you receive him?'

'I did. He gained admission, I am sorry to say, on false pretences, as a clerk of Pounce and Pontifex, with papers to be signed, and—'

'The wretch! What was he, then—a thief?' exclaimed Lady Barbara, echoing and looking around her, as if to be sure that the Claudes and Hobbins and Rembrandts on the walls were yet in their gilded frames.

'No—not that, dear Lady Barbara,' sobbed out the girl; 'though he did distress and frighten me, talking as he did in hints about my darling Cora, my poor misguided sister, that I love so dearly, and would give so much, all I have, to win back to me. And I dread scandal so, and fear that disgrace should rest on the proud name of the great family—yours, Lady Barbara, and mine now, into which my husband brought me. So I was alarmed, and—gave him money.'

'The knave, the wretch! Some begging-letter-writer, on the watch to extort a trifle of money from a young creature like— The servants are to blame for admitting him,' said Lady Barbara wrathfully.

'It was my fault; I consented to receive him,' returned the other timidly; 'and he was very fair-spoken, and seemed really to have come on business, until he began to talk of Cora, and then— You are not angry with me, aunt, because I gave the man money?' She spoke in a sweet childish voice, that would have softened a harder heart than that of austere Lady Barbara, who came over at once and kissed her tenderly on the forehead.

'No wonder you are frightened, my love! I ought to have been here to protect you,' she said; 'but I thought in your own house you were safe. The audacity of the man! Did he leave any clue, name, or address by which he could be traced? If so, I will put the matter at once into the hands of the police, and he will be punished as he deserves,' said the stern old lady, who never dreamed that the intruder's raid into Leominster House could have profited him by more than a couple, or say three or four sovereigns, and who

would have been horrified had she known the actual amount of the cheques.

'He left no name, no address; and had he mentioned such, I should have forgotten them, I think. It was only my sister's dear name that stirred my heart so,' was all the reply.

LA GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

Nor long since, the rumour spread far and wide that the action of the French government towards the so-called religious societies had caused the monks of La Grande Chartreuse to contemplate the necessity of seeking a new home in Switzerland. As these holy men are no mere idle drones, but busily occupy themselves in manufacturing, amongst other concoctions, certain *liqueurs* which have so won the public taste as to bring the brotherhood both fame and wealth, the French would no doubt regret losing them as much as the Swiss would rejoice at gaining them. As there is some probability—though it seems more remote than it once was—that the celebrated monastery, in which so industrious a fraternity dwell and labour, may soon be numbered with the things of the past, a sketch of its history and of its condition, as seen a year or two ago, may not be uninteresting.

About eight centuries since, a citizen of Rheims named Bruno was seized with an ardent longing for a monastic life, and he sought among his fellow-citizens for some whose minds had the same bent as his own. He soon found six who were glad to be his companions in mortifying the flesh, and indulging their intense sense of weariness with the things of the world. Not one of the seven, however, was acquainted with any place sufficiently near, and yet remote from the haunts of men, for their purpose. Nor did the brotherhood know how to overcome this difficulty until they heard that there dwelt in Grenoble a pious soul named Hugues, who was sure to be not only able but willing to direct them to such a spot as they needed. So they, clad in horse-hair shirts and coarse woollen robes, set forth on sandalled feet, with staves in their hands, to seek out and consult this worthy man. In so doing they did not err; for Hugues, leading them towards the Alps, brought them, after a journey of twenty miles, to a valley standing four thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea, and almost encircled with snow-clad mountains. Here they determined to settle. Soon, by their energetic labours, with the aid of the sturdy mountaineers sent them by Hugues, a chapel and seven cells were built.

In a comparatively short time, the Carthusians—as they called themselves—so grew in popular estimation that this their first monastery became a favourite resort for those who felt called to an ascetic life. In the days of its pristine vigour, there was little to attract within its walls any save those who were anxious to mortify the flesh and give themselves up to devotions of the austere sort. A meagre and distasteful diet, coarseness and scantiness in dress, with the continual repetition of prayers, were rigidly

enforced. It was the bounden duty also of every monk to subject his body to pain by the application of the scourge. The use of animal food was strictly forbidden. Fish was indeed allowed now and then, but very seldom. The only bread that might be eaten, whether in health or sickness, was made of wheat ground with the husks. The present inhabitants of La Grande Chartreuse take a pride in telling visitors of the austere lives their predecessors led. They, however, as far as we can judge, do not seem very anxious to emulate their forefathers in this respect.

We may here mention that Bruno himself was not allowed to preside for long over the monastery he had founded. He was soon summoned to Rome by the pope. Here, because of the great fame he had obtained, he was kept for some time, much against his own wish. At last he was permitted to leave and carry out a resolution he had formed of founding a monastery at La Torre, in the wilds of Calabria, like to that which he had established in Dauphiné. There he died in the year 1101.

During the eight centuries that have passed since St Bruno founded La Grande Chartreuse, the Carthusians have become so numerous that, in spite of the havoc wrought by the Reformation and other causes, the order has many monasteries in Europe. Some of these are not a little famous, as, for instance, the Cortosa near Pavia, the architectural magnificence of which has made it one of the sights of Europe. Still the one which was the first home of the order remains to the present day the most important of them all, and that in spite of the fact, that it has suffered much from fire and persecution, and has been subjected to various trials, from which kindred institutions have been comparatively free. This long-continued prosperity, notwithstanding so many adverse circumstances, is beyond question largely due to the very mundane fact that its position places at its command an ample supply of the Alpine plants needed to produce the delectable *liqueurs* for which it has so long been famous.

The present monastic buildings have not been in existence more than two hundred years. Indeed, between the eleventh and sixteenth centuries the monks of La Grande Chartreuse had the misfortune to lose their home by fire no fewer than six times. It was so destroyed in the year 1676, and was then restored at great expense in its existing form. The site occupied is a little lower down than that on which St Bruno and his companions built their chapel and cells. Those primitive buildings, which were simply wattled cabins, stood, tradition says, on an isolated mass of rock, which is now inclosed in a pine forest that overhangs the present buildings. In this forest are two chapels sacred to Ste Marie and Notre-Dame de Casabvus. There is also another chapel to be seen erected on the rock where St Bruno is said to have first built the one in which he and his little band of disciples worshipped. It is dedicated to its first founder, and contains, so they say, the original altar at which that good man was wont to celebrate mass. A fine cascade descending from this rock in the direction of the monastery adds greatly to the beauty of the scene.

Much cannot be said in praise of the architecture of La Grande Chartreuse, as far as its outward appearance, when looked at closely, is concerned. Still, it cannot be denied that the vast stone structure, plain as it is, has an air of solid grandeur which produces a solemnising effect. Moreover, the straggling pile of buildings, with its long stretches of walls, square towers, steep gray-slated roofs, with their lines broken by dormer windows and slender spires, which jut up here and there, harmonises admirably with its surroundings—namely, a green upland, sheltered by pine forests, from the midst of which mighty rocks rear their hoary heads.

On entering the main building, we find ourselves in a corridor, flanked on each side by reception-rooms, named respectively the Salles de France, d'Italie, d'Allemagne, and de Bourgogne. This corridor, on the walls of which are pictures of various Carthusian monasteries, leads to the room set apart for the general-superior of the order. On its right are the cells of the dignitaries of the fraternity; on its left are the kitchen, the chapel, and the church. From it, a stone staircase leads to the first floor. Here are the chapter-house and the apartments reserved for strangers. From this floor, another flight of stairs conducts to some garrets, used as workshops and storerooms. The cloisters consist of two galleries, each three hundred yards long. Eighty cells open into them. Every cell is furnished with a cupboard-like bedstead, a reading-desk, table, large chair, stove, crucifix, statuette of the Virgin, a few books of devotion, and directions for novices. The bedding consists of a straw mattress, two linen sheets, and a warm thick counterpane.

The church, like all the rest of the building, is strikingly devoid of decorations, although the walls are covered, we can hardly say adorned, with some curious old carvings. A transparent screen separates the nave into two parts; one of these is reserved for the choir and the superiors of the order; the other is for the use of the ordinary monks. Visitors who attend any of the services have to take their places in a small gallery. The chapter-house is a large square room, surrounded by stalls built out from the walls, on which are to be seen very badly executed portraits of the generals of the order.

The library is a large well-fitted room. On the shelves there are, however, we were told, only five thousand volumes. Many of these are very handsomely bound, but very few of them are of any great intrinsic value. Fire, time, and the destroying energy of over-zealous agents of the Reformation, have made sad havoc with the treasures it once possessed.

To the monastery proper is attached a small but well-cultivated garden; this and the buildings we have described are encircled by a high wall, on the outside of which are stables, a windmill, and the factory where the monks concoct the celebrated *liqueurs*, the tonic elixir, and the ointment known as *Boule d'acier*.

Right opposite the chief entrance to the main pile of buildings is a structure which, though called an infirmary, is really used for the accommodation of female guests, who are most courteously entertained by the superiors of the order; the monkish rank and file not being allowed the

privilege of doing the amiable to female guests. To those they receive under their roof, they dispense hospitality with a liberal hand; and against no wayfarer, whether rich or poor, is their door closed; while all who visit them are cordially invited to prolong their stay till the following morning at least. Nor is any charge made for the entertainment, though, should a guest be generously disposed, there is not much difficulty in finding a box wherein he may deposit what seemeth good to him, as a contribution to the fund for the relief of the sick or needy under the care of the brotherhood.

If personal experience can be taken as a guide in the matter, it may be safely said that the monks seem to put forth their best efforts to show good-will to Englishmen, even though they know them to be what they deem heretics. For their stores give up their best viands and their finest *liqueurs*. It is not a little amusing, too, to find such of the worthy fellows as have a smattering of English eager to show their cleverness in speaking it. Should their visitor give signs that he is of a social disposition, he will have no cause to complain of want of opportunity to gratify it. The storehouse or the refectory will be set aside for extra festivities, when, with a ceaseless flow of song and story, the cheering cup will pass.

We must not, however, do any injustice to the brotherhood. We do not wish it thought that they have, like other such fraternities, sunk into excesses of luxury and irregularity. No; if we may believe the testimony of their neighbours, they, as a rule, cannot be charged with corruption and immorality. Nor would we have it supposed that what of their time is not taken up with devotional exercises is spent in the pursuit of pleasure. This is very far from being the case; for the manufacture of the renowned *liqueurs de la Grande Chartreuse*, not to speak of the *Boule d'acier* and the tonic *dixir*, gives them much hard work to do. In fact, so rapidly has the fame of their concoctions spread, they have now no time to carry on certain industries in which they once engaged. Thus, they used to make the peculiarly shaped bottles in which the *liqueurs* are sent forth to the public. These they now get from Paris. Not long since, they also prepared from the raw material all the clothing needed in the establishment. This they now purchase in Grenoble. The building known as the Courverie, in which this work was carried on, stands a short distance from the monastery. It is now the abode of the *gardes forestiers*.

That the monks should have given up those industries which prevented them from devoting all their spare time to the manufacture of their specialities, is not to be wondered at, since the profit they derived from the latter amounted in the year 1878 to the handsome sum of eighty thousand pounds. Nor can it be thought unnatural that they should carefully guard the secret of the preparation of the articles with which they carry on such a lucrative trade. It has, however, been said that the *liqueurs* are distilled from about fifty Alpine plants, of which the chief are the wild carnation, the young shoots of the pine, the absinthium or wormwood, mint, and balm. But no one outside the monastery knows how to

utilise the various ingredients so as to produce the *Elixir*, the *Liqueur Verte*, the *Liqueur Jaune*, and the *Liqueur Blanche*, which are held in such esteem.

The large sum of money which the monks make is mainly devoted to charity. Generous donations are given to schools and benevolent institutions in the department of Isère. Many monastic establishments receive a liberal amount of support. Amongst those which obtain especial sustenance are the far-famed hospital of Mont St Bernard and the Armenian monastery on Mount Sinai. Hospitality, too, as we have said, is lavishly dispensed to all who visit La Grande Chartreuse; nor is any needy wayfarer allowed to leave its roof with an empty purse.

MISS GARSTON'S CASE.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

It was ten days since the elegant brass plate was affixed upon the front-door of my little villa, informing the world that Mr Leighford, Surgeon, was added to the unexceptional residents of the neighbourhood. Yet so far, I had waited in vain for a patient. Some youngsters would have been despondent, some indignant, at an ignoring world; I waited quietly for business. Not that I am a philosopher, or too phlegmatic, to feel small anxieties. I was really eager for employment, and with good reason—being ill provided with cash, and having had to do a father's duty towards my younger brothers, and to maintain my mother and sister. With much difficulty, and with sublime heroism on my mother's part, I had passed through my university and medical studies; and now the time had come for me to repay all the sacrifices that had been made on my behalf. So I waited for a crop of patients; but calmly, as I have said.

The reason of the calmness was my absorption in a series of complicated experiments. Let me say that I gloried in my profession. It had only one disagreeable side—that was the earning of fees. I am not, and can never be deeply interested in money matters. So, although the wolf was growling at the door of our pretty villa, and the need of a patron was but too obvious, I went on with my experiments, untroubled by anything else.

The evening of the tenth day was far advanced. I was translating a German story *vis-à-vis* to the family group; my mother was sewing, my sister also; my brother Sam was writing down my translation, as a sort of 'crib' for getting through the story easily, when he came to deal with it in his lessons. The wintry night was in uproar; the wind howling, the rain tattooing in abrupt dashes against the windows. I doubt if a cosier and happier interior could have been found in all England, than our little dining-room, in spite of financial troubles.

Just as I was in the midst of a most exciting episode of the story, when my mother and sister had dropped their work upon their laps, and Sam had forgot to write, when I was adjusting my voice to an appropriate intonation—for I pride myself upon my elocution—we were all startled by something which brought us from the realms

of fiction to those of reality, by a loud and prolonged ringing of the door-bell.

'Who can it be?' cried my mother.

'Perhaps Uncle Robert,' suggested my sister.

'Perhaps my new clothes,' said Sam.

'Perhaps a patient,' said I, with an incredulous smile.

My mother shook her head despondently.

The servant settled the matter by announcing that a gentleman wanted to see Dr Leighford.

Then there was a pretty flutter, I can assure you. My mother became quite pale, and raised her eyes involuntarily towards heaven; my sister clasped my hand; Sam was all eagerness. Everybody appeared to feel that a crisis had come in our little home. As for myself, I may as well admit that I was a little flustered. However, I followed the servant into the room where the gentleman was waiting.

Standing with his back to the fire, a tall elderly man confronted me. His face was pale, haggard, careworn. But his eye was firm and questioning, though restless. Before I had time to speak, he had looked at me three times, and had seemed to have reflected between the glances.

'You are Dr Leighford, I suppose?' he said.

I bowed.

'You are young; a new beginner, eh?'

'Yes, sir. I have but recently begun to practise on my own behalf. But I have had considerable hospital experience,' I hastened to add; for I feared that my juvenile looks might be against me.

'No doubt, no doubt,' said my visitor indifferently, though looking at me more keenly than before.

A pause, during which the gentleman reflected, while I diagnosed his nervous condition, almost as a matter of habit.

'I want your assistance, doctor,' said he, after pondering, 'in a rather peculiar case; and I should like to have a little conversation with you before we go.'

'Then, pray, be seated,' I rejoined, placing a chair beside him.

He took it, and I sat beside him.

'By the way,' said he, rising from the chair, 'do you mind my lowering the gas a little? My eyes cannot endure much light.—Permit me;' and therewith he turned down the light to a mere glimmer. 'Now, doctor, I want you to give me your most serious attention. I have a ward, a young lady, the daughter of my late partner. She is ill, very ill, and I am terribly concerned about her.'

My visitor did not face me, but sat in half profile; and instead of reoccupying the chair, he had now placed himself upon the sofa four or five feet away. The distance and the gloom made it impossible for me to see the expression of his features. From time to time he wiped his face with a handkerchief, thereby adding to the difficulty of seeing his face. I did not think much about these things until long afterwards; and then what I had attributed to eccentricity and mental distress, assumed another significance.

'What is the matter with the young lady?' I asked.

'Ay, that is the question!' replied my visitor with a sharp intonation, and turning himself towards me.

'Have you had other advice before coming to me?' I asked.

'Oh, truly. Dr Bowman Bulpit, whom you must know. Then Dr Howard of London, Monsieur Lepitre of Montpellier, and many others, have seen her. But without much advantage, I regret to say.' This was uttered with a half-whining tone, which somehow jarred upon me annoyingly.

'But what are her symptoms?' I inquired.

'Very peculiar, I am told. Faintness, lassitude, lethargy, want of tone, I think you medical men term it.'

'Have you any idea of the cause of her ill-health?' I asked.

'Why, yes,' replied the gentleman, in an altered, almost faltering voice, and with a hurried glance round the room. 'The poor young thing has had a great shock; her father'—

'O yes; I understand,' said I, interposing to fill up the sentence, which the gentleman seemed unable to complete; 'you incidentally mentioned that he was dead, I think?'

'Yes, yes; he is dead,' my visitor ejaculated, half spasmodically, and turning away.

'Then the young lady is suffering from grief; a very difficult malady to treat, and often beyond the reach of medical art. However, until I have seen her, I cannot give any opinion,' I continued.

'Does grief often kill?' asked the gentleman almost eagerly. Then noting something of astonishment in my attitude, for the question startled me: 'You may understand how anxious I am, and will permit me to put point-blank queries?'

'Oh, there should be no hesitation in cases likely to have a fatal termination. Doubtless, you will have to prepare for testamentary disposal of the lady's property, if her recovery be hopeless.'

'No, no; the poor thing has little or nothing. Her father, my late partner, died almost insolvent. Indeed, his sad end was caused by financial embarrassment. Young as you are, doctor, you know that the world of trade is fraught with pitfalls, and that the cleverest and the shrewdest cannot always escape disaster. No; I am not anxious for the disposal of Miss Garston's property, for she has really none worth speaking of. Between ourselves, she is dependent upon my bounty; though, of course, I do not let her know it. Poor thing; she has trouble enough without that. From no other considerations than those of affection, am I here to consult you. After you have seen her, I want you to give me your frank opinion as to the nature of her malady and the probabilities of her recovery; and also to let me know without reserve what remedies you are administering. I am glad that you are young, doctor. You will doubtless be more considerate of my wishes, than an older and more opinionated man.' As he went on, my visitor grew more and more animated, and he insensibly approached close to me, gliding along the sofa.

I was young, impressible, eager for employment, and there was something mysterious, or at any rate something unusual in this case. I felt equal to any promise; and so I said: 'You may rely upon my doing all that is possible for the young lady.'

'You know, doctor,' he said again, looking at

me steadfastly, 'young girls are sometimes hysterical, and have strange fancies, and do many odd things?'

I nodded in a matter-of-course sort of way.

'Well, doctor, if you should find that Miss Garston has any symptoms of that kind, complicated with, or arising from the shock she has received, I beg you to be candid with me.'

'Certainly.'

'And if anything—anything *else*, should strike you, you will let me know?'

'Certainly. I shall have no shadow of reserve with you, sir.'

'Thank you, thank you very much, doctor, for that assurance,' cried the gentleman, wringing my hand almost painfully. 'I should also mention,' he continued, 'that as your time and skill will be greatly treasured upon in my service, I am prepared to make the amplest pecuniary return for your aid. May I ask if you can accompany me now?'

As a matter of course, I acquiesced, not unpleasant to think that there was now the prospect of a substantial opening in the work of my profession. But, wistful, I was struck with the half-tempting manner in which my patron indicated the subject of my honorarium. I seemed to be offered a bribe, yet it was so masked by polite deference, that I could not be sure of his meaning. Besides, why should I be bribed for simply doing my best for a poor suffering girl?

These thoughts flitted through my puzzled brain as I was putting on my overcoat. The gentleman had a cab waiting at the door, and into it we stepped. After a drive of about ten minutes, we stopped; and I was ushered into a splendidly furnished mansion. Upon entering the house, my companion directed me to step into a large and handsome room, where he left me. Some time passed before he returned; and I had ample leisure to examine the details of the apartment, which seemed half library, half smoking-room; for books and pipes somewhat heterogeneously adorned the walls. Lying on the table was a quaint folio bound in vellum. It looked so odd, that I opened it, curious to know what might be its contents. But it was almost a sealed book to me—it was in Italian. Being, however, a fair Latin scholar, I could make out that it dealt with medicine. I thought it strange that my patron should read such literature. But a man so evidently singular might do many strange things; so I half dismissed the matter from my mind, and turned to look over the names of some of the books upon the shelves. They were chiefly novels, travels, and ordinary books, such as one finds in most houses where accumulation has been going on. With the exception of an encyclopedia and an atlas, there did not seem to be a learned volume in the collection. This made the vellum folio the more remarkable; and I could not help returning to it, after I had finished my tour of the room.

Perhaps a quarter of an hour had passed, and I was just going to look at the old folio again, when the door opened and my host reappeared. He seemed much agitated, and wiped the perspiration from his brow.

'Pray, excuse my long delay,' he said; 'I have had much difficulty in persuading my ward to see you. She is in a very obstinate mood, I fear. But you will make allowance for her, I have no doubt.'

He looked at me measurably, notwithstanding his disquietude. I looked at him, and had a better opportunity of noting his personal appearance than previously. I judged him to be between fifty and sixty. He was tall, thin, close-shaven, evidently in weak health, and of a worrying nature, or under some corroding disease. Twitches distorted his face frequently, his hands moved unconsciously, and his feet were ever moving, though he stood upon the same spot. I purposely kept him talking for a few minutes, that I might examine him at length; for I felt that somehow, by knowing him, I should gain a better insight of my patient's malady. This may seem an odd notion to many; nay, I am astonished myself now, as I recall the scene. But how often do we pursue a course intuitively, that reason would reject?

'You will please return to the library, doctor, after you have seen Miss Garston,' said my companion, as we ascended the stairs leading to the sick-room.

'Certainly.'

'I shall only introduce you; and leave you to examine Miss Garston's condition by yourself. I think my presence disturbs her to-night.'

My patron's voice trembled, and he seemed almost ready to collapse, as we went along the corridor. I felt sorry for him. He evidently was deeply concerned for the young lady.

In another instant I was in a large bedroom, heated like a tropical conservatory, and dim as a crypt. A faint, stifling odour pervaded the room, which, with all my hospital experience, felt almost intolerable.

My host led the way to a large estafaque-like bed; and as I drew near, I saw, enshrouded in multiplied wrappings, the figure of a woman.

A pair of keen, glittering eyes were fixed upon me, which I saw plainly enough, in spite of the gloom. More than that, I felt them, as it were, probing me to the very depths of my consciousness. Never in all my clinical practice had I encountered a stare so piercing. In my hospital practice, the sick, the dying, the mad, the sane, the coward, and the brave, all sorts of sufferers had looked at me in the awful moments when the doctor is the embodiment of fate; but none had regarded me like this almost unearthly woman.

I felt almost mesmerised; but by a supreme effort of self-command, I put aside my feelings, and asked the sufferer how she was.

'This is Dr Leighford, Harriet,' said my host quaveringly.

The glittering eyes swept from me to the speaker. He turned aside as if to go. 'You will prefer to tell Dr Leighford how you are by yourself, my dear. I am going down-stairs.'

Again the glittering eyes met mine. I sat down on a chair by the bedside, saying as cheerfully as I could: 'Have you been ill long?'

A faint voice responded: 'Six months.'

'Can you endure a little more light?' I asked. 'It is impossible for me to judge how you are in this semi-darkness.'

A nod was the only reply.

A lamp was upon the table at some distance from the bed. It was of small size; but I managed to get a fair flame after trimming the wick. I brought it to the bedside, and looked at my patient. Her devouring eyes were again fixed on me. But I bore the scrutiny without flinching or without annoyance. I smiled kindly, and spoke soothingly, and went through those little arts of measuring a patient which we learn quite unconsciously.

By degrees, the suspicious interrogatory eyes lost their uncharitably expression, and after I had held the lady's hand in mine for a minute, she appeared to grow calmer. Her pulse, which had bounded madly, became steadier. I felt I was gaining her confidence; so I went on looking at my watch, and as I counted the throbbings of the wasted arm, I could feel that the sufferer was looking at me more assuredly, though my face was averted.

'You have been very ill indeed,' I said, placing her arm softly down. 'But youth, hope, and good nursing can work wonders.'

'Shall I get better?' she murmured in a hoarse, weak, but most anxious voice.

'To be sure—to be sure, if you will do as I bid you.'

She half rose in her excitement, but fell back again with a groan.

'You promise me life?' she demanded in a whisper.

'Yes, Heaven helping us,' I returned soothingly.

'The others all said I should die,' she continued, turning her eyes again upon me, glaring with distrust.

'I care not what others say; I shall do all that I can to restore you to health,' I said. I felt that I ought not to endure her suspicion any longer, for both our sakes. A doctor who does not inspire the confidence of his patient, is worse than useless; he is a new element of danger.

'Let me look at you,' whispered the lady impatiently.

I took the lamp, placed it close to my face, and stood half defiantly, while she examined me. At length she sighed, and putting forth her hand, said quite audibly: 'I will trust you.'

THE INDIAN CENSUS.

ONE of the healthiest signs of the times, and of the nearer approach of an age when all mankind will be united in a grand brotherhood, is the attention which is now bestowed on the physical and ethical well-being of subjugated races, and the gradual acknowledgment of their claim to a share in the rights and privileges of even the most favoured portions of the human family. Formerly, the lot of a conquered people, if they possessed a different coloured skin from the European races, was one of unmixed cruelty and misery, even under English rule; but our reformers and philanthropists—men like Wilberforce in England, and William Lloyd Garrison in America—aroused the attention of the world, and inaugurated a new régime, in which the emancipation of hundreds of thousands of slaves was but a stepping-stone to the universal diffusion of the doctrine of kindness and the spread of education.

A very different state of things than that which

prevailed during the last century is beginning to be the result of this grand movement. A little more than a century since, England by right of conquest became possessed of that magnificent country which has since been styled the brightest jewel in Queen Victoria's crown—India. But for many years little or nothing was done for the benefit or improvement of the numerous races which were thus brought under British rule. It was considered that as we had won it by the sword, we must keep it by the sword. This doctrine, however, we are thankful to say, has, since the great Indian Mutiny, been gradually succumbing to a higher and better one, namely, that of showing the conquered peoples that their interests are our interests, and that, while we can brook no interference from without or within, we intend to base our government of them on the principles of equal justice and freedom to all.

In order to obtain valuable information relating to the millions who inhabit British India, the British government, in 1881, determined upon having a census taken in that country. This is the second census, there having been one in 1872, but not of so elaborate a character as the present one. We have already given in No. 921 of this *Journal* an epitome of the results of the census in the United Kingdom, and noted the greatness of the task which had thus devolved upon the authorities concerned; but compared with the census in India, the full results of which have only just been made known, the former is quite a trifling matter. The counting of the people, or rather the peoples, of India has resulted in the stupendous total of two hundred and fifty-four million eight hundred and ninety-nine thousand five hundred and sixteen! Some idea of the vastness of this 'jewel' in the Queen's crown may be grasped from these overwhelming figures, but not so of the responsibilities which weigh upon the shoulders of those who have to administer the government of such a nation as that. This can only be gained by a knowledge of the manners and customs of the various races and castes which go to make up the grand total.

The divisions arising from race and religion are as follows:

Hindus.....	187,937,450
Mohammedans.....	50,121,585
Nature-worshippers.....	6,426,511
Buddhists.....	3,418,884
Christians.....	1,862,634
Jains.....	1,221,896
Sikhs.....	853,426
Other creeds and unspecified.....	3,057,130
Total.....	254,899,516

All these races, especially the Hindus, are subdivided into sects and castes, too numerous to mention in a brief paper like this; and their religions are mixtures of various ideas, mythical records, and histories of saints and heroes, about whom the wildest stories are believed, and to whom also are credited the most stupendous miracles. Brahma, the god around whose shrine cluster so many wonderful legends, and whose origin is supposed to be of so mystical and wondrous a nature, has, contrary to what people in this country have hitherto imagined, comparatively few worshippers compared with the gods or idols of other Indian religions. Vishnu and

Siva, under various cognomens, seem to be the deities who have the greatest number of worshippers, the worship itself being a kind of mythology representing the reproductive powers of nature, and in which trees and serpents are the most popular symbols.

A barbarous and unnatural custom is that in India, principally among the Hindus, which compels the marriage of mere children, and which it is to be hoped will become less marked as time rolls on, and as the people, by education, obtain a gradual knowledge of the ethics of civilised nations. The result of this custom is shown by the census in the number of widows and their ages belonging to the Hindu race. Under ten years of age there are no fewer than sixty-three thousand; between ten and fifteen, one hundred and seventy-four thousand five hundred and twenty-four; between fifteen and twenty, fifteen million three hundred and twelve thousand six hundred and twenty-one; and between twenty and thirty, one million five hundred and seventy-two thousand one hundred and forty-five. This gives a total of seventeen million one hundred and twenty-two thousand two hundred and ninety widows—a number which is equal to two-thirds of the whole population of England. And what makes the custom still more reprehensible is the fact, that this great host of widows is prohibited from marrying a second time.

The two million of 'Christians,' most of whom are Roman Catholics, does not, of course, include any of European nationality; and this number, large as it is in itself, is in reality but a small bubble in the vast ocean of dark-skinned humanity swamped up in the great total already given. The value of such a 'heaven' in the midst of heathenism is also lessened by the fact that in thousands of cases this Indian 'Christianity' is darkened and choked by a good deal of the old idolatry.

There are fourteen principal sects; but the number of castes, including the minor ones, are almost countless. The spread of civilisation is doing wonders in the way of bringing together and uniting some of these; and should progress continue to be made, as doubtless it will, by the extension of railways, canals, and the development of all kinds of commercial enterprise, we may yet see a healthy national life springing up in India, which will make it at once both the glory and the pride of untiring British energy. Great barriers of ignorance and passion require, however, to be broken down ere this effect can be accomplished; for Mohammedans and Hindus seem to be natural enemies, and require all the administrative wisdom of the government to prevent frequent outbreaks of fanaticism.

The Jains are a curious sect, who oppose all caste, and whose worship is a strange mixture of Buddhism and Hinduism, with the additional attraction of twenty-four special saints; while the Sikhs are simple theists, and do not appear to be so deeply imbued with the superstitions of the other religions.

Education seems to be the one great antidote for all this mass of ignorance and superstition, and it is a good thing to know that this is making slow yet hopeful progress. Out of two hundred and one millions, from whom information could be obtained, thirteen millions can read and write,

and about five millions are receiving instruction. Only two hundred and three thousand of the vast number can speak English, and these, we presume, are of the higher classes.

There are a great variety of languages spoken in India, and this will in itself always be an insuperable obstacle to unity, national or otherwise. Besides dialects, there are no less than one hundred and twenty-three distinct languages enumerated, though many of these are spoken only by small numbers of the people. Hindustani appears to be the principal language, and this is spoken by eighty-two millions; Bengali by thirty-nine millions; and Telegu and Malhratta by about seventeen millions each. All the rest are minor languages, and are spoken by fewer numbers.

The saddest part, perhaps, of all this wonderful population is the six hundred and one thousand one hundred and sixty-four 'priests'; who are continually engaged in teaching what we can find no better name for than the doctrine of darkness; and it would be well if a great effort could be made to enlist this vast army of enthusiasts on the side of light and progress. If this could be accomplished, a rapid and wholesome change would soon be brought about.

Most of the people of India are engaged in agriculture. But no less than forty-eight million seven hundred and ninety-four thousand one hundred and ninety-five are returned as of 'no stated occupation'; while about two millions and a half are employed in the cultivation of the cotton-plant and the production of that material. The government employs about a million and a half in its service; and half a million are accounted for as being employed in municipal, local, and village administration.

To govern and keep in order these two hundred and fifty millions of people of various races, religions, and languages, there is what we may term, in modern parliamentary and military phraseology, an 'English garrison' of only eighty-nine thousand and fifteen persons! This includes the British-born residents and the army.

When we consider that only a century ago these various races of India were continually engaged in war with each other, and that the whole land was filled with a terrible chaos, Englishmen may surely look with pride on so splendid an appanage of our world-wide empire; knowing as we do what a peerless opportunity of doing good it offers, by enabling us to use the great powers which Providence has bestowed upon us as a nation, in spreading to-day the inestimable blessings of light and freedom, where but yesterday all was dire confusion and dismay.

MATCH-MAKING.

SOME people have a positive mania for match-making. Whether from want of better employment, or because they believe, like Mrs Jellyby, that they have a great and glorious mission, they are never happier than when scheming and contriving to dispose matrimonially of one or other of their young acquaintance. They regard all their unmarried friends, especially their unmarried lady friends, with an eye of compassionate solicitude; and their ingenuity is continually on the rack to discover what they can

do for this, that, or the other, in the way of providing him or her with a partner for life. Like most other busy-bodies, these missionary match-makers, as we might call them, do a world of mischief. They meddle, and plot, and manage where they have no right whatever to interfere, and are seldom deterred by a sense of the responsibility which attaches to any one influencing and encouraging young people in such a serious matter. On the contrary, they think nothing of ignoring, and even attempting to override, the opinion of parents and others upon whom the direct responsibility ought to devolve.

Match-makers of this description are usually less concerned about the future of their young friends than about the diversion and excitement of a certain sort which they themselves derive from the part they play in superintending and promoting the negotiations, and the subsequent importance they will be able to assume as the persons who have been mainly instrumental in bringing about the match. So long as they are enabled to play out their favourite game, they bestow but little thought upon the possible consequences. If the match prove to be an unfortunate one, they exhibit a remarkable facility in disclaiming all responsibility. They recall the many words of counsel and of caution which they had given; and to hear them speak, one would suppose that they had done everything in their power to dissuade the young people from marrying, instead of having done all they could to encourage them. If, however, the marriage is a happy one, they are seldom slow to claim a full share of credit for the part they have played, and find constant opportunities to remind the young couple and their friends how much all this present felicity is due to their foresight and sagacity.

No sensible person does voluntarily undertake the office of match-maker. Mammias with a numerous following of daughters have the office thrust upon them to a certain extent whether they will or not; but theirs is a very different case from that of the person who takes to match-making as a sort of recreation or pastime, or, still worse, as a mission. It may be said that mothers would often be much better employed, and would really be doing more for the best interests of their girls, if they devoted the same amount of time to their education and instruction in household duties as they spend in 'trotting them out' for the inspection and admiration of possible sons-in-law. The rebuke, wherever merited—as it no doubt is in some instances—is perfectly just. But when a mother has done her duty otherwise, a reasonable amount of managing and manoeuvring on her part to provide her daughters with suitable husbands, is perfectly justifiable. She may feel tolerably certain that, with or without her cognisance, some sort of match-making, or, at all events, flirtation is sure to occur; and that being so, it is undoubtedly better that such proceedings should be conducted under her watchful care and direction, than that they should be carried on clandestinely or under less responsible supervision.

To parents with a large family of daughters, the successful bestowal of them all in matrimony is no light matter. It is a matter involving not

only much serious thought, but often also great trouble and expense. 'What,' says Thackeray, 'causes respectable parents to take up their carpets, set their houses topsy-turvy, and spend a fifth of their year's income in ball suppers and iced champagne? Is it a sheer love of their species, and an unadulterated wish to see young people happy and dancing? Pshaw! They wish to marry their daughters.' A wit remarks that when a man's only resources consist of a numerous family of daughters, the best thing he can do is to husband his resources. That is no doubt very sage advice; but girls are a kind of resources which it is sometimes by no means easy to husband. In order to execute that manoeuvre, a great many other resources have generally to be called into requisition, and not the least important of these is a substantial bank account. If his daughters be his only resources, both he and they will be placed at a decided disadvantage. Even if he does not spend a fifth of his income in ball suppers and iced champagne, the father who wishes to give his girls a chance at all, must keep them at anyrate stylish, which may even be extended to include a certain amount of fashionable extravagance. It is only the head of such a household who knows what all this involves.

But when *Paterfamilias* has provided the sinews of war, there, as a rule, his share in the match-making ends. Men have not sufficient tact to be intrusted with such delicate tasks. When they take it upon themselves to interfere in these matters, they are sure to make trouble of one kind or another. Match-making is essentially the ladies' province. It is, moreover, a branch of diplomatic service in which few men have any ambition to distinguish themselves. At the best, it is a somewhat invidious task. A mother and her six marriageable daughters have been facetiously described as a 'school of design;' and that is really the aspect in which they are generally regarded. The very appearance of mamma at the head of such a battalion is sometimes enough to scare away the most stout-hearted eligible single gentlemen, whose suspicions are immediately aroused, and who, rightly or wrongly, persist in regarding the party as a veritable school of design. The difficulty is immensely increased if the young ladies do not happen to be particularly brilliant or attractive. It is here that papa's financial resources come into play. But even when these resources are considerable, intending suitors are apt to pause when they think of the process of subdivision that will have to be undergone. To manoeuvre her forces so as to bring about a series of successful engagements, thus demands, on the part of the maternal head, no little skill in generalship as well as in diplomacy.

American mothers have acquired some reputation for skill and energy in connubial management on behalf of their daughters. A Parisian newspaper some time ago recorded an exceedingly clever bit of match-making, executed by an American lady of this order in brilliant style. Her eldest daughter had sailed from New York with some friends for a tour of Europe, and after 'doing' the continent, had returned to the French capital for several months of rest and pleasuring. Attractive and clever, she had many

suitors, some more, some less desirable. She could not marry them all, so she adroitly reduced the number to two—the best of the lot, of course. Then she wrote home to her mamma, explaining the exact situation of affairs, adding that they were both so handsome, agreeable, well connected, and rich, that she could not decide between them, and closed with the question, 'What shall I do?' Ten days later, she received a cablegram from mamma: 'I sail to-morrow; hold both till I come.' The next transatlantic steamer brought Mrs Plank with her second daughter, just turned eighteen, and fresh from school. On her arrival, the old lady at once took the helm of affairs, and steered so deftly through the dangerous waters, that in a few weeks she had reached port with all colours flying. To drop metaphor, she attended the wedding of her two daughters at the American chapel on the same morning. After due examination, she had decided that neither of the nice fellows should go out of the family.

Here is an illustration of a much less skilful attempt at match-making, with a very different *dénouement*. A certain member of parliament, who owned extensive estates, was spending a few days at the residence of a noble family. There were several interesting and accomplished young ladies in the family, to whom the honourable member showed every attention. Just as he was about to take leave, the nobleman's wife proceeded to consult him upon a matter which, she declared, was causing her no little distress. 'It is reported,' said the Countess, 'that you are to marry my daughter Lacey, and what shall we do? What shall we say about it?' 'Oh,' replied the considerate M.P., with much adroitness, 'just say she refused me.'

We have said that men do not, as a rule, figure conspicuously as match-makers; nor do they; but the judgment and policy exhibited in this connection by a knowing old gentleman of our acquaintance could hardly be surpassed by the most accomplished tactician of either sex. 'Brown,' said a neighbour to him one day, 'I don't see how it is that your girls all marry off as soon as they get old enough, while none of mine can marry.'

'Oh! that's simple enough,' he replied; 'I marry my girls off on the buckwheat-straw principle.'

'But what principle is that? Never heard of it before.'

'Well, I used to raise a good deal of buckwheat, and it puzzled me to know how to get rid of the straw. Nothing would eat it, and it was a great bother to me. At last I thought of a plan. I stacked my buckwheat straw nicely, and built a high rail-fence around it. My cattle of course concluded that it must be something good, and at once tore down the fence and began to eat the straw. I drove them away, and put up the fence a few times; but the more I hunted them off, the more anxious they became to eat the straw; and eat it they did, every bit of it. As I said, I marry my girls on the same principle. When a young man that I don't like begins to call on my girls, I encourage him in every way I can. I tell him to come often, and stay as late as he pleases; and I take pains to hint to the girls that I think they'd better set their caps for him. It works first-rate. He don't make many calls, for the girls

treat him as coolly as they can. But when a young fellow that I like comes around, a man that I think would suit me for a son-in-law, I don't let him make many calls before I give him to understand that he isn't wanted about my house. I tell the girls, too, that they shall not have anything to do with him, and give them orders never to speak to him again. The plan always works exactly as I wish. The young folks begin to pity and sympathise with each other; and the next thing I know is that they are engaged to be married. When I see that they are determined to marry, I of course give in, and pretend to make the best of it. That's the way I manage it.'

An old lady who had several unmarried daughters, fed them largely on a fish-diet, because, as she ingeniously observed, fish is rich in phosphorus, and phosphorus is the essential thing in making matches. If the phosphoric diet caused the young ladies to shine in society, they in all probability did not adopt it in vain; for, just as fish are easily attracted in the night by any bright light thrown upon the water, so young men are invariably found to flock after any girl who 'shines,' even though her accomplishments may be of a very shallow, superficial, or phosphorescent character. No experienced match-making mamma requires to be taught the value of display as an almost certain means of attraction. That is the secret of the ball suppers and iced champagne, the heavy dressmakers' bills, and the thousand and one other items of extravagance that have to be met in order that the young ladies may make a 'respectable' appearance, and may finish with a successful match. And that is why so many of these match-making ventures have so often resulted in the most deplorable squads. Display is met with display, the one frequently as hollow and false as the other. The distinguished foreigner, or the fascinating young nobleman, is discovered, when it is too late, to be nothing more nor less than an unprincipled adventurer; and the merchant who was supposed to be little if anything short of a millionaire, is found, also when it is too late, to be on the verge of bankruptcy. Very often, in such matches, both parties are sold, and then the universal verdict is, 'Serves them right.'

THE FLEUSS APPARATUS FOR MINES.

IN No. 849 of this *Journal* we described the apparatus invented by Mr Fleuss for enabling those who wear it to remain for a long time under water without communication with the atmosphere. We are glad to notice that an adaptation of this valuable invention, for use in mines, has received government sanction and recommendation. In a circular from the Home Office, the Secretary of State recently called the attention of owners of coal-mines to the Fleuss breathing-machine, which will enable men instructed in its use to remain in localities where the atmosphere is in a highly vitiated or irrespirable condition. It is a well-known fact that after an explosion, many men are left to their fate, from the foul state of the workings, and from the inability of their comrades to help them, however much they might desire to do so. Fortified with such a machine, however, it is quite possible for miners

to face the deadly gases prevalent in mines after an explosion, and go to the assistance of those whose escape may have been cut off by an explosion or mining accident. The Home Office circular suggests that the system upon which life-boat stations have been organised might be applied to the creation in mining districts of stations where the Fleuss apparatus could be stored in sufficient numbers, and maintained in readiness for immediate use. A rescuing-party could thus be quickly on the spot, in the case of an accident.

The general principle of the Fleuss breathing-machine for mines is the same as that already described in our pages. Independent of air pumped as in the ordinary diver's costume, it consists of a mask or helmet which covers the head, and is connected by tubes with a cylinder filled with compressed oxygen, and with a box containing pieces of caustic soda distributed among a packing of tow. This apparatus provides for the decomposition of the poisonous carbonic acid from the breath exhaled into it, and for the renewal of the consumed oxygen. The air which has been breathed passes into the carbonic acid filter, where it is absorbed by the caustic soda. The nitrogen of the original air-supply remains unchanged; but a tap enables the wearer to admit more oxygen from the cylinder as it may be required. Respiration may be continued as long as the compressed oxygen and caustic soda will allow, which may be for three or four hours at a time; and thus armed, the wearer may move about freely amongst the deadly gases of a mine, which otherwise would prove instantly fatal.

This machine was of much practical use after the Seaham accident in 1880, when the workings were penetrated for four hundred yards beyond the last point at which air was circulating. By its means, when the downcast shaft of Killingworth Colliery fell in, and imprisoned several miners in the workings, five men, who had been rendered insensible by the noxious gases, were carried away, and four were assisted to walk out.

Mr Septimus H. Hedley, who has had practical acquaintance with its working, says that with very little practice, a man of common intelligence would be able to use the apparatus; and he suggests that certain collieries in each district should be supplied with six sets of apparatus and lamps, together with the appliances for making and compressing the gas required. Foster and Fleuss's Patent Safety Mining Lamp, which is described in the same circular, is a modification of the limelight; and is stated by the inventors to burn for four hours equally well under water, in carbonic acid, or in fire-damp. Methylated spirits of wine are used instead of hydrogen gas. The lamp consists of a strong copper sphere, seven inches in diameter, capable of being highly charged with oxygen. To the top of the sphere, a small spirit-lamp with two wicks is attached, between which, a small jet of oxygen carries the flame against a cylinder of lime placed to receive it. Discs of plain glass are inserted opposite each other in the inner and outer casings. Outside, there is a double metal casing, the space between which is filled with water, through which the gases escape by an outlet valve fixed on the outer case.

The practical importance of having a service of such breathing machines and lamps in every colliery district is at once apparent. The dangers attending work in a coal-mine are so great, that any attempt to diminish the mining mortality may be welcomed as a great public benefit.

ASBESTOS.

Colonial papers record that deposits of very considerable extent of this remarkable crystalline rock have been discovered in New South Wales at Gundagai. Its existence in Tasmania has long been known; but gold has been too profitable for attention to be given to the mining task of securing asbestos. A great advantage in mining for this rock is that it is taken out of its bed in a similar way, and almost as rapidly as we take out a particular layer of chalk or coal in this country. It is described as having the appearance of solidified 'silkworm produce,' and exists in large bunches petrified. This mineral is found to be a perfect non-conductor of electricity, and for this reason gloves have been prepared from the substance for the use of electricians, which will prove very useful in diminishing the risks of that most dangerous occupation. When a greater supply of this mineral is obtained, it may possibly be discovered that it can be powdered or dissolved by some chemical means, so that its non-combustible properties may be made available in rendering textile fabrics or wooden erections proof against fire.

THE SONG'S ERRAND.

O Song! go greet her whom I may not greet,
My tender thoughts outpour:
Tell her that though so far apart we be,
I do remember evermore.

Ask her, O Song, if she hath quite forgot
That far-off, golden noon;
'Twas the year's sweetest season, and my heart
Throbb'd to the passionate heart of June.

Down in the garden where the birds and bees
Revelled, I wandered long;
Till on mine eyes there fell the fairest sight,
And on mine ears the sweetest song.

I gazed into the depths of wondrous eyes,
I clasped a soft white hand;
And Love awak'd, and a diviner air
Breathed low upon the sea and land.

And then I knew that Love transfigures yet,
As in the days of old:
The world was fair, and we were young—O Song,
Such hours are lived, but never told!

She dwelleth calm amid her cloistered shades—
I tread life's busy mart;
She dreameth not, in murmuring prayers to Heaven,
Of restless head and weary heart.

O Song, 'tis summer, and the roses blow
Where winter's snow hath lain;
But tell her, tell her that life's June of love
Will never come to me again.

HUGH LINDBRAY.

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THE ART OF HEALING.

MEDICINE, as commonly and popularly understood, is the name of any drug or preparation taken for the cure of disease or the removal of pain; but in the sense employed by the medical profession generally, it denotes the science or the art of healing. In the widest of acceptations and with a metaphorical use, medicine is a remedy for all kinds of ill; but in a less general sense it applies to the means taken to prevent or cure what is evil in organic existence. Thus, vegetables are said to be unhealthy or diseased when organically or functionally disordered, and sometimes means very like those employed for curing the diseases of animals are applied with success for the removal of plant-maladies. With a still more restricted meaning, medicine denotes the prevention and cure of animal diseases, especially those of mankind and the animals immediately dependent upon man. In its proper signification, medicine is the science or art which considers the diseases of the human body, and endeavours to preserve its health, cure its diseases, alleviate its sufferings, and prolong its life.

As an art, it has two distinct branches, having the following ends in view: (1) The prevention of disease, and the maintenance of the conditions by which health is preserved. This branch is called Hygiene (from a Greek word signifying health), and applies to the care of personal health, and all the means whereby health is promoted or preserved. It refers also to the means for securing the health of the community; and hence for this end we have sanitary officers appointed by government to attend to the duties required by the legislature for the promotion and maintenance of the public health. (2) The second branch of the medical art, named Therapeutics (*therapeia*, I cure), applies to the cure of diseases as they occur. It has two well-known divisions—the surgical, and the general medical departments; but neither in theory nor in practice is it possible to fix exactly at all points their respective limits. The surgeon derives his name from working with his hand or

with instruments in hand (Gr. *cheirourgos*—*cheir*, the hand, *ergon*, a work). The general practitioner of medicine may or may not require any manual operation in fulfilling his duties.

The science of medicine is both theoretical and practical. It has first to investigate the nature of health and disease, and next to formulate principles and rules by which the physician may be guided. The preliminary and auxiliary sciences are very numerous; in fact, as it has been remarked, the sum of the sciences is necessary to the practitioner of medicine. The studies which more immediately bear upon his work are those of anatomy, physiology, chemistry, and botany. A knowledge of the human body as the seat of disease is essential to any right steps that may be taken for the removal of disease. Before disease can be attributed to any part or condition of the body, we must know what are the ordinary structure and appearance, and what are the functions of the body in the state of health. When in health, an individual is usually at ease; for not only is there an absence of pain, but there is a positive enjoyment in the exercise of the bodily functions, and there is often a buoyancy of spirit attending every effort put forth, which makes living itself a luxury. There is little doubt that these pleasurable feelings, when prevailing, are owing to a perfect circulation of the blood diffusing an equable warmth over the whole system, and acting on the nervous apparatus in the form of stimulus. We have not, however, to rely wholly on internal sensations as indications of health—sometimes, indeed, these sensations prove deceptive; we can avail ourselves of that knowledge which is the fruit of the world's experience and is verified and confirmed by our own. The signs of health are in most cases quite unmistakable, and the skilled physician can usually discern even underneath the mask of a temporary irritation the real condition of his patient. The symptoms of health, like those of disease, are in general best learned from the study of the individual case, and hence the propriety of consulting the medical attendant who

is acquainted with the ordinary habits and the customary state of health of patients who seek relief in the hour of sickness.

The science of medicine may be conveniently considered under four heads—namely, Hygiene, Pathology, Therapeutics, and *Materia Medica*; but these are not exhaustive, and they occasionally overlap each other. Anatomy and physiology are so intimately connected with medicine, that their study forms not only a necessary introduction, but, as viewed in their relations to morbid states of the body, may be considered as essential and important branches. It is usual, however, to place morbid anatomy and physiology under the head of Pathology, to which they belong as subordinate departments. Medical chemistry and medical botany are applications to the medical art of the respective sciences to which they belong. The physical agents, light, heat, electricity, and magnetism, have an important bearing upon the medical art, and even the science of psychology is a very necessary auxiliary.

Hygiene is that branch of the science of medicine which examines the conditions of health and points out how they are to be upheld. Although as an art it aims at prevention rather than cure, it is essentially curative; for nothing tends so much to the process of recovery in a vast number of diseases as the removal of their exciting causes. Hygiene is naturally divided into two parts—that which relates to the personal, and that which is concerned with the public health. Public hygiene is an affair of the government; and in most civilised states, provision is made for guarding the health of the community against the inroads of epidemics and wide-spreading plagues. It is only of late years, however, that attention has been directed to the necessity of preserving health among the masses by the use of the same means taken to procure the individual health. The conditions of health are, with few exceptions, the same for all men as for one man; and it has yet to be proved that the precautions taken for the public health, if grounded upon true principles, are deleterious to the individual. We are aware that compulsory vaccination has been decreed in some quarters as entailing disease upon the individual for the sake of the community; but the facts hitherto presented do not warrant the sweeping conclusions of objectors. Pure air and water, wholesome and sufficient food, properly constructed dwellings, alternate work and rest, cleanliness, suitable clothing, and needful exercise in the open air, are the conditions alike of public and private health. In connection with this part of our subject, we may state that not only does government exercise a supervision over the health and disease of the community, and call upon the members of the medical profession for their assistance in protecting health, but the relations of the state to medicine are so numerous, that the study of medical jurisprudence is a necessary part in the qualification of medical practitioners to enable them to give their testimony efficiently in courts of law, and to fulfil those other duties which the legislature has connected with the profession.

Pathology (*Gr. pathos*, suffering, affection, hence disease) investigates disease in all its phenomena, watches it in its inception from its first apparent symptoms, follows it in every stage,

traces its connection with known effects, and seeks to discover what remedies may be applied to check its progress and arrest its ravages. To do this effectually, the experience gained at the bed-side of the patient must be supplemented by the knowledge which only a wide and comprehensive survey of the phenomena of life and matter can impart; and together with skill in reading aright the symptoms of disease, must be conjoined the knowledge of its history, so as to foretell how, when, and with what results remedies may be administered. In works on pathology, it is therefore usual to describe with considerable minuteness the symptoms of a disease at various stages; anatomy and physiology are both invoked to give their aid in showing the normal condition of an organ, and how it ordinarily discharges its functions, while the deviations are carefully marked and pointed out, until a perfect diagnosis of the disease is obtained; its character and name are then declared, and the usual remedies and treatment are prescribed.

As disease is a change from the normal condition of an organ or its function, pains have to be taken to find out the cause of the change. An inquiry into causes is termed *Etiology* (*Gr. aitia*, a cause), and this forms an important step in medical science. The entire phenomena of morbid changes having been brought under review, their predisposing and exciting causes ascertained, experience alone can teach the course, duration, and termination of the disease. In forecasting the future, 'probability is our only guide;' but owing happily to an abundance of medical literature, and the existence of numerous pathological Societies, we are furnished with two important factors for forming a judgment that is approximately correct. One is a careful registration of facts; which gives the history of disease in specific cases, narrates their symptoms, complications, probable causes, treatment, and results. The other is a well-defined classification of diseases, which is just an index to the state of medical science at any given time. The nomenclature of diseases has engaged the attention of some of the most distinguished men of our times, and it may be interesting to note that the Royal College of Physicians in London have recognised nearly a thousand distinct forms of disease, exclusive of injuries of a violent character.

Therapeutics teaches the method of applying remedies to the healing or mitigation of disease. These remedies may be regarded as of two kinds—those which act on the body directly, and those which operate through the intervention of the mind. The varieties of treatment which precisely similar diseases in different individuals may require, render the art of healing to a certain extent empirical or experimental; yet it is in this quarter we may confidently look for the steady advance of science. When once maladies are recognised to have both general resemblances and specific features, these last owing their existence to circumstances of constitution, age, sex, habits, and locality, we may hope to find by a sufficiently wide induction how to meet any case, no matter what may be its peculiarities. The fact that there are yet some diseases which do not yield to any treatment or remedy known, only teaches us the present limitations of the healing art, leaving us to

indulge the hope that the future may not only show us the true nature of the disease, but point out its certain and infallible remedy. Meanwhile, we cannot be too thankful that science has discovered means whereby pain may be greatly lessened or entirely removed; and few persons would now hesitate to administer the soothing draught, or apply the beneficial anæsthetic, when suffering no longer tends to indicate or insure the process of recovery.

The last important branch of the science of medicine to which we shall direct attention is *Materia Medica*. This name is sometimes used to express what it literally signifies—the materials of medicine; and it has been technically confined to simples, the productions of nature, and such compounds as are articles of general commerce. It is, however, more commonly employed to denote the description of such drugs and preparations as are included in the authorised pharmacopœias of the medical colleges. Pharmacy is one of the practical applications of chemistry, and relates to the analysis and synthesis of different substances for the purposes of medicine. As *materia medica* not only gives an account of the sources from which the various preparations of medicine are obtained, but likewise treats of the effects of these preparations in the history of disease, its importance as a department of medical study cannot be over-estimated.

The above rapid survey of the art and science of medicine being intended for the general reader, it only remains to impress upon him a sense of gratitude to the many eminent men who have laboured to discover the causes of the thousand ills that flesh is heir to, and, what is perhaps of almost equal importance, who have, by virtue of their science, provided alleviations for suffering upon the bed of sickness and death.

ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOT.

CHAPTER XXIII.—ARTHUR TALBOT CALLS ON SIR PAGAN.

'A LETTER, My Lady.' It was Sir Pagan's groom-footman, in Bruton Street, who said these words, somewhat sheepishly, as, on a battered and dented old silver that no plate-powder could now burnish into the semblance of solid silver, he handed a letter to his master's beautiful young sister. He called her 'My Lady;' and this much of lip-loyalty was now rendered to her by every one of the unpaid faithful ones of the baronet's household; but he did it awkwardly and with a hangdog look. It is not given to all of us to be able gracefully to salute a dethroned sovereign, or to do decorous homage to a pretender in adversity; and Cora Carew, as her brother still persisted in designating her, had none of the prestige of pomp and wealth to surround her in that shabby St-Germain where she held her court. Her brother, it has been mentioned, did not believe in her. But neither let me hasten to say, did he disbelieve in her. Cassius tell us that by a resolute effort of a robust will we can swallow anything in the shape of dogma, or reject it, at pleasure; but Sir Pagan had preferred to let his brain lie fallow, and to preserve an attitude of resolute neutrality. He never called her 'Cora' to her face, save by some

slip of the tongue, and then he always begged her pardon in his clumsy way, which often brought the tears into her eyes. Had he not been always rough, strong, well-meaning brother Pagan, thinking much of the others of Devon rivers and the foxes of Devon tors, of his child-sisters so rarely? And yet he had meant to be kind, and meant so still, in his rough way. Sir Pagan Carew would have harboured his penniless sister till Doomsday, and dipped his mortgaged credit more deeply in the slough of debt, for her sake; but he would not take cognisance of her claim.

It was but a short note, penned upon scented paper, and sealed with a corner, that James the groom-footman had brought, on the battered old salver, which yet bore the half-effaced imprint of the Carew arms. The note was addressed to Miss Carew. Everybody had not followed the example of the loyal Devonshire servants, and rallied round the tattered standard of her who claimed to be the rightful owner, for her life, of the feudal Border castle and the stately London palace. Madame de Laloue undoubtedly had not. Her note ran thus:

'MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND—It will not be very early that you get this note, which I send by a *commissionnaire*, as you other English call them, these estimable veterans with the medals and the pinned-up sleeves. But I know your island habits; it will reach you before you can drive out to your Park of Hyde—with its frightful Serpentine, which makes the exile sigh, alas! for the lake in our delicious Wood of Boulogne—or elsewhere. Who was this Hyde of yours, this too concealed, insular landscape-gardener?—went on the Countess, with a Frenchwoman's superb contempt for mere facts and dry history.—and why did he not take pattern from the exquisite conceptions of beauty in that Paris so near! However, I wander. I write now to demand an interview—yes, to demand. You will get this—so says your aimless slug of a Ganyemede with the green coat and the medals—about two o'clock. Soon after three, I shall be with you in Bruton Street. On our interview hang, my dear child, your fortunes.—Yours, ever and sincerely attached,
LOUISE DE LALOUË.'

'Soon after three, I shall be with you.' That was all the pith of the Russo-Frenchwoman's spiteful little letter; and there may have been reasons why Sir Pagan's sister should not deny herself to such a visitor as Countess Louise. At anyrate, she was utterly cut off from that feminine companionship which is to women as vital air. She was miserable in her loneliness. Her brother's respectable friends held aloof. There was old Sir Thomas, who was the genius of sober domesticity, and whose wife and daughters had rumbled round, in the job-masters' hired carriage, to call. But the visit had been one of those unbigamous ones in which nobody dreams of a meeting in the flesh, and which ends in cards and complimentary speeches at the door. Cold comfort was to be derived from the sight of oblong or square pieces of pasteboard inscribed with the names of 'Sir Thomas Jenks,' 'Lady Jenks, The Misses Jenks.' Poor Cora was almost flung back upon the society of her dubious foreign friend, Madame de Laloue, and now the cat's

claws seemed to peep threateningly from out the velvet of that tigerish paw.

Anxiously, Sir Pagan's sister gave orders that whoever called should be admitted. Then she went up-stairs with a heavy heart, to make such alterations in her dress as she deemed necessary. When do women do otherwise? Mary Queen of Scots, with her pet spaniel hidden beneath the folds of her red dress, was very busy, poor thing, before her French mirror in the castle of grim Fotheringay, while the bell tolled, and the carpenters nailed down the loose edges of black cloth to the scaffold of rough wood, and the halberdiers gathered in a knot of steel and scarlet round the fatal spot where the headsman was feeling the edge of his notched axe, that was to be historical soon.

There came a knock and a ring. Knocks and rings, save those of the postman on his rounds, or the sullen single tap of the dunning tradesman's emissary, were infrequent at Sir Pagan's door. His sister glanced at her watch. It was twenty minutes past three. She had no doubt as to whose hand it was that had awakened the doleful echoes of the dreary Bruton Street house; and hurrying down to the faded drawing-room, she found herself face to face with—Arthur Talbot. Both were startled.

Arthur was the first to recover his composure. 'I'm half afraid,' he said, smiling, 'that you are surprised to see me here, and that you were expecting somebody else. I came to see your brother. Sir Pagan and I have not met since I dined here—you remember—and I felt that I owed him a call. They showed me up-stairs without warning, and I only hope you are not sorry to see me.'

'I am very glad. My brother is out,' said the girl timidly; and soon they were both seated, and doing their best to talk on indifferent topics, as if this were a mere average morning call, and their two selves mere bored units of London society. Yes; it was very hot, for London at least. Not like Egypt. And there was a word as to Sir Pagan and his outdoor habits and roving life. And a word as to the open-air aspects of the West End, the Park, and Rothen Row, and the crowds of well-dressed folks on the *al fresco* chairs, and the dust and the watering-carts, and other inanities.

Then, with an effort which would have cost nothing to a Frenchman, but was severe to him, Arthur said: 'You cannot think how painful, how very painful it has been to me to find that this—this estrangement from your sister, has not been healed by time, as I had hoped. It is, I am sorry to say, town-talk now. Already there have been paragraphs, more or less veiled, in Society journals referring to the sad dispute between you two. Can there be no prospect of a reconciliation, of a settlement of the point at issue, without the publicity, the toil, and the cruel anxiety of a lawsuit?'

'I am afraid not,' answered the girl sadly, but with spirit. 'We two sisters are as sundered now as the poles are, in interests and in heart. The fight—it was none of my seeking—must be fought out now to the bitter end, I fear. You and I, Mr Talbot, have been friends for a long time. I can speak, then, freely to you. It has cost me long thought and a hard struggle; but

my mind is made up now. There have been times,' she added, with a curious little smile and a blush, 'when I thought of laying down my arms and surrendering, and taking humbly the second place. But that was a craven fancy. I mean to fight on now to the death.' As she spoke, her colour rose, and her very stature seemed more commanding, and there was a strange light in her lovely eyes, a strange ring in her musical voice, such as might have nerved a host of warriors for battle against heavy odds. Never had she looked so beautiful. Somehow, Arthur Talbot felt as though her beauty and her energy forced conviction upon him, and that he could have dared, as her champion, as great peril as ever his knightly ancestors had confronted, with lance in rest, and curtle-axe at saddle-bow, and with a surging sea of French plumes and corselets in front.

'I have been passive too long,' went on Sir Pagan's sister; 'I have endured too long the finger of scorn and the whisper of suspicion, and now I am arming for the fray. She—my enemy—ah, how I loved her!—is better provided for the war than I am. She has her armour of gold, and her vantage-ground of rank and possession; and yet, I care not—I fear not—it is I that shall conquer.'

He saw her now in a new character. Always had he admired the beauty that was the common property of these two sisters, their gentleness, their winning ways; but now in this one there shone out some of the dauntless spirit of the ancient race from which she sprang, and she seemed thrice as beautiful in her unwonted animation.

'I hope so—I trust so,' said the young man, half-unconsciously, all unaware, too, that the crimson had mounted to his own cheek, and that he, too, was affected by the contagious excitement of her manner.

She looked round; her eyes met his. 'You, then, do not think me—false?' she asked.

'I would stake my life on your truth, now and ever!' he answered fervently, as he rose and took her unresisting hand; and his next word must have been a declaration of his love and trust and confidence, when at that moment there was a shuffling of feet on the landing-place without, and 'Madame de Laloupe' was announced by James the ambidexterous.

The foreign lady had quick eyes, much sharpened by long experience, and in spite of Arthur's effort to appear composed, she was able to make a shrewd guess of the stage situation at the moment of her entry; but she smiled superior, and holding out her faultlessly gloved hand, said with polite emphasis: 'My dear Miss Carew, I pray you pardon my delay.—Monsieur Talbot, to see you is a pleasure, for one so solitary as myself.'

'Excuse me, Countess,' said Arthur Talbot, mindful of his office of champion, and really feeling as if he longed to do battle for her whose bright eyes had convinced him of the justice of her claim—'excuse me, if I venture to set you right. It is the Marchioness of Leominster to whom you speak. Assuredly it is not Miss Carew.'

Sir Pagan's sister uttered a faint exclamation, as of gladness, and then her beautiful flushed

face grew pale again, as anxiously she bent her eyes on the impassive face of Madame de Lalouve. The Sphinx, as usual, preserved her inscrutable aspect.

'Monsieur Talbot,' returned the foreign Countess, with a sugared smile, but in a cold and measured tone, 'opinion is free to us all. I have come here to-day prepared to do my best, if I can reconcile it to my conscience and my principles, to forward the views of this lady, whom you designate as the Marquise—Marchioness, *quai!* of Leominster. She is my friend, my dear young friend; and it is because of my affectionate regard for her, that I am willing to give my best assistance to her cause. But I am not, as you are, enthusiastic and young, and cannot, as yet, take so bold a step as to hail her as Miladi Leominster.'

'And yet that is my name!' cried the girl eagerly.

The foreign Countess smiled, as a hackneyed diplomatist might smile when his duty compelled him to listen attentively to some other minister of state or ambassador, while reading aloud a string of those transparent fibs and monstrous assertions that are contained in Notes, which leak out into newspapers, which are denied, confirmed, and explained away, and the ultimate destiny of which is to be crystallised in Blue-books, Yellow-books, Red-books, and then be laughed at and forgotten.

'This lady is as surely Lady Leominster as I am Arthur Talbot,' persisted the young man, vexed by the polished incredulity of the Russo-Frenchwoman. 'You, Madame, who are credited with unusual knowledge of the world, should be among the first to perceive it.'

'It is precisely because I am of the world, worldly, that I am so slow to trust appearances,' retorted the Countess, with a slight shrug of her shapely shoulders. 'I have come to have a private conversation with my charming young friend, after which I shall be able to pronounce fearlessly whether I can acknowledge her as Marchioness or not.'

Arthur could not take his leave. There was something in the icy, coldly polite manner of the foreign lady of doubtful nationality that chilled and repelled him. But she was clever, and she knew much of life, and it might be that, for her own ends, she would be helpful to her whose avowed partisan he now was. As he pressed the beautiful girl's soft hand at parting, he murmured, in a voice that reached her ear alone: 'Count on me, ever and always.' Then he said more formally: 'Good-bye, Lady Leominster,' bowed to Madame de Lalouve, and went from the room and from the house.

BREAD-MAKING.

THE changes in our habits and mode of living brought about by increased facilities of transport are in no respect more remarkable than those that have taken place with regard to wheaten flour bread. Many persons are old enough to remember when flour or meal made from oats, barley, peas, and rye was much used in this country for baking purposes, owing to wheaten flour being excessively dear; while Indian corn meal was first introduced in 1846, owing to the

Irish potato famine. Less than a century ago, wheaten bread was a luxury so rare, that in large towns it was difficult to find a morsel for sale anywhere. Nowadays, it is the staple consumption of all classes; and even in the smallest village the baker plies his laborious trade, although in some parts of England home-made bread is still largely used. The reason for the change is not far to seek. Wheat, which is a species of grass improved by cultivation, is the cereal which, in climates favourable to its growth, gives the largest return of any kind of grain. Happily, a large portion of the earth's surface is suitable for raising it; and the wider areas yearly coming under wheat-cultivation are day by day brought nearer to us by new railways and by ocean steamers. The flour made from wheat contains more gluten than that from any other grain, and possesses in consequence the valuable property of being raised and lightened by fermentation in a much greater degree than any other farina. Consequently, wheaten bread is more palatable, keeps its good qualities longer, and is a more marketable commodity than any other kind of bread.

It is estimated that about six bushels of wheat are consumed yearly by each person in the United Kingdom. On an average, six bushels weigh about three hundred and eighty pounds, and when ground, produce two hundred and eighty pounds of flour, and about one hundred of bran and 'offal.' Flour is usually sold in sacks of two hundred and eighty pounds, so that the annual consumption is a sack a head for each inhabitant. Assuming the population of the United Kingdom to be thirty-five millions, it appears that our requirements are in round numbers twenty-six million quarters of wheat, or thirty-five million sacks of flour. The *Times*, not long since, estimated the home-crop of wheat for 1882 at fully ten million quarters, so that nearly sixteen million quarters, or their equivalent in flour, must be imported within the year to keep up the supply. America, Algeria, and Egypt, the continent, India, and Australia, all contribute to our wants; and as the harvest-time varies more or less in each, new wheat is sent us from the country where the supply is at the time most plentiful, whenever prices are sufficient to stimulate importation. The inestimable boon to this country of these supplies cannot be exaggerated. When butcher-meat is rising in price, when potatoes are a poor crop, and in Ireland a very small crop, bread becomes more and more a staple food for the lower classes to fall back upon. Neither can the importance of having well-made and wholesome bread be over-stated.

Until within a few years ago, all wheaten flour was ground by means of millstones. The recently invented patent reduction process of making flour by revolving steel or porcelain rollers has revolutionised flour-making; though a controversy is being waged at present among millers as to whether rollers will supersede stones. This at least can be said of the roller-process, that spring-sown or hard wheat, which formerly could not be made into fine flour, is now successfully treated by it. Winter-wheat and soft wheat, however, can be as well, and possibly with more economy, ground by stones, as is witnessed by the super-excellence of flour turned out by Darblay of Paris

and others by the old method. The new method is being largely used in America and Hungary, and the hard wheats of these countries are now successfully made into excellent flour, so that these cereals are enhanced in value. It appears to be in favour of the roller system, that by it the flour is not heated, and preserves to the fullest extent the most valuable constituents of the grain close to the outside sheath.

From a sack of strong or glutinous flour of high quality, as many as one hundred and twelve quarter (four-pound) loaves can be produced; while from the same quantity of weak or soft flour, hardly more than ninety may be got. But the weaker flour may be the sweeter in flavour; and generally, therefore, at least two varieties of flour are used together by the baker, although the miller, by mixing various grains, can obtain both qualities in one flour. It may be said that the cheapest flour of which palatable and wholesome though not well-coloured bread can be made at present costs about thirty shillings a sack; and the very best flour used, fifty shillings a sack; and if the cost of manufacture be taken at six shillings a sack, in one case the quarter loaf (ninety-four to the sack) will cost to the maker 4s. 6d.; and in the other (one hundred and six to the sack) it will cost 6s. 6d. The difference in value between a fine and a coarse loaf is thus nearly twopence; but the difference in the flour is merely in the dressing or removing of all particles of bran; and some may even prefer the coarser bread.

In the United Kingdom, it seems to be conceded that the best bread at present is produced in Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Dublin, and their neighbourhoods. On the other hand, Birmingham, London, and the southern part of England generally, have an unenviable reputation in the contrary direction. This is said to arise from the English bakers being more conservative in respect of using foreign flours, and their not using generally such expensive material. There is probably also something in the mode of manufacture adopted; a well-made, sweet, and wholesome loaf produced under favourable conditions being a source of health and strength to the consumer, while sour ill-baked bread made in a foul underground cellar is a fruitful source of illness. The latter conditions are too frequently those under which bread is made throughout the whole country; and it is proposed to take advantage of the interest in the subject excited by recent disclosures regarding improper bakehouses, to indicate the remedy. The Factory and Workshop Act of 1878, by its thirty-fourth and thirty-fifth sections, specially provides stringent rules for the ventilation and cleanliness of bakehouses in towns of five thousand population or upwards; and were the Act rigorously enforced, which it is feared is not done, many inferior bakehouses would be closed. The fewness of inspectors appointed under the Act may account for this. It is a pity that this well-meant legislation should not be more stringently carried out.

Fifty years ago the journeyman baker was almost a slave, sleeping in his master's bakehouse as a rule, earning about eight shillings a week, beginning work at four in the morning, and after the most violent labour, carrying out the bread to customers, often till dark. Saturday

was his busiest day, and even on Sunday he had to work for a time, as is indeed still necessary. Though now better paid, and not an inmate of the bakehouse, except in working hours, the operative who makes the bulk of our bread is still an excessively worked and often sickly labourer. In very many cases he has still to work in an underground cellar not fit for the production of wholesome food. Closer inspection, therefore, seems desirable that improvement in the mode of conducting baking operations in the larger towns, in buildings specially constructed for the purpose, should be enforced and made more general; and that this is practicable is evidenced by the successful and rapidly increasing number of factories in Glasgow, Dublin, and elsewhere. In these the most laborious work of making the dough by hand is, by the use of machinery, entirely avoided; and the consequence is more perfect mixing of the simple ingredients, greater cleanliness and economy, and better bread.

The first process in making bread is the inducing of the necessary fermentation or leavening. Since the time of the early Jews, there has been very little change in the process, which is still a matter of experience and personal skill, and done very much by rule-of-thumb. On the success of the fermentation depend the sweetness and lightness of the bread. To show how differently the same process is performed, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Manchester may be instanced. In the Scotch towns the fermentation is slow, extending over about twelve hours, and the yeast used is made by the baker daily—in Glasgow from part of the previous day's yeast with a proportion of malt added; while in Edinburgh hops are used in addition to the malt. The preparation of the yeast and setting of the sponge, as it is technically called, require particular experience and skill, the changes of weather and temperature quickly affecting their success. For the same quantity of bread, twice as much of the fermenting material is used in Edinburgh as in Glasgow, the former being denominated a 'half-sponge,' and the latter a quarter-sponge. The dough in both cases is stiff, and the main difference is that the Glasgow loaf is larger and lighter in texture for its weight; while the Edinburgh loaf is said to be sweeter, from the fermentation being arrested before so much chemical change takes place. In Manchester, again, a quick fermentation is produced in one and a half to two hours, by the use of dried yeast, prepared by the distillers of Holland and Germany; and the proportion of the whole ingredients subjected to the preliminary fermentation is very much larger than in either the half or quarter sponges in vogue in Scotland; while the dough when finished is weak and soft, and requires that each loaf be baked in a separate vessel or pan of iron, a mode not necessary for ordinary loaves in Scotland. No doubt, there are variations between these three methods of fermenting in use, but these are cited as showing the variety of modes used to commence the apparently simple process of converting the three ingredients, flour, salt, and water, into baker's bread. On the continent, it is still frequently the practice to leaven bread with a piece of dough kept for some days.

The fermentation having gone the required

length—the determination of which requires special skill—the remaining flour, &c., needed are added, and incorporated with the sponge. Keeping in mind that a bakehouse must always have a high temperature, the laborious turning over and kneading of large masses of dough in huge troughs, by the use of men's hands and arms, and amid clouds of flour, cannot be looked on as a favourable system for cleanliness of the bread or health of the operatives; and here comes in the value of machinery. In Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Dublin, this work is done more and more performed by means of dough-mixers worked by steam or gas; and as a gas-engine of so small a calibre as half a horse-power can be got, it can be imagined that even the kneading of the smallest quantity of material can be profitably done by machinery. So far as can be learned, there is no extensive use made of baking-machinery in London or in England.

Enough has been said to show that the important operations in baking bread are the preliminary one of setting the sponge and the checking of the fermentation. When the bread is in the oven, further fermentation is stopped by a certain heat. Although an oven may be heated above five hundred degrees Fahrenheit, the steam induced keeps the bread itself at a heat of two hundred and twelve degrees, which is sufficient to cook it.

The mode of firing bread may now engage attention. The modern oven, in the general principles of its construction, differs in almost no respect from what was in use in the time of the Pharaohs and what is seen in Pompeii. It is a flat, beehive-shaped brick erection, with a single hole at one side, through which is thrust a rude pan or furnace filled with coals, which is allowed to remain in the oven a sufficient time to heat it. When withdrawn, the bread is then inserted through the same aperture, that it may be baked on the floor so heated. This is not at first sight a very scientific or attractive mode of cooking or baking. The same oven, with a fixed furnace, having a separate door at the side of the oven-mouth, if cleaner as regards the floor of the oven, is open to the same objection: that the flames pervade the whole oven, and the furnace is cooled from within the bakehouse. Bread is peculiarly susceptible of absorbing gases or anything deleterious in the surrounding atmosphere, and the smoke and sulphurous fumes remaining in the oven must more or less affect the bread. The sooner improved ovens, fired from the outside, and entirely apart from the bakehouse, are introduced, the better for the health of the bread-consumer, or in other words the whole nation.

To show that what is desiderated is not unattainable, the recently erected factory between Paris and St-Denis is a standing example. Here Monsieur Monnié produces his own flour from the grain, and turns out what is equal to one hundred and thirty-five thousand quarter loaves a week. All the mixing and kneading and even the weighing of the dough is done by automatic, or nearly automatic machinery; while the oven used is similar apparently to that used in biscuit-factories in this country, being two feet broad and forty-five in length, the pieces of dough being at

one end placed on tiles, moving slowly along by an endless chain through the oven, and arriving baked into loaves at the other end. The heating being derived from vaults below, neither fire, smoke, nor sulphur deposited by combustion can enter the oven or bakehouse. It would be a great matter if something of this kind could be established near London, and it would not be a bad innovation if at the same time the long thin loaves, with a large proportion of crust, common in Paris, were brought into the market. To delicate persons, the inside portion of a square loaf, is not such a thoroughly digestible commodity as the same article pulled to pieces and relaked; and doubtless if a crusty and thoroughly cooked article were commoner, dyspepsia would be diminished. An oven of known advantage is the Perkin's Patent, in which the heat is conveyed by pipes, the furnace being outside the oven, and unconnected with the bakehouse.

While no one can object to any private enterprise—even the converting an underground cellar in a crowded locality into a bakehouse, where nothing better is to be had—there is little doubt but that if bakeries constructed on enlightened principles in suitable localities became common, the old-fashioned and imperfect method would soon come to an end. Any capitalist may see from the figures given above that a fairly profitable branch of business can be made of such an enterprise, if gone into on a large scale, economically and with scientific appliances; and there is too much activity in this country to admit the continuance of abuses which can easily and profitably be done away with. Great Britain has supplies from abroad which become every day more and more available. Flour is not dear, and apparently the variety of sources from which supplies are received will not admit of much higher prices for years to come. What is wanted at present is not a cheaper loaf. The owners of the large Glasgow bread factories are said to be underselling one another, and this is a pity. The public interest would be better served if bakers would contend who could bake the finest quality of bread at a fair profit. Quality, and quality alone, is the test of bread. A loaf made of cheap flour, if properly fermented, thoroughly mixed, and well fired in a proper oven, will be perfectly wholesome, sweet, and palatable. The very finest flour can only show in colour—in the silky whiteness with a tinge of yellow in the bread. To get all the conditions for attaining quality, it will be necessary, by scientific experiment, to ascertain whether slow or quick fermentation, larger or smaller quantity of yeast and sponge in proportion to amount of dough, give best results, and what is the most thorough mode of firing. The necessary comparison of methods would appear not to have been made as yet, or more uniformity would have been practised. Recent improvements in grinding, with keener competition between our home millers and those of Hungary, America, and elsewhere, are raising the standard of quality in flour. Improved machinery for bread-making is coming to the front, and more suitable ovens are available. Everything conduces to enable better bread to be produced now than hitherto; and after what has been shown as regards the enormous consumption of this commodity, no one

will be able to deny that bread is even a more important portion of our food than any other, and worthy of the best efforts of scientific, sanitary, and practical authorities, to bring its general manufacture to greater perfection.

MISS GARSTON'S CASE.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

A FORTNIGHT passed, such a fortnight as few medical men pass through, exciting and perplexing as cases often are. The housekeeper, who at intervals attended my patient, seemed an excellent person; but Death and I fought a most desperate combat for possession of Miss Garston. I was often reduced to despair; for my calculations were so falsified, that I sometimes thought I must be an arrant ignoramus; and that, so far from deserving my diploma, I ought to be sent back to an elementary class in the medical school. The leading symptom of my patient was exhaustion. There was no specific disease of any of the vital organs; but all were debilitated, the heart in particular. The remedies I prescribed sometimes produced the expected effect, sometimes failed to do so, and sometimes aggravated the symptoms in a bewildering manner. In homely phrase, I was at my wits' end; and thought, that in honour I ought to commit the lady to other hands.

I urged this upon Miss Garston's guardian, whose name I learned was Lamport. He objected very strongly, and besought me to continue my attentions for a little while longer. Miss Garston herself obstinately refused to allow another doctor to be brought in, even for consultation. I had gained her confidence completely, and she had the firmest assurance that I was wholly devoted to her restoration. She greeted me always with a smile, even in the midst of paroxysms of suffering; and my presence appeared to have a calming influence upon her. I spent hours with her daily, partly for professional reasons, partly because she desired me to be near her.

Now, I am one of those who believe that medical men exercise a profound influence upon their patients by mere personality, especially upon delicate and suffering women. Apart from medicines, hygiene, and the rest, we have it in our power to do an infinity of good, by kindly converse and by the exercise of a wise despotism. Miss Garston came to look upon me as a sort of earthly saviour; and she obeyed me with the implicitness of a child or of a devotee. Still, she would not permit me to bring in a colleague, though her death was imminent.

'I prefer to die,' she said, the last time I pressed the subject. 'I have endured so much, that I may surely be spared any further anguish. No, doctor; you alone must attend me to the last. Oh, do not leave me; remain with me to the end! You are good and kind; you have done all that human skill can accomplish. If it is my destiny to pass hence, it must be. But do not leave me. Promise me, as you hope for peace when you come to die—promise me that you will remain by me while life remains.'

'Hush! do not agitate yourself,' I replied. 'Rely upon me; I will not desert my post.'

Oh, the terrible wistfulness of her eyes as I spoke! I can never forget them. She became resigned, and a sweet smile replaced the traces of anxiety. Then, in a strangely solemn voice, and with an energy of tone that was almost superhuman, she exclaimed: 'Doctor, I have no friend on earth but you.'

I stared at her.

'Yes, doctor; none but you. All my relatives are gone, or are far away, and indifferent.'

'But Mr Lamport is your friend, your devoted friend, Miss Garston.'

She looked at me strangely, almost suspiciously again, saying after a pause: 'Do you think so?'

'Truly, I do. He exhibits as much anxiety regarding you as if you were his only child. I doubt if there is any one who takes a deeper and keener interest in your recovery.'

She continued to look at me in the same strange, dubious manner.

'You seem incredulous. But I make allowances for the abnormal fancies of invalids. Be assured of your guardian's affection, when I tell you that he has retained me exclusively for your service.'

The dark cloud partly retreated from her face as I said this. Yet she was clearly not convinced. I remained silent, satisfied in my own mind that she was one of those unfortunate hysterical victims who are the torment of themselves and the despair of their physician and friends. This strange unwarranted suspicion of the man who was her benefactor, and upon whose bounty her life depended, was a symptom of those hideous perversions of right and wrong that mark the conduct of such patients.

Mr Lamport, in spite of his odd puzzling manner, was almost demonstratively anxious to serve his unhappy ward. He would often carry up her food from the kitchen with his own hands; he brought home daily supplies of the most tempting fruit; and at an immense expense, kept the sick-chamber gorgeously decorated with flowers. I am sure that many of the bouquets must have cost several pounds. They were composed of the rarest exotics and early British flowers—jougues, violets, lilies of the valley, and others. I objected to them, for they made the air of the room heavy as an atmosphere impregnated with opium. But here was another of Miss Garston's obstinacies. She was passionately fond of flowers. Though her general demeanour towards Mr Lamport was anything but amiable, and often simply rude and ungrateful, yet, when he brought her evening bouquet, she became gracious and quiescent. She would bury her face in the bouquet, and inhale its fragrance as a thirsty Arab buries his face in a desert pool.

I was sure the flowers did her harm, for after inhaling them, she would fall back quite exhausted; and one evening she fainted so completely, that I feared she was dead.

In my trepidation, I ran into the dressing-room for some ice-water, leaving Mr Lamport in an ecstasy of apprehension near the poor thing. But I was amazed upon my return to find him holding the bouquet over her face, almost stiflingly.

'Good heavens!' I cried, 'what are you doing?

She wants air! Put those abominable flowers away!

He looked at me in a half-terrified, half-searching way, as he had often done before, and immediately obeyed me, apologising for making the mistake.

I was too much preoccupied by my efforts for the recovery of my patient to think of this curious episode at the time; but it returned to me afterwards, like a haunting tune that comes across our consciousness when least expected.

After this, I made it a condition of my remaining that no more bouquets should be brought into the room. As a great concession, I allowed azaleas, hyacinths, and snowdrops to be placed upon a table near the window during the daytime. I had the satisfaction of finding that my prohibition was of marked advantage to the patient. To her astonishment and mine, she passed a good night, and was decidedly stronger the next morning. But I had great difficulty in persuading Miss Garston and her guardian that flowers could do any harm. Mr Lampport was quite irritated with me, and upbraided me with cutting off the only pleasure the poor invalid enjoyed. A day or two after came her birthday; and in the teeth of my protests, he insisted upon giving a small bouquet of tuberoses to his ward. They made her ill, or my prejudice thought so; though she did not faint. After a friendly contest, I placed them upon the table. Their perfume was very strong, and I took them in my hands, wondering how so great an odour could proceed from a mere handful of blossoms. After smelling them, I felt stupefied, and had a congestion of the vessels of the head, such as follows from a mid-day sleep. I was now convinced that such flowers were decidedly noxious for a sick person, and without further ceremony I opened the window and threw them out. While Miss Garston was not quite pleased, Mr Lampport gave me a look that was equivalent to a menace. But I was determined in this matter, and very sharply gave him the alternative of banishing flowers or banishing me.

Afterwards, when supping in the library, Mr Lampport apologised for interfering with my commands, and became almost obsequiously eager to smooth my ruffled dignity.

Another reform I introduced, by causing the amplest ventilation of the sick-room. Here I had a fierce controversy with Mr Lampport. All those who had prescribed for Miss Garston before me, he said, had insisted in keeping up the temperature of the apartment to severity degree! The thing was absurd, because there was no means of maintaining a steady temperature with an ordinary grate. Either the room was like a furnace or like a section of the corridor, as the fire blazed furiously or dwindled from neglect. Then the patient was half buried under a mountain of clothes and wrappers. These I reduced, and substituted better appliances for keeping steady warmth. But my greatest offence was in declaring flatly that Miss Garston was not suffering from consumption. Here Mr Lampport and myself came to so serious an issue, that I had my hat in my hand, ready for a final departure, when he submitted to my opinion and to my orders. Upon the matter of phthisis, I spoke with some authority; for to the study of this fearful scourge

I devoted many an hour of spare time and most of my professional opportunities.

Mr Lampport had a fixed idea that his ward was in a deep consumption, complicated by the calamity of her father's death and hysteria. I found, on comparing notes of his various remarks, that he believed her recovery to be hopeless. Once he had, either by excess of confidence or by inadvertence, let slip the opinion that her death was not far distant, and that it would be a happy release. Her mother, he informed me, had died of consumption, and also other relatives; the young lady had been sickly as a child. Thus hereditary and personal evidence proved that she was doomed to perish in the budding of life.

I combated this with all my arguments, and with a stubbornness that did not seem to win me much regard from Mr Lampport. I was surprised that he should hold such hopeless views of a life that he seemed so desirous of prolonging; and I concluded by saying, that if he was assured a fatal termination was certain, it was of little use my spending my time exclusively in his house.

This remark staggered him; and he hastened to say: 'No, no, doctor; I am not saying that it is impossible for Miss Garston to recover. You must continue to do your utmost for her. But she has been so ill, and is so prostrate; and she has been given up by other doctors; thus I cannot help taking gloomy views. Pray, pray, do not think that I think she is certain to die. She may, you know, whether consumption or ought else is at work. Mind, I am only hazarding guesses. If she should depart this life, you will be able to certify that I have done all in my power for her. Will you not?'

There was a singular beseeching in his voice, as he put this query, that struck me. I thought him a most tender-hearted friend; although his solicitude appeared to be more for the good opinion of the world, than for the existence of the invalid. But, as I have repeated many times, Mr Lampport was peculiar, and I own that I had failed to make him out. His idiosyncrasy was still a riddle to me. He was at once sympathetic and callous, doing his utmost for the restoration of the poor girl; and yet fully convinced that everything was vain. I was sure that there must be some mystery going on about me; but what it was, and what it portended, I could not divine. But, then, any odd fellow will set our speculations going; and often our perfectly harmless neighbours, by queer behaviour, will lead us to think any amount of mischief in them.

Though I put aside suspicion and guessing by this easy process, I was constantly being brought back to the fact of a hidden mystery, by the unaccountable relapses of my patient.

I am wholly a scientific man. The constitution of my mind, the training I have had, my belief in the immaculate truthfulness of nature, each and all compel me to believe in the invariableness of Law. I have never seen gravitation fail under any test; I have never seen chemical affinities refuse to unite under exact conditions; and, in my own experience, I have never seen certain remedies refuse to manifest their effect in some degree. Now, such denial of physiological

uniformity confronted me continually in Miss Garston's case! Medicines that never failed before to do what was expected, failed in her case; or, at any rate, were exceptionally feeble in their effects, and not what they ought to have been. I know doctors fail often in spite of the most consummate judgment; but they are not always the blundering empirics that some allege. I was trying no delicate experiments, only the simplest methods to accomplish the objects I had in view. To my inconceivable chagrin, they failed. Miss Garston grew better and worse in a most unaccountable way.

At the end of a fortnight, I was impelled to tell Mr Lampport that I had done all possible things, and that I must give up the case.

'There is something interfering between my treatment and the patient; what it is, I cannot grasp.'

Mr Lampport gave me a ghastly look as I said this, and asked: 'Do you suspect anything?' His voice shook like a man utterly unnerved.

'No; I suspect nothing, unless it be the hysterical spasms that so distress my patient. She may be undoing what I am contriving.' I spoke very despondingly.

'Yes, yes,' he answered; 'you are right. She must be disobeying your orders, doctor. She always was a wilful girl. She is not taking your medicine, I daresay, or doing other naughty things. Come, never mind, my good sir; you have done your best for her, and no man can do more. Ah! she is very obstinate, like her father.'

'You are mistaken,' I said quietly; 'Miss Garston takes all her medicines from my hand.'

My host became confused. 'Well, what do you think?' he demanded, eyeing me narrowly.

'Why, that she is taking other medicines unknown to me. And yet, I could almost pledge my soul to her honesty. She is so obedient, so anxious for life, that I am only account for my continued defeats by crediting her with some sort of madness. She takes something at night which nullifies my remedies.'

'Have you mentioned this to her?' asked Mr Lampport with great eagerness.

'I have; and she declares solemnly that she takes nothing. The nurse also asserts most positively that her charge takes nothing but an occasional drink during the night. I don't believe them, and I don't disbelieve them. My medical knowledge declares that I am being thwarted; my respect for the two women compels me to accept their assurances. In the meantime, Miss Garston is now in so critical a state that she may die at any moment; her heart is most seriously affected. And there are other symptoms that I cannot understand. Really, Mr Lampport, I cannot in justice to myself continue to attend Miss Garston longer, without the counsel of a more experienced physician.'

Mr Lampport paced the room in great agitation. At length he stopped before me, and said: 'You are right. To-morrow we will have a consultation. You shall invite whoever you think most able to assist you to come to—to correct conclusions respecting this most singular illness.' He stammered, and was evidently much distressed.

'I am glad you are willing to yield to my wishes,' I said. 'But why not to-day? It is

only eleven o'clock. Let me invite Dr Dawson to meet me at three this afternoon.'

'No, no; not to-day. Perhaps Miss Garston will have a better night.'

'Perhaps she will not live through it,' I rejoined, with gloomy bitterness.

'What! is she so near the end?' exclaimed my companion with singular vivacity.

'I cannot tell; anything may happen.'

'Do not be so distressed, my dear doctor. Let us hope for the best. She has youth on her side. Young as you are, I have more faith in you than in the whole of the Fellows of the Royal College of Physicians, or any other body. Cheer up, good sir. I will spread your fame far and wide. If the worst should happen, do not fear that it will be to the detriment of your reputation.'

I tried to look grateful, but could not. Soon after, Mr Lampport went away to business, and I went home, leaving my patient in a deep sleep, and under the care of the housekeeper.

Of course there had been a vast amount of talk at our house about Miss Garston, her guardian, and all connected with my extraordinary patient. I had many conversations with my mother alone, upon the terrible perplexities that met me at every turn. She did her best to lighten my anxieties. But she could not understand what I suffered.

Upon reaching my house, I found a person waiting to see me. I was told that he had been there for two hours, and refused to call again, saying he must see me at the earliest moment. My visitor was an elderly man, neatly dressed in well-worn clothes. His manner was polite, but too deferential for one moving in good society.

'I am not here to seek professional advice, sir,' said the man apologetically, but with an honest straightforwardness that impressed me favourably. 'You are attending Miss Garston, I believe?'

'Yes, I am,' I answered, not a little astonished.

'How is she, sir, if you please?'

'Very ill indeed.'

'Will she get better?'

'I cannot say.'

His face fell, and a shudder passed over his frame. My manner and tone evidently inspired him with alarm.

'Is her case desperate, sir? For pity's sake, tell me all about her.'

'Are you a relative of hers?'

'No, sir; but I have known her for many years. Her father was my employer; and I am with the firm yet. With Mr Lampport, you know, sir.'

'I really know nothing about Miss Garston and Mr Lampport, except as their medical attendant.'

The man's face fell again. He thought I was going to dismiss him for wasting my time.

'You would oblige me, sir, by telling me the exact state of things, even if it costs you a few minutes. You see, if Miss Garston dies, there will be great changes in the office; for all her money will be taken out of the business, and Mr Lampport cannot carry it on, having had so many losses.'

'Is Miss Garston rich, then?' I asked, surprised.

'She is indeed. Her father died worth more than fifty thousand pounds.'

'I understood he died embarrassed; and in fact, committed suicide.'

A frightful pallor swept over the man's face. He did not speak for some time; then, almost in a whisper, he muttered: 'People said it was suicide; but I will never believe it.'

'Gracious powers, what do you say?' I cried in consternation; for the man eyed me so strangely, that I could not comprehend what he meant.

'Can you listen to a story, sir? And can you keep a secret? I must confide in somebody, and you are *her* doctor.'

I rose, looked the door, and waited for him to begin.

PARISH FOOLS.

By 'fools' we do not mean the general class of persons indicated by the word, but that smaller class of the community commonly called 'parish fools' or 'naturals.' Those unfortunate, without being habitually or necessarily insane, usually labour under some hallucination, which overshadows their lives, and causes them, when under its influence, to indulge in such freaks and fancies as are peculiar to the lunatic; though, when freed from the cloud obscuring their mental vision, they act very much like their neighbours.

Such was Sandy Macintosh, who flourished in the beginning of the century. A native of one of the northern parishes of Caithness, he was as well known for twenty miles round as the kick-steeple. The swiftest runner and the most trustworthy messenger in the place, Sandy was kept in constant employment, and numbered among his patrons both the laird and the minister. The peculiar delusion under which he laboured was a conviction that he had been born for the express purpose of slaying his Sutanio Majesty, and many were the wildgoose chases embarked in by Sandy to annihilate the arch-enemy; for he recognised him—so he averred—under all shapes and forms, such as a crow, a hare, or a black cat; and when started in pursuit of the foe, would follow up the trail for hours, nay, sometimes for days. In vain the minister—whom Sandy accounted his particular friend—strove to convince him that the Enemy of mankind was a spirit, and as such invisible. No argument, however telling, had any effect on Sandy. He listened respectfully, it is true, as he always did, to everything, however trivial, uttered by his friend; but when the reverend gentleman paused for lack of breath, the fool invariably remarked, with a sagacious nod: 'Weel, minister, ye ken best; though there's ae thing ye have overlooked. Ye canna deny what's written in the guid book, "The devil goes about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour." And when I see ye feedin' him Sabbath after Sabbath, bangin' the pulpit, and shaking your fist at him, says I to myself: "Sandy, man, it's odds but some day ye'll catch the deil napping, and then the minister will thank you for that day's work." So Sandy remained unconvinced, and continued his hunting exploits with such zeal, that the black cats of his neighbourhood had need of all their 'nine lives' to elude his persistent pursuit.

Now, the minister was in the habit of killing

a 'part,' or fat ox, at Hallowmas, for the consumption of his family during the winter. The beef was salted, and the hide sold at the nearest town. That important functionary who in Scotland is termed the 'minister's man' was usually intrusted with the disposal of the skin; and on this particular occasion had departed with his burden somewhat late in the evening. But the night was fine, and he trudged along the road for some miles with no thought save the speedy fulfilment of his errand. Presently he heard approaching the sound of footsteps, and a voice, which he recognised as that of Sandy Macintosh, singing, 'We'll gang nae mair a-roving ae late into the night.' The opportunity for playing a trick was irresistible; and resolving to give Sandy a fright, the minister's man wrapped the hide about him, taking care that the horns should stand up on his head. Thus equipped, he crouched along the dike-side till the fool made his appearance round the bend of the road, then uttering an unearthly yell, sprang from his hiding-place right in his path. But he reckoned without his host, when he thought to terrify Sandy. That individual only recognised in the apparition before him but another form assumed by the Enemy; and with a shout of defiance, rushed on the foe, and struck him a resounding blow with his staff. Whack! whack! the blows rained hard and fast on the shoulders of the unlucky joker, who, unable to bear the pain any longer, and too terrified to discover himself to the enraged fool, managed to wriggle unperceived out of his hideous covering and scrambled over the dike, where he lay hidden, scarcely daring to breathe.

Sandy was very much astonished when he observed the total collapse of the foe. He probably anticipated a severe struggle, and was surprised at his easy victory. Be that as it may, without stopping to pronounce an oration on the fallen, the fool slung the hide over his shoulder and started at a trot to the manse. Arrived there, he knocked loudly at the door, and on the appearance of the servant, demanded to see the minister. That was quite out of the question, he was informed; the reverend gentleman had retired for the night, and could not be disturbed. But Sandy was not to be balked. With an impatient, 'Haud out o' my way, lass,' he pushed past the girl, made his way to the minister's bedroom, knocked at the door, and without waiting for an invitation to enter, marched in. The minister had been reading in bed; but on the abrupt entrance of his visitor, threw aside his book, exclaiming: 'Why, Sandy, man, what brings you here at this time of night?'

'Great news, minister—great news!' cried Sandy.

'What news?' asked the pastor, catching something of his visitor's excitement. 'Have the French landed?'

'French indeed!' quoth the fool contemptuously. 'I ken naething about thae frog-eaters.'

'Well, what *is* your great news?' reiterated the minister impatiently.

'It's just this—I've killed the deil; and there's his hide'; and flinging the skin on the bed, our friend stalked with injured dignity from the room.

Sandy remained unconvinced to the end of his

life that he had not in very truth slain the arch-enemy, and declared in confidence to the laird, that the minister wasn't so grateful as he might have been for the good turn he had done him. After the supposed decease of the Enemy, Sandy became more settled in his habits, but continued to plume himself not a little on his gallantry, complacently adding that 'it wasn't everybody had taken the deil by the horns, as Sandy Macintosh had done.'

Somewhat akin to Sandy was an Orkney contemporary of his, one Mansie of Queenamuckie. Mansie's particular craze was implicit belief in the presence of supernatural beings, with whom, he declared, he had long and interesting conversations. It is possible had Mansie lived in those enlightened days of table-turning and spirit-rapping, that the spiritualists might have discovered in him a powerful medium. But fortunately, or unfortunately, for him, spiritualism was as yet unborn in the beginning of the century, and he was consequently exposed to the ridicule of his neighbours, who did not scruple to call him 'the fool of the parish.'

The following anecdote illustrates the peculiar twist in Mansie's mental organism. A farmer had intrusted him with a commission to buy a couple of pigs and some fowls in the island of Rousay, and bring them to his house in the neighbouring parish of Evia. The farmer's boat was placed at his disposal; and one fine morning Mansie started for Rousay, arriving at his destination without any mishap. In a short time the pigs and poultry were on board, and Mansie set off on his homeward voyage. But alack and alas! in the hurry of departure, he had neglected to make fast the mouths of the sacks in which the grunTERS were stowed away. Being descendants of the 'wise pig,' these animals quickly discovered that egress from their prison was possible, and with a simultaneous grunt of delight, rushed from the sacks, and capsizeD the boat.

Had Mansie been minding his business, such a catastrophe might have been averted; but as usual, his thoughts were far away, and he only realised his dangerous position when he found himself struggling in the water with the pigs and poultry floating around. Fortunately, the upset occurred within a couple of hundred yards of the shore. But our friend could not swim, and there were no straws to clutch. 'Necessity, however, is the mother of invention,' and Mansie clutched the tails of his pigs! There is reason to believe the animals rebelled at such a liberty; but nevertheless they eventually landed both themselves and their burden.

Mansie was soon surrounded by a small crowd of sympathisers, who condoled with him on the loss of the poultry—for the fowls were drowned—and put many questions regarding the upsetting of the boat. But our friend was deaf to every question; 'his eye had fallen into a trance,' and such a trivial matter as the loss of his employer's property troubled him not. Presently he opened his mouth and said: 'Ken ye, my friend, what happened to me when I was far doon at the bottom o' the mighty ocean?'

'What was it, Mansie?' asked one of the bystanders.

'Weel, when I was haudin' on to the tails o' the beasties, thinkin' my last hour had come,

there was a sound o' wings above my head, and I heard the birds o' paradise singing, "Come, Magnus, come!"'

A burst of derisive laughter greeted this extravagant statement, and one of the younger members of the group suggested 'whaups' (curlews) as the original of Mansie's birds of paradise.

'Whaups, indeed!' snorted that individual. 'I tell you they were the birds o' paradise. It's no the first time I've heard them.' And Mansie in high dudgeon, at the scepticism of his auditors, proceeded to scerne his four-footed friends in their respective sacks—which, with the boat, had drifted ashore—and once more embarked on his homeward voyage.

Very different from Sandy Macintosh and Mansie of Queenamuckie, was Shambling Willie. A Shetlander by birth, Willie lived some fifty years ago near the town of Lerwick. Of respectable parentage, he had received a fair education, loved reading, and was always to be seen, with head very much on one side, shuffling along the streets of his native town carrying three or four of his favourite authors secured by a strap. Willie's eccentricities were rather trying to his neighbours. He was in the habit of entering their houses surreptitiously, and made nothing of pouncing on anything eatable and carrying it off. A favourite time for such raids was New-year's Day, as he was sure to secure something particularly savoury at that festive season. He had a fine nose for the good things of this life, though he wasn't extra particular whether the viands were underdone or overdone.

One New-year's Day, when prowling in the vicinity of a Lerwick gentleman's house, he was attracted by the odour of roast-goose. Now, Willie fairly doted on roast-goose, so he immediately began revolving in his mind ways and means of securing the object of his desire. Stationing himself near the kitchen-window, he had the pleasure of observing the noble bird slowly turning on the spit, tenderly basted by a buxom old dame, whose soul was evidently in her task. From his coign of vantage our friend could perceive the exits and entrances of the cook, who flitted to and fro, but never absented herself long enough from the kitchen to permit of Willie carrying out his intentions. Patience, however, had its reward at last. The dining-room bell rang, and the old dame vanished. Willie's opportunity had come. Dashing into the kitchen, he seized the goose, and made off with it. But he was hardly a hundred yards from the house, when the cook returned, discovered the theft, and catching sight of our friend from the window, started in hot pursuit. Willie, however, had no idea of relinquishing the prize, so he put his best foot foremost, and made for the Nab—a high rock some little distance from Lerwick. Gnawing the goose as he ran, he occasionally turned round to shake it insultingly in his pursuer's face, whom he invited to catch him if she could. Cook was asthmatic; moreover, she foolishly spent her breath in calling the marauder all manner of uncomplimentary names; consequently, she lost ground, while Willie gained it. Still, she kept up the chase, goaded to unusual energy by the heart-rending spectacle of the impending destruction of her master's dinner. At length Willie reached

the Nab; farther he could not go unless he took a header into the sea. Cook came puffing along, vengeance in her eyes; but just as she thought she had the thief in her grasp, he eluded her, tossed the remains of the goose over the cliff, snapped his fingers in the old dame's face, and took to his heels, chuckling gleefully. He had circumvented Madam Cook, secured a good dinner, and was triumphant.

Shambling Willie had yet another adventure at the Nab which is worth relating. A West Indian negro, a Professor of Mesmerism, had come to Lerwick to deliver a series of lectures, and on the evening of his arrival had gone for a walk in the direction of the Nab. Now, Willie had heard of the mesmerist, and as he had never seen a black man in his life, was exceedingly anxious to make the Professor's acquaintance. With this object in view, he had been prowling round the outskirts of the town ever since the negro's arrival, and when he saw him walking towards the Nab, started in pursuit. The Professor was for some time unaware of Willie's approach, until he heard hurried steps behind him; and turning round, beheld what he believed to be an escaped lunatic tearing after him, and shrieking in the squeakiest of voices: 'Stop, man, stop, or I'll be the death o' ye!' Terror laid hold on the mesmerist, and he fled; but what was his horror, on reaching the Nab, to find that unless he jumped over the cliff, he could not escape his pursuer. In his dilemma, the Professor thought he would try the effects of mesmerism on the lunatic. Willie was but a few yards distant, when he turned and confronted him with folded arms and wild rolling eyes.

Our poor friend stared for a moment at the negro, then, unable to bear his piercing glance, rushed away, shrieking: 'It's the deil himsel; he'll be the death o' me.' The pursued now became the pursuer. Willie ran, and the Professor ran after him. There are people still living who remember seeing our friend and the black clattering down the principal street of Lerwick, and hearing the agonising cry of the former: 'It's the deil himsel; he'll be the death o' me.'

Presently, Willie dived through an open door, taking care to bolt it after him; while the negro Professor returned to his hotel highly delighted at what he considered a striking proof of the omnipotence of his art.

Shambling Willie has been dead those thirty years, but his memory is still kept green by the older inhabitants of his native town.

BILLS OF SALE.

THE form of contract called a Bill of Sale, while practically unknown in Scotland, is in frequent use in England. It is a contract whereby a person transfers the interest he or she has in personality or movables, such as furniture, stock-in-trade, or other like goods, to another; and the bill is sometimes given with a condition for resuming the goods at a certain period on repayment of the money advanced. The latter has always been considered a dangerous method of obtaining accommodation, and one that should be cautiously adopted. Indeed, for some years

past it has been felt necessary that some step should be taken by our law-makers to check the more obvious irregularities and malpractices that had grown up in connection with the negotiation of these bills, and if possible to place some limitations upon their use. This led, last year, to the passing of an Act which amended former statutes relating to these documents.

The new Act, in so far as it was intended to discourage the traffic in bills of sale, is beginning to have its natural result. The decrease in the number of these bills registered up to the end of February is very marked. The number of bills of sale published in England and Wales for the week ending February 22, last year, was ten hundred and thirty-one; while for the corresponding period of this year the number was only two hundred and forty-one, showing a decrease of seven hundred and ninety. The net decrease for the twelve months ending 24th February, this year, was six thousand one hundred and thirty-nine, being at the rate of eighty per cent. per week. Few right-minded people will regret that this too easy method of raising money has become so greatly restricted; and indeed this was the direct object and purpose of the measure.

It is notorious that bills of sale have long been a source of great profit to the money-lending fraternity, and of ruin to many improvident and thoughtless people, who were either ignorant or careless of their true nature and purport. Every one is supposed to know the law, and ignorance of law has from time immemorial been held to excuse nobody. But it is a very different thing to say that the meaning of a bill of sale was within common knowledge; and so varied and abstruse was the construction and nature of many of these documents, that not only were they beyond the comprehension of ordinary people, but they often puzzled lawyers themselves. Bills of sale, indeed, were capable of being varied in an infinite number of ways, and could be so framed that by the use of technical words and phrases they conferred much greater powers upon the holder than the grantor had any notion of. Thus, property acquired after the date of execution could often be seized under them; and it had long been evident that some simplification of these instruments was necessary, in order to protect honest people from the machinations of knaves. It was possible also in some cases to seize and sell household or other goods mortgaged in this way without notice, and immediately upon a single default in payment of one of the instalments; and it was found that this power was often grossly abused in cases where the default was of trifling amount or arose through an accident.

But this has all been changed by the new Act. Bills of sale given or made subsequently to November last no longer confer upon their holders arbitrary or unsuspected powers. In spite of errors in form and expression, the new Act clearly and distinctly restricts the powers of lenders within very narrow limits; and it may be confidently hoped that in future no goods will be

seized and sold under a bill of sale except for good cause. Thus—and this is a most important provision—borrowers upon this security now possess practically a week of grace before their property can be sold; and since, in all cases of injustice or hardship, this will probably be amply sufficient time to take proceedings to prevent the goods being sold, the legislature may be congratulated on having by this proviso struck a deadly blow at a most nefarious practice. Again, it was formerly possible to seize the mortgaged goods under many mere pretexts; but this power is also totally destroyed by the new Act, which limits the 'causes' of seizure to those specified by the Act. The effect of this will of course be to seriously curtail the advantages of lenders, and render them far from anxious to lend money on bills of sale. The traffic in these bills also for small sums of money—and in this class of transactions most scope was given for the nefarious practices of some money-lenders—is also effectually checked by the new statute, which declares that bills given for a consideration under thirty pounds shall be void.

It must indeed be admitted that the Act will probably be found to cut both ways, for borrowers have gained so much by it, that they may in certain cases have some difficulty in finding any one willing to lend them any considerable sum on a security which there is now considerable difficulty in realising. Bills of sale are doubtless more often taken advantage of by lenders than by borrowers; but it would be idle to deny that fraudulent borrowers have acquired great facilities for making away with their goods, and so cheating an honest holder of a bill of sale. Thus, the grantee or lender must be prepared to prove a fraudulent intention in property being removed before he can prevent this being done; and since it seems very probable that he will in most cases only be able to give evidence of fraud after the goods have been taken away, it follows that he will be in much the same position as the man who locks the stable door after the horse has been stolen. It is, however, practically impossible to legislate in one and the same statute in favour of two parties whose interests are so diametrically opposed as those of borrowers and lenders, and the accumulated experience of years has clearly proved that borrowers are most in need of protection. It is most injudicious to allow those who make capital out of legal technicalities to ply their trade without restraint; and the great need of the times is a simplification of legal procedure in matters of this kind, so that, for instance, all who may have occasion to borrow money upon movable property may be able to understand the nature of the contract upon which they are entering. Of course, it would not be difficult to find cases in which borrowers have been so reckless and imprudent that they might properly be said richly to deserve being plundered; but it is unfair to contend that because these do not deserve protection, the large class of struggling people who require loans in order to carry them over a period of depression ought to be left to the mercy of money-lenders.

It is not, perhaps, generally known how large and varied a section of the community will be affected by the new Act. Bills of sale may include, besides those heterogeneous articles com-

monly comprehended under the somewhat vague but convenient term household goods, crops which are actually growing at the time of execution, any fixtures separately assigned, and any plant or trade machinery, &c.; and although it is expressly provided that only goods specifically described in a schedule to be appended to the bill of sale shall pass under it, it is also stated that fixtures and trade machinery can be replaced by others of the same description. This provision is of some importance, since it is a common thing for the machinery in a mill to be mortgaged in this way; and it might be a great hardship if the mortgage had to be paid off before any new plant could be introduced.

The chief drawback to this class of domestic legislation is its necessarily comprehensive character. Thus, it is obviously impossible to legislate in order to meet the requirements of large manufacturers and agriculturists who have from time to time to give bills of sale in the ordinary way of business, and as a recognised and perfectly legitimate commercial transaction, and at the same time to provide for the more modest needs of small tradesmen and the whole army of struggling and impetuous people who, rightly or wrongly, have long availed themselves of this class of security. In these latter cases, it is contended that bills of sale often do more harm than good, for it is amongst this class that money-lenders find their readiest victims. But it would be a very serious matter if a manufacturer were unable, when necessary, to mortgage his plant or a farmer his stock in the same way as a landowner can mortgage his estates. The working of the new Act will doubtless be anxiously watched in commercial circles; and the fact that it repeals a section of the Act of 1878 which declared that chattels covered by a bill of sale were not within the order and disposition of the bankrupt, within the meaning of the Bankruptcy Act, 1869, will doubtless have a most important effect; for a common abuse of the powers of a bill of sale under the old system was to defeat *bond fide* creditors, upon bankruptcy, by producing a bill of sale which protected most of the assets, though it was often collusive.

At the same time, it is to be feared that much inconvenience will be felt from the great stringency of the new Act, and in this connection, various points suggest themselves. Thus, although bills of sale were often the instruments of fraud, they were at the same time a recognised and familiar means for securing the repayment of money fairly lent; yet in order to put a stop to their pernicious effect, it seems as though they have been virtually abolished altogether, a consummation which is sure to entail unfortunate results, especially now that we are in the midst of a period of unexampled agricultural depression. Consequently, however much it is to be regretted that farmers should have to mortgage their stock or their growing crops, it is within common experience that the power they possess of doing so has often been the means of enabling them to weather a bad season. It is true that the agricultural districts of England and Wales have been regularly worked by some of the lowest class of money-lenders during the last few years; and many farmers—who are, of course, as a body very ignorant of legal technicalities—

were shamefully plundered by these gentry; but it would be an obvious injustice to deprive this class of farmers of the power of mortgaging their property on this account.

It is a great mistake to suppose that because some men plunder others by lending them money upon bills of sale, that therefore all bills of sale are usurious, and all borrowers improvident. It is impossible as yet to pass any opinion upon the working of the new Act in this respect; but from the great diminution in the number of bills of sale, the obvious inference arises, that the money-lending classes generally are now by no means anxious to lend money upon these securities, and we can only hope that those who may have occasion for loans upon property of the kind which is usually comprised in bills of sale, are in better circumstances, for the only other alternative conclusion is, that they find themselves unable to procure assistance in the old and familiar way; and the obvious result which is to be feared from this state of things is, that they will be driven into bankruptcy. Much as greater stability is to be wished for both in the commercial and agricultural world, the tendency of legislation which seeks to purge society of all struggling and impecunious men is sure to press hardly upon some deserving persons; and this attempt to checkmate knaves may have the effect of rendering the struggle for existence too severe for the great number of people who have to live from hand to mouth, often through no fault of their own.

In conception, the new Act is certainly to be commended; and when many difficulties as to its operation and meaning in certain cases have been judiciously explained, it may be found to work smoothly; but it is impossible that it can be at once satisfactory to 'all sorts and conditions of men.' It is, however, one instalment of that legislation which is so urgently needed to 'curb the growing immorality of commerce,' and there was abundant proof that some measure of the kind was sorely needed. It should perhaps be regarded rather as experimental than final; and indeed its value can only be properly judged by results.

In Scotland, attempts to obtain security over movables by means of a written title alone have been often made; but they have always failed, being thought to offer too tempting facilities for fraud. The Scotch law does not recognise any right in chattels, known in Scotch dialect as goods and gear, or effects, unless there be physical possession, commencing with what is known in sale and pledge as delivery, or the actual, not symbolical handing over of the article. In 1856, the legislature attempted to assimilate the Scotch law to the English in saving undelivered goods from being carried off by the seller's creditors. But the courts have interpreted the new provision by the old principles of the common law; and have, by holding that it does not apply when a horse or other article is left for use, prevented it from becoming a basis for bills of sale. The pawnbroker is the only well-known lender in Scotland who obtains security over movables for his advances; but such security is obtainable also, when the property can be definitely set aside, and as it were delivered; as, for example, over wine in a bonded warehouse, by transference

to the creditor's name in the books; or in a cellar of which the creditor holds the key; or over the machinery of a mill of which the creditor is the feudal owner.

KISSING.

KISSING, as our readers are aware, is, under certain circumstances, a perfectly natural proceeding, and one which, within certain limitations, constitutes a highly pleasing experience. It is a proceeding, moreover, which may be said to have received the sanction of universal custom, from time immemorial, and all the world over; and there are not at present any indications of its becoming in future less popular than it has been in the past. A kiss is not a thing that you can successfully describe. A poetic lover who undertook the description would probably never get beyond some stupidly inflated generalities.

Josh Billings truthfully observes that the more a man tries to analyse a kiss, the more he can't; and he believes that the only real way to define a kiss is to take one. Kisses of course vary considerably. There are the formal kiss of greeting; the fraternal kiss of affection; the kiss of policy, which it is not always easy to give with a good grace; the kiss under the mistletoe, which is only obtained after (of course) a tremendous amount of struggling and merriment; the lovers' kiss, which breathes of rapture; and the staid dutiful salutation of conjugal attachment. Such a classification as this only suggests an indefinite variety of experience.

A curious case of osculation is reported from across the Atlantic. Some time ago, a Mr Finch, who was in the jewellery business in Newborn, United States, sold to a young lady named Miss Waters what was described as a beautiful set of real jet, the bargain being that he was to receive in payment thereof one hundred kisses, to be paid at the rate of one kiss daily. Mr Finch was to call at the lady's house every morning, Sundays excepted, to receive his daily kiss, which Miss Waters undertook and promised to duly deliver to him. For thirty consecutive days—Sundays excepted—Mr Finch punctually called upon Miss Waters, and duly received the stipulated salutation. On the thirty-first day, however, Mr Finch made a formal complaint that Miss Waters was not fulfilling her contract, inasmuch as she insisted upon permitting him to kiss her cheek only. He maintained that this did not constitute a legal kiss, and demanded that he should be allowed to put his left arm round her waist and kiss her in the highest style of the art. To this, however, a firm refusal was returned. The lady offered Mr Finch a choice of cheeks, but insisted that the contract would not bear the construction he put upon it. Thereupon, Mr Finch, in great indignation, brought an action for breach of contract against the lady.

This action raised several new and interesting questions, among the most important of which was, what constituted, in the eyes of the law, a kiss? The plaintiff set up the further plea, that there was a difference between active and passive kisses; that Miss Waters had promised to give him a certain number of kisses—not

merely to allow him to take them—and that giving kisses was an act which required the use of the lips. The case was the subject of considerable controversy in the press and elsewhere; but the writer, unfortunately, has never been able to discover the result of the legal proceedings which were instituted, and has concluded that a compromise of some sort must, as was at one time expected, have been brought about.

An equally remarkable kissing transaction occurred not long ago in Austria. In this instance, a kiss was actually put up for sale by auction, and publicly bestowed upon the highest bidder. The occasion was a charity *fête* got up in the little town of Torantal on behalf of the poor at Agram. The well-meant endeavours of the benevolent ladies and gentlemen who acted as salesmen and stall-holders to induce visitors to purchase trifles exposed for sale at twenty times their value, had not succeeded. Business was not brisk. The public who filled the *salle* were not in a generous mood, and the organisers of the *fête* were disheartened. At this juncture, one of the lady patronesses, a remarkably beautiful woman, had what she thought a happy inspiration. She took her husband aside, conferred with him for a few minutes, and shortly after, with his consent, offered a kiss to the highest bidder, the sum paid for the favour to be added to the receipts of the *fête*. The result of this novel idea hardly came up to what was anticipated. Very low sums were at first offered by the young men—for, of course, the feminine portion of the visitors were not tempted by the opportunity—and ultimately the kiss was knocked down at the relatively paltry figure of fifteen florins and eleven kreuzers. The husband of the lady, seeing the slight store set by the favour, offered to pay the amount himself and take the kiss; but the claimant had already handed over the money, and as he refused to agree to the bargain being cancelled, the kiss was exchanged before the assembled company.

A young lady reading in a newspaper, the other day, of a girl having been made crazy by a sudden kiss, called the attention of her uncle, who was in the room, to that rather singular occurrence, whereupon the old gentleman gruffly demanded what the fool had gone crazy for. 'What did she go crazy for?' archly returned the ingenuous maiden. 'Why, for more, I suppose!'

It must be rather awkward and unpleasant to be observed by prying eyes, when one indulges in a little innocent osculation. We have all laughed over Dickens's account of how the fat boy Joe caught Mr Tupman in the act of kissing the spinster aunt in the arbour at Dingley Dell; and many of our readers could no doubt, if they cared, recount equally humorous episodes in their own experience, or at the expense of their friends. Apropos, here is rather a good story, which comes all the way from the antipodes. The camera-obscura at the Melbourne Exhibition commanded a view of the streets of Melbourne, and also of the steps leading up to the dome. On the occasion in question, the Exhibition was not very full of visitors, and while several persons were looking at the camera, they observed the reflex of a young gentleman and lady coming up the stair

towards the dome. Their looks told how far they were entangled in the meshes of love, but they need not have betrayed it quite so openly as they did. Both gazed anxiously round; no one was looking; the opportunity was too good to be lost; and so the languishing swain clasped his lady-love in his arms and imprinted a kiss upon her lips. The sound could not have betrayed them, but they had forgotten that unfortunate camera; and amid the rather inconsiderate laughter of those above, they in hot confusion beat a hasty retreat.

It is certainly, one would suppose, quite within the right of engaged lovers to find fault with each other for bestowing favours of this kind in other quarters. An engaged young gentleman got rather neatly out of a scrape of this description with his intended. She taxed him with having kissed two ladies at some party at which she had not been present. He owned it, but laughingly assured her that their united ages only made twenty-one. The simple-minded girl only thought of ten and eleven, and laughed off her pout. The wily rascal did not explain that one of the girls he had kissed was nineteen years of age, and the other two.

With the merry, time-honoured custom of kissing under the mistletoe, our readers are all of course familiar. Nor is it necessary to do more than allude to the well-known understanding that a lady, finding a gentleman asleep, may salute him with a kiss, and then claim as a reward a pair of gloves. We have known young men go to sleep in the most careless way imaginable, in full cognisance of this danger, and lose several pair of gloves before they happened to awake. Many young ladies would probably consider the act of kissing a gentleman whom they chanced to find asleep rather a breach of the proprieties than otherwise; but there are few instances in which they could not rely upon the full and free forgiveness of the persons against whom the offence was committed—who, indeed, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, would be only too willing to submit to such sweet chastisement, whether asleep or awake, and to pay the penalty without a murmur.

SONNET.

IN MEMORIAM W. C. P.

Drowned at Oxon, summer term 1882.

As at some revel, when the cups are crowned,
And mirth and merriment are at their height,
One feaster passes forth into the night
Alone, on some far distant journey bound—
Passes out silent without sign or sound,
Fearful lest word of leave-taking should blight
The feasting, and with darkness mar the light;
So, without word you passed, when all around
Was sweet, and life was brightest and most gay;
When earth was fairest, and the sky most blue
And like a sheet of silver. Isis shone,
And we, bent on the pleasures of the day,
Heeded you not, my brother, nor e'en knew
That you were going, till we knew you gone.

J. DE K. HANKIN, Oxon.

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SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.

It is well known that certain substances and compositions produce the phenomenon of spontaneous combustion. Explosions in coal-mines, as also in flour-mills, have, so far as it is possible to trace causes, been produced by the generation of heat. The vegetable kingdom is perhaps the greatest offender, and until recent years, the suspicion of felonious practices in regard to firing stacks, has sent many an innocent person to prison.

A century ago, spontaneous combustion, or 'inflammation,' as it was then designated, occupied the minds of men of science; and the Rev. William Tooke, F.R.S., published some observations on the subject, chiefly taken from his experiences in Russia. Owing to a recent fire in a neighbouring village, which did a great amount of mischief, and was said to have had its origin in the doctoring of a cow in a cowhouse in the village, Mr Riide, an apothecary of Bautzen, prepared to make some experiments. He knew that the countrymen were in the habit of applying parched rye-bran to their cattle, for curing what was known then as the thick-neck. Accordingly, he roasted a quantity of rye-bran by the fire till it had acquired the colour of roasted coffee, and then wrapped it up in a linen cloth. In the space of a few minutes there arose a strong smoke through the cloth, accompanied by the smell of burning. Shortly afterwards, the rag grew as black as tinder, and the bran, now become hot, fell through upon the ground in little balls. The experiment was repeated at different times, and always with the same result.

In the spring of 1780, a fire was discovered on board a frigate off Cronstadt. After the severest scrutiny, no cause for the fire could be found. The probability is, however, strongly in favour of spontaneous combustion; for in the following year the frigate *Maria*, which also lay at anchor off Cronstadt, was found to be on fire. The fire was, however, early perceived, and extinguished. After

strict examination, nothing could be discovered as to its origin. A Commission of inquiry was held, which finally reported that the fire was probably caused by parcels of matting tied together with packthread, which were in the cabin where the fire broke out. It was found that the parcels of matting contained Russian lampblack, prepared from fir-soot moistened with hemp-oil varnish. In consequence of this, the Russian Admiralty gave orders for experiments to be made. They shook forty pounds of fir-wood soot into a tub, and poured about thirty-five pounds of hemp-oil varnish upon it; this stood for an hour, after which they poured off the oil. The remaining mixture they wrapped up in a mat, and the bundle was laid close to the cabin in the frigate *Maria* where the midshipmen had their berth. To avoid all suspicion, two officers sealed both the mat and the door with their own seals, and stationed a watch of four officers to take notice of all that passed through the night. As soon as smoke should appear, information was to be given.

The experiment was made about the 26th of April at about eleven A.M. Early in the following morning, about five A.M., smoke appeared issuing from the cabin. The commander was immediately informed by an officer, who through a small hole in the door saw the mat smoking. Without opening the door, he despatched a messenger to the members of the Commission; but, as the smoke became stronger and fire began to appear, it became necessary to break the seals and open the door. No sooner was the air admitted, than the mat began to burn with greater force, and presently burst into a flame.

Mr Georgi of the Imperial Academy of Sciences was appointed to make further experiments, the result of which confirmed the suspicion of spontaneous combustion in the Russian official mind in a remarkable degree.

Montet relates in the *Mémoires de l'Académie de Paris* of 1748, that animal substances under certain conditions may kindle into flame, and that he himself had witnessed the spontaneous combustion of dunghills. He states that he had known

woollen stuffs prepared at Sevenses to kindle and burn to a cinder. The same thing happened in Germany in 1781 at a wool-comber's, where a heap of wool-combings piled up in a close warehouse seldom aired, took fire of itself. This wool had been little by little brought into the warehouse, and, for want of room, piled up very high, then trodden down, that more might be added to it. Wool, when saturated with oil, as is well known in all districts where woollen manufactures are carried on, is constantly liable to go on fire; hence, all wool-waste is kept in places apart from the general buildings of the factory.

Modern science and careful investigation have done much to remove the mystery which a century ago surrounded all aspects of the subject of spontaneous combustion. It is not much more than a century and a half since the theory first began to obtain that the human body under certain circumstances, but particularly where the victim had long been addicted to habits of intemperance, was subject to spontaneous combustion. The theory was never held to any extent in our own country; but it found very general acceptance among scientists on the continent; and many cases from that time onwards have been published with considerable minuteness of detail. A recent investigator—Dr Ogston of Aberdeen—has, however, analysed the complete literature of the subject, and out of about sixty cases bearing upon it, he has not found one trustworthy case from which the existence of such a phenomenon could be deduced. His investigations have confirmed him in the belief of an increased combustibility of the human body under certain conditions; but the majority of reported cases, he thinks, point altogether to accidental ignition under these favourable circumstances. The human body, it may be stated, cannot, in ordinary circumstances, be considered very combustible, seeing that nearly three-fourths of its constitution by weight is composed of water; and what may be considered favourable circumstances to accidental ignition, it must be admitted, does not clearly appear. We have no wish to enter into particulars regarding such cases; we desire rather to elucidate some of the conditions favourable to spontaneous combustion in a variety of circumstances involving the safety of much valuable property, if not of life itself.

The experience, as well as experiments of the Russian Admiralty, above referred to, have found their counterpart in more than one instance in our own country in recent years. In 1840 there was a great fire in Plymouth Dockyard, which, as far as could afterwards be ascertained, was due to the spontaneous heating and combustion of heaps of hemp and flax impregnated with oil. More than twenty years later, there were great fires in the Liverpool dock-warehouses, involving immense loss of property, which were ascribed to the heating and spontaneous ignition of damp cotton. Later still, experts were called upon to

investigate the causes which led to the destruction by fire of Her Majesty's ships the *Imogene* and the *Talavera*, in Devonport Dockyard; and it was reported to the Admiralty that the fire could only be traced to the spontaneous ignition of oakum, tow, and similar substances, which had been used by the shipwrights and others in wiping the oil from their tools; the waste thus used having afterwards been thrown into a large bin. Instances might readily be multiplied in which vegetable substances, such as cotton, hemp, tow, flax, dry woody-fibre, and we may add rags and waste of all kinds, having become impregnated with oil, have caused fires more or less serious from spontaneous ignition.

Up to a comparatively recent date, considerable vagueness existed as to the exact conditions necessary to favour spontaneous ignition of such substances; but owing to the experiments of Galletly (Chemical Section, British Association, 1872), Atfield (letters to the *Times*, 1873), and others, we are now in a position to understand clearly the relation to combustion of both animal and vegetable oils. Taking, for example, a handful of cotton-waste after it had been soaked in boiled linseed-oil, the excess of oil being removed by pressure, and placing it among dry-waste in a box into which a thermometer was inserted, and keeping it at a temperature of one hundred and seventy degrees, Galletly found that the mercury began to rise rapidly from five to ten degrees every few minutes; and at the end of seventy-five minutes the thermometer indicated three hundred and fifty degrees Fahrenheit. At this point, the smoke issuing from the box revealed that the cotton was in an active state of combustion, so that, on exposing it to the open air, it quickly burst into flame. In the case of similar materials saturated with raw linseed-oil and placed in a smaller box, active combustion was going on in four or five hours; with rape-oil, the cotton was reduced to ashes within ten hours; with Gallipoli oil—a crude olive-oil—rapid combustion was going on within six hours; while castor-oil, with its higher specific gravity, took two days to produce the charring effect. Regarding oils of animal origin, it was found that lard-oil produced rapid combustion in four hours; seal-oil in one hundred minutes; while sperm-oil refused to char the waste. It has since been pointed out that this last oil was probably adulterated with some mineral oil, all mineral oils having apparently the power of arresting to a considerable extent the development of this destructive influence, when combined with the fatty oils. This is explained in scientific language by saying, that the one class of oils are oxidisable, and the other class non-oxidisable.

We may be excused for explaining what the term oxidisable means, as the explanation contains the rationale of spontaneous combustion, so far as oil-saturated substances are concerned; and the

lesson is fraught with importance. Every one knows what is meant by drying in the air any substance saturated with water or spirit. The wetted substance dries because the free play of air around it absorbs its moisture, or, in ordinary language, causes the water or spirit to evaporate; and the process is so elementary and well understood, that it requires no further explanation. The same substance, however, saturated with any fatty oil, does not dry in the same way from the evaporation of the oil; it dries by reason of absorbing oxygen from the atmosphere; in other words, it becomes oxidised; and in this process it undergoes a species of combustion, differing not in character, but only in degree, from that which coal once lighted underneath in our fireplaces. If we imagine the heat given out in the process of drying, or as it may be called, of slow combustion, not being allowed to escape, but, on the other hand, rather confined in its sphere, and so made to help to feed the process of heat-raising, we have all the elements required to make up an interesting but now well-known instance of spontaneous combustion. Such are in reality the conditions which more or less surround the spontaneous ignition of all vegetable substances impregnated with fatty oils; and it is not too much to say, that although the conditions are not so widely known as they might be, or as they should be, still they are now sufficiently known to cause all wool and other waste in large factories to be carefully looked after.

A similar result to that just described is produced if wheat or corn or barley, &c., be stacked in the green state or in a damp state; but in all such cases, the chemical explanation differs from the foregoing. All such substances contain nitrogen, and are liable, under favourable circumstances, such as damp, absence of currents of air, &c., to fermentation. During this process of fermentation—a somewhat intricate chemical one, on which we do not need to enlarge—heat is evolved, and the preliminary stages of this process, in which stacks have been seen “to smoke,” must, be familiar to many of our readers. Many instances might be given of reported cases of spontaneous combustion from the heating of victuals in stack; but owing to the doubts which often surround such of being acts of incendiarism, we will give particulars of one typical case only, not quite modern, but sufficiently well authenticated to make it stand out as characteristic of this class. It is taken from the *Annales d'Hygiène*, 1843. A quantity of oats stored in a barn had been consumed by fire, and the proprietor suspected the act to be one of incendiarism. Several experts were consulted; and on inquiring into all the circumstances they unanimously concluded that the fire was the result of spontaneous combustion, caused by the fermentation of the grain stored in a damp state. Several things pointed unmistakably to this conclusion, such as the fact, that the oats were proved to have been stored damp; that labourers had noticed the heat of the oats several days previous to the fire; that some of the sheaves that had been removed the day previous to the fire to be thrashed, were charred and discoloured; and above all, that the centre of a large pile of sheaves was burnt and blackened, while the outside of the sheaves retained their natural colour. No more con-

clusive evidence, we think, could be produced in support of spontaneous combustion than is here given.

Other substances which are not fermentable, such as cotton, flax, and jute, are nevertheless liable to spontaneous combustion from simple oxidation, if stored in the damp state; and more than one instance might be given of ships laden with such goods being destroyed at sea by fire, the presence of which could only be reasonably accounted for on the theory of spontaneous ignition. Only a few years ago, a ship heavily laden with wool from Australia arrived at Plymouth with fire raging among the wool in the hold. The fire had been burning for two days, and without doubt had been caused by the wool getting damp, heating, and then igniting. Had the fire occurred only a few days earlier, the probability is there would have been a terrible catastrophe. In the same year, a ship laden with jute and castor-oil from Calcutta was discovered when off Portland to be on fire. It was ultimately totally destroyed. In this case, the fire could only be accounted for on the supposition that some of the oil had leaked, and come into contact with the jute, causing oxidation, as already explained.

Before passing from the spontaneous ignition of organic substances, we may quote an interesting case from the *Chemical News*, 1870. A fire occurred in that year in a silk-mercer's establishment in Paris; and the expert who investigated the whole circumstances could only account for it on the theory of the spontaneous ignition of a lot of silks massed together. The peculiarity of this case was, not that the silks had been stored in bulk in a damp state, but in too dry a state; the probability, however, being greatly in favour of the theory, that the chemicals employed in dyeing the silk had very much to do with the origin of the fire.

Many chemical compounds, as well as mixtures, are very liable to spontaneous combustion, the action in such cases generally being much more rapid and energetic than in the cases just considered. Of the chemical compounds, we might take the now well-known nitro-glycerine as typical. This substance, if not carefully prepared and purified, is certain to undergo decomposition, ultimately ending in spontaneous combustion of a terribly energetic character. We might also take the phosphorus composition used in the making of lucifer-matches, or the potash compositions used to produce coloured fires in theatres and pyrotechnic displays, as representative. The phosphorus mixtures (matches) all ignite in the mass at a comparatively low temperature, in the majority of cases not greatly exceeding that of an ordinary summer sun's rays—or in other words, at a temperature ranging from one hundred and ten to one hundred and thirty degrees Fahrenheit; while the potash mixtures (coloured fires) ignite at a black heat—or, in other words, at a temperature below nine hundred degrees. Notwithstanding the difference in the igniting point of the two preparations, the potash mixtures are the more dangerous of the two, and more than one instance has occurred in the experience of the writer in which they have ignited at ordinary temperatures spontaneously. The principal cause of spontaneous combustion in these mixtures is the presence of

some impurity in one or other of the ingredients, such as a trace of free acid in the sulphur or other ingredient entering into their composition; but instances have also occurred in which friction or concussion has produced the same results. In the case of lucifer-matches, even with the low temperature at which they ignite, there are probably fewer authenticated cases of fires resulting from spontaneous ignition in the storing and keeping of them, than from almost any other preparation of an equally dangerous kind. There is, however, one source of danger which may not be generally known, and which cannot be too well known—namely, the penchant that mice and similar vermin have for phosphorus preparations. We have no hesitation in pointing to friction caused by the nibbling of these little torments, as a fertile cause of fires of undiscovered origin.

It is somewhat remarkable that although gunpowder is another of this most dangerous class of mixtures, there is not, so far as we are aware, one authentic case on record of its spontaneous ignition either in storing or using. Professor Abel, in a lecture before the Royal Institution, a number of years ago, gave particulars of an explosion of gunpowder at the government works at Waltham-Abbey, which, in the cause producing it, is characteristic of most accidents of this kind. Although not altogether a case of spontaneous combustion, it bears directly upon the subject, and it shows above all the care and ability bestowed by experts on any investigation which they are called upon to make; and to this, along with a better knowledge of the conditions favourable to the generation of combustion, do we assign the reason why there are fewer cases reported in recent years arising from this cause, compared with fifty or one hundred years ago. With a short account of this explosion, we will close our observations, even although we cannot pretend to have done much more than touched on the modern aspects of this interesting subject.

In the works referred to, there were several mills in one continuous building, each one surrounded on three sides by massive walls; the compartment inclosing each mill being so arranged that the roof and one side were capable of being very easily blown away in the event of an explosion, so that the force of the explosion exhausting itself in this direction, there would be less destruction of property. In one of these mills, the ingredients of the gunpowder had been mixed in the damp state as usual by means of the millstones; the composition had been nearly all removed from the bed of the mill, and the men were engaged in the operation of slightly lifting the millstones with a crowbar, so as to get at the remaining part of the gunpowder—amounting to about half a pound—upon which the millstones rested. This operation the men had in this instance performed with a naked crowbar, and not, as was the usual practice, protected with leather. The result was that an explosion occurred, through the ignition of some of the particles of gunpowder exposed to the friction; one man being fatally, and several others badly injured, apart from the destruction of property which followed. So far, the matter was evidently plain enough; but, strange to say,

the explosion extended, notwithstanding all the precautions adopted, from this one mill to two mills on the one side, and one mill on the other side; and of course it was necessary to discover how this should have occurred, to prevent, if possible, a repetition of the disaster.

This probably cannot be better described than in the words of Professor Abel himself. 'In the incorporation of gunpowder, a small quantity of dust is always unavoidably produced, notwithstanding that the mixture is kept constantly damp while under the mills; small particles of the powder, therefore, continually attach themselves to the walls, and although these are swept carefully from time to time, it is impossible to prevent small portions from remaining on them. It was imagined that the individual mills were so perfectly separate and isolated from each other by the plan of the building, that an explosion from one could not communicate to the other, particularly as an arrangement existed whereby an explosion in one mill would instantly cause a mass of water to fall upon the powder in the other mills; but there was a small shaft running through the wall from one mill to another by which this descent of water was insured; and this shaft passed through very small openings in the walls, closed by tight little doors, so that there were only one or two little crevices communicating from one mill to the other. These, however, were sufficient to allow the explosion to pass from one mill to the others, and to bring about the explosion of the powder upon the mill-beds before the water could reach it. The powder-dust had formed a train upon the walls, and the flame of the first explosion reaching this, was led to the openings just spoken of, and thus passed from mill to mill.'

In conclusion, we would urge the necessity of having mills and other factories constantly swept free from that apparently harmless substance, dust.

ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOT.

CHAPTER XXIV.—I SHALL WIN.

As soon as the sound of the closing street-door reached her vigilant ears, Madame de Lalouve turned towards her fair young hostess. The Sphinx, to which the current gossip of modern Anglo-Egyptian society had likened her, could scarcely, in mythic flesh and blood, or in its original rock-shape, as when the battered idol was fresh from the chisel of some archaic sculptor of the Pyramid building days, have presented a more perplexing aspect. There was a grand massive comeliness about the woman, that intched well with the dignity of bearing which on occasion she could assume, although not seldom her deportment was as frivolous as that of a *Parisienne* of the Second Empire. She seemed thoroughly serious now, for the moment.

'My young friend,' she said, fixing her steady stony eyes on the beautiful face of the girl before her, '*à nous deux, maintenant!* It is time that we should understand one another, is it not? There is scarcely such a thing as real neutrality, you know, in private war, as in public. Those

who are not with us are generally ready, when opportunity serves, to deal us a sly stab, for the benefit of the adversary. When last you and I talked together of the *grande affaire*, you asked for time to think. Nothing more reasonable, I accorded. Well, *ma mie*! you have had time to think. The nights and days that have elapsed have, I trust, brought counsel, according to our proverb. And now I have come for my answer. It was an *ultimatum*—excuse the diplomatic technicality on the part of one who was nurtured, so to speak, in a Ministry of Strange Affairs, as we other continentals call your F. O. Do you accept or reject the alliance of Louise de Lalouve? The final question was sternly, almost threateningly asked, and then the questioner paused for a reply.

Sir Pagan's sister cast down her beautiful eyes, and she drew her breath more quickly, and her colour went and came. It seemed as though there were some struggle going on within her heart, as if she had to crush down some innate feeling of repugnance or of distrust, before she could assent to the proposition of her dubious foreign friend. The Countess, on the other hand, seemed to read her thoughts, to judge by the slight frown and the slight shrug of impatient displeasure. But when the girl looked up, there was no trace of ill-humour on the massive face of Madame de Lalouve.

'What choice, Madame, in such a position as mine, can I have?' replied Sir Pagan's sister. 'Help to me, in my plight, is very much what help would be, rendered to a drowning wretch at sea. I am very lonely. My twin sister has become my bitterest foe. My brother Pagan is good and kind; but he is not the sort of brother to whom a sister, sorely tried, can turn in the hour of need. I feel, sometimes, very very much, how alone I am in the world.' She bowed her head, with all its twisted weight of golden hair, almost to her knees now, and sobbed aloud.

Madame de Lalouve looked scornfully on. Usually, a woman is quick to comfort a woman whom she does not personally hate. There is an emotional freemasonry amongst the feminine sex that links heart to heart, somehow, when grief is in question and no grudge bars the way. But Countess Louise looked on un pitying, magnificent in her contempt. Be sure that this handsome, well-preserved, hardened woman of the world had had her full share of the trouble and the sorrow, the anxiety and the care, that fall to the lot of us all. She must have suffered; but she was one of those who, like the pets of the prize-ring, take their punishment well. The Red Indians, still more than the Spartans, were, and are, our masters in this respect. They yet put their young warriors through a hardening process, compared to which the fog at Winchester or Harrow has a bed of roses to lie on. When hideous pain and ghastly wounds, inflicted by kindred and friends, have been joyously endured, then is the young Sioux, the Apache stripling, thought fit to make his way in a world of cruel foes, hunger, thirst, and snow-storms, on the disputed prairie.

Madame de Lalouve had probably in her some of the stern spirit which prompts those who have greatly endured to demand equal sufferings, sternly borne, on the part of others. At any rate, a girl's tears were to her contemptible. Those of Sir Pagan's sister were at any rate quickly dried.

The girl looked up, and spoke now courageously enough: 'I am ready now, Countess, to talk to you. I was foolish—I am but young, you know—but I am ready now.'

Quite clear and sweet was the ring of her fresh young voice, and quite steady were her blue eyes, which looked dauntlessly into those darkling ones of the foreign lady. Many a sad, dull hour had Sir Pagan's almost outlawed sister spent in that dreary sanctuary of hers in Bruton Street; many a pang, keener than we can endure from such causes, but such as women feel to the quick, had she suffered, from neglect, solitude, unbelief; and these things had chafed her nerves and wounded her spirit, until there were times when she felt as if like some hurt and hunted animal, to crawl into a hole and die there would be a relief. But it was not for nothing that she had in her veins the blood of so many knights, loyal always, and true, dying under shield, often enough, with helmet laced, in the king's cause, never on the rebel's scaffold. Some natural pride in her revolted at the Frenchwoman's affectation of superiority. Let her be the Marchioness or the impostor, Clare or Corn, she was still of the grand Carew race, unequalled in that France of which four-fifths of the aristocracy date from a poor two centuries since, or sail under false colours, or in that semi-barbarous Russia that is Tartar yet.

'I am quite willing to talk to you, Madame, on the subject you have so much at heart,' said Sir Pagan's sister coldly.

'Have you not the subject at heart, Mademoiselle? Is it not your thought by day, your dream by night?' quickly retorted the foreign lady.

'Certainly, I have been very open with you, and have told you, Madame, what your cleverness would have guessed—that it is to me a question of life and death. You are a most accomplished woman of the world,' went on the girl earnestly; 'and besides, circumstances have put into your hands great power for evil or for good. You know.'

'I know—what I know,' ejaculated the foreigner, in a tone and with an arching of the eyebrows, that Mephistopheles himself might have envied.

'And therefore,' went on the girl, 'you can do much to help or hinder, at your choice. Your choice will be determined, I feel sure, by whatever you consider the most profitable to yourself.'

'And I, too, have been thinking,' responded Madame de Lalouve, perfectly impervious to the sarcasm conveyed in the speech of her young hostess; 'and I am sure, dear friend, it will be best for us two to make terms. So let the high contracting parties formulate their stipulations, as we used to say, long ago, at Vienna, St Petersburg, where diplomatists, with cordons and stars upon their padded breasts, sipped their champagne and whispered together in a corner, and settled the affairs of the nations, with a lady or two in council, quicker than fifty of your ridiculous Conferences or make-believe Congresses could ever do. Of course I want something—that is so natural. You yourself, *ma belle*, want so very much.'

'What I want is my very own—mine of right,' said the girl coldly.

'And what I want will be my own—will it not, sweet one—by gift of the graceful Marchioness that I shall have been the means of setting in her place?' retorted the foreigner cheerfully. 'Who would deny the right of poor Louise to receive a substantial proof of the gratitude of wealthy Clare? You are like Italy, a geographical expression—pardon the metaphor—before she got our poor dear Emperor to fight for her. But even he did not fight for nothing. I want my Savoy, my Nice—the payment for the battles I am to win, love, on your behalf.—Don't open those astonished eyes so large and round. I am not about to ask you for Castel Vavr or for Leominster House. My salary is more easily paid. The Marquis left to his widow, by will—I have been to the horrid office, and have had it read out to me, in droning official accents, a great great sum of money—money in your Funds, your Consols; no horrid acres, but what sells itself everywhere—like bread.'

'He told me that he had done so; I do not remember the amount,' was the sad, reluctant reply.

'How *bétes* these Anglaises are!' muttered Madame hissing, between her strong white teeth. 'Well, well, my love, besides foreign securities, there are in your British Consols three hundred thousand pounds. Of these, in the event of success, I ask, for my poor share, a bare third—one hundred thousand; and for this I am willing that your word should be my bond.'

'I give you my word, Madame. 'If I am acknowledged, legally and socially, as Marchioness of Leominster, as Wilfred's widow, I will gladly pay you over the sum of one hundred thousand pounds,' was the steady answer.

Through her powder, through her paint, a flush of dark-red made itself faintly visible on the face of Madame de Lalouve. 'It is a bagatelle, a flea-bite, a nothing; but it is all I ask,' she said, almost prettily; and really began, so strong is the continental instinct of a bargain, to pity herself because she had not asked more, where consent was so facile.

It was but for a moment that Countess Louise was dazzled by the magnitude of the great ransom that she felt almost within her greedy grasp. These people who in childhood and adolescence hearken to talk of roubles or francs, almost as we do of pounds sterling, and who reverence money because it is the only idol that holds its place above the wreck and riot of revolution and anarchy, are more liable than we are to be bewildered by a vast total of swollen figures. Two millions and a half of francs! Such a swimming-bladder as that, such a life-buoy, would float Louise de Lalouve, born financier as she was, and as proud of her knowledge of the Bourse as of her secret diplomatic information, henceforth above the troubled waters. But she had too much of keen sense not to remember that the victory had yet to be decided.

'All is arranged between us, Miladi,' she said smoothly, but not caressingly. 'I am bound to you, and, you may be sure, by the most binding of all ties, since my interest is wrapped up in yours. It is only a recognised Marchioness of Leominster who can sign me my big cheque for the hundred thousand pounds.' She lingered a little over the words, lovingly, partly as an

amateur might savour the velvet softness of comet-year claret, and partly as if to assure herself that the magnificent bribe was to be adhered to in its completeness.

But Sir Pagan's sister said nothing, and the foreign Countess read her silence rightly.

'I shall work for you, of that be sure,' she said encouragingly. 'All roads—so the maxim is—lead to Rome; but I know one, in this England of yours, that is the surest to travel on and it is that of Public Opinion. What makes it who knows? What one hears, what one sees, straws, leaves, blown by the idle wind, a whisper here, a paragraph there. I will help you; I have means to be useful. Foreigners as I am, I can set pens in motion, and tongues, that shall reach her in her palace of pride. Yes, yes; Louise de Lalouve can be useful. Law rules—your courts must judge; but I know what rings in the ears of my Lord Judge as he puts on his superb wig in the robing-room, and what weighs with Messieurs of the jury as they get so awkwardly into that box of theirs—it is Public Opinion. It shall be for you, my love, or I will cut off my right hand.'

She spoke almost fiercely, with a confidence that had in it something arrogant; for indeed there is no vanity so self-sufficing as that of those who pride themselves on a superior or exclusive knowledge of the world. Then she took her leave. 'Adieu—no, rather, *au revoir, belle Marquise*, dearest Lady Leominster,' she said, as she pressed her cold lips on the girl's shrinking cheek, and then, with formal courtesy, withdrew.

Instantly there came a change over the fair face of Sir Pagan's sister, and a strange light, as if of triumph, glittered in her blue eyes. 'Two on my side!' she murmured. 'He so good and true; she so wise, with the wicked wisdom of the serpent. Two on my side! I shall win! Yes, I shall win!'

THE LAWS OF CHANCE.

BY W. STEADMAN ALDIS.

IN THREE PARTS.—II. BETTING AND GAMBLING.

In the last paper, we drew some inferences from the mathematical theory of chances as to the probable fate of a man who perseveringly seeks his fortune at a gambling-table or by means of lotteries.

There is another form of gambling by which many are fascinated, and from which pecuniary gain is often anticipated—the practice, namely, of betting on the result of undecided events. A little investigation will show us that the expectation of permanent profit is as illusory here as in the former case. To take the very simplest case, the game of pitch-and-toss. One person whom we will call A tosses up a coin. A second person, B, calls out 'head' or 'tail,' as the whine may seize him. If his prediction prove right, A has to pay to B a certain sum; and if wrong, B has to pay the same sum to A. The mathematical chances of these two events are equal; and therefore, in the long-run, supposing the funds of both hold out, A will have to pay to B just as much as B pays to A. The net result in this, which is the most favourable case, will not be therefore, eminently profitable to either side;

and, as we shall presently see, in all probability the actual event will be ruin to one.

The same thing holds good when the bet is not what is called an even one, as, for instance, when a person bets five to one against a certain horse winning a race. If the odds are what may, for want of a better term, be called fair, this must mean, that in the opinion of qualified judges, this horse would win one out of every six similar races in which it was engaged and lose the remaining five. Our gambler will therefore, if he never gives more than the mathematical value of his expectation of profit, lose on an average one pound five times for every once that he gains five pounds; and, as in the former examples, if his capital be sufficiently large to pay whenever he loses, in the long-run he will neither lose nor gain.

There is, however, always hanging over a persistent gamster the possibility, or rather the certainty, of a run of ill-luck. Perseverance in gambling always meets with its reward. Sooner or later, the whole capital of the player must disappear and go into other hands; and the larger the stakes for which he plays, the more quickly will this catastrophe arrive. A gambler who leaves off with as much money as he began with is, both according to experience and the mathematical laws of probability, a very *rara avis in terris* indeed.

We have spoken of the odds being what are called 'fair.' This term requires a little consideration. The only possibility of a bet being fair is, that the values of the expectation of the two betters shall be equal; that is, that the amounts staked are inversely proportional to the chance of winning. This will probably be concealed by all who have followed the reasoning of the former paper. There is no other possibility of a fair bet, because if either party to the transaction stake a higher amount than is necessary to insure this equality, he at least is defrauded, whatever may be the case with the other one. In the long-run he must lose, and the bet cannot be in any sense fair to him.

It is, however, open to question whether such a thing as a 'fair' bet is a possibility at all. Suppose that two persons, one having a hundred pounds and the other only eighty, bet on the toss of a penny, and each stakes a pound. The mathematical values of their expectation of gain are equal; but the values are not. It is an ethical principle that the moral quality of a transaction can be estimated by considering the effect of such a transaction repeated so often as to become a general practice; and we may fairly apply this principle to the case in question. We have seen that the mathematical theory proves that there is a probability, amounting to certainty if the play go on long enough, that in a sufficiently large number of throws there will occur a run of ill-luck which will diminish the capital of the player by any given multiple of the stake. The probability of a run of ill-luck to the extent of eighty pounds, is much greater than that of a run to the extent of a hundred. Hence the player with the smaller capital is exposed to a much greater risk of ruin than the other; and from that point of view, even the equality of the stakes fails to insure the fairness of the bet.

The moral value of a man's expectation of a

future good as distinguished from its mathematical value depends very much on the extent of his available capital. This is a fact recognised in ordinary commercial transactions. A man with a large capital may sometimes wisely and rightly embark in a hazardous speculation which it would be wrong for him even to think of if his wealth were smaller; and similarly, if two persons with unequal resources engage in a betting transaction, the odds which it might be prudent for one to give may be very unsafe for the other to accept.

Even, however, if the original capitals be equal and the odds mathematically fair, the result of a bet is on the whole injurious. Suppose each person has one hundred pounds, and they each stake one pound. As the result, one person has a hundred and one pounds, and the other has only ninety-nine. Few will doubt that the loss of the one pound is a more serious injury to the one man, than the gain of it is an advantage to the other. Looked at from the view of the greatest happiness of the greatest number, the net result of the transaction is a loss.

The objection was once made to the above views, by a cynical friend of the writer, that if one of the gamblers loses all he has, some one else must win it, and that he would endeavour to be the same one else. It is true, as we have seen, that the richer of two players has a good chance of ruining the other; but any person persevering in betting must remember that he is practically pitted not against one particular man but against the whole community of gamblers. Each person will have his turn of success; but each person will also have his turn of ruin. The wealth of the whole body is not increased; the effect of gambling upon it is somewhat like that of a storm of wind on the water contained in a shallow pool. Waves sweep over the surface, which raise the level of the water at some points for an instant; but as certainly ebb away immediately, and lower as much as they previously raised it. With all the energy they exhibit, they make no permanent addition at any point to the contents of the pond.

It is sometimes, however, insinuated, rather than alleged, that the feverish distribution of money effected by gambling is beneficial to the community in the same way as the exchanges in a commercial transaction. It is certain that an enormous amount of time, which is money, is wasted by the artisans of many of our large manufacturing towns on gambling in connection with boat-races, horse-races, and other exciting amusements. In the streets of Newcastle, for instance, it is a very common thing to find the pavements blocked up and the trade of the shopkeepers in certain quarters temporarily destroyed by crowds of men waiting to hear the decision of bets they have made on different sporting events. Competent witnesses estimate that the loss to the national wealth during a year from the mere stoppage of factories and shops owing to practices of this kind must be reckoned in millions of pounds. The circulation of the sportsmen's money must be shown to produce some very great advantage, before we can allow that it counterbalances this obvious evil. The assumption, however, that the mere change of the hands

which hold the money is a gain to the nation, is absolutely fallacious, as will be seen when we come to consider the real benefits obtained by exchanges in commerce.

A ship takes coals and iron, say from the Tyne to China, and brings back tea to Newcastle. The coals, iron, and tea are each made more valuable by the exchange. They have each been removed from a place where they were not wanted to a place where they are useful. The world is a gainer by the transaction; and the merchant who effects it is allowed to be a benefactor, and receives his share of the profit. In the transfer of money effected in a bet there is nothing analogous to this. There is no useful labour expended by either party; the money is in no better position after the bet than before; and the transfer may too often be described as merely an exchange of money from the pocket of a fool into that of a knave, with a contingent reversion to the till of a publican.

It is running rather far perhaps from the mathematical discussions with which we started to add, that while the material influence of betting and gambling on a community is thus injurious and wasteful, the moral influence is even worse. The two things, however, go together. The *raison d'être* of betting is a desire to get money without giving a fair equivalent; to get a fair day's wage without giving a fair day's work. As a matter of fact, a persistent gambler soon loses all regard for the rights and claims of those with whom he plays. The writer was much struck with an indication of the moral tone of what may be called the gambling world, which came under his notice some years ago. There was a great race in America, for the purpose of contending in which a crew of Tyneside boatmen had crossed the Atlantic. During the heat of the race, one of the English oarsmen fell back exhausted and died. The writer found that among the sporting community in Newcastle there was an almost universal belief that the man had been drugged by persons whose pecuniary interests would have suffered had the English boat won. Probably the belief was unfounded; but it showed plainly that gambling-men, who presumably judged the moral level of their fellows across the ocean from their own, fully believed that the desire to win a bet would be a sufficient inducement to run the risk of committing a murder.

It is needless to enlarge on the fact that the same spirit which leads men to wish to defraud their neighbour by winning a bet from him—and that winning money by bets is essentially fraudulent follows from what has been said—may also lead men to practise similar frauds in trade. It is the spirit of gambling which causes that

Chalk and alum and plaster
Are sold to the poor for bread,

as well as creates Companies professing to give their shareholders a fortune for almost nothing. We may add that it is the same spirit that induces the unfortunate victims to invest their hard-earned money in these bubble speculations. There is perhaps no one practice that has more ruinous consequences to us as a nation than this of gambling; and there can be no hesitation in saying that any usages which tend

to promote it ought to be very carefully watched and guarded against. The few shillings, for instance, which a young man may lose at his club or an evening party are sometimes a matter of importance even to a person in polite society; while the gain of an equal amount has sometimes, and not rarely, proved the impetus which has started him on a career whose termination has been theft or forgery. The amusements of our country are not too numerous, and it is a serious injury to the nation when hours of relaxation become opportunities for evil, and when such games as whist and billiards are made—as is almost universally the case—vehicles for heavy gambling. They are games which are often of great value, imparting lessons of watchfulness and judgment, quickness of eye and quickness of decision; and it is a pity that their use should be injured and their extension limited by their connection with a practice which all allow to be needless, and most feel to be hurtful.

Since the writer first gave special attention to this subject, evidences of the enormous extent to which the practice of gambling, in one shape or another, has undermined our national prosperity and corrupted our national morality, have continually been coming to his notice. The columns of the daily newspapers continually report cases of ruin, material and moral, due to indulgence in this vice. The Reports of various Parliamentary Commissions on the laws relating to gambling afford ample grounds for the strongest language that can be used in regard to the evil effects of the practice. Mathematical reasoning does not more surely demonstrate that gambling is wholly unprofitable, and almost certainly ruinous to the purse, than experience shows it to be destructive of purity and uprightness in the heart.

The mathematical theory of chance has thus led us to a complete refutation of the idea that the toss of a die or the rolling of the ball at a gaming-table can lead to fortune. In another paper we hope to examine some of the inferences to be deduced from that theory in relation to another and opposite practice—that of insurance.

MORE ARTFUL DODGES.

In contrast to these petty though elaborate strivings to 'crib' a grain or two of gold—by the process described in our first paper, No. 1011—what tremendous, magnificent roguery is that which has prompted men to 'salt' worthless tracts of land with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, gold, and silver, in order to induce mining speculators to purchase it in lots, for every one of which a sum has been received which has covered a hundredfold the value of the precious seed expended on the entire area. Not less remarkable than the knavery of the sharpers is the stupidity which has been exhibited by dupes, who have swallowed greedily the hook baited with a most palpable cheat—as in certain cases where metals which never occur pure in nature have been found sparkling on the surface in unalloyed masses! A silver nugget picked up on a salted district in America revealed a startling phenomenon in the unobliterated letters 'TED' upon it, a *lusus* afterwards explained by

the circumstance that coins bearing the legend 'United States of America' had been melted down to supply the dressing for this favoured land!

But though our annals of artfulness can boast of mourning households where coffins have incased stolen plate instead of corpses, and of particular rascalities painted to resemble certain others, and sent on long journeys, in order that intending backers might be misled, we cannot, as a nation, dispute the palm of trickery, mental or manipulative, with some of the oriental races, whose merit undubitably raises them to that bad eminence. Possibly, in the special branch of horse-stealing, the South American Indian might receive an equal certificate of proficiency with the Arab; but as bold and expert general thieves, the Hindus and Chinese stand unrivalled. A Chinaman has been known to seize a man's finger and cut it clean off in the midst of a crowd, to obtain possession of a ring, and escape detection. This immunity is due, perhaps, to the great resemblance which the faces of a Chinese must bear to one another in European eyes, rendering individuals absolutely indistinguishable at first; as well as to an ingenious artifice for disguising a broad-bladed knife in the semblance of a closed fan, such as all Chinese carry. Hindus will swim or float cautiously along a river at dusk with an old basket or empty gourd over the head, whirling and twirling lazily with every eddy, and braving the crocodiles, to gain an *entrée* to the bungalow they desire to plunder, under the very nose of its proprietor. The writer once saw a coolie immigrant in Guiana, a field-hand on one of the sugar-plantations, towing a log of wood along one of the muddy canals or trenches which intersect the cane-fields. He passed the manager on the path, saluted composedly, and was plodding quietly on towards the village, when the rope hitched in a stake on the bank, causing the log to tilt up, and disclosing the fact that it was ballasted with something underneath. 'Something' proved to be a coffee-pot and various other silver utensils which had been purloined from the breakfast-table laid in the veranda of the house to await our return. In a few hours, the whole would doubtless have been converted into bangles, anklets, and earrings; for the poor Indian's untutored mind is just as keenly alive to the advantages which attend the development of specie unlawfully acquired, as that of Mr Fagin or any other metropolitan fence.

Two natives entered the emporium of a Mohammedan dealer in one of the Calcutta bazaars and purchased a valuable shawl. They hesitated to pay for it, as it did not appear convenient for them to carry it away just then; but the dealer, an avicious old scoundrel, fearful of losing his bargain, persuaded them to part with the money and leave the shawl, by giving them a receipt for the amount, which was duly witnessed by one of the police. Scarcely had the buyers departed, when an English sailor came in, reckless, spend-thrift, forcible in expression, three parts drunk, and otherwise characteristic of Jack ashore. The follower of the Prophet spoke a little English, as he spoke and did everything else which tended to the transference of rupees or annas from other pockets to his own, and was not long in finding out that Jack wanted something to take home

as a present to black-eyed Susan. Unfortunately, the faithful mariner's roving eye alighted on the shawl which had just been sold; and with the obstinacy peculiar to his class and condition, he insisted on having that and no other. In vain the merchant told him it was sold. Very well; he would walk down the bazaar and try elsewhere. An exorbitant sum was named as the price. Jack did not care; he had plenty of money. It would cost double that, he was told, to get it back from those to whom it now belonged. Jack was willing to pay for all. There is no doubt that the Moslem's conscience would have allowed him to sell the shawl readily enough; but the purchaser had his receipt, and even though he returned the money, the transaction might bring him under the strong arm of the law, for which he entertained an exaggerated respect. Unwilling to lose the chance of so much profit, he bade the sailor return at a certain hour, telling him he should then have the garment he so greatly coveted.

It was just as he feared. When the dusky customers arrived, they refused to accept their money back again, flourished the receipt, and threatened to appeal to the judge if their property were not at once handed over to them. A small bribe, offered as an inducement to them to forego their bargain, had to be increased to a large one before it produced any effect; and when one wavered, his companion held firm. At last the *douceur* was considerable enough to satisfy both, and was handed over to them in addition to their original purchase-money. The receipt was torn up, and the merchant found himself once more in legal possession of the shawl, with a fair though greatly diminished margin left for profit. He hurried to the door to await the return of the extravagant seaman; and was just in time to see that ingenious son of Neptune, as sober as a lord chief-justice, dividing the proceeds of the little dodge with his two Lascar shipmates at the end of the narrow street.

A singular accident occurred during the time of the Great Exhibition of 1851, which affords a curious converse to the principle, or want of principle, of artful dodges in general. A well-known barrister, still living, who was present in one of the throngs that attended the opening days at the building, felt a fumbling in the region of his watch-pocket, and looking down, saw a man's hand swiftly retreating. He made a snatch at the wrist; but the thief eluded his grasp, dropped the watch, and made good his escape. The barrister contrived to pick up the timepiece before it was trodden under foot, when, to his astonishment, he recognised at a glance, although the face was shattered by the fall, that it was not his own!—which, indeed, was reposing safe and uninjured in his waistcoat-pocket all the time! He at once proclaimed his discovery, as it was obvious that the loss must have been incurred by one of the immediate bystanders; but in spite of the full publicity which the police advertisements and newspaper reports gave to the matter subsequently, no owner ever established his claim to the watch, which rests under a glass case in the finder's drawing-room to this day, its fractured countenance provoking inquiries from all who have not

heard the tale that hangs thereby. Valuable rings have been discovered in new gloves, left there inadvertently by people who had previously tried them on, and who probably had sought high and low for the missing jewel, before they abandoned the quest in despair, never to see their property again. Stranger than all is the waif picked up in the Assyrian bear's den at the Zoological Gardens—three-fourths of a human finger, belonging to somebody who must have been too much ashamed of his folly in disregarding all warnings, to make his loss known to the authorities.

It is often said that we manufacture criminals here by the special facilities which we hold out to them; and it is easy to suppose that the fashion of ladies' pockets and the wearing of exposed watch-guards must offer an irresistible temptation to the budding street-thief; while the habit of leaving a card-basket on the hall-table, within arm's-reach of the door, certainly provides the Alsatian of higher degree with munitions of the warfare he wages upon society. Be that as it may, penultimate crime has never reached such a pitch of definite organisation in any age as it presents now. The police succeeded in unearthing a mystery not long ago which opens up a vista for contemplation by no means reassuring. The clue was not strong enough in this instance to bring legal conviction home to the culprit; but of his guilt there was no moral doubt, nor is there any reason to believe that the case was unique. A gentleman—one who fully deserved the conventional title in every sense, as far as appearances are concerned—took up his residence in a fashionable watering-place. He was well connected, brought good introductions with him, had been a great traveller, represented himself as having inherited a moderate competence from a deceased relative, and being a pleasant, agreeable companion, soon established himself on terms of intimacy with most of the residents, and was received with great hospitality by the leading families. The man so far was no impostor. His letters of introduction were genuine; and it subsequently transpired that all the information respecting himself that he had so unreservedly given was literally true, save and except the amount of the legacy from which his income was derived. After a little while, a series of burglaries at the houses of all the local magnates took place, under circumstances so inexplicable, that the detectives could only come to the conclusion that they had been committed by the servants, some of whom were arrested. Nobody dreamed for a moment of associating the new-comer with such events—why should they? since he was in bed and probably fast asleep while the predators were at their work. Nevertheless, this engaging individual decamped in hot haste one morning on receipt of a telegram, and although the police officers were making warm inquiries for him a few hours later, he was seen on that coast no more. Beautifully executed plans of the pillaged houses, inside and out, with maps of the roads and byways by which they could be reached, all scaled to the inch, together with most minute details of the domestic arrangements pertaining to the different households, had been discovered in the possession of a London gang to whom some of the stolen property was traced; and the

writing was identified as that of the frequent and favoured guest. Thus, there had been no loitering about of suspicious characters. Armed with their chart and guide-book, the burglars could delay their arrival in the neighbourhood until after nightfall, proceed to the scene of action with the confidence of old inhabitants, do the job, and be clear away again before morning, while the gentlemanly draughtsman would receive his commission a few days afterwards.

The land of wooden nutmegs and of oats manufactured from 'shoe-pegs sharpened at the other end,' might supply us with a store of anecdotes ancient the dodges which the wit of Cousin Jonathan has devised with a view to bring grist, directly or indirectly, to the mill, sufficient to fill a goodly volume. Space fails for more than one—here offered, by way of conclusion, as an example of the sheer force of logic.

A tall 'down-easter' entered a grocery or general store in a village of one of the Western States and asked for a ten-cent cake, with which he was supplied. 'Hold on, though!' he said meditatively, pausing in the act of drawing the money from his pocket. 'I b'lieve I don't want this cake, now. Guess I'll have a ten-cent nip of Bourbon instead.'

The cake was taken back, and the liquor handed to the customer, who drank it at once, and walked out.

'Hi!' shouted the storekeeper; 'here, I say, mister; you haven't paid.'

'Paid for what, squire?' asked the imperturbable Yankee, looking round.

'You haven't paid for your liquor.'

'I give you a ten-cent cake for it, didn't I?'

'Yes; but you haven't paid for the cake.'

'Well, you've got the cake!'

Puzzled, though not convinced, by this startling position, the storekeeper hesitated for a moment, during which the logician sauntered off.

MISS GARSTON'S CASE.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

'You must think it strange,' said my visitor, 'that I should wish to reveal to the ears of a person I do not know, what even a bold man would fear to confide to an intimate friend. But, sir, in some terrible crises of life, one must do unusual things, or connive with evil-doers. Do you understand me?'

'I do not, indeed,' I replied.

The man looked at me uneasily, and fidgeted with his umbrella. 'You see,' he continued nervously, 'I am a bit shaken in my own health since Mr Garston died, and am easily put out. But I must tell somebody what ought to be known, if only for inquiry's sake. Mr Lampport has been drawing Miss Garston's money out of the firm, and I don't think she knows anything about it. If she dies, you know, it will belong to her next of kin. Mr Lampport is infatuated with a scheme for gold-mining in America. He has sunk his whole means in it; and I fear he is appropriating Miss Garston's fortune now. I am the cashier of the firm, and know many things that are secrets to the world.'

'Well, but why should you divulge such matters to me?' I asked. 'I am not a man of

business. I know nothing of Miss Garston, except as her doctor. What could I do to prevent Mr Lampport from speculating with Miss Garston's money? I have no authority to stop him.

'True, true, sir; but you can tell Miss Garston what is going on.'

'It would be almost a crime to distress her with worldly affairs in her present state. She is, I may tell you, sick unto death.'

'Do you think she will not get better?' demanded the man, with a despairing voice.

'I am not her Maker,' I returned, 'and therefore do not hold her life. Speaking as a medical man, I say she is in a most critical condition.'

'What ails her, sir?'

'That I cannot tell you.'

Something in my face or in the inflection of my voice struck my visitor. He looked at me inquiringly, and said with a low tone: 'Does Mr Lampport see her often?'

'I think, twice or thrice a day. He is very much distressed at her illness.—By the way, has Miss Garston always been on good terms with her guardian?'

'That's it, sir,' cried my visitor hastily. 'Mr Lampport is not her guardian. Mr Garston died without making a will. Now I have told you part of the secret.'

My curiosity was how thoroughly roused; and the interview began to assume an importance that I had not anticipated when I consented to listen to my visitor's revelations. I had thought him one of those troublesome bores that medical men often have to endure.

'Explain what you know of this extraordinary affair,' I said eagerly.

'I will, sir, and as briefly as possible, for time presses. I must be at my post before the bank closes. Eight months ago, Edgar Garston was a healthy, happy, prosperous man. His daughter was one of the finest of our young ladies. Any one would have taken a lease of their lives; everybody would have envied their fortunes. Mrs Garston had died many years before, by a fall from her horse'—

'Stop!' I interrupted. 'Are you sure of this? Did she not die of consumption?'

'No; by a fall from her horse. Well, that terrible misfortune made father and daughter nearer and dearer to each other. I do not think such tender affection ever was felt before by father and child. They were inseparable companions, except in business hours.'

'Eight months ago, a change began. Mr Lampport was on the verge of ruin through this gold-mining. It came out by his taking a large sum of money belonging to one of the clients of the firm and applying it to his own use. There was a frightful scene in the office when the discovery was made; for Mr Garston was the soul of uprightness. I overheard it. My office is adjoining the private office. I thought the partners would have fought. Mr Garston was so enraged; and Mr Lampport was quite maddened by his reproaches and his own desperate condition. Besides, as the confidential servant and cashier, I was bound to know all about it. Ah, a painful time, that! Well, the matter was kept secret; the money was repaid to our client, and Mr Garston made the sacrifice. But he determined to break the partnership. Nor was that difficult;

for the deed was nearly at its term. Twenty years had my employers been together, and for periods of ten years had their agreement been dated. At the end of the current year, it would lapse; and so Mr Garston resolved that he would draw out and retire. He was a generous, forgiving man, and attached to Mr Lampport by life-long friendship.

'After his passion had subsided and matters were smoothed down, Mr Garston proposed that Mr Lampport should take the business to himself, upon paying a stipulated sum. Now, Mr Garston did not know that his partner was absolutely ruined. He supposed that he was embarrassed by over-investment in the mine; for Mr Lampport brought evidence proving that vast quantities of gold had been got, and that an endless mass of ore remained to be worked. From what I have learned since, these statements and figures were fictions, and were prepared by the schemers who were plundering the shareholders. Mr Lampport was himself deceived. But a change came over Mr Lampport from the day Mr Garston determined to dissolve the firm. He became moody and taciturn. News from the mine added to his disturbed condition; more money was wanted, or the whole enterprise would pass into other hands.

'A little over six months ago, I left the two partners together one evening. They were going into particulars connected with the coming dissolution, and I heard Mr Garston say to his coachman, who was leaving the room as I passed, that he would be detained until late, and would go home in a cab. Mr Lampport had been in a very curious humour all day, and seemed at times to be walking about in a dream. He had grown quite nervous of late, and was, in short, a changed man. I left the office about half-past four; and was just getting out of the train near my house, when I remembered that I had left a parcel upon my desk that I should have taken home. It contained something for my children, and was needed for an evening party they were going to. I had, therefore, to return by a town-train. It chimed half-past six as I mounted the stairs going to my room. I must tell you that there are two entrances to the office, by different corridors; for it is situated at a corner of the building. The place was deserted, business being long over in most establishments. My room was next to the principals'; and as I opened the door, I heard an angry altercation going on. Indeed, it appeared as if a repetition of the old quarrel had begun. Mr Garston's voice came across my ears saying: "I will not do it. You are mad to throw your money away as you have been doing. I will not help you. Perish by yourself."—"Let the partnership last six months longer, then," demanded Mr Lampport. "I cannot carry on this new business yet; and if we stop, all is over with me."—"I will not go on for six days," returned Mr Garston, stamping his foot. "You have robbed me again. You are a villain, Lampport!"—"Then take the consequence of driving a man to desperation," exclaimed Mr Lampport.

'A heavy fall followed this, then silence. I was horrified, and unable to stir. But the sensation passed in a second or two; and I was just going to rush into the partners' room, when a sharp crack, like a whip strongly lashed, burst upon my ears.

I could not guess what it was; and became again riveted to the floor. The sound of a swiftly passing foot aroused me. I ran to the door of the private office, which I must explain, opened into mine, as well as into the farther corridor. It was locked on the inside. I hurried round to the other entrance and passed in. What a sight met my eyes! Mr Garston was lying upon the floor, and from a small hole in his right temple a stream of blood was fast flowing. A faint cloud of smoke was rolling towards the window. I gave forth a cry of anguish and consternation, and stooped to raise my master. A pistol fell from his hand! Good heavens! had he killed himself?

'You cannot understand the shock this tragedy gave to me. I believe I fainted. At any rate, when I lifted up my eyes again, there were two policemen and Mr Lamport standing beside the dead man and myself. It was like one of those hideous nightmares where the most extraordinary changes follow. Mr Lamport was excited to a degree that I have never witnessed in any other man. I was wrung with sorrow and astonishment; but Mr Lamport's behaviour drew me from my own feelings, and compelled me to remark his frantic grief. He wept like a child, and trembled as if in a fever. He could not approach the body of his late partner, and kept his eyes averted while he spoke to the policemen. When I became a little calmer, and could comprehend what was being said, I found that Mr Lamport had brought in the policemen to see a gentleman that had shot himself. "What do you think he did it for?" asked one of the men, a simple-looking fellow. Mr Lamport answered: "I cannot tell you; unless I guess that money had something to do with it."—"But who is this gentleman?" asked the other policeman, suddenly recognising the fact of my presence.—"Oh, this is our cashier," replied Mr Lamport, looking at me in a strange manner.—"How did you come here, Mr Sleigh? I thought you had left the office hours ago."

'I explained as briefly as possible what had brought me back, and was going to ask Mr Lamport how the frightful tragedy had come about, when he abruptly turned to the policemen and demanded what was to be done. This had the effect of putting an end to my questions. One of the policemen went away to report the matter to his superiors; the other remained in the room. Mr Lamport bade me follow him into the general office. He there questioned me again upon my return to the office, and asked how I had found out that Mr Garston had shot himself. In my simplicity, I told him all that I had heard. He listened with ghastly aspect to my recital; and when I had done, and began to ask him the meaning of the awful death of Mr Garston, he changed his manner, and assured me that I was quite mistaken. There had been no quarrel; nay, no conversation. He had found Mr Garston bleeding on the floor upon entering the private office, and had run out to bring in assistance.

'I was confounded at this; and so confused and stunned was I by the dreadful event that had happened, that I doubted the reliability on my own memory. I stared like an imbecile at my employer. He watched me keenly, and upon my repeating that I could not be mistaken, he said menacingly: "Beware, Mr Sleigh! This is

a most serious affair. I would advise you to be careful what you say. People might suppose that you had murdered him!"

'I almost swooned at the frightful possibility of such a charge. "Here, sit down," said Mr Lamport, looking at me suspiciously. "Your reappearance at such a moment and for such a flimsy purpose, hears, let me tell you, a very suspicious interpretation. I do not say you *have* killed my poor friend;" here his voice sank; "but I tell you, that if you depose to the police what you have just told me, you will be locked up. Ay, Mr Sleigh, I will myself recommend your arrest!"

'I was now thoroughly alarmed, and I asked in a subdued manner what I was to do. "Keep to the plain facts, Mr Sleigh. Say that you heard the report of a pistol, and upon entering the private office, found Mr Garston dead." Mr Lamport watched me sharply for a while; and abruptly said: "Where was the pistol?"—"In his hand."—"That will do, Mr Sleigh!" cried he, almost triumphantly, and with a sigh of relief. "You can swear to that?"—"Yes; I am sure of that."—"Very good. Now, be careful, my good fellow. Remember your wife and family! You might get into a dreadful dilemma. I assure you, many a man has been hanged upon less evidence than there is against you!"

'The appalling incidents of the past hour, my weak health, for I am not a strong man, and the terror of being accused of the murder, so affected me, that I became utterly unnerved.

'I reached home that night more dead than alive. Indeed, Mr Lamport had to accompany me from the police-station, after I had given my version of finding Mr Garston. The instinct of self-preservation enabled me to confine my statements to the facts of hearing the report of a pistol and the finding of Mr Garston bleeding on the floor with the pistol in his hand.

'I repeated this at the coroner's inquest; and I was so ill after giving my evidence, that I had to return home, where I remained for several weeks. A thousand times since, I have regretted that I did not tell all that I knew; for each day I am more convinced that Mr Garston was murdered, and that his partner committed the deed.

I had sat in mute amazement during the relation of the cashier's story. When he concluded, I was still more confounded; for there now arose the question of what to do? If Mr Lamport was guilty of his partner's death, he must be punished. But how could I set the machinery of justice in motion? It was not my affair. This poor craven must do *his* duty. Why, in the name of all that is righteous, had he made me his confidant?

'I do not see any relevancy in your telling me this dreadful tale,' I said, after pondering a few moments. 'You should go to the police. Why have you divulged what you have told, to me, of all men in the world?'

The cashier looked at me: 'Because I believe that Mr Lamport is again committing murder.'

I jumped from my chair as if shot. 'Upon whom?' I cried; while one of those electric revelations, which burst upon us sometimes, answered my question before it had passed the cashier's lips.

'Miss Garston!'

'Oh, horrible, most horrible!' I groaned. 'Fool, dolt, that I am, not to have seen, before this whose hand it was that has been frustrating my efforts.—Sir,' I cried in a frenzy of excitement, 'I fear you have come too late!'

I paced the room in agony, thinking furiously over the means to arrest the machinations of the foulest of traitors, and at the same time how to bring him to justice. Presently, I felt the imperative need of caution, and the danger of precipitate action, both for Miss Garston's sake and my own reputation.

'What proof do you give me of this further charge against Mr Lamport?' I asked, 'after I had come to a speedy and final review of the situation of things.'

'This!' answered the cashier, putting a phial before me.

I opened it eagerly and smelt it, and was struck with the same odour which I had remarked in the tuberoses. It had the same effect also; as I continued to inhale it, a heavy languor seemed to creep over my brain.

'Where did you get this?' I demanded, putting in the cork and placing the phial upon the table.

'I took it from Mr Lamport's desk last night. A suspicious man finds sinister hints in every act of the object he suspects. I connected the visits of my old Italian to Mr Lamport, with some nefarious scheme; for he has come from bad to worse during the past few months. I had the Italian watched by my son; and he found that the man was a sort of herbalist, living in a low part of the town. Inquiry proved that he had a dubious reputation. I found, from what I learned of the health of Miss Garston, that her condition became worse after this Italian began to call upon my employer. You may perhaps understand that I felt the deepest interest in the poor young lady. The housekeeper at Mr Lamport's residence is a friend of my wife's, and so we have been kept informed of what has been going on. But it was only when you were called in to see Miss Garston, that her illness became very alarming. Somehow, she has got worse since; and fearing, from what I heard yesterday, that her life was in danger, I found myself compelled to call upon you. One thing has led to another; and now you know how awfully my destiny is mingled with that of your patient.'

'Does Mr Lamport know that this phial has been removed?' I asked.

'No; it came last night after he had gone. The Italian would not have left it, but that I said Mr Lamport might return. He did not. I ventured to do a bold thing. I took it, hoping that it might give some clue.'

'I will have it analysed,' I said, 'and make experiments with it myself also. But I must first return to Miss Garston, whom I left asleep. Call for me again this evening; and we will have a further conference upon this dangerous man's doings, and concert means for dealing with him.'

We separated.

I hurried to my patient, who lay in a state of extreme exhaustion. Her mind appeared to wander; and I feared that she had sunk too low

for recovery. I was terribly perplexed. So weak was she, that I feared if I introduced a strange doctor, the agitation might be fatal to her. Yet the overwhelming responsibility of acting by myself in such a crisis staggered me. I was so young, so inexperienced in worldly devices, that I trembled at the alternatives before me. I could not contain the secret longer; and leaving my patient in the charge of the housekeeper, with instructions to apply restoratives if Miss Garston grew worse, and with orders to Mr Lamport's coachman to have all ready for bringing me quickly, if I should be wanted, I hastened home, to consult the only counsellor that I dared confide in at the momentous juncture. My mother was a clear-headed, brave woman, with much resource in difficulty, and with that alert perception of the right thing to do in an emergency, which make some women remarkable.

She was not so confounded by my revelations as I expected. She remained cool and thoughtful to the end, wasting no time in needless speculations. I was astonished, and not a little comforted, to find such help as she afforded by her criticism and her recommendations. Together, we planned a scheme to meet the emergency—to do all that was possible to save Miss Garston's life, and to obtain proofs of Mr Lamport's criminality, if criminal he were. My mother was somewhat unmeasured of the cashier's venality in some points, thinking that he might be mistaken. Still, she believed that Mr Lamport was guilty in a certain degree.

I returned to Mr Lamport's residence, greatly relieved in my mind, and far more capable of doing my duty than in my previous agitated state. My patient continued in the same deep languor. Towards afternoon she rallied a little. I applied a new remedy. It had a speedy and encouraging effect. But it proved that the contents of the phial were poison; for my remedy was an antidote to what I judged it contained. I was only able as yet to form a very imperfect opinion of the noxious ingredients; but I was satisfied that I was upon the right track.

When Mr Lamport came home at six o'clock, I was able to report a decided change for the better in my patient. He assumed an air of joy at the news; but it soon gave place to an expression of anxiety. We dined together, and I studied my host with an intensity which, had he observed it, must have rendered him far from comfortable.

PAVEMENT PORTRAITS.

A CITY WOMAN.

'WOMAN is the lesser man,' sings Tennyson through the mouth of the jilted lover of *Locksley Hall*. She may be; but I doubt whether Amy's cousin would have been allowed to be so dogmatic in this utterance if the poet-laureate had ever seen this lady of, let us say, Little Lombard Court. Daily, for six days in the week, a faded green omnibus plying between Bow and the Bank bears to the City this business lady. Every day, punctually at 9.45 A.M., when the door of the omnibus in question is opened by the conductor at its journey's end, a plump leg, clothed in a black-

cloth boot and spotless white stocking, may be seen to descend carefully from the straw-covered floor of the vehicle on to the step behind, followed by another leg of precisely similar proportions and covering; and when both legs are firmly on the step, the black bombazine drapery of their owner falls quickly over their momentarily exposed graces, and their proprietor lands safely on the road. Here then stands exposed to view the City Woman.

A curious little figure it is, and well worth looking at for a moment. The two things that mostly strike one about it are its solidity and its blackness. So firmly does the City Woman stand on the ground, as she waits for a moment for her change from the conductor, that she looks as if she were rooted there, and would require picks and spades to effect her removal; and so black are her garments, that they cast quite a gloom around her. One would think that her life was passed at the edge of the grave, and that she buried her nearest and dearest every day.

Slowly and methodically does this dark 'portrait' move away to its daily work. Along Cornhill it goes, and runs to earth, as it were, up one of the numerous courts on the right hand side of that thoroughfare, looking eastward. No sooner, however, has the dignified dark one turned out of the 'very public way of Cornhill, than some of her solemn deportment seems to go from her, and the wheeling gait breaks into quite a little trot as she draws near to her goal. This is a curious old-fashioned shop, with a front of many panes of glass, all whitened, to prevent the interior of the establishment being seen; and with a quaint little narrow doorway, through which the City Woman can only just pass without rumpling her sable garments. There is no name over the shop-front; there is no occasion for that, for the place is as well known in the City as the Monument itself. It is the old-established luncheon-house of Tupp, to which the sombre 'portrait' has led us, and that solid female is its present proprietor.

Who Tupp was, nobody knows; but he—if it was a he—must long since have joined the majority, for the almost obliterated inscription, 'Established in 1768,' appears in faded brown paint as a legend over the mantel-piece in the principal of the two rooms in which the business is conducted. No one cares to know about the passed-away Tupp. It is sufficient that the present owner of the place is called 'Mrs Tupp' by all her customers, and has been so called by all who have known the shop for how many years it would be ungallant to record.

Three handmaidens of remarkably clean appearance and quiet demeanour receive their mistress with respectful and undemonstrative greeting, and then resume their interrupted occupation of cutting up loaves of bread and filling baskets with the slices; making sandwiches from a splendid York ham and nice-looking bread and butter;

peeling hard-boiled eggs; slicing a prime Cheshire cheese; dividing pork pies into quarters, and piling cold sausages into pyramids; for at Tupp's, nothing more in the way of eatables than these things can be procured. The original Tupp seems to have made an irrevocable law for the conduct of this establishment, that the line was to be drawn at cold sausages and pork pies, and within this line the present Tupp rigidly keeps. But the glory of Tupp's is its beer. Not in all London is such ale or stout to be found; and in this circumstance lies the secret of the success and popularity of the place; for that it is successful and popular, we shall presently see.

Divested of her black shawl and bonnet, the respected proprietress, after a short absence, reappears among her handmaidens. She looks, perhaps, even more curious in her business habiliments than she did when enveloped in the concealing folds of her walking attire. The first thing that arrests the observer's attention on beholding Mrs Tupp divested of her outer coverings, is an extraordinary black wig. Brushed almost to reflective shininess, this headgear adorns a dome-like forehead, and passes away in two broad Day-and-Martin-like streams, one over each ear, into an immense sort of reservoir at the back of her head.

There are no eyebrows on Mrs Tupp's face; but this deficiency is made up for by the broad rim of a pair of spectacles firmly fixed on the bridge of her nose; for were eyebrows worn by Mrs Tupp, it is doubtful whether they would be visible behind such a screen as this rim makes. Her manner, like her *mien*, is cold. She encourages no familiarity on the part of her customers, amongst whom there is a diversity of opinion as to whether she is maid or wife or widow. She moves like a spectacled sphinx among her plates and glasses; and the riddle of her life, if asked by any, is solved by none.

As twelve o'clock in the day approaches, customers begin to arrive; and from noon until six p.m., a never-ceasing little tide of men flows in and out of Tupp's in Little Lombard Court, attacking the bread, cheese, sausages, pies, eggs, and sandwiches, until, when the latter hour strikes, not a crumb of edibles is left in the place.

During these six hours, Mrs Tupp has ample opportunity of reviewing through her spectacles a very large contingent of the City army of desk-workers. Seely old men, with coats white at the elbows from over-wear, creep in and have a fourpenny lunch—bread, cheese, and a glass of beer—which they buy at the counter, and carry away to a corner to eat. Dainty, dapper, young men, who at night blossom into gorgeous members of the 'Masher' fraternity, come and block up the counter while they munch a sandwich and discuss the latest burlesque over their glass of 'bitter.' Severe men, neither young nor old, but of a sort of iron-gray tint, rush in, snap up a sausage and bolt it as though to spend a moment out of business during business hours were a heinous offence. Small boys just out of school, who believe themselves to be full-grown men of the world because they are 'in the City,' saunter up to the counter, and select with great judgment the crustiest piece of 'household' and the daintiest piece of cheese.

So much illness of this description has arisen of late years, and the number of deaths from lead-poisoning have increased so rapidly with the extension of the white-lead manufacture, that the subject is at the present time attracting very considerable attention in Great Britain. The recent Report of the Chief Inspector of Factories certainly presents a most deplorable picture of the condition of the men and women engaged in works of this kind. It is only in a small minority of cases that certain precautions are attempted in order to prevent wholesale poisoning. The Report shows us that in the generality of cases the persons employed in the white-lead works—who are of course ignorant of the physiological properties of lead and its compounds—receive no warning from their employers of the dangers of their employment, and are left without instructions as to the means of avoiding them. In St Ikonas, Shoreditch, twenty-three sufferers from lead-poisoning were admitted into the parish infirmary in eighteen months; three of them died, and in several other cases the health of the sufferers was ruined for ever. During only twelve months fifty-four cases of lead-poisoning were received into the Holborn Workhouse Infirmary; and the same story repeats itself in numerous other instances. In fact, matters in this respect have arrived at such a crisis that the Chief Inspector very properly considers that legislation is imperative, and he has required that the necessary precautions compulsory in all white-lead works. But alas! these precautions, however carefully they may be carried out, are quite inadequate to put a stop to the evil. The introduction of the safety-lamp

has not done away with disastrous explosions in coal-mines; and compelling men and women engaged in lead-works to wear respirators, and to wash their hands before meals, &c., will not eradicate lead-poisoning. The very fact of living day by day in an atmosphere of lead-dust, which penetrates the mouth, the nostrils, and the pores of the skin—the fact of being constantly in contact with so insidious a substance, must sooner or later tell upon the strongest constitutions, in spite of all precautions, however rational in appearance.

But lead-poisoning does not stop at white-lead works; plumbers, glaziers, and painters, suffer from it frequently; for white-lead, in the form of putty, mastics, and colours or pigments, finds its way into a vast number of places where we least expect it. When we purchase a fine green or red paint, which the oil-and-colour man assures us is perfectly harmless, we little suspect that more than half of that colour is white-lead. Though the green, the blue, or the red substances themselves may be innocuous, they are always largely diluted with white, to bring them to the proper shade and cause them to 'cover' well; and in this way, until very recently, white-lead has been exclusively employed as the basis of all coloured pigments.

But, it may be asked, why do not chemists discover some safe material to take the place of white-lead? This is no doubt an easy question to ask, and rational enough. The problem has been, however, one of the most difficult in the whole realm of chemistry. The late Dr Stenhouse, a most eminent chemist, formerly Professor at Edinburgh, grappled with the problem, and introduced a light-coloured antimony paint which is far less dangerous than white-lead; but it was proved to be only applicable as a basis for coloured pigments, and would not take the place of white-lead as a pure white colour. Before Stenhouse, oxide of zinc had been proposed as a safe substitute for white-lead, and has long been manufactured for that purpose; but although beautifully white, it does not work so well, or 'cover' so well as white-lead, and appears to be more expensive. More recently, another kind of white zinc pigment known as 'Griffiths' Patent White,' has proved far more satisfactory in this respect, and appears likely to supersede white-lead altogether. For several years its manufacture was kept a profound secret; but Dr Phipson of London made known its composition in a paper read at the International Congress of Hygiene, held at Paris in August 1878, and called attention to its merits. It is now largely manufactured in Liverpool by Messrs Griffiths and Berdow; and if it were as widely known as it deserves to be, we should in all probability hear no more of lead-poisoning from this particular cause.

This new white pigment, which possesses all the properties of white-lead without its dangers, is a compound of sulphur, oxygen, and zinc. We are informed that there has never been a case of illness among the workmen engaged in its manufacture. By mixing it with non-poisonous blues, reds, yellows, &c., a whole series of beautiful and harmless pigments have been produced, which rival in every respect the same pigments having a basis of white-lead.

The remedy for lead-poisoning, as far as colours and pigments are concerned, has, therefore, been

found, and is available to the public. This is no mean result, as the great majority of cases of this disease emanate entirely from the manufacture or use of white-lead pigments; and those which are traced to the action of water upon lead-pipes and cisterns form a very minute proportion. The chemist has done his duty to society by discovering a substance which is a perfect and harmless substitute for the dangerous white-lead, and it only remains now for the public to take advantage of this discovery.

CUPID AND THE MAIDEN.

'Naughty Cupid! saucy elf!
Tell me something of thyself.
Many tales of thee I'm told,
False and true, and new and old;
Oh, those tales, so old yet new,
Tell me, Cupid, are they true?
I have never felt thy dart;
Steeled against thee is my heart.
I am heart and fancy free:
Love can never conquer me!
Still, sly archer, I would fain
Learn the secrets of thy reign.
What thurk arts dost thou employ?
Tell me, little saucy boy.
Is there poison in thy wings?
For what use are those swift wings?
Swift to come, and swift to go,
Prithce, Cupid, art thou so?'—

'Lovely Maiden, frank as fair,
Cupid bids thee now beware,
For the time has come at last
When my elms shall bind thee fast.
Hast thou never felt the smart
Caused by my unerring dart?
Hast thou all my wiles defied?
Entrance to thy heart denied?
Then 'tis time that Love should come,
In thy breast to make his home.
Maiden, shall I tell thee why
I have always passed thee by?
Why that pure, proud heart of thine
Worships not before my shrine?
I've delayed, fair Maid, thus long
But to make my power more strong.
Skill and care have formed this dart,
Which transfixes now thy heart.
Fear not!—thine are pleasing ills;
Cupid wounds, but rarely kills!

'Lovely Maiden, frank as fair,
Where is now that haughty air?
Conscious blushes dye thy cheek;
Tongue scarce dare essay to speak.
Has thy cold heart tender grown?
Has thy proud defiance flown?
Art thou still so fancy free?
Or has Cupid conquered thee?
Rosy fetters thou shalt wear;
Fair are they, and light as fair;
For, believe me, all my arts,
Nature, gracious Dame, imparts.
If to nature true thou be,
Cupid shall be true to thee;
Swift to come, and slow to go,
Such is Love—thou'lt find it so!'—

FLORENCE NIXON.

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PHOSPHORESCENCE.

THERE is afloat among us much miscomprehension of what the term 'phosphorescence' properly implies. This is especially to be noted on board seagoing ships, where the expression, 'the phosphorus on the water,' is frequently heard in the mouths of otherwise well-educated people, as well as among the seamen. Now, 'phosphorus' is what is termed a metalloid or non-metallic substance, one of the elements of chemistry, forming various compounds with other bodies, and having the property of being luminous under fixed conditions. Phosphorescence, on the other hand, is the property which some bodies possess of being luminous in the dark without the emission of sensible heat, and is observable in various bodies, liquid and solid, organic and inorganic. Phosphorescence has no necessary connection with phosphorus, neither does the term imply the presence of phosphorus. The luminous appearance on the sea is correctly described as 'phosphorescence'; yet that phenomenon is not due to phosphorus in any shape or form.

Another mistake into which people are liable to fall is in supposing that phosphorescence implies combustion. This it does in some cases, but by no means in all. It is generally asserted by those who have studied the subject, that phosphorescence may be induced in five different ways. We prefer to describe it here as arising in six varieties of manner, subdividing one of those usually set forth. Thus, the phenomenon may be the product of oxidation or combustion at a low temperature; or it may appear spontaneously; or it may be induced by heat; or be caused by mechanical action; or by electricity; or by exposure to sunlight—insolation, as it is called.

In the first place, then, phosphorescence may be the result of slow combustion in certain bodies. This is chiefly exemplified in phosphorus itself, which, when exposed to the air, combines with the oxygen contained in it. Phosphorous acid is thus formed, the process giving rise to the luminous

appearance of the substance in the dark. This oxidation is identical with what we term combustion. The decay or decomposition of animal and vegetable matter is slow combustion. Inflammable gases are set free, which combine with the oxygen of the air, and form a luminous halo about the decaying structures. This may frequently be observed on dead fish in warm weather. The Will-o'-the-wisp or Jack-a-Lantern of our marshes is due to the same cause.

Phosphorescence may arise spontaneously, as in the first case, so far as can be decided by ordinary tests, without being the result of combustion. Of this kind is the most wonderful illustration of the phenomenon—namely, the light on the sea. Frequently observable in almost every part of the ocean, this has excited the awe, admiration, and curiosity of simple and sage, poet and philosopher alike. One of the finest descriptions of its appearance may be found in *The Lord of the Isles*:

Awaked before the rushing prow,
The mimic fires of ocean glow,
Those lightnings of the wave;
Wild sparks crest the broken tides,
And, flashing round, the vessel's sides
With elvish lustre lave,
While, far behind, their livid light
To the dark billows of the night
A gloomy splendour gave.
It seems as if old Ocean shakes
From his dark brow the lucid flakes
In envious regacrity,
To match the meteor-light that streaks
Grim Hecla's midnight sky.

Other bards besides Sir Walter Scott have described this appearance, but none more truthfully or beautifully. Physicists have experimented and speculated on its special causes; but the field of inquiry still remains open. More than one theory has been broached to account for marine phosphorescence; but none appears wholly sufficient or satisfactory. The most generally received opinion is that the light proceeds from animalcules. Various marine animals seem to possess phosphorescent power,

especially radiates, polyps, infusoria, and the like. Some assert that these creatures have special luminous organs, like the glow-worm and fire-fly. Others suppose that they secrete a kind of luminous mucus, which covers their bodies, and is even still phosphorescent when detached from them and dissolved in the water. This theory might be sufficient, were it incontestably proved; but, unfortunately, there yet remains some doubt, owing to the varying nature of the circumstances under which the phosphorescence becomes visible. Thus, while some observers have noted that animalcules taken from the sea and placed in a vessel of dark water have instantaneously caused the whole of that water to become phosphorescent, others have vainly endeavoured to detect any light given off from such animalcules as could be captured at a time when the water was vividly luminous.

Personal observations in the Atlantic, Pacific, and Indian Oceans, have led the writer to infer that not one but several distinct causes operate in producing the phosphorescence of the sea. There are times when electricity would seem to have some very active agency in inducing the light, the phosphorescence having been most marked when the air was heavily charged with that subtle fluid, and growing fainter as dispersion occurred. Again, sunlight seems occasionally to influence the phenomenon. In some latitudes, there exist patches of sea where phosphorescence seems to stream upwards from the depths, and these neighbourhoods are known to observant seamen, who imagine that there are 'beds of phosphorus under the water.' It may be that this effect is due to marine animals.

Granting that the organs of animals are the producers of the light, or that the mucus they secrete is so, we are still as far from our point as ever. What is the exact chemical or physical cause of this phosphorescence? That is what we require to know.

The hypothesis—for it is really no more than that—put forward to account for this phosphorescence in marine animals, argues that they are provided with special organs; that such organs secrete a mucus containing fat and other matters; that this, in decomposing, produces a species of combustion attended with the evolution of light. This theory, however, is open to some objections. Possibly, when the intimate correlation and interchangeability of the physical forces become more fully understood, the explanation of the sea's phosphorescence will be taken out of the realm of conjecture. The ocean is a vast laboratory, wherein much matter, both organic and inorganic, is constantly being digested, undergoing change in its elementary combinations. To effect such processes, various forms of physical force are at work. Motion, heat, and chemical affinity play their known parts, and the influence of the rest is more than suspected. The action and play of these through the water, and especially among the matters dissolved in it, may be the exact cause of marine phosphorescence.

Another very well-known kind of phosphorescence is that of the glow-worm and the fire-fly, which are provided with special organs

that secrete a liquid having luminous properties. The glow-worm—and probably also the fire-fly—seem able to light up their little lump, or to extinguish it, by an act of will. But here, again, we have no more than conjecture to aid us in ascertaining the particular cause of the phosphorescence. Analysis of the secreted substance, and the how and why of its luminous property, controlled by the creature of which it is a living part, have yet to be finally determined.

In the vegetable world there are some instances of spontaneous phosphorescence. 'Poke-weed' emits a greenish lustre in the dark; and the juice of a Brazilian plant (*Cipo canarium*) is luminous for some hours after being drawn. Various aquatic plants, the *Rhizomorpha subterranea* and others, with sundry of the Fungus tribes, are more or less phosphorescent. Some flowers, the marigold and scarlet poppy among others, are said to emit phosphorescent flashes shortly after sundown.

Phosphorescence may be induced by heat. Many solids phosphoresce when heated between 550° and 750° Fahr. Of these may be mentioned the diamond, fluor-spar, oyster-shells, &c. The light is usually of a bluish or violet tinge. The well-known lime-light is an instance of the brilliant phosphorescent property of lime at a high temperature. Such bodies as are phosphorescent after exposure to sunlight, will have their degree of luminosity increased by the application of heat.

Phosphorescence may be induced by mechanical action. Certain bodies when submitted to friction, hammered smartly, or violently broken or torn, will phosphoresce. The light they emit may be given off in sudden flashes, or it may be continuous for a short time. Of this kind is the light given off from quartz, when it is pounded in the dark; as, similarly, from rock-salt, fluor-spar, sugar, and other materials. In both this variety of phosphorescence and the last, the cause would seem to be due to the interchangeability of physical forces. Thus, in the one case, heat becomes converted into light within the structure of the body operated upon; in the other, it is motion which changes into light.

Phosphorescence may be induced by electricity. Here we have another example of change from one force to another. This is peculiarly well illustrated, because the bodies that will phosphoresce during or after the action upon them of a current of electricity, are themselves non-conductors of electricity. On the other hand, phosphorescence cannot be induced by this cause in good electrical conductors, such as metals, for example. The explanation must appear obvious. In non-conductors, the electric current is wholly or partially checked; it cannot traverse their structures. The force, therefore, must expend itself by conversion, and thus light appears. Bodies that originally possessed the power of being rendered luminous by heat or insolation, and that have lost that power for some reason, may have their former sensibility restored to them by a discharge of electricity through them. A lump of sugar will be rendered brilliantly luminous by a discharge of electricity through it, and will continue to phosphoresce for a short

time after. Many other substances are affected in the same way.

Phosphorescence may be induced by insolation—that is, by exposure to sunlight. This is a very remarkable and interesting variety of the phenomenon. About the year 1604, an Italian artisan accidentally discovered the means of preparing sulphide of barium in a phosphorescent form, by heating heavy-spar with combustible substances. The discovery created a good deal of excitement during the course of the seventeenth century, so much so indeed, that a family named Logan, who possessed a monopoly of the secret, contrived to amass some wealth by the sale of what was known as 'Bologna Stone.' Similar to this are various substances, subsequently discovered, which are all rendered strongly phosphorescent after exposure to the sun's rays. Lately, an attempt has been made to render of some practical utility this property possessed by certain minerals. A few years ago, a Mr Balmain patented a pigment, with which is incorporated some prepared mineral having the property of becoming luminous after insolation, and remaining so for some hours. This Luminous Paint has been used for clock-faces, match-boxes, the lettering on the cover of a book, placards, pictures, and other matters that it seemed desirable to render visible in the dark. Probably the best use to which it has been put is that of being painted over diving-dresses, which are thus rendered phosphorescent, enabling the diver to distinguish objects at the bottom of the water.

Of the various inorganic substances known to possess this luminous property, the sulphides of calcium and of strontium—chemical combinations of sulphur with lime, and with the earth called strontia—do so in the most marked degree. When well prepared, the phosphorescence lasts for a number of hours after exposure to sunlight. The luminosity is usually of a violet tinge, and it may be excited by other light than that of the sun. Candle and gas flames induce it feebly, the electric light very vividly, it being richest in chemical rays. It has been found that the colours of the phosphorescence vary in the different sensitive substances, and that different rays also variously affect the tints. Experimenters have thus been enabled to prepare very beautiful and curious pictures.

ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOT.

CHAPTER XXV.—LORD PUTNEY.

'CLARE, my dear child, this once, indeed, I can take no denial. The season, remember, is drawing to a close, and Lady Minin's party furnishes an occasion not to be lost. If it were a mere question of pleasure,' continued Lady Barbara didactically, 'I should be the last to urge you to do what I know is, very properly, so uncongenial to your feelings. As it is, your sense of the duty which you owe to the name you bear, and to the family, must prompt you to make the effort. Your presence in Society, and the warm welcome you are certain to receive, my dear, will be the best possible contradiction of the unpleasant rumours that are now becoming rife in London. And this, though every one worth

mentioning,' added Lady Barbara superbly, 'will be there, is still a serious, quiet sort of thing, to which you may perfectly well go.'

'I thought you told me, Aunt Barbara,' remonstrated the girl, 'when first Lady Minin's card arrived, that it was quite a grand party, at which Royalty would certainly be present. In any case, I had much rather stay away.' And she glanced at her black robe.

But Lady Barbara's mind was made up, and her resolute, not to say obstinate will overbore the weaker mood of her young charge. It was conceded, on the one hand, that the latter was to go to Lady Minin's party; but, on the other hand, that she should wear her black—a plain high dress, unrelieved by ornament.

'If I may go in my black gown, since you think it right, Aunt Barbara—she had got into a custom of calling that dignified spinster 'Aunt' instead of 'Lady,' to the secret delight of that aristocratic icicle—'then I will go to this concert of Sir Frederick Minin's.'

For although it was called, officially, Lady Minin's party, it was really and truly Sir Frederick's. And it was most certainly a concert. Sir Frederick gave nothing but concerts, except oratorios; and Sir Frederick prided himself on being the one amateur of music in broad Britain of whom foreign *artistes* spoke as of a genuine patron, a real judge. They would have been strangely unappreciative, or singularly ungrateful, had they not recognised the merits of the harmonious baronet. The man was music-mad, if ever man was so. Young fellows of the Guards' Club avowed that he played himself to sleep every night with a Stradivarius fiddle of undoubted pedigree. But it is a fact that he had music on the brain—that he was unflinching in his zeal—that he had taste as well as energy—and that his concerts, somehow, were the best in London. He was a rich baronet. His father had held high office, and had refused a peerage. The son was respected, and even liked, by those who thought him mad. A one-idea man is sometimes popular. Royal Highnesses made a point of attending the concerts which Sir Frederick and his bland wife gave, and yawned discreetly, if at all, at the dreary character of the programme.

The Minins lived in a great house on the eastern fringe of Kensington, a great house, which had been altered, at much expense, with a special view to music. They were a childless couple. Personally, they were extremely unlike. 'Doesn't know a note, Lady M. She couldn't tell the *King of the Carnival Islands* from the *Dead March in Saul*; but still she's a capital wife for him, and smiles and smiles as if she understood all about it. I understand that his long-haired foreign fiddlers are quite afraid of her,' was a common remark on the part of irreverent youths.

Lady Minin was a large, handsome, silent woman, with the bust of a Juno. She had not had a penny; but then Sir Frederick had a considerable fortune. She was not conversational; not a good household manager; not brilliant in social intercourse; and yet her health and temper were beyond all praise; and her smiling stupidity made her very dear to her active husband,

and caused her to be liked and laughed at by her own sex. Sir Frederick himself was a little man, in a black wig, with beady eyes and beetling brows, strangely busy, and preternaturally nimble. 'Jumps like a frog, and scours London, in his brougham, like a fashionable physician; but he's a good sort of man, too—very worthy old fellow, poor Sir Frederick Minim;' such was the general verdict.

There are parties and parties. To be a guest at Sir Frederick's huge red-brick Kensington mansion was in itself a sort of distinction; much more so, for instance, than the more heterogeneous hospitalities of Mandeville House and Macbeth House, palatial abodes as these were. Had it not been for this, and for the steady friendship of Royal Highnesses, which always does throw a golden aureole around the favoured head, the wearied children of fashion, tired out by the labours of a London season, would not have cared to compete for the privilege of hearkening to scientific strains that died off, ever and anon, into quasi-silence; and then throbbed or wailed on, feebly, provokingly, some said, like the flickerings of an expiring candle, until they blazed up into one triumphant crash and shower of sonorous fireworks, as it were, and then sobbed themselves to sleep—had it not been for the fact that space was valuable, and invitations a favour. There is always something exciting in pushing at a shut door.

The deep, heavy roll of the carriages sounded like summer thunder among the Alps, in proximity to the red Kensington mansion of Sir Frederick Minim, on the evening of the last grand concert. Among the last to arrive were Lady Barbara Montgomery and her ward. The young mistress of Leominster House had adhered strictly to her original resolve, and wore a plain high mourning-dress, without a scrap of lace or the sparkle of a gem to set it off. There were Leominster family diamonds, and Lady Barbara had been anxious that she who now possessed these should wear this or that almost priceless heirloom; but nothing could induce the fair young owner to swerve from what she had said, when first persuaded to appear at this crowded assembly. 'A plain black gown, as usual, dear Aunt Barbara,' had said the youthful heiress of so much wealth and splendour; 'but nothing more.' Yet how beautiful she looked, as she made her entry into that great concert-room—it was more of a hall than a room; and how spontaneous was the murmur of unbidden admiration which followed her as she went. There was no lack of good looks in that distinguished company—quite the reverse. How could it be otherwise, in the great marriage market of the world. The two or three chief belles of the season were there, and many sweet competitors, who pressed on the heels of these first favourites; and those young married dames of high degree whose photographs and praises are bandied about from hand to hand and tongue to tongue, and who have received the nickname of professional beauties. But they, too, in all the array of their charms, flashing in jewels and fine clothes, seemed outshone for the moment by this modest, girlish young creature, whose lovely head was crowned by no adornment save her golden hair.

The warm welcome which Lady Barbara had

predicted for her young charge may not have been more than mere lip-service; but it was, at any rate, a very flattering one. Lady Minim came to bestow a handsome share of the sunshiny smiles that with her did duty for articulate speech, upon her youthful guest. She was, as has been mentioned, a silent, buxom woman, who rarely talked to her friends, but who beamed upon them with honest eyes and dimpled cheeks and very white tiny teeth. 'So very kind of you to come to us,' was what she said; but the timid guest felt grateful to her because of her comforting method of saying it. And Sir Frederick, all the cares of the concert on his shoulders, fresh from a conference with Signor Falderaliti, eager for an understanding with Herr Fiddledeedee, found time to rush up for a moment and make his bow, and whisper a word or two to Lady Barbara his old friend, and then plunged off into the fray. The Duchess of Snowdon too, and sundry other very great ladies, made a point, for Lady Barbara's sake, of being publicly very civil to the young Lady Leominster, concerning whom, and her strange dispute with her sister, such odd tales were afloat. Little Ned Tattle, who had, by unheard-of intrigue and shameless solicitation, secured a card for the party, stood on tiptoe at the back of the crowd, and, as he noted the countenance which the cream of London society extended to the fair young lady, mentally determined that hers was the winning cause. And then there was a hush and a settling into places; and then, after a moment of agonised expectation on the part of Sir Frederick, as with quivering features he watched the baton of the leader of the orchestra, the concert began.

The concert itself it is perhaps needless, and even impossible, to describe, without resorting to the technical phrases of analysis, commendation, or blame, which form the stock-in-trade of the newspaper critics who are set in judgment over violins and vocalists. One concert, at least one of Sir Frederick's concerts, is very like another; but this one was pronounced, by enthusiastic long-haired aesthetes of the innermost ring, lily-weavers, sunflower worshippers, to have surpassed its predecessors, especially in the rendering of the chromatic chorals. And young ladies whose own pianoforte-playing had been but dull drudgery for governess and pupil alike, and who did not know the difference between rendering chromatic chords and dancing on the tight-rope, swelled the chorus of applause and of ecnecium, and with pretty inanity, lisped out that dear old Sir Frederick's music was 'quite too—too'; just as they would have spoken of a winning racehorse at Ascot, or of a bank of azaleas at a flower-show.

Behind a leafy shrub, or so far behind it that its stiff green leaves sheltered him from the observation of part of the audience, and leaning against the wall, stood Arthur Talbot. He had, himself unseen, noted his golden-haired friend's arrival, and the sensation which her beauty created; and he was scarcely able to withdraw his own eyes from that fair, innocent young face, on which a shade of sorrow seemed to rest, save when at times she spoke in answer to the remarks that were addressed to her during the pauses of the music. How like, how very much alike, not merely in features and in stature, but in expression, those

two sisters were! There was scarcely a turn of this young girl's head, scarcely a movement of her lips, that did not remind him of that other one whom he knew to be alone and sad in the dingy solitude of Bruton Street.

Presently there came an interval of rest for orchestra and singers—an *entracte*, as the French would have described it—and many of those present rose from their seats, and there was a general movement and a buzz of conversation. This stir brought Arthur face to face with his fair friend, who had till then been unaware of his presence. She held out her hand to Arthur with all the frankness of their old intimacy in far-off Egypt. 'I am so pleased to see you, Mr Talbot,' she said. 'I began to think that you had gone back to your home in the country, or had forgotten us—forgotten me.' It was a very sweet melancholy voice in which she spoke; and sweet too, and almost childlike, was the faint smile on those dainty lips. How different from her manner on the day when he had met with her in Regent Street, and when he had begun regretfully to think that she was being spoiled and hardened by prosperity and power. Even the tone of shy reproach in which she spoke had in it something flattering to that self-love from which so few of us could justly boast to be quite free.

Lady Barbara, too, chimed cordially in. Why had Mr Talbot forgotten his friends? He had become a stranger, indeed, at Leominster House; but if he liked to call, she would promise to forgive his truancy. Dear old Lady Barbara talked, when she wished to please, like a printed book—so her juniors declared, and this was her method of being gracious. Then Lady Barbara turned to exchange greetings with a contemporary of her own, and Arthur Talbot and the fair bearer of the Leominster title talked together for a little time. The young man felt strangely embarrassed. He hardly could resist the fascination of the lady's manner, and yet he remembered his pledge to her lonely sister, and loyally abstained from promising to visit her successful rival. He found this negative task the easier because Lady Barbara suddenly intervened, saying: 'Clare, love, a very old friend of ours'—it must have cost the stately spinster an effort not to say 'our House'—asks to be introduced to you—Lord Putney, of whom you have so often heard me speak.'

Now, Lady Barbara had never, to the young lady's knowledge, made mention in her presence of Lord Putney's name; but it was easy to tell by the intonations of her voice that she thought very highly of the nobleman who had craved to be presented to her youthful charge, and who now made his bow with a deft suppleness and old-fashioned courtesy that would have done credit to a French *petit maître* of the pre-Revolutionary days. In person, Lord Putney was slight and spare—an old beau, of course, but amazingly alert, and astonishingly well preserved. There was quite a natural pink colour in his patrician countenance, a colour that owed nothing to art. His very white teeth, of which he was a little vain, were all his own too; and though he had the trick of peering into people's faces through a great gold-mounted eyeglass, it was only because such an affectation had been in vogue when the

Sailor King reigned over us. There was nothing artificial about Lord Putney except the tint of his somewhat thin hair, which was dyed to a beautiful shade of almost golden brown, and of the long whiskers that blended with his carefully trained moustache, and which were also dyed to the same bright yellowish brown. The wrinkles in his face, the lines and the puckers, the tell-tale marks, in fact, were not so perceptible with him as with some men so very much younger that they might have been his sons. But Lord Putney was a wonder in his way.

This mature nobleman's age—of course it is of Lord Putney that we speak—was patent and notable to all who chose to study any one of the gilt-edged volumes, bound in red or blue, which tell us the most salient facts concerning our hereditary legislators. But then ours is a time when young men quickly grow old, when to be bald at three-and-twenty is not remarkable, and when strong emotions and restless minds mar the fresh smoothness of a youthful face with a rapidity that would have astonished our tougher ancestors. It was very odd for a philosophic observer to hear Lord Putney's natal year in mind, and then, with that knowledge ever present in his memory, to observe how he moved—how he skipped—how neat and slender and upright was his figure—how keen his zest for the enjoyment of life. And yet, odder still, Lord Putney gloried in being of the old school—'old school, good school,' he would say, and kept a dreadful little gold box in his pocket, enamelled at the top, that box, and with a history of its own. Imperial Somebody had given it to diplomatic Somebody at the Congress of Vienna. And my lord would take it out, and tap it significantly, and flourish it and open it, and graciously present the scented stuff within to large-limbed, languid young swells of this generation, who recoiled from tobacco in such a form as from a snake.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about Lord Putney was, that although what is called a ladies' man, although, too, what is called a marrying man, and ample as were his means, he had never been married. He had never even made a proposal of marriage. Perhaps his taste was too fastidious. Bachelors are sometimes apt to set up too high a standard for their ideal wives. Lord Putney was confidentially reported to have lectured over his shirt, after dinner, on feminine perfection, and the difficulty of finding it, with tears in his eyes. His eyes were bent on the sombrely-clothed lady of Leominster, now, with unmistakable admiration. It was not so much her beauty that attracted him as the utter, simple, childlike grace of her bearing. How much of beauty had he seen in his time! and of simplicity how little! Lord Putney asked leave to call. He had not been back long, he reminded Lady Barbara, in London. He had been lingering at his Como villa, and then away in his yacht, or he should have paid his respects at Leominster House ere this. He was so old a friend of the family! Of course Lady Barbara bade him smilingly, welcome as a prospective visitor. So did Lady Barbara's companion, to whom he probably appeared in the light of a kind, sprightly, old gentleman. 'I shall come back presently, at the finish,' said Lord Putney as he bowed and withdrew; and chairs were resumed, and the fiddles

were tuned afresh. And then the second half of the concert began.

The second half of the concert was, to all but experts, monotonously like the first. Crash and wail, wail and crash, with perhaps a little too much of the minor key, and too depressing an association of ideas, tried the patience of the well-bred audience. The longest lane has, of course, a turning or a termination, and at last there was an end of Sir Frederick's concert. Then came the compliments from august lips, echoed by those who were within the purple of nobility, but not within the sacred royal circle; and the thanks and the leave-takings, the cloaking, the scramble for carriages. Lord Putney gave the young lady of Leominster House his arm. Sir Frederick Minim, with a heated brow, came to steer Lady Barbara through the crowd. As they stepped into the splendid Leominster carriage, much admired by the London throng of meek outdoor sightseers, the younger lady started, as she encountered the overbright eyes and queer smile of Chinese Jack. Lord Putney said a polite word at the carriage-door; then the equipage rolled off. 'Is he not charming?' asked Lady Barbara. The girl by her side was thinking of Chinese Jack, not of Lord Putney. She made no reply.

AN AGRICULTURAL EXPERIMENT WHICH PAID.

THERE is one question upon which two very different opinions are held by the two classes affected. The producer of vegetables, the market-gardener, is of opinion that the market is glutted, so much so, that he can barely make a living by their cultivation. He also laments that the masses know so little of the value of vegetables as to use not a tenth of what they might with advantage to their health. The consumer, on the other hand, laments that so little vegetable produce is sent into the market, for prices rule so high as to be almost if not entirely prohibitive to people of moderate means, to say nothing at all of those who are straitened. Whether the average inhabitant of our towns is aware of the hygienic value of vegetables or not, it is certain that were they plentiful and cheap, much greater quantities would be used.

Vegetables are almost as necessary for health as bread. Physiologists are pretty generally agreed that man's original food was fruits, nuts, and roots. In the nursery of the human race, the winterless regions of the earth, savage man found these foods in plenty all the year round. Migratory habits, however, carried him to regions where he could not find these except during a few months in autumn. For the nuts, he found a substitute in grain—cereal nuts—which is not a natural product, but an artificial product of civilisation. Our grains are the result of long and laborious improvements, by continual selection, on comparatively worthless grasses. The wild-wheat is so; so are our vegetables. The wild forms are mere weeds, quite if not altogether unfit for human food. The grain of wheat, oats, barley; the cabbage, turnip, pea; nay, our apples, pears, and plums, gooseberries and strawberries, are as much monuments of man's skill and triumph over nature, as any of his wonderful mechanical achievements; ay, much more so, for

they are the results of the labours of countless generations.

As grains have taken the place of nuts, vegetables have to a large extent taken the place of fruits, possessing as they do much of the good qualities of the latter. In tropical countries, the use of fruit predominates; nature so guides men. In countries such as our own, grains form the staple; but high health is best secured by the use of fruits and vegetables. That man is really a frugivorous animal is seen in the enormous amount of oranges he consumes, and also apples; but were these and the common cabbage more plentiful, and consequently cheaper, much more would be used. The only limit to their consumption is the power of the people to purchase.

It is not often that the thing substituted is better than that the place of which it takes. Yet wheat is better food than nuts, if hardly so sweet. Nuts are more oily; but butter on bread makes the substitute perfect, dietetically and gastronomically. Fruits or their substitutes—vegetables—are necessities. Without them, we should speedily become diseased, as was the case a century or two ago, when scurvy and other diseases, including even leprosy, raged furiously, and kept the population thin. The introduction of that all-the-year-round vegetable the potato, has done an amount of good that we fail to appreciate. So has the turnip, which has enabled us to keep our cattle healthy too, during winter, and has secured to us fresh meat and fresh milk instead of salted meat and hardened milk-cheese. Potatoes are not perfect substitutes, as the crave for other vegetables and fruits proves. But how is a supply at once abundant and cheap to be got? That is the question, and we think an answer can be furnished. The middlemen's services must be dispensed with; salesmen's commissions, retail dealers' profits, the heavy rents charged for the necessary shops, and the loss sustained by unsold, decayed vegetables, *must* be got rid of; and this is how it was done in one case, and may be in most. Like fish, vegetables are dear not because they are not abundant, but because of the many intermediate hands employed in their distribution.

Like most public benefactors, Mr Smith, as we shall here call him, helped the public by helping himself. Beginning life as a ploughman, he had, by sheer dint of shrewd economy and stern frugality, raised himself to the position of a small farmer, and supplied a portion of a manufacturing town in Scotland with milk. The town in question had grown rapidly; but, thanks to the exorbitant feu-duty asked by surrounding landlords, it had grown over into what were once gardens and open spaces; so the houses were huddled together in defiance of sanitary laws. The consequence was that almost the whole of the urban population depended on their greengrocer for every scrap of green food they used. But the same is true of every large town. The dairyman to whom Mr Smith sold his milk was also a greengrocer; and it occurred to Mr Smith one day that he would like to know the price of cabbages in a retail shop. He bought one; took it home, and weighed it; and found that, though it was by no means fresh, it cost just twopence-halfpenny per pound.

'Yellow-leaved, withered, unwholesome, and twopence-halfpenny a pound,' thought Mr Smith. 'Is this why people use few vegetables? Now, I would like to know if the market-gardener who grew this cabbage got a penny for it. I doubt it. And gardeners pay very heavy rents; they must buy all their manure, and work their ground wholly by manual labour—an expensive process. Now, if they can under these circumstances produce cabbages at one penny a pound, I can do it for half—at least I will try; and as Professor Johnston says, "No crop will produce an amount of food for human or animal use equal to the cabbage;" and if I cannot find a market for the cabbage, I can buy an extra cow or two, and turn the vegetables into milk; for nothing beats cabbage, when moderately employed, as a milk-producer.

Having thus resolved, the next step was to determine the best method of culture; for the usual 'garden' cultivation for cabbages, Mr Smith settled in his mind, was too expensive. Having no experience, he first took advice from a private gardener of more than usual intelligence; and between them they settled on the following mode of culture, which proved eminently successful. Mr Smith's farm being small, and the cows he kept being much greater than the farm could support, a great part of their food had to be bought. This bought food chiefly consisted of brewers' grains, oilcake, and bean-meal—these being calculated to produce much milk. But this purchase of food was the cause of his having much manure, and that of the richest sort, for straw being limited, the manure was concentrated. Then, just because of the nature of the imported food, the manure was peculiarly rich in phosphates and in nitrogen; and these, as Mr Smith found, on referring to his book—for he had studied agricultural chemistry much to his profit—were just what cabbages wanted. This rich manure was laid on at the rate of thirty tons to an acre in February, on land that had produced a great crop of champion potatoes the year before, and was therefore poor, but thoroughly free from weeds. The manure was spread on as evenly as possible, and ploughed in. Afterwards, in dry weather, it was smoothed with the roller, and then harrowed. In March, with a drill-plough very light furrows were made, twenty-six inches apart; and in the bottom of these were planted the cabbages. Half an acre was planted with Enfield Market, another half with large York. These were for a summer supply. Half an acre was devoted to large late Drumhead cabbages, and another half to Drumhead savoy. These were for winter. The soil was of the kind known as heavy loam, the most suitable for cabbages. Hardly a plant failed; and when one did succumb, it was quickly replaced by another from a surplus stock dibbled in thickly. Between the rows, the weeds were kept down by the drill-grubber; in the rows, by the hoe. When large enough, the plants were steadied by being earthed up as potatoes are. The crop was a splendid success.

How to profitably dispose of the produce, was the next question to be solved. Wisely it was determined to keep clear of market-salesmen and retail dealers alike; and as he had a bright intelligent son of fourteen, the plan adopted was to employ him to retail both milk and cabbages.

Success beyond expectation was the result; for at prices varying from three-farthings to one penny a pound the cabbages were rapidly sold. More might have been got; but the gardeners, having learned something, would then have come into competition. As it was, their produce had to be disposed of by being sent by rail to less favoured towns.

What the actual weight of produce was, we cannot, unfortunately, inform our readers; but, with a kind of second crop borne on the stems of the early sorts, helped by the free use of guano, the total income was one hundred and twenty-seven pounds eleven shillings and eightpence. Our informant saw Mr Smith's books and noted the amount. The total outlay for manure—valued at ten shillings per ton—rent, taxes, and labour, was forty-three pounds ten shillings—leaving a balance on the right side of eighty-four pounds one shilling and eightpence, or considerably more than Mr Smith's household expenditure. Nothing was allowed for carrying the produce to market; but the large amount of food in the shape of loose leaves, spoiled heads, &c., given to the cows, was considered more than a set-off against that.

It may be argued that in this instance there was a peculiarly favourable market. We don't think so. Equal prices can certainly be had in any of our towns. The really favourable condition in Mr Smith's case was that his farm was too small to produce food enough for his stock, which necessitated the importation of food, thus ensuring an abundance of rich manure. Without liberal manuring, no one need try to grow fine crops of cabbages. Then the soil was favourable. Light sandy soil is not so, especially in years of drought. Lastly, Mr Smith is a man of energy, and does most of the work, aided by his family, without calling in the assistance of outsiders, and is so well informed in agricultural chemistry as to know just what plant-foods to apply to land exhausted by such a greedy crop as cabbage is, to secure thereafter a full crop of corn, instead of less than a half, as less well-informed men would almost certainly do.

Since Mr Smith's first experiment, he has greatly extended the area devoted to cabbages, and has generally had results better even than those herein chronicled. We say 'generally,' because in one exceptionally hard winter he lost a good breadth by frost. The lesson he has learned is, to clear his fields as soon as possible. He now grows carrots, parsnips, rhubarb, and swedes, for market, and finds they pay much better than ordinary farm-crops, but finds nothing pays so well as cabbages.

ANCIENT TITBITS.

It is very generally noticed that whenever a good story is related, some one is certain to remark that he has heard it before. That this is not confined to anecdotes is well known to every reader of the older literature of our own and other modern nations. But whoever is accustomed to read much of Greek or Roman productions is accustomed to find there the germs at least of many modern ideas and remarks. It has been asserted, and with considerable plausibility, that

ideas, like elements, are few in number, and equally indestructible, and all that later ages can do is to arrange them differently. We will not venture to argue on this tough subject, but proceed to the more humble task of noticing some of the fruits of Greek and Roman wit and wisdom, and try if we can find their modern parallels. Every one can do something towards this, for a story which is perfectly familiar to one may be quite new to another. Even in a high-class paper like *Punch*, the reader may now and then meet with something well known to him. Though endeavouring to steer clear of repetition, we ourselves have doubtless told the same story more than once.

It is unfortunate that the mere fact of a good thing being in print often acts as a preventive to its proper appreciation. We miss the grave air, the demurs look, the roguish twinkle of the eye, the real simplicity which in their several turns gave a zest to the joke. It is seldom that the wit which sets the table in a roar depends for its success on its own intrinsic merits; something is unconsciously credited to the surroundings. When strangers met Sydney Smith, for instance, at table, they were usually prepared to look upon anything he said as a good thing; and he himself relates that at a dinner-party he could not ask for a potato without the lady opposite putting her handkerchief to her face, and saying: 'Oh, Mr Smith, how can you be so comical!' A good deal of the effect of Talleyrand's incisive remarks was due to the perfectly impassive face with which they were uttered, coupled, too, with his extraordinary appearance and the fame he had acquired. It is said that when George Selwyn came out with anything good, he was accustomed to put on a sweetly demure look, to which we feel certain was owing a great measure of his undoubted success.

We have no jest-book of the ancients existing. Cicero's slave and friend Tiro made a collection of his master's sayings, which was highly prized, but has unfortunately not descended to us. Our only sources of information are the works of a few Greek and Roman writers in which some of his good things are scattered about. The great orator was, if we may venture to say so, the Sydney Smith, Theodore Hook, Sheridan, and Selwyn of antiquity all rolled into one. Just as one may at a venture attribute to Shakespeare any uncertain quotation, or to any of the wits we have named any joke which wants a parent, so anything good in Latin was ascribed to Cicero. He himself in the second book *De Oratore* has preserved for us a good many sayings of his predecessors, most of which we are compelled to say are rather dreary. In fact, the good sayings of antiquity are not such as proceed from a happy juxtaposition of incongruous ideas, which please by surprise. They are rather pithy maxims, delicate turns of expressions, homely truths, conveyed in irreproachable style.

The loquacity of barbers is proverbial. It is evident that there is something in the profession which conduces to it, or how shall we account for the following anecdote, which dates several centuries before Christ? Archelaus of Macedonia going to have his hair cut, was asked by the artist: 'How will you have it cut?'—'In silence,' said the monarch. Do we not all sym-

pathise with him? The same king had some dirty water thrown over him. His courtiers would have the offender punished. 'No,' said Archelaus; 'he didn't throw it over me, but the man he thought I was.' This reminds us of Macaulay in one of the Town and Gown Cambridge riots, when a dead cat came full in his face. The man who had thrown it came up to him and was profuse in his apologies. 'I didn't mean it for you, but for Mr Adeane.'—'Oh, very well, my good friend; but I wish you had meant it for me, and hit Mr Adeane.'

Everybody has read of the qualifications necessary to make a good general, which appear to be as many as those required to make a poet. A great point is that the soldier should leave nothing to chance, but be prepared for every emergency. This is pithily put by Lord Wolseley in the *Soldier's Pocket-book*, when he says that the greatest disgrace a general can suffer is to have to say: 'I never thought of it.' This is found in Plutarch. Iphicrates, when marching with his army through a friendly country, fortified his camp every night, and took the same precautions as if the country was hostile. When reproached with the absurdity, he replied: 'The worst words a general can utter are: "I never should have thought it."'

We all know the rich man, who, finding fault with an extravagant son, told him that at his age he did not squander his money. 'No; but you hadn't a rich old hunk of a father, like I.' We can go back to Plutarch again for this. Dionysius reproving his son for bad conduct, said: 'You never knew me do so.' 'No,' replied the youth; 'but you hadn't a king for a father.'—'And you won't have a son a king,' said the monarch.

The well-known saying of Brotherton, the member for Salford, deserves to be written in letters of gold: 'My riches consist not in the extent of my possessions, but the fewness of my wants.' This is very like the saying of Socrates, when some one remarked it was a great thing to have one's desires. 'It is still greater,' said the philosopher, 'to have no desires.'

A great deal has been philosophised on the fact that glory and disgrace are often only different in degree. We can trace it back to a very remote period. Democritus saw a thief taken to prison. 'Poor man,' said he, 'why didn't you steal a great deal, and then you could have sent others to jail?'—It is universally recognised that the hard-working father makes the fortune which the son squanders. This is an apothegm of Cephisodorus. We have also been often assured that the difficulty in making a fortune is to get the first few thousands; after that, the process is comparatively simple. This was quite well understood in old times. Lampis being asked how he made his great fortune, said: 'Easily enough; but the little one with great exertion.'

Hardly any saying is better known than that 'Speech is silvery, silence golden.' Simonides used to say that he never regretted holding his tongue, but very often was sorry for having spoken. Every one knows the modern parallel to the saying of Socrates: 'The wicked live to eat and drink; the good eat and drink in order to live.'

Certain sayings now proverbial can be traced very far back. The Olynthians denounced to Philip of Macedon many of his courtiers as being

traitors. The king told them they were rude and illiterate to call a spade a spade.

In the way of neat repartee we can find many instances. Granius recommended a dead orator to drink cold hydromel. 'But I shall ruin my voice.'—'Better that than your client,' was the reply. Another of the same sort asked Catullus if his speech just delivered had not excited compassion. 'Why, certainly; there was not a soul who wasn't sorry for you.'

A Sybarite on a visit to Sparta partook of the homely public meal. He then observed: 'No wonder the Spartans fought well, for the greatest coward would rather face death than live on such fare.'—Demades compared the Athenians to a clarionet.—'Take out their tongues, and they are good for nothing.'—A certain schoolmaster was reading badly. Theocritus said to him: 'Why don't you teach geometry?' 'Because I don't understand it.' 'Then why do you teach reading?'—A thief caught in the act, said to Demosthenes: 'I didn't know it was yours.' 'No,' was the reply; 'but you knew it wasn't yours.'—Augustus saw a knight helping himself from a pocket-flask at the games, and sent word to him to say that when he wanted to drink, he went home. 'Yes,' retorted the knight; 'but he wouldn't lose his place, as I should.'

Now comes an old friend which we have seen attributed to most of the well-known wits; Quintilian, however, relates it of Cicero. A lady remarked that she was thirty. 'I know it is true,' was the reply; 'I have heard you say it these twenty years.'

Domitian, wife of Passionus, complained that Junius Bassus accused her of meanness, and gave as an instance that she sold her old shoes. 'I never said so,' was the retort; 'I said you used to buy old shoes.'—This is paralleled by an anecdote of Rogers. Lady — reproached him for going about London reviling her. 'On the contrary,' said the poet, 'I pass my life in defending you.'

Here is another old acquaintance. Pomponius had received a wound in the mouth, and would have Cæsar believe it was received in his service. Cæsar, however, advised him not to look back, the next time he ran away. We have seen this ascribed to several jokers. The advice is thoroughly sound, and reminds one of that given by the friend of a sharper who had been detected cheating and thrown out of the window. He was recommended in future always to play on the ground-floor.

A certain Cynic asked Antigonos for a drachma. 'That is not the gift of a king.'—'Well, a talent, then.' 'That is more than a Cynic should receive.'—News arriving at Athens that Alexander was dead, the orators rushed to the public places and began to incite the people to rise up and declare war. Phocion, however, advised them to wait till the news was confirmed. 'If Alexander is really dead, he will be none the less dead to-morrow, and for a long time afterwards.'

Lysias wrote a defence for a friend, who brought it to him, saying it pleased him immensely at the first reading, but he didn't think so much of it the second and third times. 'You forget,' was the reply, 'that the judges will only hear it once.'

That the spirit of the poor-laws is no new thing, may easily be seen from the words of a Spartan to a beggar. 'If I give you a sixpence, it will only make you more of a beggar than you are. The first man who gave you alms taught you to do nothing.' This is exactly what is impressed upon us by the Mendicity Society, and reminds us of the bishop who said he had done many foolish things in his time, but he could honestly say he had never given to a beggar in the street.

Alcibiades, when about to be tried on a capital charge, exclaimed, saying: 'What's the good of getting off, when you can get away?'—Iphicrates, who was the son of a shoemaker, was reproached with his mean origin by a long descended Athenian. 'My family begins with me; yours ends with you,' was the retort.

The bath-keeper was drawing a large quantity of water for Alcibiades. 'He must think him a very dirty fellow,' said a Spartan.—This is paralleled by the girl who went to service for the first time, and wrote to her mother that her master and mistress were very dirty, for they washed their hands ever so many times a day.

The innumerable readers of Macanlay must remember the story of the criminal who had the choice of the galleys or the reading of Guicciardini, and naturally chose the latter. But the war of Pisa was too much for him, and he asked to change.—Philoxenus of Cythera was sent to the quarries by Dionysius because he did not like the monarch's poetry. He was, however, recalled, and had some more read to him, whereupon he got up to go. 'Where are you off to?' asked Dionysius. 'To the quarries,' was the reply.—This was also paralleled by the late Earl of Derby, who received a sample of sherry which the wine-merchant recommended as not having gone in a hogshead. The Earl replied: 'Sir, I have tasted your sherry, and I prefer the gont.'—A parasite made his appearance at a wedding-feast, and was told he must go away, as there was no room. 'Count again,' said he, 'and begin with me.'

Cicero sometimes got as good as he gave. Laberius, a knight, came late to the theatre, and looked about for a place, when Cicero called out: 'I would give you a place if I had room.'—'Why, every one says you are used to sit on two stools,' was the reply.

Pollio said of Augustus: 'It is difficult to write against a man who can proscribe.' This remark has been ascribed to many, and no wonder, for it is very obvious. An amusing addition was made to it in reference to Frederick the Great: 'It is difficult to argue with the owner of thirty legions and such very thick boots.'

There are plenty more instances of good things to be gathered from the ancients; but a very great many cannot bear repetition, both from difference in tastes and from allusions which would need explanation. We cannot, however, pass over one of the most graceful compliments ever paid, and all the more noteworthy from the historical importance of the speakers. After his overthrow, Hannibal took refuge at the court of Prusias, king of Bithynia. There Scipio came on an embassy. The two great rivals met, and in conversation, Scipio asked Hannibal whom he considered the greatest commander. 'Alexander,' was the reply.

—'And who next?' 'Pyrrhus.'—'And who after him?' 'Myself.'—'And what would you have said if you had beaten me at Zama?' 'In that case, I should have put myself before Alexander and Pyrrhus and all other generals.'

MISS GARSTON'S CASE.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER IV.

As the shock of the discovery of Miss Garston's critical situation began to subside, other expedients for meeting the difficulties besetting her and myself arose in my mind. Why should I continue a single combat with Mr Lamport? If the phial contained the deadly drug I suspected, my relationship to the young lady was no longer the same. I was not merely dealing with disease, but with villainy of a most atrocious kind. Was it not right, for my patient's sake, that I should immediately obtain the opinion of an abler physician? Supposing my skill to be consummate, was I calm enough for safe guarding an imperilled life?

I determined to call upon Dr Dawson. He was a kindly, though haughty old gentleman, as I knew from some slight intercourse I had had with him. His notions of professional etiquette were extreme. But he was the most eminent physician of the town, and one of the social magnates.

He received me more graciously than I had hoped for; and had no sooner heard of the phial and my opinion of its contents, than he entered into the matter with the greatest interest. He had recently been made a borough magistrate, and that perhaps influenced him.

'If you are not mistaken, Mr Leighford,' said Dr Dawson, when I had finished my story, 'this affair is indeed serious. You are young, and therefore liable to draw distorted conclusions from obscure symptoms. I don't say that you are under erroneous impressions. You *may* be right. But you may also be wrong. I have been young, and I recall with humiliation the many silly, crude notions I had when I first began to practise. I thought I knew more than those who examined me; and was, in short, puffed up with my own vanity and self-confidence. I have read that article of yours upon Phthisis, with your views on which I cannot agree. Your ideas are truly anarchical. You defy all experience. Have you rushed to conclusions with similar haste in the case of Miss Garston?'

I rose indignantly from my seat.

'Do not be offended, Mr Leighford,' continued Dr Dawson with a complacent shrug. 'I do not mean to offend you in the least. You have asked me to visit your patient; and, as an older man, I think I am not trespassing the bounds of professional decorum, when I ask if you have not come to a precipitate conclusion. Remember, Mr Lamport occupies a most respectable position; and if you should bring a false charge against him, you will not only blight your own career at its beginning, but will bring a certain odium upon the profession. I do not wish to be mixed up in a stupid *fiasco*.'

'Then you decline to meet me in consultation?'

I demanded, taking my hat from the table.

'On the contrary, I feel it my duty, as a magis-

trate, to see this lady,' returned the old gentleman with some hauteur. 'But I must ask you, as your senior, to defer to my advice, and to follow my counsel, if such be needed. You are necessarily ignorant of many things, professional and other; and I think it only right that you should submit to my guidance. A hasty and ill-advised step on your part may involve most respectable people in a web of infamous scandal. Your own ruin would follow, and every medical man in the town would be injured. Will you be guided by me?'

'Certainly,' I replied, confused and irritated by the pompous old stickler who sought to dominate me. 'I am here to ask your assistance in a most momentous difficulty, and must perforce be subjected to your opinion. But I beg you not to delay. I am fully impressed by the gravity of the position I am placed in. At what hour will you meet me at Mr Lamport's house?'

Dr Dawson consulted his diary, and after a pause, fixed upon two o'clock.

I hurried back to Miss Garston to prepare her for the interview, and also to get together my notes of the case, so that I could meet the inquiries and criticisms of my pragmatical colleague. I found my patient much refreshed by the sleep she had enjoyed, and she consented, though with great reluctance, to receive Dr Dawson.

Punctual to the moment, that gentleman arrived; and it was with no little anxiety that I retired with him after his examination of Miss Garston.

He paced Mr Lamport's long dining-room for several minutes before he spoke; then stopping abruptly before me, he said: 'Mr Leighford, you have made a serious mistake in allowing this matter to reach its present crisis. Although I doubt your opinion as to the extreme danger of your patient, I agree with you that she is under the influence of the insidious poison which the phial undoubtedly contains. Had you called upon me several days ago, the lady and yourself might have been spared much, and the perpetrator of the crime might have been arrested.'

I was annoyed by Dr Dawson's manner. 'I have done my best for Miss Garston,' I said, 'and you could not have done more.'

The old gentleman bowed sarcastically; then, resuming his magisterial air, he went on: 'Pray, keep your temper, and also keep your promise. Remember, you are pledged to follow my counsel.'

I cannot express the vexation I endured while my senior spoke. Bitterly did I regret that I had not gone to another of my professional brethren. My unfortunate treatise on Phthisis had mortally offended Dr Dawson, I afterwards learned, as it was opposed to a theory of his own. Thus, his kindness was suppressed, and all my doings were seen through a prejudiced medium.

'And now, Mr Leighford,' said Dr Dawson, 'I must prescribe a course of action outside of medicine. Miss Garston will rapidly recover when the cause of her illness has been removed. You must go hence and take such measures as will lead to the arrest of the cause.'

I started and grew suddenly pale. A mirror opposite showed me a ghastly reflection of myself.

'What is the matter?' cried the old gentleman.

'I do not like bringing the police upon the scene,' I faltered. 'You know that I have no direct proofs against Mr Lampost. The phial has come into my hands in a roundabout way. Would it not be well to have it carefully analysed and—and—do all that is necessary before taking extreme measures?'

Dr Dawson's face grew more lowering with each word I uttered, and the form of his visage was wholly changed from the pedantic superciliousness it had borne during the earlier part of our consultation. I felt alarmed, though I could not tell why.

'Mr Leighford, your hesitation to bring this dangerous man to justice places you in a most invidious position.' The doctor spoke with severity. 'I was quite abashed.—You are young; he continued in a more kindly tone, 'and know nothing of the exceeding gravity of the circumstances of this case. If you refuse to put the police to work, I shall take the matter in hand at once, and that will probably lead to your arrest, Mr Leighford.'

'Good heavens!' I cried in an agony of dread, 'what have I done?'

'That would be determined by a judge and jury,' returned the doctor with epigrammatic promptness.

I was confounded by this view of my position; and yet I was annoyed. I had perhaps been over-confident, but I had not acted like a fool. I therefore could not help retorting: 'I think I could prove that I have neither been an idiot nor a homicide in Miss Garston's case.'

'Fool!' snapped the old doctor. 'Prove that you have *now* enough to get out of the affair without compromising yourself further. You ought to have had a consultation long ago. Go to the head-constable at once.'

I looked at the hard red face before me almost beseechingly. The idea of being mixed up in a police-court trial was almost revolting. I had a horror of publicity; and then I thought of its effect upon Miss Garston. But the hard red face was relentless, and I felt that I must submit.

'I am going into town,' said Dr Dawson, pulling on his gloves with graceful deliberation, 'and I will drop you down at the head-constable's office. Get your hat; I must be off.'

A quarter of an hour afterwards, the doctor's magnificent pair of bay cobs were pulled up with a grand flourish before the police office; and I stepped out of the carriage miserably flurried, wishing that Mr Lampost had been a thousand leagues away on the fatal night he had linked my fate with his.

Dr Dawson, who followed me into the office, was received with the consideration due to a magistrate; and the old chief-constable listened to my communication with respectful attention. This somewhat calmed me, and I was almost at ease when the doctor rose to go. I would have gone also, but the chief-constable requested me to stay.

'This will be a case for Inspector Knabman,' he said; 'you must see him.'

Responding to a call down a tube, a tall gaunt man came in. His face bore the queerest mixed expression of simplicity and astuteness that could

be conceived. Mr Knabman was a celebrity that everybody had heard of, and I felt no little curiosity in coming into such close contact with him. While his superior officer was relating the purpose of my visit, the famous detective kept his eyes fixed upon me with a calm investigation that explored me to the core. I do not know if he was satisfied with me, for his opinions were not accessible to such an unsophisticated youngster as I was.

Having heard the particulars of the case impressively to the end, Inspector Knabman subjected me to the most drastic questioning I have ever known. I told all my facts, divulged all my conjectures, and made such a complete deliverance of everything that had happened during my attendance upon Miss Garston, that even my examiner appeared to be contented at last.

'Is this Italian herbalist, Pandofini, known?' asked the head-constable.

'Yes, sir,' replied Mr Knabman shortly, going on with his notes, for he began to make copious memoranda of the case. These being completed, he afterwards corrected them by a few secondary inquiries; then I was permitted to depart.

I walked slowly homewards, thinking over the whirl of things, in which I was being swept along almost as resistlessly as a straw down a rapid stream. I pondered on the contact of the destinies of outsiders with my own. A little while ago, Mr Lampost was as unknown to me as an inhabitant of Sirius; of his existence I was as unconscious as of the men who may tread the earth a million years hence. And this unsuspected personality had sprung suddenly from out the infinite crowd of humanity, had riveted my personality to his in the indissoluble bonds of crime. By what strange concatenation of things are men conjoined in this world!

From Mr Lampost, the transition to his victim was natural. If I had not been called to attend Miss Garston, if another medical man had been chosen to mask the murderer's designs, what would have happened? Perhaps the poor girl would have been hurried from the stage of life as abruptly as her father. When once we give up ourselves to a stream of speculations, there is no saying how far we may be carried, or what new and startling vistas we may behold. I had in some way saved Miss Garston's life. That life would go on perhaps for years. What sort of career would it be? Then I remembered how lonely and friendless the poor girl was. Probably the downfall of Mr Lampost meant the financial ruin of his victim. Thus poverty, with its corroding anxieties, with its narrow and darksome horizon, was sequential in the hideous train of suffering that Mr Lampost had put in motion. How could a lady nurtured in tenderness and elegance endure the shocks and disgusts of the nether world into which beggary would plunge her? Miss Garston was no longer my patient.

I saw her in new relations, a lone orphan, bereft of all that makes existence desirable. For the first time, I dwelt upon her personal appearance; her dark questioning eyes, which had long ceased to glare distrustfully into mine, and which met me with the sweet confidence of a child. Her delicate features, over which anguish flitted in a hundred modes, as

pitiless villainy worked its deadly way! Those fair young cheeks wasted, withered in their early bloom. The lips made for smiles, pallid, distorted; her bosom rent with agonies, which the monster who caused them could never feel. Why, I asked myself, are the base and the merciless permitted to inflict the extremities of physical and mental pain on the innocent and the helpless? How can the sublime intelligence of a man be degraded to infamies like these?

I reached home in a species of frenzy, which alarmed my mother and sister exceedingly. I am not of a demonstrative nature; thus my agitation was the more distressing to others and to myself. I told my mother all that had happened without reserve; and in doing so, I grew calmer. Then we had a long conversation respecting Miss Garston. How should I break to her the news that Mr Lamport was about to be arrested for her attempted murder? A vast, yes, a fundamental revolution was trembling around her; should its approach be announced, or was I to permit it to burst upon her unawares?

'If she is at all able to bear the communication, tell her,' said my mother. 'You will of course quietly prepare her for it. Women can endure far more than men suppose. Besides, if Miss Garston knows that she is in no further danger from that horrid man, that will sustain her.'

'But where is she to go afterwards?' I asked. 'I know she will not stay in Mr Lamport's house.'

'Bring her here,' returned my mother resolutely. 'Your sister and I will care for her until she is able to decide upon her future. You are sure that she will recover?'

'Dr Dawson is positive of it,' I returned. 'He says I have been mistaken as to the peril she has been in. Of that I have my own opinion. Still, I am bound to admit that she has rallied marvellously in a few hours. If I find her stronger when I return, I shall venture to tell her a few particulars about Mr Lamport being in trouble. But I will not mention the poisoning. Something she must be told, to account for the changes that will take place in the house. I hope Mr Lamport will not be arrested at home; that will demoralise the servants, and they will frighten my poor patient, and goodness knows what the result may be.'

It was now nearly four o'clock. I hurried to prepare Miss Garston for another change in her fateful life, fearing lest it might have been revealed by the event itself. But all was in its wonted order. The fine old mansion never looked more imposing. Upon it, the after-glow of a frosty sunset fell resplendently; its windows gleamed with rejoicing fires, as though a grand gala were in progress. The evergreen shrubs along the pathway were more witching than at summer's noon. By the side of the house, a gorgeous conservatory sent forth a glow of flowery loveliness that looked like fairywork. Everything bespoke the home of wealth, taste, and luxury. And in the house, all was as usual; the servants pursuing their duties; from the kitchen came a faint hint of an exquisite repast preparing; along the lobby the portly butler walked leisurely, with a plate-basket gleaming and jingling in his hand.

Miss Garston was still improving. She had

just dismissed the attendant who had performed her toilet, and she lay in the soft languor of the fatigue it had caused. The sun fell rosilily upon the bed, and lent a faint tint to the pale face lying on the pillow before me. A smile, a bright welcoming smile, and a flash from the sunlit eyes, told that I was expected.

I stood entranced for an instant at the changes that met my eyes. Hitherto, the sick-room had been darkened to a twilight; the expression on my patient's face had varied from supplication, to terror and despair. Now all was radiant, transformed. Why did I thrill as I took Miss Garston's hand? Why did I tremble as I spoke to her?

But my embarrassment did not last long. I had a duty to perform infinitely more difficult than any that had fallen to my lot previously. With the utmost caution I opened the subject of Mr Lamport's affairs. I told of his business distresses; how he would have to leave his present abode, and live on a lower level, and how Miss Garston would need another home. The prospect did not alarm her, as I feared; nay, she seemed almost glad at the impending separation from her self-styled guardian. Then I ventured to offer the hospitality of my mother's house until she was convalescent, and begged permission for an interview on my mother's part. These propositions somewhat disturbed my patient. I saw that I had gone as far as her strength would admit of, and bidding her rest, I left her with a promise to return later in the evening.

I had broken the ice. Miss Garston was prepared for the inevitable, and her energies had seemed equal to the shock. But I quailed at the thought of the further strain that would be put upon her enfeebled powers, when Mr Lamport was brought to trial.

When I reached the library, I cogitated upon the courses that lay open to me. Should I wait where I was, until I learned if Mr Lamport were arrested, or should I return home to meet Mr Sleigh the book-keeper, as arranged? I determined to stay, and so prevent any possible mischief to my patient. I therefore wrote a note, bidding Mr Sleigh to come to me without delay.

A FEW WORDS ON THE SALMON.

It is difficult, in the present state of information on the subject, to appraise with anything like accuracy the amount of loss inflicted upon our salmon rivers by the disease from which this fish has recently suffered so heavily. The disease referred to is attributed to the attack of a fungus called *Saprolegnia ferax*, which has been long known to infest sickly fresh-water fish, and is very often seen on gold and silver fish insufficiently supplied with fresh water. It commonly attacks first the tail and other fins; but in the tributaries of the Solway, in the winter of 1876, it broke out with a hitherto unknown virulence, and spread shortly to other streams. Its deadly development in these Solway rivers was first marked by the presence of a small sore on the snout or top of the salmon's head, described by careful observers as if cleanly eaten or scraped

out, and which in the course of some weeks increased in size and depth, till in many cases half the head seemed eaten out, the fish gradually becoming weakened, and only then becoming visibly affected with the fungus growth, which rapidly spread, eating into the flesh of the fish, and destroying it. This peculiar development of the disease has of late almost—if not entirely—disappeared from these rivers, though the fungus growth very often yet begins on the snout, afterwards spreading to the fins and other parts. From the Tweed in one year, fourteen thousand diseased fish were taken dead, and from the Tay in the same year two thousand; while from the Eden and its sister stream, the small river Esk, nearly as many have been taken for several years. This fungus seems to grow equally well on the dead bodies of its victims, which include many kinds of freshwater fishes and even insects.

The life-story of the salmon has been often written, though no two narrators in telling the story seem to agree. The fish is mysterious in many of its movements, doubtless from the fact of its being a sea-fish during certain portions of its existence. With unerring instinct the female deposits her eggs in some shallow stream; out of these ova, issue in due course tiny creatures, which in course of time become parrs. In the months of April and May, at the varying ages of one, two, and even—though in smaller number—three years, the parr acquire a new set of true salmon scales, and are then known as smolts; after which they are impelled by instinct to seek the salt water, where for some weeks they grow rapidly, some of them returning, as has been proved beyond doubt, as grilse in from six to ten weeks. Curiously enough, even parr of the same brood do not all become smolts the same season; nor do all come back as grilse, the presumption being that many remain longer in the sea, some of them not returning to their natal streams till early the following spring, as spring salmon.

That it is to the young stock we have mainly to look for our food-supply, is evidenced by the fact, that of six hundred 'kelts' (spawned fish) taken from the Tweed in one season, and carefully marked and returned, not one was ever heard of again in any river; and as further proof that comparatively few large fish ever return to spawn, we have the fact that, in many rivers where twenty-pound fish are plentiful year after year, there are yet few fish of thirty pounds; while fish ranging from thirty-five to forty pounds in weight are quite rare.

As we know from marked fish that salmon fry grow some seven pounds in the first two or three months after going to sea, and continue to grow rapidly while there; and as we know that salmon have but rarely been caught in Scottish waters weighing sixty or even fifty pounds, and very rarely indeed as high as seventy pounds, while we have no reason to

doubt that salmon of twenty or thirty pounds-weight go on increasing rapidly in weight, it seems fair to conclude that the great proportion of large salmon which spawn in our rivers never return there. If they did, we would surely have many more fish of forty or fifty pounds-weight and upwards. If it be a fair conclusion, that large fish, being less active, more readily fall victims to their sea-foes, the great desiderata are the safety of spawn and 'fry,' the kelts being of comparatively little importance. In many of our rivers, salmon ascend throughout the whole year. Many spawning fish do not leave the sea till December, and these doubtless succeed in spawning ere they are affected by disease; and so strong is the reproductive instinct, that plague-stricken salmon cling to the spawning-beds even when unable for any length of time to hold their own against the current. Thus the seed sown is still abundant. Sea-trout, which in some rivers ascend almost exclusively in May and June; and herling in July and August, being longer exposed to the virus in the diseased streams before the breeding season, have suffered more seriously; in the Solway rivers these beautiful fish have been greatly decimated.

A formidable-looking bony or cartilaginous hook grows on the point of the lower jaw of the male salmon as the breeding season approaches, fitting into a socket in the upper jaw when the mouth is closed. This 'gib,' as it is termed, disappears somewhat mysteriously soon afterwards; and the common belief in Scotland is that it is specially provided for digging out the stones and gravel (the 'redd') wherein the female fish may deposit her roe, and for covering it up as the work proceeds. This is a popular fallacy. The skin of his 'gib' is as delicate as that of his snout, and little fitted for digging stones and gravel; while the position of the hook is unfavourable for such work. Had it projected outward instead of inward, or downward rather than upward, it had surely been a better adaptation.

The 'redd' or hollow in the gravel of the stream, which is the work of the female salmon, is usually supposed to be the depository of the spawn, and is formed during the process of spawning. Nevertheless, it is an undoubted fact that the fish deposits but a fraction of her eggs in this excavation. Indeed, it would take a very clever fish to continue burying her thousands of golden grains in one basin for three or four days—the usual spawning period when undisturbed—without casting out continually the seed already planted. Salmon select swift-running streams for spawning, and prefer the upper part or crown of a stream, their instinct no doubt guiding them to cast their roe where there is a stretch of sharp running water below, with a suitable stony bed for its retention. The female selects her place,

and as she casts her roe, turns upon her side, making the redd by plying her great tail most vigorously, falling back in the stream and rising towards the surface of the water in the process. In making the redd, the plying of the tail-fin, aided by the action of the swift current, whirls the gravel and stones down stream, till in course of time a basin is hollowed out, and the excavated stones and gravel form a scattered heap below.

This action of the tail in raising the gravel may be readily illustrated by the sculling of an oar in similar water; and to discover how roe is unlikely to lodge in a salmon redd, let any sceptic take a few small pellets of clay and float them from his hand, when it will be seen that the trend of the stream caused by the dip in its bed casts them upwards, whirling and scattering them as they pass over the shallow caused by the raised gravel. In fact, a pair of human hands with a dibble could scarcely plant roe in a redd.

A further proof that the redds are not the true seed-beds might be found in the fact that these are soon levelled up by floods, and that thus much of the roe would be hopelessly buried. There is abundance of spawn laid in the chief rivers in Scotland, and their salmon-producing capacity is probably only limited by the food-supply for the young fish.

Mr Lloyd, in his *Scandinavian Adventures*, gives the result of the observations of a friend (Mr A. Keiller) during a long residence on the river Save in Sweden. That gentleman erected an observatory over a spawning stream near his residence and made long and careful observations of the spawning salmon. He says: 'The station of the male at that time is at six or seven feet distance directly in wake of the female, and just beyond the heap of stones—that is, at the tail of the redd.' Mr Keiller tells us that during the day the female made numerous little excursions, chiefly to the slower water above. He says further: 'Much of the time of the male fish is occupied in driving off interlopers;' and it seems a fair inference—from his anxiety to hold his position, and from the persistent efforts of other males in disputing it—that the tail of the redd, or even farther down in a line with the redd, is the much-coveted stance. This is strikingly shown when the male fish makes a lengthened pursuit of an antagonist, during which time a third male—often a very much smaller fish—takes his post and holds it till the return of the rightful master.

Though the station of the male fish is considerably lower down stream than that of the female, and is thus, as it were, beyond the range of her vision, she will nevertheless insist upon a suitor being there, as was proved by Mr Young of Invershin in his evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons in 1824. He stated that a female salmon which had its attendant male killed from behind it nine times in succession, retired on each occasion to the pool below, bringing back with her a fresh mate, and on the ninth grand not finding a salmon, returned with a large male yellow trout.

Pennell, in his *Angler Naturalist*, quotes an account of a great salmon-battle witnessed by fishermen on a spawning stream in the Findhorn, in which one of the fish was killed, and on being

examined, was found torn to the bone from head to tail. Pennell adds: 'The weapon in all those attacks is the cartilaginous horn on the lower jaw, which is used as a sort of battering-ram, the fish rushing on open-mouthed.' Keiller says the male fish attack each other 'usually with closed mouth, the hook of the lower jaw imbedded in the upper, thus affording the latter support, and still further lessening, as applied to himself, the effects of the concussion.' This seems both better authenticated and more probable than Mr Pennell's theory of making a battering-ram of the point of the lower jaw. The impetuous rush of a large salmon, ending in a blow on the point of an open lower jaw, would assuredly dislocate that weapon of offence without doing much damage to his adversary's tough skin.

Some newspaper writers have been crying out against that unique and beautiful little bird the water-ousel, as a destroyer of salmon roe. These birds are nowhere numerous, and do not particularly frequent spawning-ground in the spawning season. They may pick up a few outwashed grains; and he is a poor proprietor and a needy angler who would grudge these to such a charming winter songster and pleasant river-side companion. The late Mr Buckland examined the crops of several water-ousels shot on spawning-ground without finding a single salmon egg; the contents *per contra* being insects, some of which are believed to be destructive of salmon roe.

Pike, trout, herons, and gulls destroy myriads of young salmon; and we have seen wild-ducks sweeping a piece of water—exactly as fishermen sweep a long circle with their nets—and driving the small fish into shallow water, where they rapidly inclosed them. But the destruction of fry by the foregoing gluttons is probably surpassed by the havoc wrought amongst the fry by their own progenitors the 'kelts.' This is most serious in small rivers, and in dry spring terms, when said kelts do not get to sea to satisfy the voracious appetite which seems to come upon them with their new spring coat of scales. At such times, kelts have often been observed stationed at the narrow tail of a stream, snapping up smolts in rapid succession as these allow themselves to drift seawards, tail first; and when in such dry terms the kelts may be seen in hundreds in one pool, some conception may be formed of the loss at a time when smolts are ready to become salmon.

With our present ideas as to the heinousness of spearing breeding salmon, it is curious to look back a few years and to see how popular this pastime then was. Indeed, nearly every town and village in the vicinity of a salmon stream has its old men who yet revert, with a sparkle of youthful fire in their eyes, to their 'leistering' exploits. Now that salmon-leistering has been made illegal, much of the Border sentiment that once pervaded the exciting pastime has died out, though there is yet to be seen an occasional 'light' illumining some well-known salmon-lee, and occasionally affrays are heard of between water-bailiffs and poachers. Still, the preservation of salmon is not without certain evils, if we can believe the assertions of trout-fishers, who declare that their speckled quarry is on the decrease owing to the comparative

scarcity of food induced by the voracity of the young of the salmon, and by the stern preservation of kelts. Be this as it may, the curtailment of angling privileges for sea-trout and salmon in upper waters in the latter months of the year, when such fish are only there to be found, has doubtless been felt as a hardship by many an old farmer and shepherd among the hills. And though the fish are not then in best condition, the sport was good, and the food was relished as a change of diet, and in truth might not be—especially when split and kippered—greatly inferior to many a breeding salmon now taken in November from the favourite casts of the Tweed. It is certain that in this matter lower proprietors have gained at the expense of upper proprietors and residents, though it seems to be a somewhat difficult matter to readjust the balance.

CUPID AT LAW.

'Ar lovers' perjuries, they say, Jove laughs! So also do good-humoured mortals enjoy a laugh at those 'pretty follies,' whenever the dainty misses containing them happen to stray before the vulgar gaze. This itself can, we suspect, surprise few of those fond married couples who remember the style of their own early love-letters; for sober reason, although claiming to be the pilot of the passions, seldom condescends to aid in inditing such flighty epistles.

In these days, readers—whether they be sympathetic or quizzical—are more apt to wonder why so many affairs of that peculiarly tender and confiding nature find their way into our usually dull law-courts, and thence over the land as spicy material for tea-table gossip. Almost every *miscellany* list at the principal assizes includes more than one claim by slighted sweethearts for pecuniary damages from their faithless swains; and similar actions are by no means unknown at the superior courts in London. The frequency of such cases must puzzle even those who are quite conscious that 'the course of true love never does run smooth.' Can it be that Cupid's darts are worse aimed or less potent than of yore, else why does he so often assume the prosaic guise of a lawyer with a bag full of briefs seeking redress before demure judges for forsaken clients? An answer is more easily asked than given. In any case, some of our legislators are about to try and stop what they regard as a growing scandal.

With this view, Mr W. S. Caine, M.P., has given notice in the House of Commons of his intention to introduce a Bill to abolish actions for breach of promise of marriage. The coincidence that this was notified when such a case was actually pending against a well-known Irish member of parliament, tempted some of his jocular colleagues at Westminster to call the proposed measure the 'Bigger Relief Bill.' The measure, however, is (while we write) not yet passed, and, not being retrospective in its provisions, it can afford no consolation to defendants already condemned in damages. As to whether the Bill should pass, there will be some difference of opinion, even amongst those who hold most strongly that it is beyond the province of ordinary jurors to assess injured affections. The exclusion of this element

from the purview of a legal court is properly insisted upon by the judges, and therefore true-hearted gentlemen rarely, if ever, seek judicial reparation when befooled by pretty coquetries.

There are, however, many practical considerations to be taken into account, especially if the plaintiff be a female, as is almost invariably the case. With the fair sex, as a rule, the prospect of a protector and a home for life depends upon betrothal, so that no affianced lover may be allowed lightly to break his vow of fidelity without the risk of a substantial penalty. About a dozen years ago the legislature made certain amendments in the law on the subject, by providing that either of the two persons directly concerned might appear in court personally and give evidence upon oath. Previously, the fact of the matrimonial pledge had to be proved mainly by letters passing between the once devoted pair, and by the keen observation of match-making mamma or other watchful friends. Both of these expedients of course proved futile when the fickle one had either refrained from committing himself very definitely in black-and-white, or was not demonstrative among acquaintances about his hymeneal intentions. Enamoured swains don't choose to make their delicate avowals in the presence of third parties, and never pop the momentous question before witnesses. It therefore seems reasonable, when either of the engaged pair breaks off without just cause from their mutual compact, that both should have the opportunity of testifying to that with which they are presumably best acquainted. In some quarters it was expected that this permission would in some degree happily diminish the frequency of such trials; but the number of love-lorn litigants does not yet seem to have been much reduced. Fair plaintiffs are found willing to come forward *in propria persona* to tell of blighted hopes; and they seldom retire without having ample *solatium* awarded to them by sympathetic juries. No doubt there will still be many sensitive maidens who, when jilted, will prefer to pine in secret over their disappointment. Occasionally, however, these delicate scruples on the part of deserted charmers will be overcome by the persuasions of their natural guardians, even to the extent of themselves appearing shyly in the witness-box when other evidence will not suffice to clear their aspersed names.

It is, nevertheless, to be regretted that those who are constrained to seek the stern remedy of the law should find their private grievance made a cause of diversion by the unpoetic outer world, or see a throng of fashionable loungers crowding the court to titter at the witty criticisms of learned counsel upon rose-scented *billets-doux*. In *Le Moniteur*, a Port-au-Prince paper now before us, promises of marriage between male and female citizens of the republic are duly recorded along with the regular lists of births, deaths, and solemnised marriages. Much nearer home than Hayti the same idea is carried out. In Cologne and other German towns, for example, parents publicly advertise the engagement of their sons or daughters—a plain hint that none need seek to captivate their hearts. Besides, after such an intimation, of course neither of the two concerned in it can venture to withdraw from his or her proclaimed allegiance with any

hope of receiving countenance in other attractive quarters.

It may, however, be hoped that, in the long-run, even without this system, the facilities given here for speedy settlements between estranged lovers will help to make young people less rash or less capricious. It would no doubt be unfortunate if so mean a motive as the fear of having to pay substantial damages should be alone or mainly depended upon for insuring greater constancy to plighted troths. If this were so, there might be some grounds for dreading the yet more deplorable evil of an increase of divorce cases. But still even this mercenary feeling may sometimes help to teach foolish flirts of either sex that promises of wedlock are too sacred and serious a subject to be trifled with. Should a few more verdicts, with round sums attached to them, teach capricious wooers how dangerous it is to 'propose' in haste and repent at leisure, the result will certainly rejoice all good-hearted people, who regard the exposure of lovers' quarrels with sentiments more or less tinged with pain.

PREHISTORIC GIANTS.

In *Nature* for April 19th the Duke of Argyll, quoting from a communication received from the Governor-general of Canada, writes as follows :

I have been surprised to see in the English scientific journals no notice taken of the very remarkable discovery reported from the Californian Academy of Science in a paper communicated to that body by Charles Drayton Gibbs, C.E., on the discovery of a great number of (apparently) human footprints of a gigantic size in the State of Nevada. It appears that in building the State Prison, near Carson City, the capital of that State, there was occasion to cut into a rock composed of alternate layers of sandstone and clay.

On several of the clay floors exposed in this operation great numbers of tracks of all sorts of animals have been exposed. These tracks include footprints of the mammoth or of some animal like it, of some smaller quadrupeds apparently canine and feline, and of numerous birds. Associated with these are repeated tracks of footstep, which all who have seen are agreed can be the footstep of no other animal than man, and the engravings and photographs which accompany the paper leave no doubt on the mind of any one who sees them. The most remarkable circumstance characterising them is their great size. In one case there are thirteen footprints measuring nineteen inches in length by eight inches wide at the ball, and six inches at the heel. In another case the footprints are twenty-one inches long by seven inches wide. There are others of a smaller size, possibly those of women. One track has fourteen footprints eighteen inches long. The distance between the footprints constituting a 'step' varies from three feet three inches to two feet three inches and two feet eight inches, whilst the distance between the consecutive prints of the same foot constituting a 'pace' varies from six feet six inches to four feet six inches. In none of the footprints of the deposit are the toes or claws of animals marked. As regards the beasts, this is probably due to the 'slushy' state of the

mud when the tracks were made. But in the case of the human footprints it is probably due to the use of some kind of shoe or moccasin.

I need not say that so far as the geological horizon is concerned this discovery does not carry the existence of man beyond the Quaternary Mammalia, with which it has long been pretty clear that he was associated in prehistoric times. Nevertheless it is, if confirmed, a highly remarkable discovery, especially as connected with the curious intimation so concisely made in the Jewish Scriptures, 'And there were giants in those days.' Hitherto, so far as I know, the remains of prehistoric man, so far as hitherto discovered, have not revealed anything abnormal in point of size. It is just possible that the slippery and yielding nature of the muddy lacustrine shore on which the tracks were made may have partly occasioned the apparent size. But the photographs and engravings exhibit them as very shaggy and 'clean cut.' Professional Indian trackers have been employed to examine the tracks, and none of them seem to have the smallest doubt as to the footprints being human.

LOVE IS LOVE FOR EVERMORE.

Under the blue of a summer sky,
Under the spell of Beauty's thrall,
Watching the sun-clouds flooding by,
Watching the waves rise and fall;
Happy as lovers alone can be,
Dreaming what bliss the years will bring—
Dreaming beside the summer sea—
Hearing the dancing waters sing,
With rippling murmur along the shore—
'Love is love for evermore.'

Under the gray of a cloudy sky,
Under the shadow of Love's eclipse,
Standing apart with flashing eye,
Standing apart with quivering lips;
Fighting a duel 'twixt love and pride,
Waging a war that is fraught with pain,
Turning Love's pleading lips aside—
Turning deaf ear to the wave's refrain,
Breaking in sadness along the shore—
'Love is love for evermore.'

Under the gloom of a gathering storm,
Under a midnight wild and dark,
Watching a shivering maiden's form,
Watching and waiting for some one's barque;
Helpless it rides without spar or mast,
Driven ashore, and tossed about,
Drifting to death, and the cruel blast
Drowning his cries with mocking shout.
Above the roar breaks a wail ashore—
'Love is love for evermore.'

Under the dawn of a smileless morn,
Under the sorrow that grieves for the dead,
Weeps a woman with heart forlorn—
Weeps, and will not be comforted;
Suddenly, swiftly, with eager face
Steals one to her through wrack and rain—
Love has its triumph in a long embrace—
The dead hath risen to life again;
And the waters murmur as before,
'Love is love for evermore.'

W. C. H.

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DOGS: THEIR HUMANE AND RATIONAL TREATMENT.

BY DR GORDON STABLES, R.N.

IN TWO PARTS.—II. THE DOG IN SICKNESS.

A LARGE amount of responsibility devolves upon any one who undertakes the treatment of the ailments of the lower animals; and he must be morally bad, who, having taken charge of a case, does not exert his utmost skill to bring it to a successful termination. Probably the dog, more than any other domestic animal, feels and suffers, ay, and understands, although he cannot tell in words where the pain lies, nor complain if neglected or improperly treated. His very dependence commands our sympathy and claims our skill. His beseeching, watchful eyes, when really ill, tell us that he trusts us and knows we will try to do him good; and he will be grateful too, grateful with a gratitude we but seldom find in human patients.

Animals in the wild state do not appear to be subject to a great variety of ailments; it is only when they become domesticated, when they throw in their lot with man, and share with him his pleasures, sports, and enjoyments, that they become destined to share with him his troubles and illnesses as well. From this fact, we gain a useful lesson in treating the creatures we take under our care, whether they be birds or beasts; and the more completely their existence in domesticity, their feeding, their housing, their exercise and freedom, and their supply of water, not only for drinking but for the bath, are made to assimilate to what they would have been in the wild state, the less likely will they be to succumb to disease.

Although the ailments that canine flesh is heir to are very numerous indeed, and their diagnosis difficult even to the experienced veterinary surgeon, still the more common of these can usually be treated successfully by the animal's owner, who has this advantage over even the skilled 'vet,' namely, that he is constantly with the dog; and

if he cares for him, his eye will mark at once the slightest deviation from the path of health, and nip the illness in the bud.

If, then, 'prevention is better than cure,' it is well that we should know not only the ordinary causes of disease, but the first symptoms of coming illness also. Diseases in dogs may arise from infection, contagion, or epizootic influences; or from neglect and bad management—that is, management that goes contrary to all the well-known and simple laws of health. Infection or contagion is best guarded against by keeping the dog well up in condition; by making it a rule never to take him abroad while he is fasting; by restricting his liberty in some measure; preventing him, under penalty of the whip, from eating garbage on the street, or holding nasal communion with every strange dog he meets; and from bathing in stagnant water or still pools where cattle drink.

Epizootic influences are more difficult to guard against; but if a dog is well tended and well fed, he will be less likely to fall a victim to any prevalent form of disease.

The commoner causes of illness in the dog are—(1) Mismanagement in the matter of diet; want of regularity in the time of feeding; want of variety; the too constant use of biscuits or meat instead of a mixed diet; unwholesome or stale food; too little food; and indiscriminate feeding, or the abuse of dainties. (2) Impure water, which often produces dire illnesses in the dog. (3) A damp unwholesome kennel—dry straw thrown over wet, for instance, or a floor of cold stone or brick. (4) Uncleanliness of kennel, of coat, or surroundings. (5) Want of exercise. (6) Exposure to cold while the dog is at rest. (7) Exposure to wet while fasting; and (8) Both of the latter combined, as when a poor dog is left cold and hungry to shiver in the rain at a door-step.

The morning bath, a bucket douche, or a short swim in the sea or a running stream, is a valuable agent for maintaining a dog in health. And even at the risk of being regarded as possessed of extreme views, I must say that a dog's mental condition exerts an influence for good or evil on

the state of his health. It is well known to dog-breeders that dogs that are happy seldom ail; that those who are not permitted free intercourse with their masters or owners, often do; and that one can generally tide a puppy over all its baby ailments by keeping it dry, warm, clean, and well amused.

One of the most dangerous and fatal illnesses which dogs can have is what is called distemper. There is a good deal of general misunderstanding about this ailment and its symptoms. It is a mistake to believe that all dogs must have distemper. I have not had a case in my kennels for many years; but pups that go thence, sometimes after a while—being exposed to adverse influences—take the disease and die, while their brothers and sisters at home are living and well. Dogs are no more 'obliged' to have distemper once in their lives, than a human being is to have measles. Young dogs about the teething months are more subject to it than at any other period; but old dogs are sometimes attacked also, and a dog may even have distemper twice during his lifetime. Distemper is one of those diseases on which quack dog-doctors fatten, and druggists' apprentices get pocket-money by. There is no such thing as a specific for the cure of distemper. The notion of such a thing is eminently absurd. One might as well expect to cure smallpox after the eruption began, with a specific, as distemper when prominent symptoms show themselves. But specifics are given in cases of common colds with running at the nose—erroneously called 'distemper;' the dogs recover, and are then said to be over distemper.

This disease really is caused by a poison affixed in the blood, which nature seeks to eliminate through the mucous membranes that line the air-passages, beginning with those in the nose and pharynx, giving rise to the exudation of water first, then mucus; hence the running at the nose and eyes, which is usually the first symptom that draws attention to the dog's condition. But before this, the animal has been ailing; there has been loss of appetite, probably shivering, a dry staring coat, and emaciation. This emaciation, this falling away in flesh and condition, is one of the most important and diagnostic symptoms of distemper. A young dog may have cold and cough with running at the nose; but if there be no wasting, danger is not to be feared; and in this case, if you give him a dose of castor-oil in the morning, with from a tea-spoonful to a table-spoonful of Mindererus spirit and a little sweet nitre at night; a dry warm bed and lower diet for a day or two, and you will have him all right again. But if the dog is noticeably thinner, with a distressing cough, and pinched, pained appearance of face, the sooner a skilled 'vet.' sees him the better. 'All 'vets,' remember, are not skilled in the treatment of dog-diseases. The practice of too many of them is 'rule of thumb' and rough; but in justice to the profession, let me add that of late years more attention has been given to the study of canine ailments in our veterinary colleges. The reason why advice should be taken in cases of distemper is that the disease assumes various types, and the symptoms need watching and combating as they present themselves. Serious lung inflammation may occur, or head-symptoms, fits, &c., generally fatal, or acute diarrhoea and dysentery. But medicine is not everything; good

nursing is half the battle. Opiate cough mixtures and diarrhoea mixtures may be needed; but in any case the dog must be kept in a warm dry apartment, with, if necessary, a fire in the room; he must be covered up if cold; his bed must be soft and easy; and while he is kept scrupulously clean, he must get all the fresh air possible, and sunshine too. His food must be light at first, while there is fever, and while the inside of the thighs and stomach is hot. He must be fed little and often, and have cooling, soothing drink and fresh water, which he may lap *ad libitum*. When the fever abates, let the food be more nourishing—beef-tea, eggs, and probably a little raw minced meat. If there be much prostration, give good port frequently, or even a little brandy-and-water. But never overdo your dosing either with food or physic. Quinine is valuable in the latter stages of the complaint, with gentle exercise, but no excitement or fatigue.

Inflammations of all kinds are ushered in by rigors or some degree of shivering, with great heat of skin, dry nose, injected eyes, staring coat, want of appetite, great thirst, general uneasiness, and derangement of the ordinary functions. The seat of the inflammation may be one of the vital organs, such as the lungs, the liver, or the intestines. In a case presenting such dangerous symptoms as the above, the aid of a 'vet.' is to be obtained without delay. Meanwhile, if you value the dog, he ought to be removed at once to a warm, comfortable, well-ventilated apartment. An outhouse will do, if it be free from damp and draughts. A dose of castor-oil, with one-half the quantity of sirup of buckthorn, and a few drops of laudanum in it, will do good; and no more can be done until the 'vet.' comes. In inflammations, as in distemper, nursing and care are half the battle; but in carrying out the treatment, the animal is to be disturbed as little as possible. Quietness and rest are imperative.

Diarrhoea in dogs is often a dangerous complaint. Keep the animal as quiet as possible. Give just one mild dose of castor-oil; then give the chalk mixture of the shops, with a few drops of laudanum in each dose. This should be given four or six times a day, if needed. Food: no meat, only farinaceous diet and milk. If weakness prevails, eggs, beef-tea, port-wine and brandy.

Colic.—This is a painful illness, distinguished from inflammation in this way—the pain is not constant, but so extreme at times as to make the dog rush about howling; there is little if any fever, and rubbing gives relief. Give castor-oil at once, and thereafter an antispasmodic of some kind; brandy-and-water hot, with spice in it, is always handy, and several doses should be given. Foment the stomach well in the intervals with hot water. An opium pill will afterwards do good; and the dog should be kept very quiet for a few days.

In colds and coughs and all febrile disorders, a cooling mixture can be prepared by mixing Mindererus spirit, sweet nitre, and a little chlorate of potash in water sweetened with glycerine, and giving a dose proportionate to the dog's size three times a day.

Of ordinary medicines, a dog of collie size will require about as much as a man; bigger dogs more, smaller less. A dog will stand more aloes and opium than it would be safe to give to a

human being, but less mercury. Nux vomica is a dangerous drug to give to a dog. Paregoric, tincture or sirup of squille, and Friar's balsam, are capital remedies for coughs. Tartar emetic is another dangerous remedy, which kennelmen and so-called dog-doctors are too fond of prescribing. Opium should be given with caution, and its effects carefully watched. Chloral has found its way into the canine pharmacopoeia, and is at times useful in conquering spasm and allaying excitement. It is dangerous.

Fits are common in dogs. If not the result of distemper, poisoning, or some nervous ailment, they are brought on by errors in diet and treatment. The cause should be sought for, and removed. Give an aperient once or twice a week, castor-oil or Epsom water, good food, the bath, gentle exercise, and a tonic, from one to five grains of sulphate of zinc in a few grains of extract of dandelion twice a day. Beware of excitement.

Dandelion extract is a capital liver tonic, and may be made the vehicle for the exhibition of most other tonics, such as quinine or the extracts of gentian or quassia. The last is a capital bitter and anthelmintic tonic, and ought to be better known than it is.

For indigestion, rhubarb, ginger, and aloes, may be used; but get the dog into better form; if lean, feed well; if fat, give aperients and exercise; but in any case, regulate the diet and give a morning bath.

Jamieson and rheumatism require the attention of the 'vet.' The former is often fatal, sometimes rapidly so. Chaulmoogra pills aid in curing rheumatism; and the application of the heated flat-iron or bags of hot sand removes pain, with judicious doses of opium or paregoric.

Canker in the ear is known by the dog shaking his head, and by the exudation of badly smelling matter. It is difficult to cure, because so apt to be neglected. The dog is generally out of condition. This must be seen to. His system should be kept cool by aperients twice a week, and plenty of well-mashed greens in the food; and the animal's body should be washed once a week. A solution of ordinary green tea makes a good lotion; or either alum, sulphate of zinc, or nitrate of silver, two grains to an ounce of distilled water. Before the tea-spoonful of lotion is put into the ears, to be there retained for one minute, they must be washed out with warm water—no soap. Do this twice a day with great regularity. Dry out with a soft rag.

Canker, worms, and mange are the most common of all dog diseases, and indeed it is not unusual to find all three diseases combined in the same animal. It will serve every useful purpose to merely say that the parasites most commonly found in the intestines of the dog are the tapeworm and the round-worm. 'Vets.' are in the habit of talking about a third, which they call the 'maw-worm,' but this is merely cast-off joints of the tapeworm. It must not be forgotten, however, that each of these joints is a separate individual, capable of propagating its species, and that the so-called tapeworm is in reality a conjoined association of parasites. The symptoms that would lead one to conclude his dog was suffering from worms would be somewhat as follows: Unhealthiness of skin, emaciation

without fever, some swelling of the region of the bowels, alternate diarrhoea and constipation, and an uncertain or ravenous appetite.

Areca-nut is the best cure we have for tape-worm. It should be freshly ground, and the dose is about two grains for every pound the dog weighs. For round-worms we give santonine (pure), from one-third to three grains. We have also kamala—ten to one hundred and twenty grains—a valuable anthelmintic for tapeworm. The dog to be dosed must be fasting; he should have had no food for eighteen or twenty hours previously. The powder is made into a ball with lard, and put down the throat; and two hours after, he is to have a dose of castor-oil, or twice the quantity of pure olive-oil, then a bowl of good soup, warm. This will get rid of the worms; but the dose should be repeated four days afterwards. We have to remember, that in killing the parasites we do not get rid of the condition of constitution that made it possible for them to live in the dog; therefore, an entire change of diet will be required; the animal must be washed carefully twice a week with dog-soap; and from one to five grains of that excellent anthelmintic tonic, the extract of quassia, should be given twice or thrice a day in a little dandelion extract. Give also cod-liver oil, to bring the animal into condition, with an occasional mild aperient.

There are at least half-a-dozen skin diseases classed under the general head of 'mange.' Some of these are caused by parasitical insects, visible only by aid of the microscope; others are constitutional. In some cases, the itching is very extreme, even when there is but little to show for it. Nearly every case of mange will yield to treatment, if judiciously and unremittently carried out. Fowler's solution of arsenic is our sheet-anchor as regards internal medicine. From a half-drop to six drops, according to the weight of the dog—ranging from five to one hundred and fifty pounds—should be given three times a day in the food for a fortnight, gradually increasing the dose till it has reached from three to fifteen drops. Then the medicine is to be omitted for two days, and begun again for another fortnight, giving now from one drop to twelve drops thrice a day. The medicine must be labelled 'Poison,' and used with great care. A sulphur and mercurial ointment should be well rubbed into the skin thrice a week, after the dog has been washed. It is composed of one part of the green iodide of mercury ointment, two parts of sulphur ointment, and three parts of oil. A milder plan of treatment is to give the animal sulphur internally every morning, and drench the skin with whale-oil, keeping him in a warm room—temperature sixty-five to seventy degrees—for a week or a fortnight.

The disease called rabies, or dog-madness, is a very terrible one, but far less common than people imagine. Indeed, dogs that are not rabid at all are constantly being killed by ignorant people. It is difficult to give concisely even the diagnostic symptoms of rabies; but when any indication of the disease is given, or anything suspicious is observed about the dog's manner, he ought to be put under restraint and watched, and advice sought respecting his condition. He may evince too much affection for his owner at

first, and want to lick his face and hands more eagerly than usual. He may be nervous and strange, morose, and desirous of solitude or shelter. Then he may become watchful and suspicious; and indeed there is an entire change in his manner. His appetite may at first be voracious, and he drinks water with avidity, even plunging his head in it. His tastes become depraved. He will be found eating cinders, wood, &c., or even chewing or biting stones. He looks haggard and gloomy, and snaps at imaginary flies, and there is a strange look about his eyes. These are merely premonitory symptoms; by-and-by the furious stage comes on. I have no desire to describe this, nor is there any occasion. The animal should be destroyed at once, but humanely, as soon as the disease is made out unmistakably to be one of rabies.

Many of the suggestions I have made from time to time in my books and writings have been adopted; some even by the legislature; but one has not. It is this: the premonitory symptoms of rabies should be printed on the back of every dog license.

About three hundred thousand dogs have passed through the Home at Battersea in twenty years; but the overseer tells me he has never seen one suffering from rabies.

Let me conclude by saying a word or two about dog-bites. They are hardly ever dangerous; but should nevertheless be well sucked, washed in salt and water; or, better still, rubbed with hartshorn or strong washing soda, and cauterised as soon as possible. If the dog that did the mischief be suspected of being rabid, by all means keep him alive, to make sure. It will be a great relief to the feelings of the person wounded to know that the dog is living and well. If a dog is not rabid at the time he bites, his going mad months afterwards will have no effect on the person bitten. Even all those bitten by really mad dogs do not go mad, and a bite from a healthy dog is comparatively harmless.

Contrary to general opinion, more dogs go mad in the early spring months than in the heat of summer. Whenever a dog bites any one, we ought not to rush off at once and punish the poor fellow. Even a dog must be treated justly; let us therefore find out what temptation or provocation led to the act, before we make up our minds to chastise him. A verbal reprimand is often more effectual than an application of the cruel and generally unnecessary whip. A man has no truer, braver, more faithful friend than his dog; surely, then, it is his duty to make him as comfortable and happy as possible, and to strive to keep him in health.

ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOT.

CHAPTER XXV.—'I REALLY DON'T THINK I SHALL MARRY.'

Of all the many clubs of London, perhaps the Eleusis is the most select. It stands, like most of its younger brethren, within short walking distance of St James's Palace and Whitehall; but it has no architectural pretensions to boast of. It is a very old club. My Lord March, afterwards Duke of Queensberry, and much

better known as wicked Old Q., lost and won very many guineas there. It is a small club, very hard of access; and Lord Putney was now the oldest member, and so, metaphorically, the Father of it. He was at the Eleusis now, on a hot August afternoon, when wretched M.P.s were asking one another whether there would ever be an end of committees by day and divisions by night, and when an exacting ministry would permit escape to cooler regions. He stood in the small bay-window, amongst a group of languid members with newspapers in their hands, tapping his gold snuff-box and talking about himself, as was his wont. Now, to talk of one's self and to do it gracefully and well, is an accomplishment; not, of course, if the audience be of the female sex—sisters, cousins, aunts, and dear girl-friends of the family. Women like to hear a man talk about himself, and brag about his merits, and pity his own misfortunes; just as, on the prairies, the squaws are all attention when Mad Buffalo bursts out with his war-song and his tomahawk dance, just before the raid into Pale-face territory. But it is more difficult when the auditors are men. Lord Putney managed it pretty well.

'I really don't think I shall marry,' said the old bean, for the third time that afternoon. Indeed, it was a catchword of his, and he was hardly aware how often it sprang to his lips. His juniors, who heard it thus repeated, could scarcely preserve their gravity; and indeed the old lord's favourite phrase, taken in combination with his shaking hands and restless limbs and twitching features, made the speech almost resemble that of some comedian at a music-hall. Slender and trim and nimble, Lord Putney had remained, at an age which had relegated most of his peers to a gouty chair or the family vault; but his nerves were unsteady; and his experienced valet often eyed him sadly and apprehensively, as a dealer would contemplate a costly picture from which the paint was peeling off. 'I don't believe I shall,' went on his lordship boastfully, as if endeavouring to impress a fact on the incredulous minds of those around. 'I am so hard to please, you see.'

'O yes, you will, Putney. I've always booked you as a marrying man; and I'm to do a lot in the way of slying rice and satin slippers, eating slabs of wedding-cake, and returning thanks when the bridesmaids' health is drunk: you'll marry, never fear,' rejoined young Lord Lapwing, who was barely twenty-one.

'I don't think so myself,' replied the other peer, with perfect gravity. 'It isn't, Lapwing, as these other fellows know, that I haven't been sorely tempted. When I remember the lovely creatures, by Jove! splendid women, who have been brought out in London society, and whom it only rested with myself to convert into Lady Putney—'

'Hear, hear!' called out, in a bass voice, a big man with tawny moustache and sleepy eyes, from his easy-chair.

'Quite accurate, Seymour; you ought to remember an instance or two, only men are so abominably selfish,' went on the unabashed dandy. 'Even now, if I were a trifle less guarded, less prudent—ah, yes. I've been at Leominster House almost every day this fortnight

past—ever since the Minion concert, you know. It's rather a favour to be asked there, of course, in the present state of things; but the ladies do ask me—can't do without me, I believe. It's not in my nature to deny a pretty woman anything but one, and that, of course, don't you guess—is a proposal. 'Too old a bird to be caught with chaff; hey, Lepwing? I've promised to look in at Leominster House to-day, by George! for a cup of five-o'clock tea; and, by Jove! I must be going. See you fellows again, after dinner, hey?—I really don't think I shall marry, Seymour, you dog!' added Lord Putney in conclusion, as he smote jocosely on his big friend's shoulder with the white wrinkled palm of his bejewelled hand; and then, with a valedictory nod, was gone.

The other members of the group looked at one another and laughed, with the lazy good-humour of the true clubman.

'Poor Putney! he was always like that,' remarked one of the company. 'Chance for some penniless girl, though; for Putney is a very big fish. Ninety thousand a year, they say, from the London property alone. And then there are all the Herefordshire estates. That young Lady Leominster, such as she is, and pretty as she is, might do worse.'

'She, at her time of life—rubbish!' said young Lord Lepwing. 'Even old Putney would not be capable of marrying a girl young enough to be his grandchild. I chaff him, and he likes to be chaffed; but he'll no more marry than'—

'Good thing for poor Withers, if he don't,' put in Sir Horace Seymour, over the edge of his newspaper.

The Withers in question was Lord Putney's cousin, heir-at-law, and pet aversion, a hard-worked cavalry major, with six children and a sickly wife, in cantonnements at Secunderabad, under the broiling sun of India. And then nothing more was said of the peer and his foibles.

Meanwhile, Lord Putney, with his high-stepping horses doing their best to whisk the light brougham along, was conveyed on rapid wheels to Leominster House, and was at once ushered into the great sombre drawing-room which was in general use. There were other and yet larger saloons in the London mansion, which Lady Barbara indeed could remember blazing with waxlights and peopled with guests, but which for years and years had presented a ghostly and funereal appearance, with their muffled furniture, shrouded mirrors, and swaddled chandeliers. The elderly peer had been a frequent, an almost daily visitor at the town palace of the Marquesses of Leominster since the memorable date of Sir Frederick's concert; and a welcome one. Lady Barbara, who had a sort of hereditary esteem for the wearers of the Putney coronet, and who had learned long ago to regard the present lord as a then fascinating young man and leader of fashion, received him with cordial courtesy. The young lady herself seemed glad to see him, and to hear the gossip which was ever ready on his glib tongue, as on that of a fashionable physician.

On this occasion, Lord Putney found her alone. 'I am so sorry,' she said, 'Lady Barbara is not here. I am expecting her in half an hour,' but she was obliged to go to a friend, Lady—I

forget the name, but some one she has known all her life, who lives in Moheock Street, I think my aunt called it, and is ill.—Let me offer you some tea, Lord Putney. I am sorry Lady Barbara is not here.'

Lord Putney did not seem to partake of her sorrow, for an expression of satisfaction, not to say a smirk, hovered about the corners of his mouth. He sat there, smiling, and holding the delicate cup of egg-shell porcelain between his jewelled, trembling fingers. He did not care much for its fragrant contents; it is a new vagary of our neo-Queen Anne period to be enthusiastic about the tea that cost some twenty shillings a pound when Pope wrote and Secretary Bolingbroke plotted. Some of the golden youth with whom Lord Putney associated—he liked, as some mature foplings do, to consort with the young—were almost as fond of tea as were their own aunts and sisters. But Lord Putney could never forget that he had belonged to a hard-living generation, that had despised tea, and had branded it by the opprobrious name of 'cat-lap.' What the elderly dandy really relished was curaçao. He believed in the virtues of that elixir, and had sipped four glasses of it, since luncheon, at the Eleusis Club that very afternoon. He wished he had a little more of the cordial now, for his hands shook provokingly, and his rings rattled against the teaspoon in the flimsy porcelain saucer.

The conversation did not exactly languish, but it was very unequally sustained, the visitor taking, as was his habit, the lion's share. Lord Putney had always plied himself upon the abundance of small-talk at his command, and was prone to attribute much of his popularity to his own store of anecdote and readiness of repartee. On this occasion, however, he was screwing up his courage for a communication much more important than any second-hand London story could be, and presently he said: 'My dear Lady Leominster, I am not very unhappy—glad, rather, by George! that our good Lady Barbara—for whom I have a monsieur respect, really—is absent for the moment. This sounds ill-bred on my part; but permit me, pray, to explain. It is, that I have something to say—to you.'

'To me, Lord Putney?' returned the lady, turning her candid blue eyes upon the veteran's face, as if unable to divine the reason for his speech, or for the marked emphasis laid upon the personal pronoun with which it ended.

'Something to say,' pursued Lord Putney, who, once launched, went swimmingly on, 'which can be breathed to your ears alone—something which is very near to my heart, and—can you not guess, dear Lady Leominster, dear Clare—I may call you Clare, may I not?' This was very insinuatingly said, and in a low, hesitating tone, that would have done credit to a *jeune premier* making his timid declaration on the stage to a heroine in white satin and jewels.

The girl looked, as if surprised, at her visitor, and then her eyes drooped. 'I have no objection,' she said sadly, as a lonely child might have spoken. 'There are so very, very few to call me Clare now. And you, Lord Putney, are a friend.'

'I would be a friend to you, indeed I would,' fervently exclaimed the titled dandy. 'I would devote my life to your service, if you would

but give me the right to protect and cherish the fairest—dearest — O Clare, adorable creature, it is more than friendship that I ask and offer! As your husband, I should be the proudest, the happiest! —

'Lord Putney!' The young lady seemed fairly startled now. She grew very pale, and rose from her chair, like a frightened fawn from amidst the fern. 'I never dreamed—and then, you forget.' Her eyes had lit on the mourning garb she wore; and with a reproachful, fearful glance at her elderly suitor, she sank back in the seat from which she had risen.

'No; I do not forget,' replied the old peer, his withered heart throbbing with perhaps more of generous emotion than it had known for many a year; and sidling up his chair a little nearer, he spoke, and spoke well, waxing almost eloquent as he pleaded his own cause. He talked of the grace, the beauty, the lonely position, the painful history, of her whom he addressed, described his own affections as irreparably hurt, touched lightly on the difference of age, and summed up by drawing a picture of future felicity for both, when every wish of Clare's heart should be anticipated by her loving lord.

'As my wife,' he added, 'you would be shielded from the persecution of foes, screened from malignant gossip; and rely on it, dearest, there would soon be an end of this wretched family feud, which darkens your young life.'

With downcast eyes, the fair one listened. Perhaps the solitude in which, with all her rank and splendour, she was doomed to dwell was brought more forcibly home to her than usual by Lord Putney's discourse. Perhaps, too, she shrank from rejecting the proffer of a manly arm, old and feeble as it might be, whereon to lean in that rugged path that lay before her. There was something ludicrous, of course, about the rich old peer; but then there was no denying his station and his fortune, his unblemished name, and his honesty of purpose. Gently, and with a sigh, she raised her eyes from the ground. 'You are very kind, my lord,' she said softly; 'and your preference does me great honour; but—it is too early as yet—poor Wilfred's loss is still so recent—I cannot forget the dear, indulgent husband who— But I am not ungrateful,' she added timidly.

'Still, I hope I am not to despair; I trust you will give me hope in the future, dearest Clare!' cried the old lord, in a flutter of delight and anxiety. 'My devotion, my truth, should plead for me; and if personally I am not hateful in your eyes, why, then— I see signs of relenting in your sweet face. Don't sob, dear Lady Leominster—dear Clare. One little word would make me the happiest dog, ahem! in all London. And that word, when I ask you, after some brief delay, to be my wife, is Yes. Won't you say it?'

'Yes!' she at length faltered; and her elderly accepted lover, in the exultation of the moment, dropped gracefully on one knee and pressed her hand to his lips.

'Not a word of this as yet, to any one,' she murmured with averted face.

'Your will, sweetest, is law to me henceforth,' replied the aged suitor; but just then, there was a sound of steps and voices, and it was with

some difficulty that Lord Putney struggled up from his kneeling posture in time to greet Lady Barbara, who now, all smiles and apologies, made her appearance. Then the conversation, with more or less of awkwardness, was shifted to the grooves of commonplace topics; but when Lord Putney took his leave, he raised the younger lady's hand respectfully to his lips, bowed low over it, with antiquated chivalry, and then gracefully glided away. To get out of a room neatly had been a social art highly valued in that nobleman's youth.

(To be continued.)

A LEAP FOR LIFE.

WHEN I was a young fellow, now many years ago, I frequently spent part of my vacations with an uncle, who lived in a beautiful part of Wales, and whose house was only a mile or two from the coast—in that neighbourhood, very wild and precipitous, and remarkable for the peculiar character of the strata of which many of the wave and weather beaten cliffs were composed. My uncle was a keen geologist, and had imbued me with some of his own interest in the subject; and many a long and pleasant ramble we had together, armed with our little hammers and specimen-cases; sometimes starting directly after breakfast, and remaining absent till the evening, either carrying our simple luncheon with us, or adjourning for refreshment to some humble village hostelry, when such happened to be within easy reach.

These were pleasant days. I often look back to them now, when I am an elderly gentleman, subject to gout and rheumatism, and tied for most of the week to a dingy office in the City. But they were very nearly being brought to an abrupt conclusion by an incident that occurred during one of our more distant excursions; and as the relation of this incident commemorates a rare instance of combined pluck, presence of mind, and heroic self-sacrifice, I do not think I need any further excuse for entering upon the details connected with it. Few people are ever likely to be placed in a similar position; should, however, such an occasion arise, let us hope they may not be found wanting in ability to follow so admirable an example.

During one of my visits to my uncle, he had at the same time as guests two professional geologists of some eminence, who had heard of the special facilities the neighbourhood afforded for the pursuit of their favourite science, and had had some correspondence with my uncle on the subject, which resulted in their receiving an invitation from my hospitable relative to come to his house and judge of the matter for themselves. This invitation was accepted, and the geologists arrived; two very pleasant, well-informed men, between whom and my uncle a very interesting and animated conversation speedily ensued, in which the terms 'granitic débris,' 'boulder clay,' 'newer formations,' 'dip of the strata,' were freely bandied about in a manner very edifying to listen to, if not altogether intelligible to the majority of their hearers.

For the first day or two we contented ourselves

with showing the strangers the features of scientific interest more immediately in the vicinity; and with these they were greatly gratified. But my uncle was anxious that they should inspect a district some miles off, peculiarly rich in specimens, and which he had himself visited several years before, but never since I had been the companion of his expeditions; therefore it was new to me as well as to our guests. Everything was arranged for our start; and we set off after an early breakfast, driving the first portion of the distance, and putting up our trap at a farmhouse, to await our return, while we pursued the remainder of our excursion on foot. It was an exquisite day; and as we walked along the cliffs—here of very remarkable height and magnificence—we indulged in loud expressions of admiration at the beauty of the scenery, the bold line of coast stretching away for miles on each side, the tremendous precipices descending sheer to the blue waters that lapped their base; only here and there broken by some jagged and pointed rocks, that threatened rapid destruction to any unfortunate vessel which should be cast upon them.

Our expedition was a great success. Many rare specimens of different fossils were added to our collections, and my uncle was much gratified that his exertions for the entertainment of his guests had been so satisfactorily rewarded. We had taken some sandwiches and sherry with us, and enjoyed our lunch during an interval of cessation from our geological researches. By this time we had reached the extreme end of our expedition, and were on the point of retracing our steps, when one of the strangers expressed a desire to round a promontory a short distance ahead, so as to inspect the line of coast just beyond. The proposal was agreed to; and we all started along the cliff, which at this place was of a lesser altitude than at some points we had previously passed, though still it was about fifty or sixty feet above the level of the sea, which at the time was at full flow, and washed against the rocky wall below us. To round the promontory, we found it was necessary to descend a little way, and then proceed along a narrow ledge of projecting rock, so very narrow in some parts that it would have been impossible for any one to have attempted the passage unless he had a remarkably good and steady head.

We were all experienced climbers, so the risk was disregarded; and the two geologists and my uncle had just turned round a rather sharp angle, and I was closely following, when the rock on which I trod suddenly gave way under my feet, and after a brief but ineffectual struggle, I slipped down, with my face towards the sea. Uttering a cry, I instinctively flung my hands upwards; one of them in some marvellous manner caught a projecting portion of the ledge; the other was strongly grasped by my uncle, who, being mercifully close to me, turned at my shout, and instantly seized hold of my extended hand. For two or three minutes, which seemed an eternity to us both, my brave relative, who though an elderly man was a very powerful man, held me suspended in this frightful manner, while he endeavoured to take in the situation and decide on a plan of action. Our horrified friends were powerless to help, as they could not possibly get near me, on account of the narrowness of the ledge, which

afforded even my uncle a most precarious footing, and rendered useless any attempt to raise me from my dreadful position. I was young, and life was very sweet to me; but I felt that my last moment was at hand. Another second or two must end the matter; so severe a strain could no longer be endured; our hands must loosen their hold; and I must inevitably be dashed to pieces on the broken rocks I had observed at the foot of the precipice.

There was an instant of breathless silence, during which time my uncle had clearly realised the critical nature of the situation, and decided on a plan of action. He looked over, and saw that just below the spot where I was suspended there was a rugged projection of rock, extending fully six feet beyond the perpendicular of the point where I hung. If I fell on this, my fate was sealed; no power could save me from death. Beyond this rock was water, possibly of a depth sufficient to break the force of a fall, if only that water could be reached; but in this lay all the difficulty. My uncle was a good as well as a brave man; he loved me as the son of a dead sister, and he was willing to dare everything to save me; but he did not undervalue the nature of the awful risk he was undertaking on my behalf, and he knew that he was going to take his own life in his hands as well as mine. Breathing a prayer for Divine protection, he said quietly but firmly: 'Tom, there is but one way for it. I'll save you, or we will both perish together. When I say the word, take your hand from the rock.—Now!'

As my uncle loudly said 'Now!' I relaxed my hold of the rock; and at the same instant my uncle made an immense effort and sprang horizontally into the air, carrying me with him and retaining his hold of my hand as we rushed violently down, turning over in our headlong descent. I cannot pretend to say that I ever very distinctly recollected my sensations during those awful seconds, for it was nothing more. I had my senses pretty clearly while I hung from the rock, and I can recall the gasping feeling which I experienced as I took my hand away; but beyond that, all is chaos. So great was the force with which my uncle leaped, that he completely cleared the projecting ledge, and we fell into the sea, which was deep enough to break our fall, though the violence of the shock unloosed our grasp of each other. Half stunned as we were, the cold water probably acted as a restorative. 'We were both excellent swimmers, and a moment or two later we were breasting the waves, fortunately not too boisterous for our sorely tried strength. We rose about twenty yards apart, at some little distance from the rocky ledge, and rather nearer a flat-tish rock which reared its head from the billows. For this shelter we made; and too deep for utterance were the feelings with which we took each other's hands and gazed into each other's eyes.

'Thank God! my boy,' at last said my uncle fervently.

'I do, uncle, and you too. Where should I have been now, but for you!'

'Hush! Tom. Thank God, we're both safe. It was an ugly jump, no doubt of that.'

We both shuddered as we gazed on the precipice frowning above us, on the top of which we could

see our two so recently horror-stricken friends, wildly waving their hats in a transport of joy at their discovery of us on the rock, apparently safe and sound.

A hearty cheer in reply assured them of our perfect safety; and then my uncle shouted to them some directions as to the course they were to pursue in endeavouring to procure assistance for our rescue. Owing to the width of ledge broken off where I fell, their return by the same route was impossible; and a long and perilous walk had to be undertaken before they were themselves in security, where they immediately sought out means of deliverance for my uncle and myself.

But in the meantime better luck had befallen us. The noise made by our shouting had attracted the notice of a fisherman who lived in a little cottage under the cliffs, at a place where the shore receded, and left bare a tiny creek, where a small boat was moored. He had clambered over the crag that hid us from his sight; and as soon as he spied the two figures standing on the solitary rock, our situation became apparent to him, and he lost no time in launching his boat and coming to our assistance. Truly thankful we were for the timely aid. We were both soaked to the skin and shivering with cold, and the rock was far too small for any attempt at exercise. A very short time saw us in the cosy interior of the fisherman's cottage, where a bright little fire was burning, very welcome to us in our chilled condition; while his kindly wife busied herself in preparations for our comfort, and ransacked her humble stores for a supply of dry garments, also highly acceptable.

Little remains to be told. When we were quite rested and refreshed, and our clothes were dry enough to be worn, the fisherman conducted us to the top of the cliffs by a circuitous little path, which in some places unpleasantly recalled our recent experiences. We reached the summit in safety, however, and made the best of our way to the farmhouse where we had left our conveyance. The fisherman undertook to apprise our friends of our whereabouts; they having procured a boat at the revenue station, and come round the coast in her, to point out to her crew the exact spot of our confinement.

Having liberally rewarded those who had so willingly assisted us in our extremity, we returned home, our bodies fatigued by the varied exertions and excitements of the day; our minds penetrated with lasting gratitude towards the Almighty Being who had brought us through so many perils, and had mercifully preserved us from the jaws of a sudden and terrible destruction.

MISS GARSTON'S CASE.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CONCLUSION.

I MUST have fallen asleep; for I jumped up with a feeling of bewilderment as a voice called out 'Dr Leighford.' It was the butler who stood beside me.

'What is it?' I asked, recollecting myself. 'Am I wanted?'

'No, sir. But a man is in the hall who wants Mr Lamport. It is very strange that he has not come home yet. Dinner has been waiting more than an hour. Do you know what may be keeping master so late?'

I looked at the butler, to see if he suspected anything; but his face was only languidly perturbed.

'What sort of a man is he?' I asked, ignoring his question.

'A rather queer sort of a person, sir, a foreigner, and he is evidently in a hurry. Do you think he should wait?'

A sudden thought swept through me. 'Bring him in here,' I said; 'perhaps he will write a note to Mr Lamport, if he cannot stay.'

In another breath I was asking the stranger if I could deliver any message for him to Mr Lamport, or if he would make use of the writing materials lying on the table. He was indeed a queer sort of a person, of any age from sixty to eighty. His eyes were deprecating, yet suspicious; his smile insinuating, but with a cruel cynicism pervading it. He moved his hands restlessly, and bowed from time to time with oriental abjection.

'I do not know what to do,' he said, after a pause. 'Mr Lamport has written to me to meet him here. But I cannot stay. I am wanted elsewhere.' He spoke English very well, though with a strong accent.

'You had better stay for a little while, at any rate,' I said. 'Mr Lamport is much behind his usual time of returning from business. Will you not sit down?'

I quivered with excitement, nor could I conceal it. Instead of taking the chair I offered, the man glared at me and made for the door. 'No, no; thank you; I cannot stay.'

'Will you not leave a message for Mr Lamport?' I cried, following him.

'No; thank you; I will call again to-morrow; and he shuffled quickly across the floor.

'But you must leave your name,' I exclaimed, hurrying before him.

He started back in alarm. 'Never mind my name; my business is not at all important.'

'Is it Pandofini?' I demanded, standing with my back to the door.

The old man uttered a strange cry, looked round the room, as if in hope for another means of quitting it, then stood measuring me with a wary calculation.

In another second the scene changed; the door was hastily opened, hurling me towards my opponent, who leaped back with amazing agility. I turned to see who was entering, and met the staring eyes of the butler. 'O doctor, there are four men in the hall, and they refuse to say what they want. I think they are policemen.'

Behind him stood two stalwart individuals, who walked unceremoniously into the room.

'What is your business?' I asked automatically.

'To arrest this person,' answered one of them, while both advanced to the old man, cowering on the sofa upon which he had fallen.

'His name is Pandofini, I suppose?'

'Yes, sir,' answered the policeman. 'I am to wait here until Inspector Knabman comes.—Now, Pandofini, put out your wrists.'

The miserable old man fought with the desperation of an entrapped tiger ere the handcuffs were fixed to his skeleton limbs. Both the policemen were blown and red-faced when they had done; and they looked at their prisoner with very unamiable countenances as he groaned on the floor.

The butler had witnessed the operation with the horror of a gentleman who had passed his life in the serene regions where vulgar rascals are only known by printed reports of their doings. I recalled the good fellow to himself, and sent him to the servants' hall to keep order and quiet, bidding him remember the sick lady up-stairs.

Then followed a curious silence. The policemen sat by the door; the Italian, half-dead with the reaction of the struggle, reclined against the wall. Perhaps ten minutes passed, when the grating of wheels was heard on the drive, and the flash of a carriage-lamp shot through the window, whose blinds were still undrawn. It was Mr Lampport returning at last. I heard him walk swiftly through the hall; and my heart throbbed as he approached. He looked like a man under the influence of drink, as he entered the library—that far-away gaze, that unconsciousness of surrounding objects. The spell lasted but a moment. He rubbed his brow, glanced at the policemen, then his eye met the glittering stare of Pandolfini, who strove to regain his feet. Here Inspector Knabman walked quietly in; evidently he had come with Mr Lampport, for he had that person's overcoat in his hand.

'I now inform you, Mr Lampport,' said the inspector, 'why you are under arrest. You and this man Pandolfini are charged with attempted poisoning.'

Mr Lampport became ghastly pale and turned hastily towards the door. Both policemen sprang to seize him. But he waved them off, saying: 'I am unacquainted with this man, and know not why he is here. Who says that I am guilty of poisoning?'

'That you will know at the proper time,' answered Mr Knabman.—'Have you searched your prisoner?' he continued, addressing his comrades.

'No, sir.'

'Then do so.'

This time, Pandolfini submitted to the will of his captors; and amid the miscellany of his belongings was found a small phial, the counterpart of that I had received from Mr Sleigh.

Mr Lampport had watched the searching of his confederate with a frenzied curiosity; and when the phial was laid upon the table, a groan burst from him.

'Did you ever see a bottle like that before?' asked the inspector.

The miserable man turned his face away.

In the meantime, a rapid change came over Pandolfini. He was no longer cowed. Looking keenly at the inspector, Mr Lampport, and myself in turn, he appeared to decide upon a new course of action. Turning to the inspector, he said ingratiatingly: 'I wish to tell all I know, sir. Mr Lampport has had three bottles like that, pointing with his manacled hands to the table. He said he wanted something to destroy the sparrows which spoil the fruit. But I am not guilty; indeed, sir, I am only a poor man; I never hurt anybody in my life. Let me go home, sir. My wife is waiting for me.'

The inspector heard him quietly to the end; then he made a sign to his men, who took the protesting and beseeching Italian out of the room.

'Now, Mr Lampport, you must go with me,' said Mr Knabman.—'Here, Jackson, Brown, take

your prisoner; he called loudly. Directly, two other policemen, who had so far remained in the hall, entered the room. They led Mr Lampport away, each supporting him by a shoulder. I believe he would have swooned, but for the ejaculations of the crowd of servants standing in the hall.

The cook, who had lived with him for twenty years, burst out into loud sobs, and cried: 'O master, master! what have you done?' The housekeeper pushed through the throng and said: 'What am I to do, sir, while you are away?'

With a piercing cry, the wretched man hurried out of the door. In this manner Mr Lampport bade an eternal farewell to his home and servants.

By a stratagem worthy of his reputation, Inspector Knabman had brought Pandolfini to Mr Lampport's house.

I need not dwell upon the trial which followed. Both were found guilty. Each was transported for the remnant of his far-spent life. Mr Lampport died within a year of his sentence; but Pandolfini survived his deportation to the antipodes for several years.

Of vastly more interest to me was the fate of the poor lady whose life I had happily saved. In spite of all my precautions, the arrest of Mr Lampport and the disruption of the household had serious consequences. For a time I feared the worst. Even Dr Dawson agreed that Miss Garston had been in a more serious condition than he had supposed. But the recuperative powers of youth are enormous; and good nursing can work wonders. Three months after my first acquaintance with Miss Garston, she was convalescent.

In the meantime, the crisis, which Mr Lampport's recklessness had made inevitable, burst furiously upon the house of Garston and Lampport. The arrest and conviction of the surviving partner precipitated the disaster. But in Mr Sleigh, Miss Garston had a devoted servant and a shrewd man of business. It is not the purpose of this story to dwell upon the terrible struggle that ensued to maintain the house from utter collapse, and thereby to save something of Miss Garston's fortune. Several business friends rallied round the tottering firm; and by Mr Sleigh's skill, the liabilities of Lampport were disentangled from the estate of his former partner. I am not skilled in commercial affairs, and cannot fully realise the immense service rendered by the book-keeper. It made him famous on 'Change, and the name of Sleigh is still remembered in the romance of trade. Soon after Lampport's death was reported in England, the establishment that he had brought to ruin had recovered, and Miss Garston's fortune was saved; and the man who had accomplished the extraordinary task was worthily recompensed; Mr Sleigh became the successor to Messrs Garston and Lampport, and, with his sons, advanced the old house to greater influence than it had known previously.

What became of the lady who had experienced so many dark vicissitudes? Was Miss Garston's future of a happy, compensatory sort? To these queries, which every reader is constrained to put, I can give the amplest reply. Miss Garston became my wife some time after her affairs were

restored to order. For forty years now, we have trod the world together, enjoying a larger measure of happiness than falls to most. The circumstances which brought us together perhaps made us nearer and dearer to each other than we might otherwise have been. We are still sweethearts; for time, though it has transformed us externally, has not changed our love.

A MATCH LUMBER-FACTORY.

FEW if any people who are daily in the habit of using matches have ever thought how much ingenuity and skill are expended in their manufacture. Yet the extent of the match-trade, or as it is termed, lumber-manufacturing business in the United States and Canada may be faintly realised when it is stated that one match-manufacture alone paid four million dollars in taxes during the year ending December 31, 1881; being at the rate of one cent per box. That is, the manufactory had produced in one year four hundred million boxes of matches.

In the town of Point Levis, on the St Lawrence, opposite Quebec, stands one of the largest match lumber-factories to be met with anywhere. It is the property of Messrs Fitch and Hamilton, and is known as Fitch's factory. The raw material out of which match-lumber is made is brought from Ottawa. It consists of deals and deal-cuttings; that is, the worst ends of merchantable lumber, which cannot be shipped to Europe. In consequence there is a waste of seventy-five per cent. in manufacturing. The logs are bought in the first instance by the owners of one of the numerous saw-mills to be found upon the river St Lawrence and its tributaries; and the mill-owner distributes the lumber after it is cut. The wood used is pine and spruce. The match lumber-factory is divided into departments, in which are manufactured match-boxes; cases, called skillets; match-sticks, called splints; and the round wooden match-boxes which are less used now than formerly. Match-boxes are made from a square piece of wood by one turn of a machine which consists of two collars, a borer, and a side-saw. This machine makes twelve boxes and twenty-four lids per minute out of a piece of wood an inch and three-fourths square. When the box and lids are made in the rough, they are placed together in a hollow roller, which is revolved by water-power; and in this way the defects are removed, and the whole box is made beautifully smooth, owing to the friction created within the wheel. The match-sticks or splints are cut double the length of the ordinary wooden match; and when sent to the match-manufactory, they are dipped at both ends, and cut in the centre when dry. These splints are made from solid blocks of wood, which have been previously steamed, by a machine which makes from twelve to eight sticks at a blow; and all the blocks are three inches square. In a day of ten hours, no less than forty-six million splints are made at Fitch's factory. The whole machinery, which is wonderfully ingenious and complete, has been made on the premises. The knives of each machine are changed every hour, and all the

supports or cutters which split the wood into splints are renewed every two hours. Each 'shop' has two fitters employed, whose duty consists in grinding and refitting the knives and supports in regular order. The machinery used to grind the knives and rebind the supports is so simple, that an ordinary labourer can learn the business in a day. The knives slice the blocks, and the supports split them into splints, by one motion of the machine. One shop is devoted entirely to the manufacture of square match-boxes. These boxes are made from blocks of wood of three cubic inches, each of which has first been steamed; and here the machine slices the wood into sections, and makes the necessary cuts, which enable the skillets or framework to be bent into the form of a box without further trouble. In this form they are sent to Bryant and May's or some other large wholesale match-factory, where the skillets are bent, covered with paper, and made into the ordinary square box in common use. Anything more ingenious than this machinery it would be impossible to imagine.

When the splints are made, it is necessary that they should be thoroughly dried before being shipped to Europe. For this purpose, extensive drying-sheds have been erected, which are heated by steam-pipes; and at Fitch's factory no less than seven miles of steam-piping are used in this process. The splints are packed for drying in racks, each rack containing twenty-three thousand splints; and two thousand racks, or forty-six million splints, are turned out every day. When dry, the racks are taken out of the drying-sheds and removed to the packing-room, where they are placed in cases, one such case holding eight racks, or a hundred and eighty-four thousand splints. It is no uncommon thing to receive an order for fifty thousand cases from one firm.

The whole of the machinery is worked by water-power derived from the river Etchemin, which adjoins the works. In order to control the water-power, it is necessary for the owners to acquire the rights on both sides of the river by purchasing the property on one side, and several feet on the top of the cliffs on the adjacent banks of the river. The force thus derived is estimated at sixty horse-power; and the machinery consists of a double-action water-wheel placed the reverse way of those in ordinary use in England, so that the water can be admitted either over or under the wheel, according to the amount of power it is desired to use on a given occasion. By these means the wheel can be regulated so as to run either by its upper or lower half only; and the water is let into small buckets attached to the wheel, by which plan the force of the water is conserved to the utmost extent. By a simple arrangement of tubes and an exhaust-pipe attached to each machine, nearly the whole of the sawdust is carried from the workshops to the boiler-house, where it is burned in the furnaces which supply the steam for the drying-sheds. By this process the shops are kept comparatively free from refuse of all kinds, and the economy in labour alone is very great.

The packing department is a business in itself. The match-sticks or splints when taken from the racks, after their removal from the drying-shed, are shaken very skilfully, to eliminate the bad

ones, which from long practice are made to go to the top, and by this process the dirt is removed at the same time. In order to get as many splints as possible into the cases, they are ironed with a wooden ironer or brush; and it has been found by numerous experiments that the friction which results is so considerable, that, as a matter of fact, an iron brush wears no longer than a wooden one. The cases are all made on the premises, and both sides of the lids are planed by a machine at one turn. The sides, top, and bottom are 'tongued' together, outside supports being added, and then nailed. The sections of wood used are by an ingenious arrangement each grooved out at one end and tongued at the other by the same machine. So cheap is the wood here, that it is found less expensive to tongue the sides and ends in large pieces, in spite of the waste thus caused, and then to saw them up to the sizes required.

In the packing-room, on one side are arranged the packers proper, who sort, arrange, and place the splints in the cases; and on the other the mechanics, whose duty it is to fix the lids and close the cases ready for shipment.

All the match-lumber here made is sent to England, except the round boxes, which are made mainly for the American market; whilst the flat ones are exported to Europe. It is impossible to do justice to the ingenuity which is displayed in the machinery used in every department of these works; and no one should visit Quebec without making an inspection of one of the most novel and interesting manufactories in the world.

Between three and four hundred people are engaged at Fitch's factory, and they consist for the most part of boys, girls, and young women, with a few foremen, machinists, and fitters to look after the general arrangements of the various shops. As there is no system of government inspection, girls and boys commence work in this factory when they are eight years old, and the girls usually remain until they are married. The men receive from eighty-nine cents to one dollar per diem; each boy gets twenty-five cents per day; each girl, thirty cents; and each young woman engaged in the packing department—these last being usually paid by piecework—about forty cents. They are engaged from seven in the morning till six in the evening on each day, except Sunday, throughout the week, with an interval of one hour for dinner.

It is interesting to watch the energy, industry, and smartness of every person employed in this factory; there was no idleness, dilatoriness, or loss of time. This fact is remarkable, because at the first blush it would be held to be impossible that a boy or girl of eight years of age could work for five consecutive hours without intermission, and that they should continue such exhausting and tiring labour for ten hours on each of six days throughout every week in the year.

Although the whole staff consists of less than four hundred hands, the marriages are frequent; and during some months in the year they average some two or three a week. When married, the girls usually leave the factory; and the men are engaged as foremen or fitters, by which work they get from one to one and a half dollars per diem. Every one throughout the establishment appeared to be healthy, happy, and contented. The utmost civility was shown to visitors;

and when offered a small fee for showing the manufactory, the foreman respectfully declined it, because it had been a matter of genuine pleasure to exhibit the details of an establishment with which he was proud to be connected.

H. C. B.

THE MONTH.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE World's Fair of 1851 was so successful that it was naturally followed by many imitations in all countries. From general Exhibitions, containing every natural product and manufacture that were sent to them, has grown the idea of special Exhibitions in which one trade or calling only, is represented. And now, in London and elsewhere, these trade-shows, occurring continually, are doing much good, not only from a commercial point of view, but in educating the masses upon technical subjects in a very palatable manner. We may suppose that some of these Exhibitions are not of absorbing interest to the public at large, but are chiefly supported by persons in some way connected with the particular trade represented. But there are others which appeal to the sympathies of all, and of none can this statement be more true than of those relating to Fish and Fisheries.

In the Great Exhibition of 1851, the exhibits relating to fishermen were so few as hardly to be worth notice; but in subsequent Exhibitions, both in this and other countries, they gradually assumed greater dimensions. At last, in 1865, our French neighbours conceived the idea of inaugurating at Boulogne an Exhibition devoted solely to Fishing and Fisheries. Other schemes of a like nature soon followed suit in other parts of France, also at the Hague and at Naples, until, in 1880, the series was crowned by the magnificent International Fisheries' Exhibition of Berlin, which quite eclipsed all its predecessors. At last, Great Britain was roused to a sense of the national importance of the subject. First came the Exhibition at Norwich, then that at Edinburgh, and now the great Fisheries' Exhibition in London, which, if we may judge from the crowds which have filled its galleries since its opening on the 12th of May, is a vast success. We cannot at present do more than record this success, for the Exhibition is so vast, that even a brief account of its wonders would occupy space to the exclusion of everything else. Its size can be judged from the fact that the catalogue forms a closely printed volume of six hundred pages. But we may venture the statement, that after the first interest and excitement has cooled down, people will begin to ask whether this magnificent collection of everything pertaining to the fishing industries of the world will succeed in bringing fish nearer to the mouths of hungry human beings. That this important element has not been forgotten may be judged by the establishment of a fish-market within the Exhibition inclosure, where fish is sent direct from our coasts for sale to

visitors. One would suppose that under such circumstances this fish ought to be cheap; but although we have paid many visits to the market, we have, while we write, found it no cheaper than it can be bought in the fishmongers' shops outside. Why the abundant harvest of the sea should be retailed at what are to many people prohibitory prices, is a question which no one seems able to solve; but it is one that should be answered satisfactorily before the close in October of the great International Fisheries' Exhibition.

It has for many years been acknowledged that the Suez Canal is not equal to the traffic which is imposed upon it, and which is growing in dimensions at a rapid rate. As British ships represent four-fifths of this traffic, we, as a nation, are most interested in securing better facilities for travelling to and from our vast Indian possessions. With this view, a scheme is on foot for constructing a new canal through the Isthmus of Suez by an English Company. Such a proposition has perhaps not unnaturally raised the ire of our friends in France, who maintain that M. de Lesseps has a monopoly of canal-cutting in Egypt. M. de Lesseps himself supports the plan of cutting a second canal by the side of the first, both channels to be under the direction of the present Company. In the meantime, we have the alternative scheme of cutting a channel between the Mediterranean and Red Seas, without encroaching upon the alleged rights of France in Egypt. This design is to construct a water-way through Palestine from Acre on the Mediterranean side to Akabah on the Red Sea. Nothing more definite has yet been done in the matter than to form a small Company, under the chairmanship of the Duke of Marlborough, to undertake a careful survey of the proposed route. This survey is particularly important, because some portion of the country immediately concerned is almost untrodden ground, so far as Europeans are concerned, and there is a conflict of testimony as to its nature, and whether or not the natural obstacles are such as can be easily surmounted. The proposed canal will consist in the first place of a channel two hundred feet wide and forty feet deep, connecting the Bay of Acre with the valley of the Jordan, twenty-five miles distant; then the waters of the Red Sea will be connected by another channel twenty miles long with the Dead Sea. In this manner, it is expected that an inland sea would be formed two hundred miles long, and from three to ten miles in breadth, of sufficient depth to accommodate the largest vessels.

The well-known explorer Baron Nordenskjöld has now started upon another Arctic voyage, which in its nature and objects is of somewhat greater popular interest than most expeditions of the kind. It may not be generally known that Greenland is one of the few stretches of land that have never been crossed by man. Many attempts have been made, including one by the Baron himself, thirteen years ago, when he penetrated into the country for a distance of thirty miles. The difficulties were such that he was obliged to return; but he was convinced that, with proper equipment, the journey might have been extended to one hundred and eighty miles. It is to penetrate into the heart of Greenland that the present expedition—at the cost of Mr Oscar Dickson—

has been formed. Baron Nordenskjöld believes, from observations made, that the interior of Greenland is not the land of ice generally supposed, but that it really justifies its name. The arguments upon which these anticipations are formed chiefly deal with the physical features of the country as compared with those of better known lands, and the climatic phenomena resulting from such features. A secondary object of the exploration is the discovery of any remains of those hardy Norsemen who formed important colonies, and who represented the first discoverers of America five hundred years before the time of Columbus. Whilst the work of interior exploration is going forward, the ship *Sofia*, which carries the expedition, will go north as far as Cape York in search of zoological and botanical specimens. An endeavour will also be made to collect some of that cosmic dust which Baron Nordenskjöld, in common with many other scientific men, believes is incessantly being attracted by, and is adding to the bulk of this earth.

A contribution to the art of weather forecasting was offered to the Meteorological Society recently in the form of a paper read by the Hon. F. A. Rollo Russell, M.A., on Cirrus and Cirro-cumulus Clouds. The author maintained that constant observation of the character of clouds was second only in importance to barometric records, and the knowledge of the distribution of atmospheric pressure which was gleaned from comparing such records. He dwelt more particularly on the importance of noting the appearance of cirrus clouds, which, for the enlightenment of non-technical readers, we may point out are those wispy-looking fibrous cloudlets seen high in the atmosphere and commonly called 'mares' tails.' The paper contained a description of twelve different varieties of cirrus, noted by the author during observations extending over a number of years; and he suggests that cirrus observers stationed over a wide stretch of country would add greatly to our weather wisdom, and that such observations could be adapted to a telegraphic system of forecasts.

It is curious to reflect how the invention of the electric telegraph has made the modern practice of meteorology possible, and how the simultaneous comparison of widely separated barometers, upon which the system of forecasting weather depends, differs from the rough and ready predictions and erroneous notions of by-gone days. But popular ideas, however absurd, are very hard to kill, and still we hear many people gravely anticipating changes of weather from a change in the position of the moon with regard to the earth. Other old beliefs in weather-lore are indicated by the notion that animals will govern their proceedings by the kind of weather which is to come. For twenty years, Dr Abbott of New Jersey has kept records of the building of their houses by musk-rats, of the storing of nuts by squirrels, and other movements of animals which are popularly supposed to indicate the character of a coming winter. He finds that these instincts are in no way connected with the mildness or severity of an approaching season.

At the Norway Iron-works, Boston, Massachusetts, a new system of using liquid instead of solid fuel for heating the various furnaces has

been adopted with considerable success. In this system, petroleum is forced by a pump into a receptacle, where, as it emerges in a small stream, it is vaporised, and mixes with superheated steam. This compound vapour is carried by pipes to the furnaces, where it is used in place of coal, with the result that there is no formation of coke or ash. A scrap-iron furnace operating upon two ton charges in thirty minutes, a puddling furnace, and another for reheating steel ingots, are all worked by this system. The heat obtained is almost more than actually required, for in one instance the roof of a furnace showed symptoms of melting down.

The stringent but necessary restrictions as to the use of dynamite and other explosives has caused some inconvenience to those miners and others whose employment of it is legitimate and customary. The new Explosives Bill was so hurriedly passed, that it is not surprising that its provisions should inconveniently affect those engaged in lawful pursuits. The Welsh quarrymen and miners who petition the government to modify the provisions of the Bill, must command sympathy, and there is little doubt that those in authority will see their way to make the working of the Act as easy as possible to them.

We learn from a letter addressed to the *Times* by Mr W. T. Howard, that the Chesterfield and Derbyshire Institute of Mining Engineers have promptly acted upon the Home Secretary's suggestion as to the creation of depôts where the Fleuss apparatus can be kept in readiness for instant use in case of need. It is probable, he says, that the organisation of the St John Ambulance classes, first taken up, in connection with mining, by the same Institute, and now in operation at most of the midland collieries, may be extended to training in the use of the Fleuss apparatus. From the same source we learn, that another invention of the life-saving class—Libdin's Fire-damp and escaped-gas indicator—has recently, for the first time in this country, been subjected to trial at Chesterfield. These trials, extending over three days, were witnessed by the government Inspector of Mines, as well as by the managers of about twenty of the leading collieries. As compared with the Davy Lamp, hitherto used as a test for the presence of dangerous vapour, the Libdin Indicator detects a far smaller percentage. For instance, a mixture of air with three per cent. of ordinary illuminating gas was distinctly indicated by the new apparatus, but scarcely had any effect upon the lamp. When a two per cent. mixture was used, the lamp altogether failed to recognise the presence of gas, but the Indicator recorded it. These indications, in the trial referred to, were recorded by the sound of an electric bell carried by the operator; but for constant records, the Indicator would be fixed in different parts of the workings of a mine, and would telegraph its warnings to the manager's office. The apparatus is also adapted to employment in coal-bunkers on shipboard, and also in buildings, such as theatres, where escape of gas is likely to occur.

The danger to railway travellers at night, through the possible mistakes as to signals by colour-blind engine-drivers, has led to the proposal, by Messrs Cleminson and Tuer, that the movable arms on semaphores should be illumi-

nated. By this arrangement, the drivers would be guided by the position of the arms, as they are in daylight. These arms would be made of panes of glass boxed in wooden frames, and lighted up by lamps; but the ordinary coloured bulls'-eyes, upon which the driver at present depends, would be abandoned. The plan is no doubt feasible; but to render it more so, the signals must be made sufficiently luminous to be seen at the requisite distance from a point of danger, so as to give a driver time to pull up. If the new plan meets this necessity, it ought certainly to be tried.

The slipping of locomotive wheels is a difficulty not always easy of remedy, and on steep gradients with heavy loads, such spinning round of the driving-wheels leads to loss of steam, wasteful expenditure of fuel, and excessive wear and tear of engine and rails. M. Poiset recently communicated to a French Scientific Society a note bearing upon this subject, which may lead to valuable results. At the Mazenay Mines, where smoke, condensed steam, and general dampness combine to make the rails abnormally slippery, the difficulties just adverted to have been very great, until a lucky accident revealed a remedy. A joint in one of the cylinder cocks of an engine sprang a slight leak, through which a jet of steam was impinged upon the rail. The engine-driver immediately found that the wheels bit the rails so well, that he was enabled to ascend a steep gradient without the usual slipping. By a slight modification in all the engines upon the works, they have been made to discharge steam upon the rails when required, with the result that no more fuel is now expended upon hauling out one hundred tons of material than was formerly used for eighty tons.

Mr Atkinson, of Boston, recently sent two casks of ensilage to this country for analysis and trial. One contained maize-fodder, and the other rye. Professor Voelcker, to whom these casks were consigned, reports that the maize-fodder was perfectly sound, but the rye was slightly mouldy. When mixed with a small quantity of cotton-seed meal, the cows on an experimental farm took the food with evident relish. Commenting upon this favourable result, Mr Atkinson makes the following remarks: 'The fact that fodder could be taken from the pits (silos), packed in casks, and sent to England in good condition, is suggestive, first, as to the feeding of live cattle in crossing the sea. Would not good corn-fodder, packed in casks, be better than hay, and more suitable, bulk for bulk? Secondly, may not persons who live in cities and villages raise fodder at some distance, permit it to wither on the field, so as to lose its elasticity, and then pack it in flour-barrels or sugar-barrels, using a lever to press it, to be brought in from the farm to the city or village as needed for the family cow?

The Kimberley Diamond Mine, in which the greatest number of South African diamonds have been found, has been brought to desolation by a vast fall of reef, the removal of which, so as to again lay bare the blue clay in which the gems are found, will occupy at least nine months, and entail an expenditure of about two hundred thousand pounds. To understand the nature of this disaster, we must remember that the mine consists of a huge basin, an artificial valley, in which numerous Companies have claims, and employ

thousands of workers. One side of this pit has fallen in, covering with *débris* nearly half the floor of the mine. The accident probably happened at a fortunate time, for, although much of the working-gear was carried away in the landslide, only one life was lost. The disaster has had the effect of causing a rapid rise in the price of diamonds.

The wonderful advances which have been made within the last twenty years in the art of wood-engraving, are patent to any one who will take the trouble to turn over the back volumes of any of our illustrated periodicals. In doing so, but few will remember how much the art owes to the labours of Thomas Bewick, who has been aptly styled 'the father of English wood-engraving.' His life and work formed the subject of a lecture lately delivered in London by Mr Ernest Radford of Cambridge. Bewick was the son of a Northumbrian collier, and was born in the year 1753. Gifted with great powers of observation, he speedily showed signs of talent, and was ultimately apprenticed to an engraver. Subsequently, when his apprenticeship ceased, he worked on his own account, and produced the numerous illustrations which have made his name famous. Perhaps the best monument to his memory is the fine collection of his drawings which are exhibited on screens in the King's Library at the British Museum.

In spite of the great additional space added to our National Picture Gallery, in 1872, by Mr Barry, the accumulation of art treasures has become so great, that many works are either hidden away, or, as in the case of those purchased at the Hamilton sale, are exhibited on screens, to the great inconvenience of those who wish to study the pictures on the walls. With a view to remedy this state of things, important additions to the existing galleries are contemplated, and so soon as parliament will vote the necessary sinews—in the shape of a grant of sixty-six thousand pounds—the work, which will occupy about five years, will be commenced. In addition to new rooms, a grand staircase is part of the contemplated scheme. It seems a pity that nothing can be done to render the exterior more worthy of its contents, and to crown 'the finest site in Europe' with a better specimen of British architecture.

The measurement of temperature is, as we all know, of extreme importance in various chemical and manufacturing operations. The ordinary mercurial thermometer will answer for every purpose within certain limits; but when it becomes necessary to measure the melting-point of different metals, or the heat given out by different forms of furnaces or lamps, the thermometer must give place to an instrument of another form altogether. Hitherto, no really satisfactory instrument has been produced for the exact measurement of high temperatures; but Professor Tait, at a recent meeting of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, stated that from experiments he had made with those rare metals iridium and ruthenium, he believed that he would be able to form from them a standard thermo-electric couple which would answer the required conditions.

Miss Gage, in an article published in the *North American Review*, gives some interesting

facts respecting mechanical inventions the conception of which has been due to the weaker sex. In 1798, the first straw bonnet was made by Betsy Metcalf, and that first bonnet was the foundation of an important industry in the United States. The cotton gin, by which the seed is mechanically separated from the cotton, was the invention of Catherine Greene, a planter's wife, who daily saw the necessity which existed for a contrivance of the kind. Mrs Manning is said to be the mother of the American Mower and Reaper, which is capable of cutting down a field of corn and delivering it tied up in sheaves. But the invention is patented in the name of Mr Manning. The object of the writer of this interesting paper is to endeavour to prove that women have the capacity and brain-power of men.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

DEATH AND BURIAL IN MOSCOW.

IN Moscow, as in other parts of Russia, dissenters are met with, and amongst them we have the 'Old Believers,' who conduct their worship according to the rites of the ancient Greek Church, not admitting the various changes adopted by Nicœn and others, and now carried out in the Russian Greek Church. These dissenters go to great expense whenever death enters their dwellings; and just now—March 1883—there has been in Moscow a very important example of this fact. In a Russian merchant's family in that city, consisting of father, mother, two marriageable daughters, and one son, the eldest daughter, about twenty years of age, has just died; and an outline of the proceedings consequent thereon will be interesting. Certainly the social position of the family was of the middle class—wealthy; and their living was of fair style for such folks. On the day of the daughter's death, immediate preparations were made for the burial, which in Russia must be at once, dead bodies not being allowed to remain amongst the living for more than twenty-four hours. The coffin was made of thin boards, but covered with silk velvet, having Hall-marked silver handles, and 'coffin furniture,' costing over a thousand roubles (a hundred pounds); and in the hands of the corpse was placed a small painting of the Virgin, having a silver frame and covering, costing another hundred pounds, and which became the property of the church where the funeral prayers were recited at burial. The body was dressed as a bride—she had become the bride of heaven; and these robes and the dressing involved, the first, two hundred pounds; and the latter, one hundred pounds. First, she was dressed in a fine linen chemise, trimmed with costly lace; over this, a chemisette; and then a short tunic in white satin, embroidered with gold and silver thread, called a *sarafan*. Then the head-dress was the usual Russian hat with pearls.

But the greatest expenses were incurred in prayers and masses. In forty churches of the city of Moscow, prayers were ordered to be said for her, morning and evening, for forty days, for which sixteen thousand roubles were charged, or at the rate of ten shillings per service—sixteen hundred pounds being paid for three thousand two hundred services; and at each service some one attended and distributed bread and alms to

the poor—the bread being to each person a *calatch*, something more than a penny loaf. Such loaves were also sent for forty days to all the prisoners in Moscow. For several days in the 'bazaars,' the bakers were authorised to distribute bread to all poor people applying who asked for it in the name of the dead girl and engaged to pray for her. But even this did not suffice. To other cities of Russia, and also to cities such as Vienna, Pesth, Athens, where churches of the sect exist, money was sent, and prayers ordered to be said for forty days. The funeral took place in the church of the well-known Holy Cemetery of Ragoshka, where only Old Believers are buried, and where a wooden building was put up capable of dining a hundred and fifty guests—the leading members of the sect around Moscow. The dinner was served from the leading hotel in Moscow, at a cost of about sixteen shillings per person, to which the expense of the fruit and wine had to be added, the fruit in Russia in early spring costing fabulous prices.

It is calculated by some of the most intimate friends of the family known to the writer, that a sum of not less than ten thousand pounds was spent over the ceremony; and none of the co-religionists look upon this as at all extravagant.

THE NATIONAL FISH-CULTURE ASSOCIATION.

An important Fish-culture Association for Great Britain and Ireland has recently been established in London. Its president is the Marquis of Exeter; and that nobleman is supported by a long and influential array of vice-presidents, including the Dukes of Portland, Manchester, Wellington, and Sutherland, the Marquis of Ailsa, the Marquis of Hamilton, &c. The objects of the Association are—(1) To encourage and develop the sea and inland fisheries of the United Kingdom, and thereby increase the food-supply of the country; (2) By collecting, arranging, tabulating, and publishing in periodical Reports information from this and other countries on fish-culture and fisheries; (3) By founding, promoting, or acquiring establishments for fish-culture, and by aiding or undertaking such experiments as shall seem advisable; (4) By using its best endeavours, with the consent of the authorities, to encourage and assist in the stocking of public and all other available waters which are placed under suitable regulations, with fish, for the recreation and benefit of the community; (5) By advocating the formation of laboratories, aquaria, and schools for studying the science of ichthyology and fish-culture, and by the formation of a library and museum, and by holding meetings for discussion on all subjects connected with fish, fisheries, and fishermen; (6) By encouraging and rewarding fishermen and others to assist in carrying out investigations and observations in the temperatures of the sea, the spawning-grounds, food, habits, migrations, and enemies of our marine fishes; and (7) By collecting and tabulating information on the effects of the various modes of fishing carried on in lakes, rivers, estuaries, and seas, and by suggesting remedies to those modes which have proved to be injurious.

The words fisheries, fish-culture, fish-supply, &c., are understood to apply to all marine or

fresh-water animals and plants available for food or useful for other purposes.

The Council of the Association is to consist of thirty-six members, and is to meet not less than six times a year. The annual subscription for members is one guinea. The temporary-office of the Association is Royal Courts Chambers, 2 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

If vigorously worked, this Association may be productive of much good.

UTILISATION OF DISEASED POTATOES.

As is generally known, the disease which attacks potatoes does not immediately develop in the tubers, even when the tops are destroyed. Almost invariably, such potatoes, however, even after being stored in apparently sound condition, become affected, and a large portion become wholly unfit for food either for man or beast. Hitherto, no known method existed whereby this could be guarded against. According to the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, M. Bourlier and M. Hervé assert that the following measures will accomplish this desirable object: 'Boil the diseased potatoes in caldrons on the field; ram them tight into pits, with the addition of half a per cent. of their weight of salt, and cover them with eight inches of earth. Potatoes thus treated may be kept for several years, affording excellent food for cattle, which are very fond of it.'

MAY CHILD.

She asked me where the roses go
When withered from our looking sight.
I told her maiden cheeks aglow
Retain the rosy light.

She asked me if the tender blue
Of violets in slumber, dies.
I told her that the deathless hue
Was mirrored in her eyes.

She asked me where the summer breeze
In winter hushed his softest song.
'I hear,' said I, 'its melodies
Awakened in thy tongue.'

'Ah! I would,' she sighed, 'some power there were
The light of gentle Spring to stay!'
'Thy sunny smile,' I answered her,
'Is Love's eternal May.'

JOHN B. TABB.

The Conductors of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL beg to direct the attention of CONTRIBUTORS to the following notices:

- 1st. All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.
- 2d. To insure return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3d. MANUSCRIPTS should bear the author's full Christian name, Surname, and Address, legibly written; and should be written on white (not blue) paper, and on one side of the leaf only.
- 4th. Offerings of Verse should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

Unless Contributors comply with the above rules, the Editor cannot undertake to return ineligible papers.

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WILLIAM CHAMBERS, LL.D.

BORN 1800. DIED 1882.

In Memoriam.

THE life-story of the originator and part-conductor of *Chambers's Journal*, who died on the 20th May, need not again be told. The story is well known, and was related by himself in these pages on the occasion of our Jubilee year, 1882.

For upwards of fifty years William Chambers was permitted, on the one hand, to watch over and rejoice in the gradually increasing popularity of the various works that have issued from his press; and, on the other, to bestow much of his time and means upon the carrying out of various schemes for the social and intellectual advancement of his fellow-men.

From youth to manhood, and from manhood to old age, the great aim of my uncle was to endeavour to show by his writings and by his example that perseverance may overcome the roughest of obstacles. Having himself cut through the tangled pathway of early trials—hand in hand with my late father Robert—he saw no reason why others who were similarly circumstanced should not go and do likewise. He set up for his guide the old Scottish motto, 'He that tholes overcomes;' and from small beginnings, and smaller earnings, he and my father advanced to the honourable position the brothers so long enjoyed.

Dr William Chambers's crowning act was one of pious munificence, namely, the restoration of the interior of the old Cathedral Church of Edinburgh (St Giles) to its former state of grandeur; and until within a few months of its completion, his health permitted him to give an occasional direction to the work. The restoration was so far completed in May, that it was resolved to open the church on the 23d with befitting ceremony, but ere that day arrived the Restorer was no more. On the 25th, the remains of William Chambers were consigned to the grave of his ancestors in Peebles, his native town.

For five or six years before his death, Dr Chambers's connection with this *Journal* had become, chiefly by reason of his advancing years, little other than nominal, its management having been conceded to me. Nevertheless, until the beginning of 1882, he was still able from time to time to contribute an occasional article, always welcome, to its pages. But during these years, while under my care, *Chambers's Journal* has been steadily conducted on the lines originally laid down by my uncle and father; and the success which has marked its career during this later period—aided largely by the able body of contributors whom we have gathered around us—warrants me in expressing the belief that the popularity which the magazine now enjoys, will be more than maintained in the years to come.

ROBERT CHAMBERS.